

THE  
COUNTESSSE  
OF PEMBROKES  
ARCADIA.  
WRITTEN BY SIR  
PHILIP SIDNEY  
Knight

NOW THE FOURTH TIME  
PUBLISHED, WITH SUNDRY  
NEW ADDITIONS OF THE  
same author

LONDON  
Imprinted for MATTHEW LOWNE  
Anno DOMINI.  
1605.

Ptolomeus

Marinus

Strabo

Aratus

Polibius

Hipparchus

Astronomia

Geometria

Musi

Aritmetica



*Handwritten scribble or signature at the top of the page.*





TO MY DEARE LA-  
dy and Sister, the Countesse of  
*PEMBROKE.*



Ere now haue you (most deare,  
& most worthy to be most deare  
Lady) this idle worke of mine:  
which I feare (like the spiders  
webbe) will be thought fitter to  
bee swept away, then worne to  
any other purpose. For my part,  
in very trueth (as the cruell fa-  
thers among the Greekes, were wont to do to the babes  
they would not foster) I could well find in my heart, to  
cast out in some desert of forgetfulnesse this child, which  
I am loth to father. But you desired me to do it, and your  
desire, to my hart is an absolute commandement. Now,  
it is done onely for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to  
your self, or to such friends, who will weigh errours in the  
ballance of good-will, I hope, for the fathers sake, it will  
be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it self  
it haue deformities. For indeed for seuerer eyes it is not,  
beeing but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your  
deare selfe can best witnesse the manner, being done in



loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest,  
by sheetes, sent vnto you, as fast as they were done. In  
summe, a yong head, not so wel staied as I would it were,  
(and shall bee when God will) hauing many fancies be-  
gotten in it, if it had not beene in some way deliuered,  
would haue growne a monster, and more fory might I  
be that they came in, then that they gat out. But his  
chiefe safety, shall bee the not walking abroad; and his  
chiefe protection, the bearing the liuery of your name.  
which if (much much good-will doe not deceiue me) ~~is~~  
worthy to bee a sanctuary for a greater offender. This  
say I because I know the vertue so, and this say I, because  
it may be euer so, or to say better, because it will be euer  
so. Reade it then at your idle times, and the follies your  
good iudgment will finde in it, blame not, but laugh at.  
And so, looking for no better stuffe, then, as in a Ha-  
berdashers shop, glasses, or feathers, you will continue to  
loue the writer, who doth exceedingly loue you, and  
most most heartely praies you may long liue, to bee a  
principall ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

*Your louing brother*

**Philip Sidney**



To the Reader.

**H**E disfigured face, gentle Reader, where-  
with this worke not long since appeared to the  
commō view, moued that noble Lady, to whose  
Honour consecrated, to whose protection it was  
committed, to take in hand the wiping away  
those spoites wherewith the beauties thereof were unworthely  
blemished. But as often repairing a ruinous house, the men-  
ding of some old part occasioneth the making of some new: so  
here her honourable labour begun in correcting the faults, en-  
ded in supplying the defects; by the view of what was ill done,  
guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part  
with what aduise entred into, with what accessse it hath beene  
passed through, most by her doing, all by her directing, if they  
may be intreated not to define, which are vnfurnisht of means  
to discerne, the rest (it is hoped) will fauourably censure. But  
this they shall, for their better satisfaction, vnderstand, that  
though they finde not here what might be expected, they may  
find neuerthelesse as much as was intended, the conclusion, not  
the perfection of Arcadia: and that no further then the Au-  
thors owne writings, or knowne determinations could direct.  
Whereof who sees not the reason, must consider there may bee  
reason which he sees not. Albeit I dare affirme he either sees,  
or from wiser iudgments then his owne may heare, that Sir  
Philip Sidneies writings can no more bee perfected without  
Sir Phillip Sidneie, then *A P E L L E S* pictures with-



## To the Reader.

out *APELLES*. There are that thinke the contrary : and no wonder. Neuer was *Arcadia* free from the comber of such Cattell. To vs, say they, the pastures are not pleasant : and as for the flowers, such as we light on we take no delight in, but the greater part grow not within our reach. Poore soules ! what talke they of flowers ? They are *Roses*, not flowers, must doe them good, which if they find not here, they shall do well to goe feed elsewhere. Any place will better like them : For without *Arcadia* nothing growes in more plentie, then Lettuce sutable to their Lippes, If it bee true that likenes is a great cause of liking, and that contraries, infer contrary consequences : then is it true, that the worthelesse Reader can neuer worthely esteeme of so worthy a writing : and as true, that the noble, the wise, the vertuous, the curteous, as many as haue had any acquaintance with true learning and knowledge, will with all loue and dearenesse entertaine it, as well for affinitie with themselues, as being child to such a father. Whom albe- it it do not exactly and in euery lineament represent, yet considering the fathers untimely death preuented the timely birth of the childe, it may happily seeme a thanke-worthy labour, that the defects being so fewe, so small, and in no principall part, yet the greatest unlikenes is rather in defect then in deformity. But howsoeuer it is, it is now by more the one interest. The Countesse of *Pembrokes Arcadia* : done as it was, for her : as it is, by her. Neither shall these paines bee the last (if no vnexpected accident cut off her determination) which the euertasting loue of her excellent brother, will make her consecrate to his memory.

H. S.



# THE COUNTESSSE OF PEMBROKES

ARCADIA, VVRITTEN BY  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEI.

## *The first Booke.*



**I**T was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparell against the approach of her loue, and that the Sun running a most euen course, becomes an indifferent arbiter betweene the night and the day; when the hopelesse shepheard *Strephon* was come to the sands, which lie against the Island of *Cithera*; where viewing the place with a heauy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the Isleward, he called his friendly riuall, the pastor *Claius* vnto him, and setting first downe in his darkened countenance a dolefull copie of what he would speake: O my *Claius* said he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are so called vnto by ouerbusie Remembrance, Remembrance, restless Remembrance, which claimes not only this dutie of vs, but for it will haue vs forget our selues. I pray you when we were amid our flock, and that of other shepheards some were running after their sheepe straied beyond their bounds, some delighting their eies with seeing them nibble vpon the short & sweet grasse, some medicining their sicke ewes, some setting a bell for an ensigne of a sheepish Squadron, some with more leasure inuenting new games of exercising their bodies and sporting their wits: did Remembrance graunt vs any holiday, either for pastime or deuotion, nay either for necessary foode or naturall rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to worke vpon this place, where we last (alas that the word last should so long last) did graze our eyes vpon her euer flourishing beautie: did it not still crie within vs? Ah you base minded wretches, are your thoughts so deeply be-mired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for respect of gaine some paultry weoll may yeeld you, to let so much time passe without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? to leaue that shore vn saluted, from whence you may see to the Island where she dwelleth? to leaue those steps vnkissed wherein *Francia* printed the farwell of all beautie? Well then, Remembrance commaunded, we obeyed, & here we find, that as our remembrance came euer cloathed vnto vs in the forme of this place, so this place giues new heate to the feauer of our languishing remembrance. Yonder my *Claius*, *Francia* lighted, the verie horse (mee though) bewayled, to be so disburnd: and as for thee, poore *Claius*, when thou wentst to help her downe, I saw reuerence and desire so deuide thee, that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and in stead of bearing her, wert readie to fall



down thy selfe. There she sate, youchsasing my cloake (then most gorgeous) vnder her: at yonder rising of the ground shee turned her selfe, looking back toward her wonted abode, and because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the brightsomelie whereof had yet so naturall a cheerefulnesse, as it made euen sorrow seeme to smile: at that turning shee spake to vs all, opening the gisme of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine eares did feed vpo the sweet words she vttered: And here she laide her hand ouer thine eyes, when she saw the teares springing in them, as if shee would conceale them from other, and yet her selfe feeles some of thy sorrow: But woe is me, yonder, yonder, did shee put her foote into the boate, at that instant, as it were diuiding her heauenly beautie, betweene the Earth and the Sea. But when she was imbarked, did you not marke how the windes whistled, and the seas daunst for ioy, how the sailes did swell with pride, & all because they had *Vrania*? O *Vrania*, blessed be thou *Vrania*, the sweetest fairnesse and fairest sweetnesse: with that word his voice brake so with sobbing, that he could say no further; and *Claius* thus answered; Alas my *Strephon* (said he) what needes this skore to reckon vp onely our losses? What doubt is there, but that the sight of this place doth call our thoughts to appeare at the court of affection, held by that racking steward, Remembrance? As well may sheepe forget to feare when they spie wolues, as we can misse such fancies, when we see any place made happie by her treading. Who can choose that saw her but thinke where she staied, where she walkt, where she turned, where she spoke? But what is all this? truly no more, but as this place serued vs to thinke of those things, so those things serue as places to call to memorie more excellent matters. No, no, let vs thinke with consideration, & consider with acknowledging, & acknowledge with admiration, & admire with loue, and loue with ioy in the midst of all woes: let vs in such sort thinke, I say, that our poore eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our lowe hearts so exalted as to loue a maide, who is such, that as the greatest thing the world can shewe, is her beautie, so the least thing that may be praised in her, is her beautie. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleasant to behold, then two white kiddes climbing vp a faire tree, & browsing on his tendrest branches, and yet are nothing, compared to the day-shining starres contained in them; & as her breath is more sweete then a gentle South-west wind, which comes creeping ouer flowrie fieldes and shadowed waters in the extreame heate of sommer, & yet is nothing, compared to the hony flowing speech that breath doth carrie: no more all that our eyes can see of her (though whē they haue seene her, what else they shall euer see is but drie stubble after clouers grasse, is to be matched with the flocke of vnspeakeable vertues, laid vp delightfully in that best builded fold. But indeed as we can better consider the sunnes beautie, by marking how he gildes these waters and mountaines, then by looking vpon his owne face, too glorious for our weake eyes: so it may be our conceits (not able to beare her sun-staining excellencie) will better way it by her workes vpon some meaner subiect employed. And alas, who can better witnesse that thē we, whose experience is grounded vpon feeling? hath not the onely loue of her made vs (being silly ignorant shepheards) raise vp our thoughts about the ordinary leuell of the world, so as great clearkes doe not disdain our conference: hath not the desire to seeme worthy in her eyes, made vs whē others were sleeping, to sit viewing the course of heauē: when others were running at bafe, to runne ouer learned writings? when other marke their sheepe, we to marke our selues? hath not she throwne reason vpon our desires, and, as it were giuen eyes vnto *Cupid*? hath in any, but in her, loue-fellowship maintained

friendship

friendship between rivals, & beautie taught the beholders chastitie? He was going on with his praises, but *Strephon* bad him stay, and looke: & so they both perceived a thing which floated drawing nearer & nearer to the banke; but rather by the favourable working of the Sea, then by any self industrie. They doubted a while what it should be; till it was cast vp even hard before them: at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whervpon running for pitie sake vnto him, they found his hands (as it should appeare, constanter friends to his life than his memorie) fast griping vpon the edge of a square small coffer, which lay all vnder his brest: els in himselfe no shew of life, so as the boord seemed to be but a beere to carrie him a land to his Sepulcher. So drew they vp a yong man of so goodly shape, & well pleasing fauour, that one would thinke death had in him a louely countenance; and, that though he were naked, nakednesse was to him an apparell. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called vp their care; so that lifting his feete about his head, making a great deale of salt water come out of his mouth, they layd him vpon some of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover both breath the seruant, and warmth the companion of liuing. At length opening his eyes, he gaue a great groan, (a doleful note but a pleasant ditty) for by that, they found not onely life, but strength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, vntill (his spirits being well returned,) he (without so much as thanking them for their paines) gate vp, and looking round about to the vttermost limits of his sight, and crying vpon the name of *Pirocles*, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort, what (saide he) and shall *Musidorus* liue after *Pyrocles* destruction? therewithall he offered wilfully to cast himselfe againe into the sea: a strange sight to the shepheards, to whom it seemed, that before being in apparance dead, had yet saued his life, and now comming to his life, should be a cause to procure his death; but they ranne vnto him, and pulling him back (then too feeble for them) by force stickled that vnnaturall fray. I pray you (saide he) honest men, what such right haue you in me, as not to suffer me to do with my selfe what I list? and what pollicie haue you to bestowe a benefit where it is counted an iniury? They hearing him speake in Greeke (which was their naturall language) became the more tender hearted towards him; and considering by his calling, and looking that the losse of some deare friend was great cause of his sorrow; told him they were poore men that were bound by course of humanitie to preuent so great a mischief; & that they wisht him, if opinion of some bodies perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his own prooffe, who had lately escaped as apparant danger as any might be. No, no (saide he) it is not for me to attend so high a blissefulness: but since you take care of me, I pray you find means that some Barke may be provided, that wil go out of the hauen, that if it be possible we may find the body far farre too precious food for fishes: & for the hire (saide he) I haue within this casket, of value sufficient to content them. *Claius* presently went to a Fisherman, & hauing agreed with him, & provided some apparell for the naked stranger, he imbarcked, & the Shepheards with him: & were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the hauen, but that someway into the sea they might discetne (as it were) a stain of the waters colour, & by times some sparks & smoke mouing thereout. But the yong man no sooner saw it, but that beating his breast, he cried, that there was the beginning of his ruine; intreating them to bend their course as neere vnto it as they could telling, how that smoke was but a small relique of a great fire, which had driuen both him & his friend rather to commit themselves to the cold mercy of the



lea, than to abide the hot crueltie of the fire: and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ship, that he was (if any where) in that course to be met withall. They steared therefore as neare thither-ward as they could: but when they came so neare as their eyes were full masters of the obiekt, they saw a sight full of piteous strangeness: a ship, or rather the carkas of the ship, or rather some few bones of the carkas, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death hauing vsed more than one dart to that destruction. About it floated great store of very rich things, and many chestes which might promise no lesse. And amidst the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewise did not only testifie both elements violence, but that the chiefe violence was growne of humane inhumanity: for their bodies were full of grisly wounds, & their bloud had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the seas visage: which it seemed the sea would not wash away, that it might witnesse it is not alwaies his fault, when we condemne his cruelty. In summe, a defeat, where the conquered kept both field and spoile: a shipwrack without storme or ill footing: and a wast of fire in the midst of the water.

But a litle way off they saw the mast, whose proud height now lay along; like a widdow hauing lost her make of whom she held her honour: but vpon the mast they saw a yong man (at least if he were a man) bearing shew of about 18. yeares of age, who fate (as on horsebacke) hauing nothing vpon him but his shirt, which being wrought with blew silke and gold; had a kind of resemblance to the sea: on which the sun (then neare his Westerne home) did shoote some of his beames. His haire (which the yong man of Greece vsed to weare very long) was stirred vp & down with the wind, which seemed to haue a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kisse his feet; himselfe full of admirable beautie, set foorth by the strangeness both of his seat & gesttue: for, holding his head vp full of vnmoued maiesty, he held a sword aloft with his faire arme, which oft he waied about his crown, as though he wold threaten the world in that extremitie. But the fishermen, when they came so neare him, that it was time to throwe out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their simplicity bred such amasement, and their amasement such superstition, that (assuredly thinking it was some God begotten betweene *Neptune* & *Venus*, that had made all this terrible slaughter) as they went vnder saile by him, held vp their hands & made their prayers. Which when *Musidorus* saw, though he were almost as much rauished with ioy, as they with astonishment, he leapt to the Mariner, and tooke the cord out of his hand and (saying, dost thou liue, and art well? who answered, thou canst tell best, since most of my well being stands in thee,) throwe it out, but already the shipp was past beyond *Pyrocles*: and therefore *Musidorus* could doe no more but perswade the Mariners to cast about againe, assuring them that he was but a man, although of most deuine excellencies, and promising great rewards for their paine.

And now they were already come vpon the staies; when one of the sailers descried a Galley which came with sailes and oares directly in the chase of them; and streight perceived it was a well knowne Pirate, who hunted not only for goods but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his Galley slaues, or to sell at the best market. Which when the Maister vnderstood, he commanded forthwith to set on all the canuasse they could, and flye homeward, leauing in that sort poore *Pyrocles* so neare to be rescued. But what did not *Musidorus* say? what did he not offer to perswade them to venture the fight? But feare standing at the gates of their cares, put backe all perswasions: so that he had nothing wherewith to accompanie

*Pyrocles,*

*Pyrocles*, but his eies; nor to succour him, but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long looke that way, he saw the Galley leaue the pursuite of them; & turne to take vp the spoiles of the other wracke: & lastly he might well see them lift vp the young man; and alas (said hee to himselfe) deare *Pyrocles* shall that body of thine be enchained? shal those victorious hands of thine be cōmanded to base offices? shal vertue become a slaue to those that be slaues to viciousnes? Alas, better had it bin thou hadst ended nobly thy noble dayes: what death is so euill as vnworthy seruitude? But that opinion soone ceased, when he saw the gallie setting vpon another ship, which held long & strong fight with her: for then he begā a fresh to feare the life of his friend, and to wish well to the Pirates whom before he hated, least in their ruine he might perish. But the fishermen made such speed into the haven, that they absented his eies from beholding the issue: where being entred, he could procure neither them nor any other as then to put themselues into the sea: so that being as full of sorrow for being vnable to do any thing, as voide of counsell how to do any thing, besides, that sicknesse grew something vpo him, the honest shepheards *Strephon* & *Claius* (who being themselues true friends, did the more perfectly iudge the iustnesse of his sorrow) aduise him, that he should mitigate somewhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured perswasion of his death, to haue no cause to dispaire of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his sheepe, should after know they were but strayed, would receiue pleasure though readily he knew not where to find them.

Now sir (said they) thus for our selues it is; We are in profession but shepheards, and in this countrie of *Laconia* little better then strangers, and therefore neither in skill, nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present vnto you is this: *Arcadia*, of which country we are, is but a little way hence: and euen vpon the next confines there dwelleth a Gentleman, by name *Kalander*, who vouchsafeth much fauour vnto vs: A man who for his hospitalitie is so much haunred, that no newes stirre, but comes to his eares; for his vpriight dealing so beloued of his neighbours, that he hath many euer readie to doe him their vttermost seruice, and by the great good wil our Prince beares him, may soone obtaine the vse of his name and credit, which hath a principall swaie, not onely in his owne *Arcadia*, but in all these countreies of *Peloponnesus*. & (which is worth all) all these things giue him not so much power, as his nature giues him will to benefit. so that it seemes no Musick is so sweet to his eare as deserued thanks. To him we wil bring you, & there you may recouer againe your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend: and therefore you must labour for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of curtesie, and ease of wise counsell shall not be wanting.

*Musidorus* (who besides he was meerly vnacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gaue easie consent to that, from which hee saw no reason to disagree: and therefore (defraying the Mariners with a ring bestowed vpon them) they tooke their iourney together through *Laconia*; *Claius* and *Strephon* by course carying his chest for him, *Musidorus* only bearing in his countenance euident markes of a sorrowfull mind supported with a weake body, which they perceiuing, & knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striuen withall: (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following, than ouerthrowne by withstanding) they gaue way vnto it for that day and the next; neuer troubling him; either with asking questions, or finding fault with his melancholie, but rather sitting to his dolor dolorous discourses of their owne and other folks misfortune. Which



speeches, though they had not a liuely entrance to his senses shut vp in sorrow, yet like one halfe a sleepe he tooke hold of much of the matters spoken vnto him, so as a mā may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts beare away something els beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him, that at length he grew content to marke their speeches, then to maruell at such wit in shepheards, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference: so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses & violets in the heavenly floore against the coming of the Sun, the nightingales (struing one with the other which could in most dainty varietie recount their wrong caused sorrow) made the put off their sleep, & rising from vnder a tree (which that night had bin their pauiliō) they went on their iourney, which by & by welcomed *Musidorus* eyes (weariēd with the wasted soile of Laconia) with delightfull prospects. There were hilles which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleis, whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of siluer riuers: meadowes, enameld with all sorts of ey-pleasing floures: thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cherefull deposition of many wel-tuned birds: ech pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober securitie, while the pretie lambes with bleating oratorie craved the dams comfort: here a shepheards boy piping, as though he should neuer be old: there a yong shepherdesse knitting, & withall singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voices musick. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came vnder their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by th' other, & yet not so far off as that it barred mutuall succor: a shew, as it were, of an accompanable solitarines, and of a ciuill wildnes. I pray you (said *Musidorus*, then first vnsealing his long silent lips (what countries be these we passe through, which are so diuers in shew, the one wanting no store, the other hauing no store but of want.

The country (answered *Claius*) where you were cast a shore, and now are past through, is Laconia, not so poore by the barrennes of the soyle (though in it selfe not passing fertill) as by a ciuill warre, which being these two yeares within the bowels of that estate, betweene the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this sorte as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so vn-hospitall as now you haue found it: the townes neither of the one side ner the other, willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entring for feare of being mistaken.

But this country (where now you set your foot) is Arcadia: & euen hard by is the house of *Kalander* whither we lead you: this country being thus decked with peace, & the child of peace) good husbandry. These houses you see so scattered are of me, as we two are, that liue vpon the commoditie of their sheepe: and therefore in the diuision of the Arcadian estate are termed shepheards; a happy people, wanting litle, because they desire not much. What cause then said *Musidorus*, made you venter to leaue this sweet life, and put your selfe in yonder vnpleasant & dangerous realme? Guarded with pouertie (answered *Strephon*) and guided with loue. But now (said *Claius*) since it hath pleased you to aske any thing of vs whose basenes is such as the very knowledge is darknesse: giue vs leaue to know something of you, and of the yong man you so much lament, that at least we may be the better instructed to enforme *Kalander*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Musidorus* (according to the agreement betweene *Pyrocles* & him to alter their names) answered, that he called himselfe *Palladius*, and his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I haue him

him againe (said he) I am indeed nothing, & therefore my story is of nothing, his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate: and in summe, the summe of all his curtesie may be to helpe me by some meanes to seeke my friend.

They perceiued he was not willing to open himselfe further, and therefore without further questiōing brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the aire, the prospect & the nature of the ground) al such necessary additions to a great house, as might well shew *Kalander* knew that prouision is the foundation of hospitality, & thrust the fewell of magnificēce. The house it selfe was built of faire and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of finenesse, as an honourable representing of a firme statelinesse. The lights, doores and staires, rather directed to the vse of the guest, then to the eie of the Artificer; & yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomnesse; not so dainty as not to be trode one, nor yet slubbered vp with good felowship; al more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingnesse made the eye belecue it was exceeding beautifull. The seruants not so many in number, as cleanly in apparell, and seruiceable in behauiour, testifying euen in their countenances, that their maister tooke aswell care to be serued, as of them that did serue. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepheards, as men, who though they were poore, their maister greatly fauoured; & vnderstanding by them, that the young man with the was to be much accounted of, for that they had seen tokens of more then common greatnesse, how soeuer now eclipsed with fortune: he ran to his maister, who came presely forth, and pleasantly welcomming the shepheards, but especially applying him to *Musidorus*, *Strephon* priuately told him all what he knew of him and particularly that he found this straunger was loth to be knowne.

No said *Kalander* (speaking aloud) I am no Herald to enquire of mens pedegrees, it sufficeth me if I know their vertues; which (if this young mans face be not a false wignes) do better apparel his mind, the you haue done his body. While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in shew like a Marchants prēise, who taking *Strephon* by the slecue, deliuered him a letter, written iointly both to him and *Claus* from *Vrania*: which they no sooner had read, but that with short leaue-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly guesed and smiled at the matter) & once againe (though hastily) recommending the yong man vnto him, they went away, leauing *Musidorus* euen loth to part with them, for the good conuersation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himselfe tied in vnto them: and therefore, they deliuering his chest vnto him, he opened it, and would haue presented them with two very rich iewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him, that they were more then enough rewarded in the knowing of him, & without harkning vnto a reply (like men whose harts disdaind all desires but one) gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that sight *Kalander* soone iudged, that his guest was of no meane calling; & therfore the more respectfully entertaining him, *Musidorus* found his sicknes (which the fight, the sea, and late trauell had layd vpon him) grow greatly, so that fearing some sodaine accident, he deliuered the chest to *Kalander*, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in diuerse maners, desiring him he would keep those trifels, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful, to find out and redeeme a young man, naming himselfe *Daiphanius*, as then in the hands of Laconia pirats.



But *Kalander* seeing him faint more and more, with carefull speed conueyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house: where being possesst with an extreame burning feuer, he continued some while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victory of sicknesse, so that in fixe weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a credible Embassador of his health, to the great ioy of *Kalander*, who, as in this time he had by certaine friends of his, that dwelt neare the sea in Messenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seeke and succour *Daiphantus*: so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profite or gratifie *Palladius*.

For, hauing found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by dayly discourses, which he delighted himselfe to haue with him, a mind of most excellent composition (a piercing wit quite voyd of ostentation, high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesie, an eloquence as sweet in the vttering, as slow to come to the vttering, a behauiour so noble, as gaue a maiesty to aduersity: and all in a man whose age could not be aboute one & twenty yeares) the good olde man was euen enamoured with a fatherly loue towards him, or rather became his seruant by the bonds such vertue laid vpon him; once, he acknowledged himselfe so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* hauing gotten his health, & only staying there to be in place, where he might heare answer of the ships set forth; *Kalander* one afternoone led him abroad to a well arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to shew him before his going, as the place himselfe more then in any other delighted. The backside of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as soone as the descending of the staires had deliuered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most tast-pleasing fruits: but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were sodainly stept into a delicate greene, of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being vnder the trees, the trees were to them a Paillion, and they to the trees a Mosaicall floore: so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeyting his enemy Error and making order in confusion.

In the middest of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking christall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, so that it bare shew of two gardens; one in deede, the other in shadowes: & in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus: A naked *Venus* of white marble, wherein the grauer had vsed such cūning, that the natural blew veines of the marble were framed in fit places, to set forth the beautifull veynes of her body. At her breast she had her babe *Aeneas*, who seemed (hauing begun to sucke) to leaue that, to looke vpon her faire eies, which smiled at the babes folly, meane while the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure built for a sommer retiring place, whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a square roome full of delightfull pictures, made by the most excellent workman of Greece. There was *Diana* whē *Acteon* saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the Painter had set such a colour, as was mixt betweene shame and disdaine; and one of her foolish Nymphes who weeping, and withall lowring, one might see the workman meant to set forth teares of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*; the posture of whose limmes was so liuely expressed, that if the eyes were only iudges, as they be the only seers, one wold haue sworn the very picture had run. Besides many mo, as of *Helena*, *Omphale* *Jole*: but in none of them all beauty seemed to speake so much as in a large table, which

whrch cōtained a comely old man, with a Lady of middle age, but of excellēt beautie, and more excellent would haue bene deemed, but that there stood between thē a young maide whose wonderfulness tooke away all beauty frō her, but that which it might seeme she gaue her back againe by her very shadow. And such difference (being knowne that it did indeed counterfeit a person liuing) was there betweene her and al the other, though Goddeses, that it seemed the skill of the Painter bestowed on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill of the Painter. Though he thought inquisitiuenes an vncomly guest, he could not choose but aske who she was, that bearing shew of one being in deed, could with naturall gifts go beyond the reach of inuention. *Kalander* answered, that it was made by *Philotoclea*, the yonger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were containd in that Table: the Painter meaning to represent the present cōdition of the young ladie, who stood watched by an ouer-curious eye of her parents; & that he would also haue drawne her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdishe attire, but that the rude clowne her gardian would not suffer it; neither durst he aske leaue of the Prince for feare of suspition. *Palladius* perceiued that the matter was wrapt vp in some secrecie, and therefore would for modesty demaund no further but yet his countenance could not but with dōmbe eloquence desire it. Which *Kalander* perceiuing, well, said he, my deare guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfie it; neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no further then the boundes of the questiō, but I will discouer vnto you, as well that wherein my knowledge is cōmon with others, as that which extraordinary meanes is deliuered vnto me: knowing so much in you (though not long acquainted) that I shall find your cares faithfull treasurers. So then sitting downe in two chaires, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake.

This country Arcadia among all the prouinces of Greece, hath euer bene had in singular reputation; partly for the sweetnesse of the aire, & other naturall benefis, but principally for the well tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth in deed help litle to the happinesse of life) are the only people, which as by their iustice and prouidence giue neither cause nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their owne liues in rauening, that their posterity should long after say, they had done so. Euen the Muses seeme to approoue their good determination, by choosing this country for their chiefe repairing place, and by bestowing their perfectiōs so largely here, that the very shepherds haue their fancies lifted to so high conceits: as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth & raigndeth this Prince (whose picture you see) by name *Basilus*, a Prince of sufficient skill to gouerne so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former Princes had set downe good lawes; & the wel bringing vp of the people doth serue as a most sure bōd to hold thē. But to be plaine with you, he excels in nothing so much, as in the zealous loue of his people, wherein he doth not only passe all his own fore-goers, but as I thinke all the Princes liuing. Wherof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the vertues which get admiratiō, as depth of wisdom, height of courage & largenes of magnificence, yet is he notable in those which stir affectiō, as truth of word, meeknesse, curtesie, mercifulnesse, and liberality.

He being already well stricken in yeares, married a young Princeesse named *Gynecia*,  
daugh-



daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beautie, as by her picture you see: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely vertues than her husband; of most vnspotted chasteite, but of so working a minde, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say, it was happie she tooke a good course, for otherwise it would haue bene terrible.

Of these two are brought to the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may thinke they were borne to shew, that nature is no stepmother to that sexe, how much soeuer some men (sharp-witted only in euill speaking) haue sought to disgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferiour to her sister: for my part, when I marked the both, me thought there was (if at least such perfectiōs may receiue the word of more) more sweetnes in *Philoclea*, but more maiesty in *Pamela*: me thought loue plaid in *Philocleas* eyes, and threatned in *Pamelas*: me thought *Philocleas* beautie only perswaded, but so perswaded as all hearts must yeeld: *Pamelas* beauty vsed violence, and such violence as no heart could resist: and it seems that such proportion is betweene their mindes: *Philoclea* so bashfull, as though her excellencies had stolne into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in summe, such proceeding as will stirre hope, but teach hope good maners. *Pamela* of high thoughts, who auoyds not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be voyd of pride; her mothers wisdom, greatnesse, nobility, but (if I can guesse aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our *Basilus* being so publicly happy as to be a Prince, and so happy in that happinesse, as to be a beloued Prince, and so in his priuate blessed as to haue so excellent a wife, & so ouer excellent children, hath of late taken a course, which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, hauing made a iourney to Delphos, and safely returned, within short space he brake vp his Court, and retired himselfe, his wife & children into a certain Forrest hereby, which he calleth his desert; wherein (besides a house appointed for stables, & lodgings for certaine persons of meane calling, who do all household seruices) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himselfe remains with his yonger daughter *Philoclea*, which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture, without hauing any other creature liuing in that lodge with him.

Which, though it be strange, yet not so strange, as the course he hath taken with the Princesse *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how thinke you accompanied? truly with none other but one *Dametas*, the most arrant doltish clowne, that I thinke euer was without the priuilege of a bable, with his wife *Miso*, and daughter *Mopsa*, in whom no wit can deuise any thing wherein they may pleasure her, but to exercise her patience, & to serue for a foyle of her perfections. This lowtish clowne is such, that you neuer saw so ill fauored a visar; his behauiour such, that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; & for his apparell, euen as I would wish him: *Miso* his wife, so handsome a beldame, that only her face and her splay-foote haue made her accused for a witch; only one good point she hath, that she obserues decorum, hauing a froward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who neuer agreed in any humour, but in disagreeing) is issued forth mistresse *Mopsa*, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine owne tongue, since she goes for a woman. The verses are these, which I haue so often caused to be sung, that I haue them without booke:

What

What length of verse can serue braue Moplas good to shew  
 Whose vertues strange, and beauties such, as no man them may know,  
 Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my Muse escape?  
 The gods must help, and precious things must serue to shew her shape,  
 Like great god Saturne faire, and like faire Venus chaste:  
 As smooth as Pan, as Iuno mild, like goddesse Iris faste.  
 With Cupid she foresees, and goes god Vulcans pace.  
 And for a taste of all these gifts, she steales god Momus grace.  
 Her forehead iacinth like, her cheeks of Opall hue,  
 Her twinkling eyes bedect with pearle, her lips as Saphir blew:  
 Her haire like Crapal stone, her mouth o' heavenly wide:  
 Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like siluer vntride.  
 As for her parts unknowne, which hidden sure are best:  
 Happy be they which well helceue, and neuer seeke the rest.

Now truly hauing made these descriptions vnto you, me thinks you should imagine that I rather faine some pleasant deuise, then recoût a truth, that a Prince (not banished from his owne wits) could possibly make so vnworthy a choise. But truly (deare guest) so it is, that Princes (whose doings haue bene often smoothed with good successe) thinke nothing so absurd, which they cannot make honourable. The beginning of his credit was by the Princes straying out of the way, on time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way, and so falling into other questions, he found some of his answeres (as a dog sure if he could speake, had wit enough to describe his kennell) not vn sensible, and all vttered with such rudenesse, which he intempered plainnesse (though there be great difference between them) that *Basilus* conceiuing a fodaine delight, tooke him to his Court, with apparant shew of his good opinion: where the flattering Courtier had no sooner taken the Princes minde, but that there were straight reasons to confirme the Princes doing, & shadowes of vertues found for *Dametas*. His silence grew wit, his bluntnesse integritie, his beastly ignorance vertuous simplicity: and the Prince (according to the nature of great persons, in loue with that he had done himselfe) fancied, that his weakness with his presence would much bee mended. And so like a creature of his owne making, he liked him more and more; & thus hauing first giuen him the office of principall beardman; lastly, since he took this strange determination, he hath in a maner put the life of himselfe and his children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a saile for so small a boat) doth so ouer-sway poore *Dametas*, that if before he were a good foole in a chāber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy: so as I doubt me (I feare me indeed) my master will in the end (with his cost) find, that his office is not to make me, but to vse men as me are, no more then a horse will be taught to hunt, or an asse to manage. But in sooth I am afraide I haue giuen your eares too great a surfet, with the groosse discourses of that heavy peece of flesh. But the zealous grieve I conceiue to see so great an errour in my Lord, hath made me bestow more words, then I confesse so base a subiect deserueth.

Thus much now that I haue told you, is nothing more then in effect any Arcadian knowes. But what moued him to this strang solitarinesse, hath beene imparted (as I thinke) but to one person liuing. My selfe can coniecture, & indeed more then coniecture by this accident that I will tell you: I haue an only sonne, by name *Clioplon*, who is now absent, preparing for his owne marriage, which I meane shortly shalbe



shalbe here celebrated. This sonne of mine ( while the Prince kept his Court ) was of his bed chamber ; now since the breaking vp thereof, returned home, and shewed me ( among other things he had gathered ) the copie which he had taken of a letter : which when the Prince had read, he had laid in a windowe, presuming no body durst looke in his writings : but my sonne not only tooke a tunc to read it, but to copie it. In truth I blamed *Clitophon* for the curiosity, which made him breake his duty in such a kind, whereby kings secrets are subiect to be reuealed: but since it was done, I was content to take so much profit, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I euer since for my good liking, haue caried about me : which before I read vnto you, I must tell you from whom it came. It is a noble-man of this countrie named *Philanax*, appointed by the Prince, regent in this time of his retiring & most worthy so to be : for, their liues no man, whose excellent witte more simplye imbraceth integritie, besides his vnfayned loue to his maister, wherein neuer yet any could make question, sauing whether he loued *Basilus* or the Prince better : a rare temper, while most men either seruilely yeeld to all appetites, or with an obstinate austeritie looking to that they fancy good, in effect neglect the Princes person. This then being the man, whome of all other (and most worthy) the Prince chiefly loues, it should seeme ( for more then the letter I haue not to ghesse by) that the Prince vpon his returne from Delphos, (*Philanax* then lying sick) had written vnto him his determination, rising ( as evidently appeares ) vpon some Oracle he had their receued : whercunto he wrote this answer.

*Philanax his letter to Basilus.*

Most redoubted and beloued Prince, if as well it had pleased you at your going to Delphos as now, to haue vsed my humble seruice, both I should in better season, and to better purpose haue spoken : and you ( if my speech had preuailed ) should haue been at this time, as no way more in danger, so much more in quietnesse; I would then haue saide, that wisdom and vertue be the only destinies appoynted to man to follow, whence we ought to seeke all our knowledge, since they be such guides as cannot faile; which, besides their inward comfort, do leade so direct a way of proceeding, as either prosperity must ensue; or, if the wickednesse of the world should oppresse it, it can neuer be said, that euill happeneth to him, who falles accompanied with vertue : I would then haue said, the heauenly powres to be reuerenced, and not serched into; & their mercies rather by prayers to be sought, then their hidden counsels by curiosity. These kinds of soothsayings (since they haue left vs in our selues sufficient guides) to be nothing but fancie, wherein there must either be vanity, or infalliblenes, & so, either not to be respected, or not to be preuented. But since it is weakenesse too much to remember what should haue been done, and that your commaundement stretcheth to know what is to be done, I do (most deare Lord) with humble boldnes say that the manner of your determination doth in no sort better please me, then the cause of your going. These thirty yeares you haue so gouerned this Region, that neither your Subiects haue wanted iustice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours haue found you so hurdesly strong, that they thought it better to rest in your friendship, then make new trial of your enmity. If this then haue proceeded out of the good constitution of your state, and out of a wise providence, generally to preuent all those things, which might encomber your happinesse : why should you now seeke new courfes since your own example comforts you to continue, & that it is to me most certaine though

though it please you not to tell me the very words of the Oracle) that yet no destiny nor influence whatsoeuer, cā bring mans wit to a higher point, than wisdom and goodnes? Why shold you deprive your self of gouernment, for feare of losing your gouernment, like one that should kill himselfe for feare of death? Nay rather if this Oracle be to be accounted of, arme vp your courage the more against it: for who will stick to him that abandons himselfe; let your subiects haue you in their eies; let them see the benefits of your iustice daily more & more; and so must they needs rather like of present sureties then vncertaine changes. Lastly, whether your time call you to liue or dye, do both like a Prince. Now for your second resolution; which is to suffer no worthy Prince to be a suter to either of your daughters, but while you liue to keepe them both vnmarrid, and, as it were, to kill the ioy of posteritie, which in your time you may enioy, moued perchance by a mis-understood Oracle: what shall I say, if the affection of a father to his owne children, cannot plead sufficiently against such fancies? once certaine it is, the God which is God of nature, doth neuer teach vnnaturalnesse: and euen the same mind hold I touching your banishing them from company, least, I know not what strange loues should follow. Certainlie fir, in my Ladies your daughters, nature promisseth nothing but goodnesse, and their education by your fatherly care hath bene hitherto such, as hath bene most fit to restraine all euill; giuing their minds vertuous delights, & not grieuing them for want of well ruled libertie. Now to fall to a sodaine straightning them, what can it do but argue suspicion, a thing no more vnpleasant, then vntrue, for the preserving of vertue. Leauwomens minds, the most vntamed that way of any: see whether a cage can please a bird? or whether a dog grow not fiercer with tying? what doth ielousie, but stirre vp the mind to thinke, what it is from which they are restrained? for they are treasures or things of great delight, which men vse to hide, for the aptnesse they haue to each mans fancies: & the thoughts once awaked to that, harder sure it is to keepe those thoughts from accomplishment, then had bene before to haue kept the mind (which being the chiefe part, by this means is defiled) from thinking. Lastly, for the recommending so principall a charge of the Princess *Pamela* (whose minde goes beyond the gouerning of many thousands such) to such a person as *Dametias* is (besides that the thing in it selfe is strange) it comes of a very euill ground, that ignorance should be the mother of faithfulnessse; O no; he cannot be good that knows not why he is good, but stands so farre good as his fortune may keepe him vnassailed: but coming once to that, his rude simplicitie is either easily changed, or easily deceiued: and so growes that to be the last excuse of his fault, which seemed to haue bene the first foundatiō of his faith. Thus farre hath your commandement and my zeale drawne me; which I, like a man in a valley that may discern hills, or like a poore passenger that may spie a rocke, so humbly submit to your gracious consideration, beseeching you againe to stand wholly vpon your owne vertue, as the surest way to maintaine you in that you are, and to auoyd any euill which may be imagined.

By the contents of this letter you may perceiue, that the cause of all, hath bene the varietie which possesseth many, who (making a perpetuall mansion of this poore baiting place of mans life) are desirous to know the certaintie of things to come; wherein there is nothing so certaine as our continuall vncertainie. But what in particular points the Oracle was, in faith I know not, neither (as you may see by one place of *Philanax* letter) he himselfe distinctly knew. But this experience shewes vs, that *Basilins* iudgemēt, corrupted with a Princes fortune, hath rather heard then



followed the wife (as I take it) counsell of *Philanax*. For hauing left the sterne of his gouernment, with much amazement to the people, among whom many strange bruits are receiued for currant, and with some apparance of danger in respect of the valiant *Amphialus* his nephew, & much enuying the ambitious number of the Nobilitie against *Phitanax*, to see *Philanax* so aduanced, though (to speake simply) he deserue more then as many of vs as there be in *Arcadia*: the Prince himselfe hath hidden his head, in such sort as I told you, not sticking plainly to confesse, that he means not (while he breathes) that his daughters shal haue any husband, but keepe them thus solitary with him: where he giues no other body leaue to visit him at any time but a certaine Priest, who being excellent in poettie, he makes him write out such things as he best likes, he being no lesse delightfull in conuersation, then needfull for deuotion, and about twenty specified shepheards, in whom (some for exercises, and some for Eglogs) he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my selfe: wherein if I haue held you ouer long, lay hardly the fault vpon my olde age, which in the very disposition of it, is talkatiue: whether it be (said he smiling) that nature loues to exercise that part most, which is least decayed, and that is our tongue: or, that knowledge being the onely thing whereof we poore olde men can brag, we cannot make it knowne but by vterance: or, that mankind by all meanes seeking to eternize himselfe so much the more, as he is neare his end, doth it not onely by the children that come of him, but by speeches & writings recommended to the memorie of hearers & readers. And yet thus much I will say for my selfe, that I haue not laid these matters, either so openly or largely to any as to your selfe: so much (if I much faile not) do I see in you, which makes me both loue & trust you. Neuer may he be old, answered *Palladius*, that doth not reuerence that age, whose heauinesse, if it waye downe the fraile and fleshlie ballance, it as much lifts vp the noble and spirituall part; and well might you haue alleaged another reason, that their wisdom makes them willing to profit others. And that haue I receiued of you, neuer to be forgotten, but with vngratefulness. But among many strange conceits you told me, which haue shewed effects in your Prince, truly euen the last, that he should conceiue such pleasure in shepheards discourses, would not seeme the least vnto me, sauing that you told me at the first, that this country is notable in those wits, and that indeed my selfe hauing bene brought not only to this place, but to my life by *Strephon* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become such shepheards as *Homer* speakes of, that be gouernours of peoples, then such Senators who hold their Councell in a sheep-cote. For them two (said *Kalander*) especially *Claius*, they are beyond the rest by so much, as learning commonly doth adde to nature: for, hauing neglected their wealth in respect of their knowledge, they haue not so much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithstanding, it is a sporte to heare how they impute to loue, which hath indued their thoughts (say they) with such a strength.

But certainly all the people of this country from high to lowe, is giuen to those sports of the wit, so as you would wonder to heare how soone euen children will begin to versifie. Once, ordinary it is amongst the meanest sort, to make songs and dialogues in meeter, either loue whetting their braine, or long peace hauing begun its example and emulation amending it. Not so much, but the Clowne *Dametas* will stumble sometimes vpon some songs that might become a better braine: but no sort of people so excellent in that kind as the pastors; for their liuing standing  
but

but vpon the looking to their beasts, they haue ease, the Nurse of Poetrie. Neither are our shepheards such, as (I heare) they be in other countries; but they are the verie owners of the sheepe, to which either themselves looke, or their children giue daily attendance. And then truly, it would delight you vnder some tree, or by some riuiers side (when two or three of them meet together) to heare their rurall Muse, how pretilie it will deliuer out, sometimes ioyes, sometimes lamentations, sometimes chalengings one of the other, sometimes vnder hidden formes vttering such matters, as otherwise they durst not deale with. Then haue they most commonlie one, who iudgeth the prise to the best doer, of which they are no lesse glad, then great Princes are of Triumphs: and his part is to set downe in writing all that is said, saue that it may be, his pen with more leasure doth polish the rudenesse of an vnthought-on song. Now the choise of all (as you may well thinke) either for goodnesse of voice, or pleasantnesse of wit, the Prince hath: among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies hauing made weary of the worlds eyes, haue come to spend their liues among the cuntry people of *Arcadia*; and their conuersation being well approoued, the Prince vouchsafeth the his presence, and not onely by looking on, but by great curtesie & liberalitie, animates the shepheards the more exquisitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the Prince for sometimes hearing them; the blame-worthinesse is, that to heare them, he rather goes to solitarinesse, then makes them come to companie. Neither do I accuse my maister for aduancing a cuntryman, as *Dametas* is, since God forbid, but where worthinesse is (as truly it is among diuerse of that fellowship) any outward lownesse should hinder the highest raising, but that he would needs make election of one; the basenesse of whose mind is such, that it sinks a thousand degrees lower then the basest body could carie the most base fortune: which although it might be answered for the Prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainnesse, then any great aduancement, but being chiefe heardman; yet all honest hearts feelee, that the trust of their Lord goes beyond all aduancement. But I am euer too long vpon him, when he crosseth the way of my speach, and by the shadow of yonder tower, I see it is a fitter time, with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomacks, then to breake the aire with my idle discourfes: and more wit I might haue learned of *Homer* (whom euen now you mentioned) who neuer entertained either guests or hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger be thoroughly stopped. So withall he rose, leading *Palladius* through the garden againe to the Parler, where they vsed to suppe; *Palladius* assuring him that he had already bene more fed to his liking, then he could be by the skilfullest trenchermen of *Media*.

But being come to the supping place, one of *Kalanders* seruants rounded in his eare; at which (his colour changing) he retired himselfe into his chamber; commanding his men diligently to wait vpon *Palladius*, and to excuse his absence with some necessary businesse he had presently to dispatch: which they accordingly did, for some few daies forcing themselves to let no change appeare, but though they framed their countenances neuer so cunningly, *Palladius* perceiued there was some displeasing accidēt fallen out. Wherevpon, being againe set alone at supper, he called to the steward, & desired him to tell him the matter of his sudden alteration: who after some trifling excuses, in the end confessed vnto him, that his master had receiued newes, that his sonne before the day of his neare mariage, chaunst to be at a battaile, which was to be fought betweene the Gentlemen of Lacedæmon and the

*Helots*: who winning the victorie, he was there made prisoner, going to deliuer a friend of his taken prisoner by the *Helots*; that the poore young Gentleman had offered great ranome for his life; but that the hate those peasants conceived against all Gentlemen was such, that euery houre he was to look for nothing, but some cruell death, which hitherto had only bene delaied by the Capraines vehement dealing for him, who seemed to haue a heart of more manly pitie then the rest. Which losse had stricken the old Gentleman with such sorrow, as if abundance of teares did not seeme sufficiently to witnesse it, he was alone retired, tearing his beard and haire, and cursing his old age, that had not made his graue to stop his eares from such aduertisements: but that his faithfull seruants had written in his name to all his friends followers, and tenants (*Philanax* the gouernour refusing to deale in it as a priuate cause, but yet giuing leaue to seeke their best redresse, so as they wronged not the state of Lacedæmon) of whom there were now gathered vpo the frontiers good forces, that he was sure would spend their liues by any way, to redeeme or reuenge *Clitophon*. Now sir (said he) this is my maisters nature, though his griefe be such, as to liue is a griefe vnto him, and that euen his reason is darkened with sorrow; yet the lawes of hospitalitie (long and holily obserued by him) giue still such a sway to his proceeding, that he will no way suffer the stranger lodged vnder his roofo, to receiue (as it were) any infection of his anguish, especially you, toward whom I know not whether his loue, or admiration be greater. But *Palladius* could scarce heare out his tale with patience, so was his heart torne in peeces with compassion of the case, liking of *Kalanders* noble behaviour, kindnesse for his respect to himward, and desire to find some remedie, besides the image of his dearest friend *Daiphantus*, whom he iudged to suffer either alike or worse fortune. Therefore using from the boord, he desired the steward to tell him particularly, the ground & cuent of this accident, because by knowledge of many circumstances, there might perhaps some way of helpe be opened. Whereunto the steward easily in this sort condiscended.

My Lord (said he) when our good King *Basilus*, with better successe then expectation, tooke to wife (eue in his more then decaying yeares) the faire young Princesse *Gynecia*; there came with her a yong Lord, coulin german to her selfe, named *Argalus*, led hither, partly with the loue & honour of his noble kin (womā, partly with the humour of youth, which euer thinks that good, whose goodnesse he sees not. & in this Court he receiued so good increase of knowledge, that after some yeares spent, he so manifested a most vertuous mind in all his actions, that *Arcadia* gloried such a plant was transported vnto them, being a Gentleman indeed most rarely accomplished, excellently learned, but without all vaine glorie: friendly, without fauouritnesse; valiant, so as for my part, I think the earth hath no mā that hath done more herōicall acts then he; how soeuer now of late the fame flies of the two Princes of *Thessalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble Prince *Amphialus*; who indeed, in our parts is onely accounted likely to match him: but I say for my part, I thinke no man for valour of mind, and abilitie of body to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet so valiant as he neuer durst do any body iniurie: in behaviour some will say euer sad, surely sober, and somewhat giuen to musing, but neuer vncourteous; his word euer led by his thought, and followed by his deed; rather liberall then magnificent, though the one wanted not, and the other had euer good choise of the receiuer: in summe (for I perceiue I shall easily take a great draught of his praises, whom both I and all this countrie loue so well)

such



such a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the nicest eye can find a spot in, if the ouer-vehement constancy of yet spotlesse affection, may not in hard wrested constructions be counted a spot: which in this maner began that worke in him, which hath made both him, and it selfe in him ouer all this countrey famous. My maisters sonne *Clitophon* (whose losse giues the cause to this discourte, & yet giues me cause to begin with *Argalus*, since his losse proceeds from *Argalus*) being a young Gentleman, as of great birth (being our kings sisters sonne) so truly of good nature, and one that can see good and loue it, haunted more the company of this worthy *Argalus*, then of any other: so as if there were not a friendship (which is so rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word) at least there was such a liking and friendlinesse, as hath brought forth the effects which you shall heare. About two yeares since, it so fell out, that he brought him to a great Ladies house, sister to my maister, who had with her her onely daughter, the faire *Parthenia*; faire indeed (same I thinke it selfe daring not to call any fairer, if it be not *Helena* Queene of *Corinth*, & the two incomparable sisters of *Arcadia*) & that which made her fairenesse much the fairer, was, that it was but a faire Embassadour of a most faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to iudge it selfe, then to shew it selfe: her speech being as rare as precious; her silence without sullenness; her modestie without affectation; her shamefastnesse without ignorance: in summe, one that to praise well, one must first set downe with himselfe, what it is to be excellent: for so she is.

I thinke you think, that these perfections meeting, could not choose but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likenesse of maners is likely in reason to draw liking with affection: mens actions do not alwaies crosse with reason: to be short, it did so indeed. They loued, although for a while the fire therof (hopes wings being cut off) were blowne by the bellowes of dispaire vpon this occasion.

There had bene a good while before, & so continued, a suter to this same Lady, a great noble man, though of *Laconia*, yet neare neighbour to *Parthenias* mother, named *Demagoras*: a man mighty in riches & power, & proud thereof, stubbotinlic stout, louing no body but himselfe, and for his owne delights sake *Parthenia*: & pursuing vehemently his desire, his riches had so gilded ouer all his other imperfections, that the old Lady (though contrary to my Lord her brothers mind) had giuen her consent; & vsing a mothers authority vpon her faire daughter, had made her yeeld thereunto, not because she liked her choise, but because her obedient minde had not yet taken vpon it to make choise; & the day of their assurance drew neare, when my young Lord *Clitophon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principally to see so rare a sight, as *Parthenia* by all well iudging eyes was iudged.

But though few dayes, were before the time of assurance appointed, yet loue that saw he had a great iourney to make in short time, hasted so himselfe, that before her word could tie her to *Demagoras*, her heart hath vowed her to *Argalus*, with so gratefull a receipt in mutuall affection, that if she desired about all things to haue *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to misse *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and misliking, louing and loathing, and out of passion began to take the authoritie of iudgement; in so much, that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud ioy) thought to receiue the gift of her selfe, she with words of resolute refusal (though with teares shewing she was sorie she must refuse) assured her mother, she would first be bedded in her graue, then wedded to *Demagoras*. The change was no more straunge, then vnpleasant to the mother: who

being determinately (least I should say of a great Lady wilfullie) bent to marie her to *Demagoras*, tried all wayes which a wittie & hard-hearted mother could vse, vpon so humble a daughter; in whō the only resisting power was loue. But the more she assaulted, the more she taught *Parthenia* to defend; and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more she made her mother obstinate in the assault: who at length finding, that *Argalus* standing betweene them, was it that most eclipsed her affection from shining vpon *Demagoras*, she sought all meanes how to remoue him, so much the more as he manifested himselfe an vnremoueable suter to her daughter: first, by employing him in as many dangerous enterprises, as euer the euill step-mother *Juno* recommended to the famous *Hercules*: but the more his vertue was tried, the more pure it grew, while all the things she did to ouerthrow him, did set him vp vpon the height of honour; enough to haue moued her heart, especially to a man euery way so worthie as *Argalus*: but she struggling against all reason, because she would haue her will, and shew her authoritie in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more vertuous *Argalus* was, the more she hated him, thinking her-selfe conquered in his conquests, and therefore still imploying him in more and more dangerous attempts: in the meane while, she vsed all extremities possible vpon her faire daughter, to make her giue ouer her selfe to her direction. But it was hard to iudge, whether he in doing; or she in suffering, shewed greater constancie of affection: for, as to *Argalus* the world sooner wanted occasions, then he valour to go through them: so to *Parthenia*, malice sooner ceased, then her vnchanged patience. Lastly, by treasons, *Demagoras* and she would haue made away *Argalus*; but he with prouidence and courage so past ouer all, that the mother tooke such a spitefull grieue at it, that her heart brake withall, and she dyed.

But then, *Demagoras* assuring himselfe, that now *Parthenia* was her owne she would neuer be his, and receiuing as much by her owne determinate answer, not more desiring his owne happinesse, then enuying *Argalus*, whom he saw with narrow eyes, euen ready to enioy the perfection of his desires, strengthening his conceit with all the mischieuous counsels which disdained loue, and enuious pride could giue vnto him; the wicked wretch (taking a tyme that *Argalus* was gone to his countrie, to fetch some of his principall friends to honour the mariage, which *Parthenia* had most ioyfullie consented vnto) the wicked *Demagoras* (I say) desiring to speake with her, with vnmerefull force (her weake armes in vaine resisting) rubd all ouer her face a most horrible poyson: the effect whereof was such, that neuer leaper lookt more vgly then she did: which done, hauing his men & horses ready, departed away in spite of her seruants, as ready to reuenge as they could be, in such an vnexpected mischiefe. But the abhominableness of this fact being come to my *L. Kalandar*, he made such means, both by our kings intercession, and his owne, that by the King & Senate of Lacedæmon, *Demagoras* was vpo paine of death banished the countrie: who hating the punishment, where he should haue hated the fault, ioyned himselfe, with all the powers he could make, vnto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion against that state: and they (glad to haue a man of such authoritie among the) made him their Generall: & vnder him haue committed diuerse the most outrageous villanies, that a base multitude (full of desperate reuenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pittifull fact committed vpon *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poore Gentleman) hauing her faire image in his hart, & already promising his eyes the vttermost of his felicitie, when they (no body else daring to tell it him) were the first messengers to themselves of their owne misfortune. I meane not to moue passions

passions with telling you the griefe of both, when hee knew her, for at first he did not, nor at first knowledge could possibly haue vertues aide so ready, as not euen weakly to lament the losse of such a iewell, so much the more, as that skilfull men in that art assured it was vnrecoerable. but within a while, truth of loue (which still held the first face in his memory) a vertuous constancie, and euen a delight to bee constant, faith giuen, and inward worthinesse shining through the foulest mists, tooke so full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not only in such comfort which witty arguments may bestow vpon aduersity, but euen with the most abundant kindnes that an eye rauished louer can expresse, he laboured both to driue the extremity of sorrow from her, and to hasten the celeration of their marriage: whereunto he vn-fainedly shewed himselfe no lesse cherefully earnest, then if she had neuer beene disinherited of that goodly portion, which nature had so liberally bequeathed vnto her; & for that cause deferred his intended reuenge vpon *Demagoras*, because he might continually be in her presence; shewing more humble seruiceablenesse, & ioy to content her, then euer before.

But as he gaue this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*. so of the other side, she tooke as strange a course in affection: for; where she desired to enioy him, more then to liue; yet did she ouerthrow both her owne desire and his, and in no sort would yeeld to marry him; with a strange encounter of loues affects; and effects, that he by an affection sprong from excessiue beauty, should delight in horrible foulness; & she, of a vehement desire to haue him, should kindly build a resoluō neuer to haue him; for truth is, that so in heart she loued him, as she could not find in her heart he should be tied to what was vnworthy of his presēce.

Truly Sir, a very good Orator might haue a faire field to vse eloquence in, if he did but only repeate the lamentable, and truly affectionated speeches, while he cō-iured her by remembrance of her affectiō, & true oathes of his own affection, not to make him so vnhappy, as to thinke he had not only lost her face, but her hart; that her face, when it was fairest, had bene but as a marshall, to lodge the loue of her in his mind, which now was so well placed, as it needed no further helpe of any outward harbinger: beseeching her, euen with teares, to know, that his loue was not so superficiall, as to go no further then the skin; which yet now to him was most faire, since it was hers: how could he be so vngratefull, as to loue her the lesse for that which she had only receiued for his sake: that he neuer beheld it, but therein he saw the loueliness of her loue toward him: protesting vnto her, that he would neuer take ioy of his life, if he might not enioy her, for who principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that ouerheard the) she (wringing him by the hand) made no other answer but this: my Lord (said she) God knows I loue you if I were Princeesse of the whole world, & had withal; al the blessings that euer the world brought forth, I should not make delay, to lay my selfe, and them vnder your feete, or if I had continued but as I was, though (I must confesse (far vnworthy of you, yet would (I with too great a ioy for my hart now to thinke of) haue accepted your vouchsafing me to be yours, and with faith and obedience would haue supplied all other defects. But first let me be much more miserable the I am, etc I match *Argalus* to such a *Parthenia*; Liue happy deare *Argalus*, I giue you full liberty, & I beseech you take it; & I assure you I shall reioyce (whatsoeuer become of me) to see you so coupled, as may be fit both for your honour and satisfaction. With that she burst out in crying and weeping, not able longerto containe her selfe from blaming her fortune, and wishing her owne death.



But *Argalus* with a most heauie hart still pursuing his desire, the fixt of mind to auoid further intreaty, and to fly all company; which (euen of him) grew vnpleasāt vnto her; one night she stole away: but whither,, as yet is vnknowne, or indeede what is become of her.

*Argalus* sought her long; and in many places: at length (dispairing to find her, and the more he despaired, the more enraged) weary of his life, but first determining to bee reuenged of *Demagoras*, hee went alone disguised into the chiefe towne held by the *Helots*: where comming into his presence, garded about by many of his soldiers, he could delay his fury no longer for a fitter time: but setting vpon him, in despight of a great many that helped him, gaue him diuerse mortall wounds, and himselfe (no question) had bene there presently murdered, but that *Demagoras* himselfe desired hee might be kept aliue: perchance with intention to feede his owne eyes with some cruell execution to bee laid vpon him, but death came sooner thē he lookt for; yet hauing had leisure to appoint his successor, a yong man, not long before deliuered out of the prison of the King of *Lacedemon*, where he should haue suffred death for hauing slaine the kings Nephew. but him hee named, who at that time was absent, making roades vpon the *Lacedemonians*, but being returned, the rest of the *Helots*; for the great liking they conceiued of that yong mā, especially because they had none among themiuelues to whom the others would yeeld, were content to follow *Demagoras* appoyntment. And well hath it succeded with them, he hauing since done thinges beyond the hope of the yongest heads, of whom I speake the rather, because he hath hitherto preferred *Argalus* aliue, vnder pretence to haue him publicuely, and with exquisite torments executed, after the ende of these warres, of which, they hope for a soone and prosperous issue.

And he hath likewise hitherto kept my young Lord *Clitophon* aliue, who (to redeeme his friend) went with certaine other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to besiege this young and new successor: but hee issuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, slue many of the noble men, and tooke *Clitophon* prisoner, whom with much a doe he keepeth aliue: the *Helots* being villanously cruell; but he tempereth them so sometimes by following their humor, sometimes by striuing with it, that hitherto hee hath saued both their liues, but in different estates; *Argalus* being kept in a close and hard prison, *Clitophon* at some liberty, And now Sir, though (to say the truth) we can promise our selues little of their safeties, while they are in the *Helots* hands, I haue deliuered all I vnderstand touching the losse of my Lords sonne, and the cause thereof: which, though it was not necessary to *Clitophons* case, to be so particularly told, yet the strangenesse of it, made me thinke it would not be vnpleasant vnto you.

*Palladius* thanked him greatly for it, being euen passionately delighted with hearing so straunge an accident, of a knight so famous ouer the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had himselfe a long desire to meete: so had fame powred a noble emulation in him towards him.

But thē (welbethinking himselfe) he called for armour, desiring them to provide him of horse & guide, & armed all sauing the head, he wēt vp to *Kalander*, whom he found lying vpon the ground, hauing euer since banished both sleepe and foode, as enemies to the mourning, which passion perswaded him was reasonable. But *Palladius* rayfed him vp, saying vnto him: No more, no more of this, my Lord *Kalander*; let vs labour to finde, before wee lament the losse: you know my selfe misse  
one,

one, who though he be not my sonne, I would disdain the fauour of life after him: but while there is hope left, let not the weaknesse of sorrow, make the strength of it languish: take comfort, and good successe will follow. And with those wordes, comfort seemed to lighten in his eyes; and that in his face and gesture was painted victory. Once, *Kalanders* spirits were so reuiued withall, that (receiuing some sustenance: and taking a little rest) he armed himselfe, & those few of his seruants he had left vnscattered, and so himselfe guided *Palladius* to the place vpon the frontiers, where already there were assembled between three & foure thousand men, all well disposed (for *Kalanders* sake) to abide any perill: but like men disused with a long peace, more determinate to do, then skillfull how to do: lusty bodies, and braue armours; with such courage, as rather grew of despising their enemies, whom they knew not, then of any confidence for any thing which in themselves they knew; but neither cunning vse of their weapons, nor art shewed in their marching, or incamping. Which *Palladius* soone perceiuing, he desired to vnderstand (as much as could be deliuered vnto him) the estate of the *Helots*.

And he was answered by a man well acquainted with the affaires of Laconia, that they were a kind of people, who hauing bene of old, freemen & possessioners, the *Lacedemonians* had conquered them, and laid, not only tribute, but bondage vpon them; which they had long borne: til of late the *Lacedemonians* through greedinesse growing more heauy then they could beare, and through contempt lesse careful how to make them beare, they had with a generall consent (rather springing by the generalnesse of the cause, then of any artificiall practise) set themselves in armes, and whetting their courage with reuenge, and grounding their resolution vpon dispaire, they had proceeded with vnlooked for successe hauing already taken diuerse Townes and Castels with the slaughter of many of the gentry; for whom no sex nor age could be accepted for an excuse. And that although at the first they had fought rather with beastly fury, then any souldierly discipline, practise had now made them comparable to the best of the *Lacedemonians*, & more of late then euer, by reason, first of *Demagoras* a great Lord, who had made himselfe of their party, and since his death, of another Captain they had gotten, who had brought vp their ignorance, & brought downe their fury, to such a meane of good gouernment, and withall led them so valorously, that (besides the time wherein *Clisophon* was taken) they had the better in some other great conflicts: in such wise, that the estate of *Lacedemon* had sent vnto them, offering peace with most reasonable and honourable conditions. *Palladius* hauing gottē his general knowledge of the party against whom, as he had already of the party for who he was to fight, he went to *Kalander*, and told him plainly, that by plaine force, there was smal apparance of helping *Clisophon*: but some deuice was to be taken in hand, wherein no lesse discretion then valour was to be vsed.

Whereupon, the counsell of the chiefe men was called, and at last, this way *Palladius* (who by some experience, but especially by reading Histories, was acquainted with stratagems) inuented, and was by all the rest approoued: that all the men there should dresse themselves like the poorest sorte of the people in *Arcadia*, hauing no banners, but bloudie shirtes hanged vpon long staues, with some bad bagge-pipes in stead of drumme and fife, their armour they should aswell as might bee couer, or at least make them looke so rustilie, and ill fauouredly as might well become such wearers, and this the whole number should do, sauing two hundred of the best chosen Gentlemen, for courage and strength, whereof

whereof *Palladius* himselfe would bee one, who should haue their armes chayned, and be put in cartes like prisoners. This being performed, according to the agreement, they marched on towards the towne of *Cardamila* where *Clitophon* was Capitaine; and being come two houres before Sunne-set within view of the walles, the *Helots* already discrying their number, and beginning to sound the Allarum, they sent a cunning fellow (so much the cunninger as that he could maske it vnder rudenesse) who with such a kind of Rhetorike, as weeded out al flowers of Rhetorik, deliuered vnto the *Helots* assembled together, that they were country people of *Arcadia*, no lesse oppressed by their Lords, and no lesse desirous of liberty then they, & therefore had put themselues in the field, and had already (besides a great number slaine) taken nine or ten score Gentlemen prisoners whom they had there well & fast chained. Now because they had no strong retiring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keepe the field against their Princes forces, they were come to thē for succour, knowing that dayly more and more of their quality wold flock vnto them, but that in the meane time, least their Prince should pursue them, or the *Lacedamonian* King & Nobility (for the likenesse of the cause) fall vpon them, they desired that if there were not roome enough for them in the towne, that yet they might encampe vnder the walls, and for surety haue their prisoners (who were such men as were euer able to make their peace) kept within the towne.

The *Helots* made but a short cōsultatiō, being glad that their cōtagion had spread it selfe into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out between them and their King, that it was the best way to set fire in all the parts of *Greece*; besides their greedinesse to haue so many Gentlemen in their hands, in whose raunfomes they already meant to haue a share; to which hast of concludung, two things wel helped, the one, that their Captain with the wisest of them, was at that time absent about cōfirming or breaking the peace with the state of *Lacedemon*: the secōd, that ouer many good fortunes began to breed a proud recklesnesse in thē, therefore sending to view the Campe, and finding that by their speach they were *Arcadians*, with whom they had had no warre, neuer suspecting a priuate mans credit could haue gathered such a force, and that all other tokens witnessed them to bee of the lowest calling (besides the chaines vpon the Gentlemen) they graunted not onely leaue for the prisoners, but for some others of the companie, and to all, that they might harbour vnder the walles. So opened they the gates, and receiued in the carts; which being done, and *Palladius* seeing fit time, he gaue the signe, and shaking of their chaines (which were made with such arte, that though they seemed most strong and fast, he that ware them might easily loose them) drewe their swordes hidden in the carts, and so setting vpon the ward, made them to fly eyther from the place, or from their bodyes, and so giue entry to all the force of the *Arcadians* before the *Helots* could make any head to resist them.

But the *Helots* being men hardened against daungers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the market place, and thence would haue giuen a shrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that *Palladius* (blaming those that were slow, hartning them that were forward, but especially with his owne example leading them) made such an impresion into the Squadron of the *Helots*, that at first the great body of them beginning to shake and stagger, at length, euery particular body recommended the protection of his life to his feete. Then *Kalander* cried to go to the prison, where he thought his sonne was, but *Palladius* wisht him (first scouring the streets) to house all the *Helots*, and make themselues master of the gates.

But



But ere that could bee accomplished, the *Helots* had gotten new heart, and with diuers sortes of shot from corners of streetes, and house windowes, galled them; which courage was come vnto them by the returne of their Captaine, who though he brought not many with him (hauing disperst most of his companies to other of his holds) yet meeting a great number running out of the gate, not yet possess'd by the *Arcadians*, he made them turne face, and with banners displayed, his Trumpet giue the lowdest testimony he could of his returne; which once heard, the rest of the *Helots* which were otherwise scattered, bent thitherward, with a new life of resolution: as if their Captaine had been a roote, out of which (as into branches) their courage had sprong. Then began the fight to grow most sharpe, & the encounters of more cruel obstinacy. The *Arcadians* fighting to keepe that they had wonne; the *Helots* to recouer what they had lost. The *Arcadians* as in an vnknowne place, hauing no succour but in their hands; the *Helots*, as in their owne place fighting for their liuings, wiues & children. There was victory and courage against reuenge & dispaire: safety of both sides being no otherwise to be gotten, but by destruction.

At length, the left wing of the *Arcadians* began to loose ground; which *Palladius* seeing, he straight thrust himselfe with his choise band against the throng that oppressed them, with such an ouerflowing of valour, that the Captaine of the *Helots* (whose eyes soone iudged of that wherewith themselves were gouerned) saw that he alone was worth al the rest of the *Arcadians*. Which he so wondred at, that it was hard to say, whether he more liked his doings, or misliked the effects of his doings: but determining that vpon that cast the game lay, and disdainng to fight with any other, sought only to ioyne with him: which minde was no lesse in *Palladius*, hauing easly marked, that he was as the first mouer of all the other hands. And so their thoughts meeting in one point, they consented (though not agreed) to try each others fortune: and so drawing themselves to be the vttermost of the one side, they began a combat, which was so much inferior to the battaile in noise & number, as it was surpassing it in brauery of fighting, & (as it were) delightful terriblenes. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neither did their hardinesse darken their wit, nor their wit coole their hardinesse: both valiant, as men despising death; both confidēt, as vnwonted to be ouercome; yet doubtful by their present feeling, & respectfull by what they had already seene. Their feete stedy, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their harts resolute. The partes either not armed, or weakly armed, were well knowne, & according to the knowledge should haue bene sharply visited, but that the answer was as quick as the obiection. Yet some lightning; the smart bred rage, and the rage bred smart againe: till both sides beginning to wax faint, and rather desirous to die accompanied, then hopefull to liue victorious, the Captaine of the *Helots* with a blow, whose violence grew of fury, not of strength or of strength proceeding of fury, strake *Palladius* vpō the side of the head that he reeled astonied: and withall the helmet fell off, he remaining bare headed. but other of the *Arcadians* were ready to shield him from any harme might rise of that nakednesse.

But little needed it, for his chiefe enemy in steed of pursuing that aduantage, kneeled down, offering to deliuer the pōmel of his swoord, in tokē of yelding; withal speaking aloud vnto him, that he thought it more liberty to be his prisoner, then any others General. *Palladius* stāding vpō himself, & misdoubted some craft, & the *Helots* (that were next their captain) wauering between looking for some stratagem, or fearing tresp; what, said the captain, hath *Palladius* forgotē the voice of *Daiphātus*?

By

By that watch word *Palladius* knew that it was his onely friend *Pyrocles*, whom he had lost vpon the Sea, & therefore both most full of wonder, so to be met, if they had not bene fuller of ioy then wonder, caused the retrait to be sounded, *Daiphantus* by authority & *Palladius* by perswation; to which helped well the little aduantage that was of either side: & that of the *Helots* party their Captaines behauiour had made as many amazed as saw or heard of it: & of the *Arcadian* side the good old *Kalander* striuing more then his old age could atchiue, was newly taken prisoner. But in deede the chiefe partter of the fray was the night, which with her black armes pulled their malicious fights one from the other. But he that tooke *Kalander*, meât nothing lesse then to saue him, but onely so long, as the Captaine might learne the enemies secrets, towards whom he led the old Gentleman, when he caused the re-treit to be sounded: looking for no other deliuey from that captiuitie, but by the painfull taking away of all paine: when, whom should he see next to the Captaine (with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day against the *Arcadians*) but his sonne *Clitophon*? But now the Captaine had caused all the principall *Helots* to be assembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do, as to receiue a message from the *Arcadians*; Among whom *Palladius* vertue (besides the loue *Kalander* bare him) hauing gotten principall authority, hee had perswaded them to seeke rather by parley to recouer the Father and the Sonne, then by the sword: since the goodnes of the Captaine assured him that way to speede, & his value (wherwith he was of old acquainted) made him thinke any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in orderly maner, giuing them to vnderstand, that as they came but to deliuer *Clitophon*, so offering to leaue the footing, they already had in the towne, to goe away without any further hurt, so as they might haue the father & the sonne without ransome deliuered. Which conditions being heard and conceiued by the *Helots*, *Daiphantus* perswaded them without delay to accept them. For first (said he) since the strife is within our owne home, if you loose, you loose all that in this life can be deare vnto you: if you winne, it will be a bloody victory with no profit, but the flatteting in our selues that same bad humour of reuenge. Besides, it is like to stirre *Arcadia* vpon vs, which now, by vsing these persons well, may be brought to some amity. Lastly, but especially, least the king & nobility of *Laconia* (with whom now we haue made a perfect peace) should hope by occasion of this quartel to ioyne the *Arcadians* with them, and so breake off the profitable agreement already concluded. In summe, as in all deliberations (waying the profit of the good succes with the harme of the euil successe) you shall finde this way most safe and honorable.

The *Helots* as much mooued by his authority, as perswaded by his reasons, were content therewith. Whereupon, *Palladius* tooke order that the *Arcadians* should presently march out of the towne, taking with them their prisoners, while the night with mutuall diffidence might keepe them quiet, and ere day came, they might be well on of their way, & so auoid those accidents which in late enemies, a looke, a word, or a particular mans quarell might engender. This being on both sides concluded on, *Kalander* & *Clitophon*, who now (with infinite ioy did knowe each other came to kisse the hands and feete of *Daiphantus*: *Clitophon* telling his father, how *Daiphantus* (not without danger to himselfe) had preserued him from the furious malice of the *Helots*: & euen that day going to conclude the peace (least in his absence he might receiue some hurt) he had taken him in his company, and geuen him armour, vpon promise he should take the part of the *Helots*; which he had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was against his fathers but (said *Clitophon*)  
here

here is he, who (as a father) hath new begotten me, and (as a God) hath saued mee from many deathes, which already layd hold on me: which *Kalander* with teares of ioy acknowledged (besides his owne deliuerance) onely his benefite. But *Daiphantus*, who loved doing well for it selfe, and not for thanks, brake off those ceremonies, desiring to know how *Palladius* (for so he called *Musidorus*) was come into that company, and what his present estate was; whereof receiuing a brieue declaration of *Kalander*, he sent him word by *Clitophon*, that he should not as now come vnto him, because he held himselfe not so sure a maister of the *Helots* mindes, that hee would aduenture him in their power, who was so well knowne with an vnfriendly acquaintāce, but that he desired him to returne with *Kalander*, whither also he within few dayes (hauing dispatched himselfe of the *Helots*) would repaire. *Kalander* would needes kisse his hand againe for that promise, protesting hee would esteeme his house more blessed then a temple of the gods, if it had once receiued him. And then desiring pardon for *Argalus*, *Daiphantus* assured them that he would die but he would bring him (though till then kept in close prison, indeede for his safety, the *Helots* being so animated against him as els he could not haue liued) and so taking their leaue of him, *Kalander*, *Clitophon*, *Palladius* and the rest of the *Arcadians* swearing that they would no further in any sort molest the *Helots*, they straightway marched out of the towne, carying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were already within the limits of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other side shutting their gates, gaue theselues to bury their dead, to cure their wounds, and rest their wearied bodies: till (the next day bestowing the cheerefull vse of the light vpon them) *Daiphantus* making a generall conuocation spake vnto them in this maner. We are first (sayd he) to thanke the Gods, that (further then wee had either cause to hope; or reason to imagine) haue deliuered vs out of this gulfe of daunger, wherein we were already swallowed. For all being lost, (had they not directed, my returne so iust as they did) it had beene too late to recouer that, which being had, wee could not keepe. And had I not happened to know one of the principall men among them, by which meanes the truce began betweene vs, you may easily conceiue, what litle reason we haue to thinke, but that eyther by some supply out of *Arcadia*, or from the Nobilitie of this Country (who would haue made fruits of wisdome grow out of this occasion) we should haue had our power turned to ruine, our pride to repentance and sorrow. But now the storme, as it fell, so it ceased: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly then his age or quatter deserued, becomes a sharply learned experience, to vse in other times more moderation.

Now haue I to deliuer vnto you the conclusion betweene the kings with the Nobilitie of *Lacedæmon*, and you; which is in all points as your selues desired: aswell for that you would haue graunted, as for the assurance of what is graunted. The Townes and Fortes you presently haue, are still left vnto you, to be kept, eyther with or without garrison, so as you alter not the lawes of the Country, and pay such duties as the rest of the *Laconians* do: Your selues are made by publique decree, free men, and so capable both to giue and receiue voyce in election of Magistrates. The distinction of names betweene *Helots* and *Lacedæmonians* to bee quite taken away, and all indifferently to enioy both names of priuiledges of *Laconians*. Your children to bee brought vp with theirs in the *Spartane* discipline: and so you (framing your selues to bee good members of that estate) to bee hereafter fellowes, and no longer seruants.



Which conditions you see, carry in themselves no more contention then assurance, For this is not a peace which is made with them, but this is a peace by which you are made of them. Lastly a forgetfulnesse decreed of all what is past, they shewing themselves glad to haue so valiant men as you are, ioyned with them; so that you are to take mindes of peace, since the cause of warre is finished; and as you hated them before like oppressors, so now to loue them as brothers; to take care of their estate because it is yours, and to labour by vertuous doing, that the posterity may not repent your ioyning. But now one Article onely they stood vpon, which in the end I with your commissioners haue agreed vnto; that I should no more tarry here, mistaking perchance my humour, and thinking me as seditious as I am young, or else it is the king *Amiclas* procuring, in respect that it was my ill hap to kill his Nephew *Eurileon*; but how so euer it be; I haue condiscended. But so will not we, cryed almost the whole assembly, counselling one another, rather to try the vttermost tuent, then loose him by whom they had beene victorious. But he as well with generall orations, as particular dealing with the men of most credit, made them throughly see how necessary it was to preferre such an oportunitie before a vaine affection; but yet could not preuaile, till openly he sware, that hee would (if at any time the *Lacedamonians* brake this treatie) come backe againe, and be their Captaine.

So then after a few dayes, setting them in perfect order, he tooke his leaue of them, whose eyes bad him farewell with teares, and mouthes with kissing the places where he slept, and after making temples vnto him as to a demi-God: thinking it beyond the degree of humanity to haue a wit so farre ouergoing his age, and such dreadfull terror proceede from so excellent beauty. But he for his sake obtained free pardon for *Argalus*, whom also (vpon oath neuer to beare armes against the *Helots*) hee deliuered: and taking onely with him certaine principall Iewels of his owne, he would haue parted alone with *Argalus* (whose countenance well shewed, while *Parthenia* was lost he counted not himselfe deliuered) but that the whole multitude would needs gard him into *Arcadia*. Where againe leauing them all to lament his departure, hee by enquiry got to the well-knowne house of *Kalander*: There was hee receiued with louing ioye of *Kalander*, with ioyfull loue of *Palladius*, with humble (though dolefull) demeanor of *Argalus* (whom specially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with gratefull seruiceablenes of *Clitophon*, & honorable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to haue no haire on his face, to witnesse him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to looke with a certaine almost bashfull kinde of modesty, as if he feared the eyes of men, who was vnmooued with sight of the most horrible countinances of death; and as if nature had mistaken her worke to haue a *Marses* heart in a *Cupids* bodie: All that beheld him (and all that might behold him, did behold him) made their eyes quicke messengers to their mindes, that there they had seene the vttermost that in mankind might be seene. The like wonder *Palladius* had before stirred, but that *Daiphantus*, as younger & newer come, had gotten now the aduantage in the moyst and fickle impression of eye-sight. But while all men (sauiug poore *Argalus*) made the ioy of their eyes speake for their harts towards *Daiphantus*: Fortune (that belike was bid to that banquet, & went then to play the good fellow) brought a pleasant aduenture among them. It was that as they had newly dined, there came into *Kalander* a messenger, that brought him word, a yong noble Lady, neare kinswoman to the faire *Helen* Queene of *Corinth*, was come thither

thither, and desired to be lodged in his house. *Kalander* (most glad of such an occasion, went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving onely *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this companie were once broken vp, that he might goe in his solitary quest after *Parthenia*. But when they met this Lady; *Kalander* it straight thought he saw his neece *Parthenia*, and was about in such familiar sort to haue spoken vnto her: but she in graue and honourable manner giuing him to vnderstande that he was mistaken, he halfe ashamed excused himselfe with the exceeding likenesse was betweene them, though indeede it seemed that this Lady was of the more pure and dainty complexion; she sayd, it might very well be, hauing bene many times taken one for another. But as soone as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, she desired to speake with *Argalus* publicly, who she heard was in the house. *Argalus* came hastily, and as hastily thought as *Kalander* had done, with sudden changes of ioy into sorrow. But she when she had staied their thoughts with telling them her name and quality, in this sort spake vnto him. My Lord *Argalus*; said she, being of late lost in the Court of Queene *Helen* of *Corinth*, as chiefe in her absence (she being vpon some occasion gone thence) there came vnto me the Lady *Parthenia*, so disfigured, as I thinke Greece hath nothing so ougly to behold. For my part, it was many dayes, before with vehement oathes, and some good proofes, she could make me thinke that she was *Parthenia*. Yet at last finding certainly it was she, and greatly pitying her misfortune, so much the more, as that all men had euer told me (as now you do) of the great likenesse betweene vs, I tooke the best care I could of her. and of her vnderstood the whole tragicall history of her vnderferued aduenture: and therewithall, of that most noble constancy in you my Lord *Argalus*: which whosoever loues not, shews himselfe to be a hater of vertue, and vnworthy to liue in the society of mankind. But no outward cherishing could salue the inward sore of her mind, but a few dayes since she died: before her death earnestly desiring, and perswading me, to thinke of no husband but of you; as of the only man in the world worthy to be loued, withall she gaue me this Ring to deliuer you desiring you, and by the authority of loue commanding you, that the affection you bare her, you should turne to me: assuring you, that nothing can please her soule more, then to see you and me matched together. Now my Lord though this office be not (perchance) suitable to my estate nor sex, who should rather looke to be desired; yet, an extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding: and therefore I am come (with faithfull loue built vpon your worthinesse) to offer my selfe, and to beseech you to accept the offer: and if these noble Gentlemen present, wil say it is great folly, let them withal, say it is great loue. And then she stayd earnestly attending *Argalus* his answer, who first making most hartie sighes do such obsequies as he could to *Parthenia*, thus answered her.

Madame (sayd hee) infinitely am I bound vnto you, for this, no more rare then noble courtesie; but most bound for the goodnesse I perceiue you shewed to the Lady *Parthenia* (with that the teares ranne downe his eyes, but hee followed on) and as much as so vnfortunate a man, fit to be the spectacle of misery, can doe you seruice; determine you haue made a purchase of a slaue (while I liue) neuer to faile you. But this great matter you propose vnto me, wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happinesse it shold be vnto me; Excellēt Lady, know, that if my hart were mine to giue, you before all other should haue it; but *Parthenia* it is though dead: there I began, there I ended all matter of affection, I hope I shall not long tarry after her, with whose beauty if I had onely beene in loue, I should be sowing

you, who haue the same beauty: but it was *Parthenia* selfe I loued, and loue, which no likenesse can make one; no commandement dissolue, no foulness defile, nor no death finish. And shal I receiue (said she) such disgrace, as to be refused? Noble Lady (said he) let not that hard word be vsed; who know your exceeding worthines farre beyond my desert: but it is onely happinesse I refuse, since of the onely happinesse I could and can desire, I am refused.

He had scarce spoken those words, when she ranne to him, and imbracing him, why then *Argalus* (sayd she) take thy *Parthenia*: and *Parthenia* it was indeede. But because sorrow forbad him too soone to beleue, she told him the truth, with all circumstances: how being parted alone, meaning to die in some solitary place, as she hapned to make her complaint, the Queene *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewise felt her part of miseries) being then walking also alone in that lonely place, heard her, and neuer left til she had knowne the whole discourse. Which the noble Queene greatly pitying, she sent her to a Phisition of hers the most excellent man in the world, in hope he could helpe her: which in such sort as they saw he had performed, and she taking with her of the Queenes seruants, thought yet to make this trial, whether he would quickly forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her speech was confirmed by the *Corinthian* Gentlemen, who before had kept her counsell, & *Argalus* easily perswaded to what more then ten thousand yeares of life he desired: and *Kalander* would needs haue the mariage celebrated in his house, principally the longer to hold his deare guests, towards whom he was now (besides his owne habite of hospitality) caried with loue and duty: and therefore omitted no seruice that his wit could inuent, and his power minister.

But no way he saw he could so much pleasure them, as by leauing the two friends alone, who being shrunke aside to the banquetting house where the pictures were: there *Palladius* recounted vnto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ship (& either of them taken something vnder him, the better to support him to the shore) he knew not how, but either with ouer-labouring in the fight, and sudden cold, or the too much receiuing of salt water, he was past himselfe: but yet holding fast (as the nature of dying men is to do) the chest that was vnder him, he was cast on the sands, where he was taken vp by a couple of shepheards, and by them brought life againe, and kept from drowning himselfe, when hee despayred of his safetie. How after hauing failed to take him into the fisher boate, he had by the shepheards perswasion come to this Gentlemans house; where being dangerously sicke, hee had yeelded to seeke the recouerie of health, onely for that hee might the sooner goe seeke the deliuerie of *Pyrocles*; to which purpose *Kalander* by some friends of his in *Messenâ*, had already set a shippe or two abroad, when this accident of *Clistophons* taking had so blessedly procured their meeting. Then did he set foorth vnto him the noble intertainment and carefull cherishing of *Kalander* towards him, and so vpon occasion of the pictures present, deliuered with the franknes of a friends tongue, as neare as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had tolde him touching the strange story (with all the particularities belonging) of *Arcadia*, which did in many sorts so delight *Pyrocles* to heare: that hee would needs haue much of it againe repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himselfe had answered him diuerse questions.

But first at *Musidorus* request, though in brieve maner, his minde much running vpon the strange storie of *Arcadia*, he did declare by what course of aduentures he was come to make vp their mutuall happinesse in meeting. When (cosin said he)



we had stript our selues, and were both leapt into the Sea, and swome a litle to ward the shoare, I found by reason of some wounds I had, that I should not be able to get the land, and therefore turned backe againe to the mast of the shippe, where you found me, assuring my selfe, that if you came aliue to the shoare, you would seeke me; if you were lost, as I thought it as good to perish as to liue, so that place as good to perish in as another. There I found my sword amonge some of the throwds, wishing (I must confesse) if I died, to bee found with that in my hand, and withall wauing it about my head, that saylers by, might haue the better glimpse of me. There you missing mee, I was taken vp by Pyrates, who putting me vnder boord prisoner, presently set vpon another ship and maintaining a long fight, in the end, put them all to the sword. Amongst whom I might heare them greatly praise one young man, who fought most valiantly, whom (as loue is carefull, and misfortune subiect to doubtfullnesse) I thought certainly to bee you. And so holding you as dead, from that time till the time I saw you, in truth I sought nothing more then a noble end, which perchance made me more hardy then otherwise I would haue beene. Tryall whereof came within two dayes after: for the Kings of *Lacedemon* hauing set out some Galleys, vnder the charge of one of their Nephewes, to scoure the Sea of the Pyrates, they met with vs, where our Captaine wanting men, was driuen to arme some of his prisoners, with promise of liberty for well fighting: among whom I was one, and being barded by the Admirall, it was my fortune to kill *Euryleon* the Kings Nephew: but in the end they preuailed, and wee were all taken prisoners: I not caring much what became of mee (onely keeping the name of *Daiphantus*; according to the resolution you know is betweene vs) but being laid in the iayle of *Tenaria*, with speciall hate to me for the death of *Euryleon*, the popular sort of that towne conspired with the *Helots*, and so by night opened them the gates; where entring and killing all of the gentle and rich faction, for honesty sake brake open all prisons, and so deliuered me: and I mooued with gratefulnesse, & encouraged with carelesnesse of life so behaued my selfe in some conflicts they had within few dayes, that they barbarously thinking vn sensible wonders of mee, and withall so much the better trusting mee, as they heard I was hated of the King of *Lacedemon*, their chiefe Captaine being slaine, as you know by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his perswasion) hauing borne a great affection vnto mee, and to auoide the dangerous emulation which grew among the chiefe, who should haue the place, and also affected, as rather to haue a stranger then a competitor, they elected mee (God wor little proude of that dignity;) restoring vnto mee such things of mine as being taken first by the Pyrates, and then by the *Lacedemonians*, they had gotten in the sacke of the towne. Now being in it, so good was my successe with many victories, that I made a peace for them to their owne liking the very day that you deliuered *Clitophon*, whom I with much a-do had preferred. And in my peace the Kinge *Amisclas* of *Lacedemon* would needes haue mee banished, and depriued of the dignitie whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may see how much you are bound to mee) for your sake I was content to suffer, a new hope rising in mee, that you were not dead: and so meaning to trauaile ouer the world to seeke you; and now heere (my deare *Musidorus*) you haue mee. And with that (embracing and kissing each other) they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* desired to heare the full story, which before hee had recounted to *Palladius*, and to see the letter of *Philanax*, which hee read and well marked.

But within some dayes after, the mariage betwese *Arcalus* and the faire *Parthenia* being to be celebrated, *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* selling some of their Jewels, furnished themselves of very faire apparell, meaning to do honour to their louing host; who as much for their sakes, as for the marriage, set foorth each thing in most gorgeous manner. But all the cost bestowed did not so much enrich, nor all the fine decking so much beautifie, nor all the dainty deuises so much delight, as the fairenesse of *Parthenia*, the pearle of all the maides of *Mantinea*: who as she went to the Temple to be married, her eyes themselves seemed a temple, wherein loue & beautie were married, her lips though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kinde of natural swelling, they seemed to inuite the guests that lookt on the, her cheekes blushing, and withall when she was spoken vnto, a little smiling, were like roses, when their leaues are with a little breath stirred: her haire being laide at the full length downe her back, bare shew as if the voward fayled, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, O *Iupiter* (saith he speaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beauty is onely confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his speech, some daies were continued in the solemnizing the mariage, with all conceits that might deliuer delight to mens fancies.

But such a chaunge was growne in *Daiphantus*, that (as if cheerefulness had bene tediousnes, & good entertainment were turnd to discourtesie (he would euer get himselfe alone, though almost when he was in cōpany, he was alone: so little attention he gaue to any that spake vnto him: euen the colour and figure of his face began to receiue some alteration; which he shewed litle to heede: but euery morning early going abroad, either to the garden, or to some woods towards the desert, it seemed his onely comfort was to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from *Palladius*, whom true loue made ready to marke, & long knowledge able to marke; and therefore being now growne weary of his abode in *Arcadia*, hauing informed himselfe fully of the strength and riches of the country, of the nature of the people, and maner of their lawes: and seeing the court could not be visited, prohibited to all men, but to certaine shepheardish people, he greatly desired a speedie returne to his owne country, after the many mazes of fortune he had troden. But perceiving this great alteration in his friende, he thought first to breake with him thereof; and then to hasten his returne; whereto he found him but smally inclined: whereupon one day taking him alone with certaine graces and countenances: as if he were disputing with the trees, began in this maner to say vnto him,

A minde well trained and long exercised in vertue (my sweet and worthy cosin) doth not easily chaunge any course it once vndertakes, but vpon well grounded & well waied causes. For being witnesse to it selfe of his owne inward good, it findes nothing without it of so high a price, for which it should be altered. Euen the very countenance and behauiour of such a man doth shew forth Images of the same cōstancy, by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it and the inward good, in yeelding it selfe futable to the vertuous resolution of the minde. This speech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles*) the excellencie of whose mind and well chosen course in vertue, if I do not sufficiently know, hauing seene such rare demonstrations of it, it is my weaknesse, and not your vnworthinesse, but as in deede I know it, and knowing it most dearly loue both it, and him that hath it: so must I needs say, that since our late comming into this country, I haue marked in you, I will not say an alteration, but a relenting truly, & a slacking of the maine career, you had so notable begun & almost performed. & that in such sort, as I cannot find sufficient reason in my great  
loue

loue toward you how to allow it, for (to leaue off other secreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes me easily find) this in effect to any man may be manifest, that whereas you were wont in all places you came, to giue your selfe vehemently to the knowledge of those things which might better your mind, to seeke the familiarity of excellent men in learning and souldiery: and lastly, to put all these things in practise both by continual wise proceeding, & worthy enterprises, as occasion fel for them; you now leaue al these things vndone: you let your minde fall asleepe: beside your countenance troubled (which surely comes not of vertue (for vertue like the cleare heauē is without clouds) (& lastly you subiect your selfe to solitarines, the sic enemy, that doth most seperate a man from wel doing, *Pyrocles* minde was al this while so fixed vpon another deuotiō, that he no more attentiuely marked his friends discourse, the child that hath leaue to play, marks the last part of his lesson; or the diligēt Pilot in a dangerous tēpest doth attend the vnskilfull words of a passenger: yet the very sound hauing imprinted the general points of his speech in his heart, peirced with any mislike of so deerely an esteemed friend, & desirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler consideratiō of him, with a shamefast looke (witnessing he rather could not helpe, the did not know his fault) answered him to this purpose. Excellent *Musidorus*, in the praise you gaue me in the beginning of your speech, I easily acknowledge the force of your good wil vnto me, for neither could you haue thought so well of me. if extremity of loue had not made your iudgemēt partial, nor you could haue loued me so intirely, if you had not bene apt to make so great (though vnderferued) iudgemēt of me; & euen so must I say to those imperfections, to which though I haue euer through weaknes bene subiect, yet you by the dayly mending of your mind haue of late bin able to looke into them, which before you could not discernes so that the change you speake of, falles not out by my impairing, but by your bettering. And yet vnder the leaue of your better iudgmēt, I must needs say thus much, my deare cosin, that I finde not my selfe wholly to be condemned, because I do not with continual vehemency follow those knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind, for both the mind it selfe must (like other things) somtimes be vnbeut, or else it wil be either weakned, or broken: And these knowledges, as they are of good vse, so are they not al the minde may stretch it selfe vnto: who knowes whether I feede not my minde with higher thoughts? Truly, as I know not all the particularities, so yet I see the bounds of al these knowledges: but the workings of the minde, I finde much more infinite, then can be led vnto by the eye, or imagined by any, that distract their thoughts without themselues.

And in such contemplation, or as I thinke more excellent, I inioy my solitarinesse, & my solitarines perchance, is the nurse of these cōtēplations. Eagles we see sit alone; & they are but sheepe, which alwaies heard together; condemne not therefore my mind somtimes to inioy it selfe; nor blame not the taking of such times as serueth most fit for it. And alas, deare *Musidorus*, if I bee sadde, who knowes better then you the iust causes I haue of sadnesse? And here *Pyrocles* suddenly stopped, like a man vnassished in himselfe, though his wit might well haue serued to haue satisfied another. And so looking with a countenance, as though hee desired he should know his minde without hearing him speake, and yet desirous to speake, to breath out some part of his inward euill, sending againe new bloud to his face, he continued his speech in this maner. And Lord (deare cosin, saide he) doth not the pleasantnesse of this place carry in it selfe sufficient reward for any time lost in it. Do you not see how all things conspire together to make this country a heauenly



dwelling? Do you not see the grasse, how in colour they excell the Emeralds, euery one struiuing to passe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equall height? And see you not the rest of these beautiful flowers, each of which would require a mans wit to know, & his life to expresse? Do not these statly trees seeme to maintaine their flourishing old age with the only happinesse of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here should euer fade? Doth not the ayre breath health, which the birds (delightful both to eare & eye) do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? Is not euery *Eccho* therof a perfect Musicke? & these fresh & delightfull brookes how slowly they slide away, as loth to leaue the company of so many things vnited in perfection? & with how sweete a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainly, certainly, cosin, it must needes be that some Goddesse inhabiteth this Region, who is the soule of this soile: for neither is any lesse then a Goddesse, worthy to be shrined in such a heape of pleasures: nor anie lesse then a Goddesse could haue made it so perfect a plotte of the celestiall dwellings. And so ended with a deepe sigh, rewfully casting his eye vpon *Musidorus* as more desirous of pitie then pleading. But *Musidorus* had all this while held his looke fixed vpon *Pyrocles* countenances, and with no lesse louing attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both these, he perceiued such strange diuersities, that they rather increased new doubts, then gaue him ground to settle anie iudgement: for besides his eyes sometimes euen great with teares, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of shaking vnstayednesse ouer al his body, he might see in his countenance some great determination mixed with feare; & might perceiue in him store of thoughts, rather stirred then digested; his words interrupted continually with sighes (which serued as a burthen to each sentence) and the tenor of his speech (though of his wonted phrase) not knit together to one constant end, but rather disolued in it selfe, as the vehemency of the inward passion preuailed: which made *Musidorus* frame his aunswere nearest to that humour, which should honestly put out the secret. For hauing in the beginning of *Pyrocles* speech which defended his solitarines, framed in his mind a replie against it, in the praise of honourable action, in shewing that such a kinde of contemplation is but a glorious title to idlenesse, that in action a man did not onelie better himselfe but benefit others; that the gods would not haue deliuered a soule into the body, which hath armes and legges, only instruments of doing, but that it were intended the minde should imploy them, and that the minde should best know his owne good or euill by practise, which knowledge was the onely way to increase the one, and correct the other: besides many other arguments, which the plentifulnesse of the matter yeeled to the sharpenesse of his wit. When hee found *Pyrocles* leaue that, and fall into such an affected praying of the place, hee left it likewise, and ioyned with him therein: because he found him in that humour utter more store of passion; and euen thus kindly embracing him, he said. Your words are such (noble cosin) so sweetly and strongly handled in the praise of solitarinesse, as they would make me likewise yeele my selfe vp into it, but that the same words make me know, it is more pleasant to enjoy the company of him that can speake such words, then by such words to be perswaded to follow solitarinesse. And euen so do I giue you leaue (sweete *Pyrocles* euer to defend solitarinesse, so long as to defend it, you euer keepe company. But I maruell at the excessiue prayses you giue to this countrys in truth it is not vnpleasant, but yet if you would returne into *Macedon*, you should either see many heauens, or find this no more then earthly. And euen *Tempe* in my *Thesalia*) where you and

I to

to my great happinesse were brought vp together) is nothing inferiour vnto it. But I thinke you will make mee see, that the vigor of your wit can shew it selfe in any subiect: or else you feede sometimes your solitarinesse with the conceits of the Poets; whose liberall pennies can as easily trauaile ouer mountaines, as mole hils: and so like well disposed men, set vp euery thing to the highest note; especially, when they put such words in the mouthes of one of these fantastical mind-infected people, that children & Musicians cal Louers. This word, Louer, did noe lesse pierce poore *Pyrocles*, then the right tune of musicke toucheth him that is sicke of the *Tarantula*. There was not one part of his body, that did not feele a sudden motion, while his hart with panting, seemed to dance to the sound of that word, yet after some pause (lifting vp his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Musidorus*) armed with the very countenance of the poore prisoner at the barre, whose answer is nothing but guilty: with much a-doe he brought forth this question. And alas, sayd he, deare cofin, what if I be not so much the Poet (the freedom of whose pen can exercise it selfe in any thing) as euen that miserable subiect of his cunning, whereof you speake? Now the eternall Gods forbid (mainely cryed out *Musidorus*) that euer my care should be poysoned with so euill newes of you. O let me neuer know that any base affection should get any Lordshippe in your thoughts. But as he was speaking more, *Kalander* came, & brake off their discourse, with inuiting them to the hunting of a goodly stagge, which being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good sport, & driue away some part of *Daiphantus* melancholy. They condescended, and so going to their lodgings, furnished themselves as liked them, *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left sealed in a letter against their returne.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander* entertaining them with pleasant discourt sing, how well he loued the sport of hunting, when he was a youg man, how much in the comparifon thereof hee disdained all chamber delights, that the Sunne (how great a journey soeuer he had to make) could netier preuent him with earlinesse, nor the Moone (with her sober countenance) disswade him from watching till midnight for the deares feeding. O, sayd he, you will neuer liue to my age, without you keepe you selues in breath with exercise, & in heart with ioyfulness: too much thinking dorth consume the spirits, and oft it falles out, that while one thinks too much of his doing, hee leaues to doe the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was chaunged since his youth: actiuiity and good fellowshippe beeing nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had knowne: and so with pleasant company beguiled the times fast, and shortned the wayes length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples staying their comming, but with a whining accent crauing liberty: many of them in colour and markes so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their greene liueries, as though they were children of Summer, with stauies in their handes to beate the guiltlesse earth, when the houndes were at a fault, and with hoines about their neckes, to sound an alarum vpon a silly fugitive. The houndes were straight vncoupled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to trust to the nimblenesse of his feete, then to the slender fortification of his lodging; but euen his feete, betrayed him; for howsoeuer they went, they themselves vitered themselves to the sent of their enemies; who one taking it of another and

and sometimes beleewing the windes aduertisements, sometimes the view of (their faithfull counsellors) the huntsmen, with open mouthes then dencounced warre, when the warre was already begun. Their crie being composed of so well sorted mouthes, that any man would perceiue therein some kinde of proportion, but the skilfull woodmen did find a musicke. Then delight and variety of opinion, drew the horsemen sundry wayes; yet cheering their houndes with voyce and horne, kept still (as it were) together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his owne citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters, and euen the Nymph *Echo* left to bewaile the losse of *Narcissus*; and became a hunter. But the Stagge was in the end so hotly pursued, that (leauing his flight) hee was driuen to make courage of dispaire; and so turning his head, made the houndes (with change of speech) to testifie that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuite of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley,

But *Kalander* (by his skill of coasting the countrey) was among the first that came in to the besieged Dere; whom when some of the younger sort would haue killed with their swordes, he would not suffer: but with a Crosse-bow sent a death to the poore beast, who with teares shewed the vnkindnesse he tooke of mans cruelty.

But by the time that the whole companie was assembled, and that the Stagge had bestowed himselfe liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was mist, for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no newes could bee giuen him, but by one that sayd, he thought hee was returned home; for that he markt him, in the chiefe of the hunting, take a by way, which might lead to *Kalander*s house. That answer for the time satisfying, and they hauing perfourmed all duties, as well for the Stagges funerall, as the houndes triumph, they returned: some talking of the fatnesse of the Deares body; some of the fairenesse of his head; some of the houndes cunnings; some of their speed; & some of their cry: till comming home (about the time that the candles begin to inherite the Sunnes office) they found *Daiphantus* was not to be found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly maruelling, and a day or two passing, while neyther search nor inquirie could helpe him to knowledge, at last he lighted vpon the letter, which *Pyrocles* had written before he went a hunting, and left in his study among other of his writings. The letter was directed to *Palladius* himselfe, & contained these words.

My onely friend, violence of loue leades me into such a course, whereof your knowledge may much more vex you, then helpe me. Therefore pardon my concealing it from you, since, if I wrong you, it is in the respect I beare you. Returne into *Thesalia*, I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of desire: and if I liue, I will in short time follow you; if I die, loue my memory.

This was all, and this *Palladius* read twise or thrise ouer. Ah (said he) *Pyrocles*, what meanes this alteration? what haue I deserued of thee, to be thus banished of thy counsels? Heretofore I haue accused the sea, condemned the Pyrats, & hated my euil fortune that depriued me of thee; but now thy self is the sea, which drowns my comfort; thy self is the Pirat that robs thy self from me: thy own wil becomes my euil fortune. The turned he his thoughts to all formes of ghesse that might light vpon the purpose and course of *Pyrocles*: for he was not so sure by his words, that it was loue, as he was doubtful where the loue was. One time he thought, some beauty in *Laconia* had layed hold of his eies; another time he feared, that it might be *Parthenias* excellencie, which had broke the bands of al former resolution; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to thinke, armies of obiection rising against any accepted opinion.

Then



Then as carefull he was what to do himselfe: at length determined, neuer to leaue seeking him, till his search should be either by meeting accomplished, or by death ended. Therefore (for all the vnkindnesse bearing tender respect, that his friends secret determination should be kept from any suspicion in others) he went to *Kalander*, and told him, that he had receiued a message from his friend, by which he vnderstood he was gone backe againe into *Laconia*, about some matters greatly importing the poore men, whose protection he had vndertaken, and that it was in any sort fit for him, to follow him, but in such priuate wise, as not to be knowne, and that therefore he would as then bid him farewell: arming himselfe in a blacke armour, as either a badge, or prognostication of his minde: and taking only with him good store of money, and a few choise iewels, leauing the greatest number of them, and most of his apparel with *Kalander*: which he did partly to giue the more cause to *Kalander* to expect their returne, and so to be the lesse curiously inquisitiue after them: and partly to leaue those honourable thanks vnto him, for his charge and kindnesse, which hee knew hee would no other way receiue. The good oldeman hauing neither reason to dissuade, nor hope to perswade, receiued the things, with minde of a keeper, not of an owner; but before he went, desired he might haue the happinesse, fully to know what they were: which he said, he had euer till then delayed, fearing to be any way importune: but now he could not be so much an enemy to his desires as any longer to imprison them in silence; *Palladius* told him, that the matter was not so secret, but that so worthy a friend deserued the knowledge, and should haue it as soone as he might speake with his friend: without whose consent (because their promise bound him otherwise) he could not rouaile it: but bad him hold for most assured, that if they liued but a while, he should find, that they which bare the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, would giue him and his, cause to thinke his noble courtesie well imployed. *Kalander* would presse him no further, but desiring that he might haue leaue to goe, or at least to send his sonne and seruants with him: *Palladius* brake off al ceremonies, by telling him, his case stood so, that his greatest fauour should be in making least a-do of his parting. Wherewith *Kalander* knowing it to be more cumber then curtesie, to striue, abstained from further vrging him, but not from harty mourning the losse of so sweete a conuersation.

Onely *Clitophon* by vehement importunity obtained to goe with him, to come againe to *Daiphantus*, whom hee named and accounted his Lord. And in such priuate guise departed *Palladius*, though hauing a companion to talke withall, yet talking much more with vnkindnesse. And first they went to *Mantineæ*; whereof because *Parthenia* was, he suspected there might be some cause of his abode. But finding there no news of him, he went to *Tegea*, *Ripa*, *Enispe*, *Stimphalus*, and *Phineus*, famous for the poysonous *Stygian* water, and through al the rest of *Arcadia*, making their eyes, their cares, and their tongues serue almost for nothing, but that enquirie. But they could know nothing but that in none of those places he was knowne. And so went they, making one place succcede to another, in like vncertainty to their search, many times encountring strange aduenures, worthy to be registred in the roules of fame: but this may not be omitted. As they past in a pleasant valley (of either side of which high hills lifted vp their beetle-browes, as if they would ouer looke the pleasantnesse of their vnder prospect) they were by the daintinesse of the place, & the wearinesse of theselues, inuited to light from their horses; and pulling off their bits, that they might something refresh their mouths vpon the grasse (which plentifully grew, brought vp vnder the care of those well shading trees

trees) they themselves layed them downe hard by the murmuring musicke of certaine waters, which spouted out of the side of the hills, and in the bottome of the valie made of many springs a pretie brooke, like a common-wealth of many families: but when they had a while harkened to the perswasion of sleepe, they rose, and walkt onward in that shady place, till *Clitophon* espied a peece of armour, and not far off another peece: and so the sight of one peece teaching him to looke for more, he at length found all, with head-peece and shield, by the deuice whereof, which was he straight knew it to be the armour of his cosin, the noble *Amphialus*. Whereupō (fearing some inconuenience hapned vnto him) he told both his doubt and cause of doubt to *Palladius* who (considering thereof) thought best to make no longer stay, but to follow on: least perchance some violence were offered to so worthy a knight, whom the fame of the world seemed to set in ballance with any Knight liuing. Yet with a sudden conceipt, hauing long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought best to take that armour, thinking thereby to learne by them that should know that armour, some newes of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the search of *Daiphantus* too. So he by the helpe of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one peece wanting, though hacked in some places, bewraying some fight not long since passed. It was something too great, but yet serued wel inough. And so getting on their horses, they trauelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the valley into a faire field, they met with a coach drawne with foure milke-white horses furnished all in blacke, with a black a More boy vpon euery horse, they all apparelled in white, the coach it selfe very richly furnished in blacke and white. But before they could come so neare as to discerne what was within, there came running vpon them aboute a dosen horsmen, who cried to them to yeelde themselves prisoners, or else they should die. But *Palladius* not accustomed to graunt ouer the possession of himselfe vpon so vniust titles, with sworde drawne, gaue them so rude an aunswere, that diuerse of them neuer had breath to reply againe: for being well backt by *Clitophon*, and hauing an excellent horse vnder him, when he was ouerprest by some, he auoided them, & ere th' other thought of it, punished in him his fellowes faults: and so either with cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either liuing, or able to make his life serue to others hurt. Which being done, he approched the coach, assuring the blacke boyes they should haue no hurt, who were else ready to haue run away, and looking into the coach, he found in the one end a Lady of great beaurie, & such a beaurie, as shewed forth the beams both of wisdom and good nature, but all as much darkned, as might be, with sorrow. In the other, two Ladies (who by their demeanure shewed well, they were but her seruants) holding before them a picture; in which was a goodly Gentleman (whom he knew not) painted, hauing in their faces a certaine waiting sorrow, their eies being infected with their mistres weeping. But, the chiefe Lady hauing not so much as once heard the noise of this cōflict (so had sorrow closed vp al the entries of her mind, & loue tied her senses to that beloued picture (now the shadow of him falling vpon the picture made her cast vp her eie, & seeing the armour which too well she knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus* the Lord of her desires (bloud cōming more freely into her cheekes, as though it would be bold, & yet there growing new againe pale for feare) with a pitiful look (like one vniustly condemned:) My Lord *Amphialus* said she, you haue inough punished me: it is time for cruelty to leaue you, and euill fortune me: If not I pray you (and to graunt, my praier fitter time nor place you can haue

haue) accomplish the one euen now, & finish the other. With that, sorow impatient to be slowly vttered in her often staying speeches, poured it selfe so fast in tears, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error, but pulling off his helmet, Madam (said he) (I perceiue you mistake me: I am a stranger in these parts, set vpon ( without any cause giue by me (by some of your seruants, whom because I haue in my iust defence euill entreated, I came to make my excuse to you, whom seeing such as I do, I find greater cause, why I should craue pardon of you. When she saw his face, & heard his speech, she looked out of the coach, & seeing her men, some slaine; some lying vnder their dead horses, & struiuing to get from vnder the, without making more account of the matter, Truly (said she) they are wel serued that durst lift vp their armes against that armour. But sir Knight (said she) I pray you tel me, how coe you by this armour? for if it be by the death of him that owed it, then haue I more to say vnto you. *Palladius* assured her it was not so, telling her the true maner how he found it. It is like enough (said she) for that agrees with the manner he hath lately vsed. But I beseech you Sir (said she) since your prowesse hath bereft me of my company: let it yet so far heale the wounds it selfe hath giuen, as to gard mee to the next towne. How great soeuer my businesse be sayre Lady (said he) it shall willingly yeeld to so noble a cause: But first euen by the fauour you beare to the Lord of this noble armour, I coniure you to tell mee the story of your fortune herein, lest hereafter when the image of so excellēt a Lady in so strange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemne my selfe of want of consideration in not hauing demanded thus much. Neither aske I it without protestatiō, that wherein my sword and faith may auaille you, they shall bind themselues to your seruice. Your coniuration, faire Knight (said she) is too strong for my poore spirit to disobey, and that shall make me (without any other hope, my ruine being but by one vnreleuable) to graunt your will herein: and to say the truth, a strange nicenesse were it in mee to reffraine that from the eares of a person representing so much worthines, which I am glad euen to rockes & woods to vtter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, Queene by birth: and hitherto possession of the faire citie & territorie of *Corinth*. I can say no more of my selfe, but beloued of my people: and may iustly say, beloued, since they are content to beare with my absence, & folly. But I being left by my fathers death and accepted by my people, in the highest degree, that country could receiue: as soone, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it: my court quickly swarmed full of suiters: some perchance louing my state, others my person, but once I know all of them, how soeuer my possessions were in theyr harts, my beautie (such as it is) was in theyr mouthes, many strangers of princely & noble blood, and al of mine owne country, to whom either birth or vertue gaue courage to auowe so high a desire.

Among the rest, or rather before the rest, was the Lord *Philoxenus*, sonne & heire to the vertuous noble man *Timotheus*: which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which passed all these) goodnes, and (which followed all these) loue of the people, beyond any of the great men of my countrie. Now this sonne of his, I must say truly, not vnworthy of such a father, bending himselfe by al meanes of seruice to mee, and setting forth of himselfe to win my fauour, wan thus farre of mee, that in truth I lesse misliked him then any of the rest: which in some proportion, my countenance deliuered vnto him. Though I must protest it was a very false embassador, if it deliuered at all any affection; whereof my heart was vtterly void, I as then esteeming my selfe borne to rule, and thinking soule for soule willingly to submit my selfe to be ruled.



But whiles *Philoxenus* in good sort pursued my fauour, and perchance nourished himselfe with ouer much hope, because he found I did in some sort acknowledge his vailw, one time among the rest he brought with him a deare friend of his, With that she looked vpon the picture before her, & straight sighed, & straight teares followed, as if the Idole of duty ought to be honoured with such oblations, and then her speech staied the tale, hauing brought her to that looke, but that looke hauing quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pitying so sweete a sorrow in a Ladie; whom by fame he had already knowne & honoured, besought for her promise sake, to put silence so long vnto her mooning, till she had recounted the rest of this story. Why said she, this is the picture of *Amphialus*: what need I say more to you? what care is so barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who follows deeds of armes, but euery where finds monuments of *Amphialus*? who is courteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus*? where are al heroical parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus* I would thou were not so excellent, or I would I thought thee not so excellent, and yet would I not that I would so: with that she wept againe; till he againe folliciting the conclusion of her story: Then must you (said she) know the story of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life, his life my history: and in deed in what can I better employ my lips then in speaking of *Amphialus*?

This Knight then whose figure you see, but whose mind can be painted by nothing, but by their true shape of vertue, is brothers sonne to *Basilus* king of *Arcadia*, and in his childhood esteemed his heire: till *Basilus* in his old yeares marrying a yong and a faire Lady, had of her those two daughters, so famous for their perfection in beauty: which put by their yong cosin from that expectation.

Whereupon his mother (a woman of a haughty heart, being daughter to the king of *Argos*, either disdainig, or fearing, that her sonne should liue vnder the power of *Basilus*, sent him to that Lord *Timotheus* (betweene whom and her dead husband there had passed straight bands of mutuall hospitality, to be brought vp in companie with his sonne *Philoxenus*).

A happy resolution for *Amphialus*, whose excellent nature was by this meanes trained on with as good education, as any Princes sonne in the world could haue which otherwise it is thought his mother (farre vnworthy of such a sonne) would not haue giuen him. The good *Timotheus* no lesse louing him then his own sonne, well they grew in yeares; and shortly occasions fell aptly to trie *Amphialus*, and all occasions were but steppes for him to clime fame by. Nothing was so hard, but his valour ouercame: which yet still he so guided with true vertue, that although no man was in our parts spoken of but he for his manhood, yet as though therein he excelled himselfe, he was commonly called the courteous *Amphialus*. An endlesse thing it were for me to tell, how many aduentures (terrible to be spoken of) he archieued: what monsters, what Giants, what conquests of countries, sometimes vsing policie, sometimes force, but alwayes vertue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus*: betweene whom, and him, so fast a friendship by education was knit, that at last *Philoxenus* hauing no greater matter to imploy his friendship in, then to winne me, therein desired, & had his vttermost furtherance: to that purpose brought he him to my court, where truly I may iustly witnesse with him, that what his wit coulede conceiue (and his wit can conceiue as farre as the limits of reason stretch) was all directed to the setting forward the suite of his friend *Philoxenus*: mine cares could heare nothing from him, but touching the worthinesse of *Philoxenus*, and of the

the great happinesse it would be vnto mee to haue such a husband; with many arguments, which God knowes, I cannot well remember because I did not much beleue. For why shold I vse many circumstances to come to that where already I am, & euer while I liue must continue? in few words, while he pleaded for another, he wanne mee for himselfe: if at least (with that she sighed) he would account it a winning, for his fame had so framed the way to my minde, that his presence so full of heavy, sweetnes, & noble conuersation, had entred there before he vouchsafed to call for the keyes. O Lord, how did my soule hang at his lippes while he spake! O when he in feeling maner would describe the loue of his friend, how wel (thought I) doth loue betweene those lippes! when he would with daintiest eleuence stirre pittie in me toward *Philoxenus*, why sure (said I to my selfe) *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pittie: and when he would extoll the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who in deede had but waited of him therin, alas (thought I) good *Philoxenus*, how euil doth it become thy name to be subscribed to his letter? what should I say? nay, what should I not say, noble Knight, who am not ashamed, nay am delighted, thus to expresse mine owne passions?

Dayes past, his eagernesse for his friend neuer decreased, my affection to him euer increased. At length, in way of ordinary curtesie, I obtained of him (who suspected no such matter) this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I feare that I shall euer enioy: and growen bolder, or madder, or bold with madnesse, I discovered my affection vnto him. But, Lord, I shall neuer forget, how anger and curtesie, at one instant appeared in his eyes, when he heard that motion: how with his blush he taught me shame. In summe, he left nothing vnassayed, which might disgrace himselfe, to grace his friends in sweete termes making me receiue a most resolute refusall of himselfe. But when he found that his presence did far more perswade for himselfe, then his speech could do for his friend, he left my court: hoping that forgetfullnesse (which commonly waits vpō absence) would make roome for his friends to whom he would not vtter thus much (I thinke) for a kinde feare not to grieue him, or perchance (though he cares little for me) of a certaine honourable gratefulnesse, not yet to discover so much of my secrets: but as it should seeme, meant to trauel into farre countries, vntill his friends affection either ceased, or preuailed. But within a while, *Philoxenus* came to see how onward the fruits were of his friends labour, when (as in trueth I cared not much how he took it) he found me sitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am sure with a most affectionate minde. I straight found ielousie & disdain toke hold of him and yet the forward pain of mine own heart made me so delight to punish him, whom I esteemed the chiefest let in my way; that when he with humble gesture, & vehemēt speeches sued for my fauour, I told him, that I would heare him more willingly, if he would speake for *Amphialus*, as wel as *Amphialus* had done for him: he neuer answered me, but pale & quaking, went straight away; & straight my heart misgaue me some euil successe. and yet though I had authority enough to haue stayed him (as in these farall things it fallies out, that the high-working powers make secōd causes vnwittingly accessary to their determinations) I did no further but sent a foot-man of mine (whose faithfulnes to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, & bring me word of his proceedings: which (alas) haue brought forth that which I feare I must euer rewe.

For he had trauelled scarce a daies iourney out of my countrey, but that (not farre from this place) he ouer-tooke *Amphialus*, who (by succouring a distressed Lady)

had bene here stayed: and by and by called him to fight with him, protesting that one of them two should die, you may easily iudge how strange it was to *Amphialus*, whose hart could accuse it self of no fault, but too much affectiō toward him, which he (refusing to fight with him) would faine haue made *Philoxenus* vnderstād, but (as my seruāt since told me) the more *Amphialus* wēt back, the more he followed, calling him Traytor, & coward, yet neuer telling the cause of this strange alteratiō. Ah *Philoxenus* (said *Amphialus*) I know I am no Traytor, & thou wel knowest I am no coward: but I pray thee contēt thy selfe with this much, & let this satisfie thee, that I loue thee, since I beare thus much of thee, but he leauing words, drew his sword & gaue *Amphialus* a great blow or two, which but for the goodnes of his armor would haue slaine him: and yet so far did *Amphialus* containe himselfe, stepping aside, and saying to him: Well *Philoxenus*, & thus much villany am I contēt to put vp, not any longer for thy sake (whom I haue no cause to loue, since thou dost iniure me, & wilt not tell me the cause) but for thy vertuous fathers sake, to whom I am so much bound I pray thee go away, & conquer thine owne passions, & thou shalt make me soone yeeld to be thy seruāt. But he would not attend his words, but still strake so fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end (nature preuailing aboue determination) he was fain to defend himselfe, & withal so to offend him, that by an vn lucky blow the poore *Philoxenus* fel dead at his feete; hauing had time onely to speak some wordes, wherby *Amphialus* knew it was for my sake: which whē *Amphialus* saw, he forthwith gaue such tokens of true-felt sorow, that as my seruāt said, no imaginatiō could conceiue greater wo. But that by & by, an vn happy occasiō made *Amphialus* passe himselfe in sorrow: for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the same place, the aged and vertuous *Timotheus*, who (hauing heard of his sonnes sodaine & passionate maner of parting from my Court) had followed him as speedily as he could: but alas not so speedily, but that he found him dead before he could ouertake him. Though my heart be nothing but a stage of Tragedies: yet I must confesse, it is euen vn able to beare the miserable representation thereof: knowing *Amphialus* & *Timotheus* as I haue done. Alas what sorrow, what amasement, what shame was in *Amphialus*, when he saw his deere foster father, find him the killer of his onely sonne? In my heart I know, he wished mountaines had laine vpon him, to keepe him from that meeting. As for *Timotheus*, sorrow of his sonne & (I think principally) vnkindnesse of *Amphialus* so deuoured his vitall spirits, that able to say no more but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, haue I? he sanke to the earth, and presently died.

But not my tongue, though daily vsed to complaints: no nor if my heart (which is nothing but sorrow) were turned to tongues, durst it vnder-take to shew the vn-speakableness of his griefe. But (because this serues to make you know my fortune) he threw away his armour, euen this which you haue now vpon you, which at the first sight I vainely hoped, he had put on againe; and then (as ashamed of the light) he ranne into the thickest of the woods, lamenting, and euen crying out so pitifully, that my seruāt, (though of a fortune not vsed to much tenderneffe) could not refraine weeping when he told it me. He once ouertooke him, but *Amphialus* drawing his sword, which was the onely part of his armes (God knowes to what purpose) he carried about him, threatned to kill him if he followed him, and withall bad him deliuer this bitter mes sage, that he wel inough found, I was the cause of all this mischeife: and that if I were a man, he would go ouer the world to kill me: but bad me assure my selfe, that of all creatures in the world, he most hated me. Ah fir knight (whose cares I thinke by this time are tired with the rugged waies of these misfor-



mistfortunes (now weigh my case, if at least you know what loue is. For this cause haue I left my countrey, putting in hazard how my people will in time deal with me, aduenturing what perils or dishonors might ensue, onely to follow him, who proclaimeth hate against me. & to bring my neck vnto him, if that may redeeme my trespassse and assuage his fury. And now sir (said she) you haue your request, I pray you take paines to guide me to the next towne, that there I may gather such of my company againe, as your valor hath left me. *Palladius* willingly cōdiscēded but ere they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who hauing benefsomthing hurt by one of them, had pursued him a good way: at length ouertaking him and ready to kil him, vnderstood they were seruants to the faire Queene *Helen*, and that the cause of this enterprise was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* prisoner, whom they knew their mistresse sought; for she cōcealed her sorrow, nor cause of her sorrow frō no body.

But *Clitophon* (very sorry for this accident) came back to comfort the Queene, helping such as were hurt, in the best sort that he could, and framing friendly constructions of this rashly vnder-taken enmity, whē in comes another (til that time vnseen) al armed, with his beuer downe, who first looking round about vpon the company, as soone as he spied *Palladius*, he drew his sword, & making no other prologue, let flie at him. But *Palladius* (sory for so much harme as had already happened) sought rather to retire, and ward, thinking he might be some one that belonged to the faire Queene, whose case in his heart he pitied. Which *Clitophon* seeing, stept betweene them, asking the new-come knight the cause of his quarell; who answered him, that he would kill that theefe, who had stolen away his maisters armour, if he did not restore it. With that *Palladius* lookt vpon him, and saw that he of the other side had *Palladius* own armor vpon him: truly (said *Palladius*) if I haue stolen this armour; you did not buie that. but you shall not fight with me vpon such a quarell, you shall haue this armour willingly, which I did onely put on to do honour to the owner. But *Clitophon* straight knew by his words and voice, that it was *Ismenus*, the faithful and diligent Page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deserued all honor, the yong Gentleman pulled off his head-peece, and (lighting) went to kisse *Palladius* hands; desiring him to pardon his follie, caused by extreame griefe, which easily might bring forth anger. Sweete Gentleman (said *Palladius*) you shall onely make me this amends, that you shall carie this your Lords armour from me to him, and tell him from an vnknown knight (who admires his worthines) that he cannot cast a greater mist ouer his glory, then by being vnkind to so excellent a Princessse as this Queene is. *Ismenus* promised he would as soone as he durst find his maister: & with that went to do his duty to the Queene, whom in all these encounters astonishment made hardy; but as soone as she saw *Ismenus* (looking to her picture) *Ismenus* (said shee) here is my Lord, where is yours? or come you to bringe me some sentence of death from him? if it be so, welcome be it. I pray you speake, and speake quickly. Alas Madame, said *Ismenus*, I haue lost my Lord, (with that teares came vnto his eyes) for as soone as the vnhappy combate was concluded with the death both of father and sonne, my maister casting of his armor, went his way: forbidding me vpon paine of death to follow him. Yet diuers dayes I followed his steppes; till lastly I found him, hauing newly met with an excellent Spaniell, belonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dog straight fawned on my maister for olde knowledge: but neuer was there thing more pitifull then to heare my maister blame the dog for louing his maisters murtherer, renewing a fresh his complaints,

with the dumbe counseller, as if they might comfort one another in their miseries. But Lord hauing spied me, rose vp in such rage, that in trueth I feared he would kill me; yet as then he said only, if I would not displease him I should not come neere him til he sent for me: too hard a commandement for me to disobey: I yealded; leauing him only waited on by his dog, and as I thinke seeking out the most solitary places, that this or any other countrie can graunt him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another instead thereof, and (disdaining I must confesse that any should beare the armour of the best Knight liuing) armed my selfe therein to play the foole, as euen now I did. Faire *Ismenus* (sayd the Queene) a fitter messenger could hardly be to vnfold my Tragedie: I see the end, I see my end.

With that (sobbing) she desired to be conducted to the next towne, where *Palladius* left her to be waited on by *Clitophon*, at *Palladius* earnest entreaty, who desired alone to take that melancholy course of seeking his friend: and therefore changing armours againe with *Ismenus* (who went withal to a castle belonging to his maister) he continued his quest for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he his courseto *Laconia*, as well among the *Helots*, as *Spartans*. There indeede he found his fame flourishing, his monuments engraue in Marble, & yet more durably in mens memories, but the vniuersall lamenting his absented presence, assured him of his present absence. Thence into the *Elean* prouince, to see whether at the Olympian games (there celebrated) hee might in such concourse blesse his eyes with so desired an encounter: but that huge and sportfull assembly grew to him a tedious lonelinesse, esteeming no bodie found, since *Daiphantus* was lost. Afterward he passed through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, prowde of their two Seas, to learne whether by the streight of that *Isthmus*, it were possible to know of his passage. But finding euery place more dumbe then other to his demands, and remembring that it was late-taken loue, which had wrought this new course, hee returned againe (after two moneths trauaile in vaine) to make a fresh search in *Arcadia*; so much the more, as then first hee thought himselfe of the picture of *Philoclea* (which resembling her he had once loued) might perhaps awake a gain that sleeping passion. And hauing already past ouer the greatest part of *Arcadia*, one day comming vnder the side of the pleasant mountaine *Manalus*, his horse (nothing guiltie of his inquisitiuenesse) with flat-tyring taught him, that discrete stayes makes speedy iourneis. And therefore lighting down, & vnbridling his horse, he himselfe went to repose himselfe in a little wood hee saw thereby. Where lying vnder the protection of a shadie tree, with intention to make forgetting sleepe comfort a sorowfull memory, he saw a sight which perswaded, & obtained of his eies, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a Ladie, who because she walked with her side toward him, he could not perfectly see her face; but so much he might see of her, that was a suretie for the rest, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceiue the hanging of her haire in fairest quantitie, in lockes some curled, & some as it were forgotten, with such a carelesse care, & an art so hiding art, that she seemed she would lay them for a pattern, whether nature simply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the rest whereof was drawne into a coronet of gold richly set with pearle, and so ioyned all ouer with gold wiers and couered with feathers of diuers colours, that it was not vnlike to an helmet, such a glittering shew it bare, & so brauely it was held vp from the head. Vpon her body she ware a doublet of Skie colour sattin, couered with plates of golde, & as it were nailed with precious stones, that in it she might seeme armed; the neather part of her garment

garment was full of stufte, and cut after such a fashion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might sometimes discern the small of her legge, which with the foote was dressed in a short paire of crimson veluet buskins, in some places open (as the ancient maner was) to shew the fairnesse of the skin. Over all this she wore a certaine mantell, made in such maner, that coming vnder her right arme, and couering most of that side, it had no fastening on the left side, but onely vpon the top of the shoulder, where the two ends met, and were closed together with a very rich icwell: the deuise whereof as he after saw, was this; a *Hercules*, made in litle forme, but set with a distaffe in his hand as he once was by *Omphales* commandement with a word in Greeke, but thus to be interpreted, *Never more valiant*. On the same side, on her thigh she ware a sword, which as it witnessed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profession, so it seemed but a needlesse weapon, since her other forces were without withstanding. But this Lady walked outright till he might see her enter into a fine close arbour: it was of trees whose braches so louingly enterlaced one the other, that it could resist the strongest violence of eye-sight; but she went into it by a doore she opened; which moued him as warily as he could to follow her, and by and by he might heare her singe this song, with a voice no lesse beautifull to his cares, then her goodlineffe was full of harmony to his eyes.

*Transformd in shew, but more transformd in mind,  
I cease to strive with double conquest foilde:*

*For (wo is me) my powers all I find*

*Withoutward force, and inward treason spoilde.*

*For from without came to mine eyes the blow,*

*Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeald:*

*Both these conspir'd poore Reasons ouertrows*

*• False in my selfe, thus haue I lost the field.*

*Thus are my eyes still captiue to one sight,*

*Thus all my thoughts are slaues to one thought still:*

*Thus Reason to his seruants yeelds his right,*

*Thus is my power transformed to your will:*

*What marnell then I take a womans hue,*

*Since what I see, thinke, know, is all but you?*

The dity gaue him some suspition, but the voice gaue him almost assurance, who the singer was. And therefore boldly thrusting open the doore, and entring into the arbour, he perceiued indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus disguised, wherewith not receiuing so much ioy to haue found him, as grieve so to haue found him, amazedlie looking vpon him (as *Apollo* is painted when he saw *Daphne* sodainly turned into a Laurell) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much shame, as *Musidorus* had sorow) rising to him, would haue formed a substantiall excuse; but his insinuation being of blushing, and his diuision of sighes, his whole oration stood vpon a short narration, what was the causer of this Metamorphosis. But by that time *Musidorus* had gathered his spirits together, and yet casting a gasfull countenance vpon him (as if he would coniuere some strange spirits) he thus spake vnto him:



And is it possible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the onely young Prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exercise of vertue? or is it indeed some *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend, in this sort to vex me? for likelier sure I would haue thought it, that any outward face might haue bin disguised, then that the face of so excellent a mind could haue bin thus blemished. O sweete *Pyrocles*, seperat your selfe a little (if it be possible) from your selfe, and let your owne mind looke vpon your owne proceedings, so shall my words be needlesse, and you best instructed. See with your selfe, how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, borne so great a Prince, and of so rare, not only expectation but proofe, desired of your old father, and wanted of your native country, now so neare your home, to diuert your thoughts frō the way of goodnesse, to loose, nay to abuse your time. Lastly, to ouerthrow all the excellent things you haue done, which haue filled the world with your fame; as if you should drowne your ship in the long desired haven: or like an ill player, should marre the last act of his Tragedie. Remember (for I know you know it) that if wee will be men, the reasonable part of our soule is to haue absolute comandement, against which if any sensuall weaknesse arise, she are to yeeld all our sound forces to the ouerthrowing of so vnnatural a rebellion wherein how can we want courage, since we are to deale against so weake an aduersary, that in it selfe is nothing but weaknesse? Nay, we are to resolute, that if reason direct it, we must do it; and if we must do it, we will do it; for to say I cannot, is childish, and I will not, womanish. And see how extreemely euery way you endaunger your mind; for to take this womanish habite (without you frame your behavior accordingly) is wholly vaine your behaviour can neuer come kindly from you, but as the minde is proportioned vnto it. So that you must resolute, if you will play your part to any purpose, whatsoeuer peuissh imperfectiōs are in that sexe, to soften your hart to receiue the, the very first down-step to a wickednes, for do not deceiue your selfe, my deare cosin, there is no man sodainly either excellently good, or extreaily euill, but growes either as he holds himselfe vp in vertue, or lets himselfe slide to viciousnesse. And let vs see, what power is the authour of all these troubles; for sooth loue, loue, a passion, and the basest and fruitlessest of all passions: feare breedeth wit, anger is the cradle of courage; ioy openeth and enableth the heart: sorrow, as it closeth, so it draweth it inward to looke to the correcting of it selfe; and so all of them generally haue power towards some good by the directiō of Reason. But this bastard Loue (for indeed the name of Loue is most vnworthily applied to so hateful a humour) as it is engendred betwixt lust and idlenesse, as the matter it works vpon is nothing but a certain base weaknes, which some gentle fooles call a gentle heart; as his adioyned companions be vnquietnesse, longings: fond comforts, faint discōforts, hopes, ieaiousies, vngrounded rages, causelesse yeldings; so is the highest end it aspires vnto, a litle pleasure with much paine before, and great repentance after. But that end how endlesse it runnes to infinite euills, were fit enough for the matter we speak of, but not for your cares, in whom indeed there is so much true dispositiō to vertue: yet thus much of his worthy effects in your selfe is to be seene, that (besides your breaking lawes of hospitality with *Kalander*, and of friendship with me) it vterly subuersts the course of nature, in making reason giue place to sence, & man to woman. And truly I thinke hereupon it first gat the name of Loue: for indeede the true loue hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transforme the very essence of the louer into the thing loued; vniting, and as it were incorporating it with a secret and inward working. And herein do these kind of loues imitate the excellent;  
for

for as the loue of heauen makes one heauenly, the loue of vertue, vertuous, so doth the loue of the world make on become worldly, and this effeminate loue of a woman, doth so womanize a man, that (if he yeeld to it) it will not only make him an *Amazon*, but a launder, a distaffe a spinner, or whatsoeuer other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine and their weake hands performe. Therefore (to trouble you no longer with my tedious but louing words) if either you remember what you are, what you haue bene, or what you must be: if you consider what it is that moued you, or by what kind of creature you are moued, you shall finde the cause so small, the effect so dangerous, your selfe so vnworthy to run into the one, or to be driuen by the other, that I doubt not, I shall quickly haue occasion rather to praise you for hauing conquered it, then to giue you further counsell, how to do it. But in *Pyrocles* this speech wrought no more, but that hee, who before he was espied, was afraide; after, being perceiued, was ashamed, now being hardly rubd vpon, left both feare and shame, and was moued to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Musidorus* struing with it: he thus partly to satisfie him, but principally to loose thereines to his owne motions, made him answer: Cousin, whatsoeuer good disposition nature hath bestowed vpon me, or howsoeuer that disposition hath bene by bringing vp confirmed, this I must confesse, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom, to thinke light of the sexe, of whom I haue my life, since if I be any thing (which your frienship rather finds, thē I acknowledge) I was to come to it, borne of a woman, & nursed of a woman. And certainly (for this point of your speech doth nearest touch me) it is strange to see the vnmanlike cruelty of mankind; who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to haue brought the others vertuous patience vnder them (like childish maisters) thinke their maisterhood nothing, without doing iniury to them, who (if we will argue by reason) are framed of nature with the same parts of the minde for the exercise of vertue, as we are. And for example, euen this estate of *Amazons*, (which I now for my greatest honour do seeke to counterfeit) doth well witnesse, that if generally the sweetnesse of their disposition did not make them see the vainnesse of these things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their fairenesse take away their force. And truly we men, and prayfers of men should remember, that if we haue such excellencies, it is reason to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom we are, since a Kite neuer brought forth a good flying Hawke. But to tell you true, as I thinke it superfluous to vse any words of such a subiect, which is so praised in it selfe as it needs no praises, so withall I feare least my conceit (not able to reach vnto them) bring forth words, which for their vnworthinesse may be a disgrace to them I so inwardly honor. Let this suffice, that they are capable of vertue; and vertue (you your selues say) is to be loued, and I too truly, but this I willingly confesse, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, then when I am bound to seek it in an ill fauoured creature, like a pearle in a dunghill. As for my fault of being an vnciuell guest to *Kalander*, if you could feele what an inward guest my selfe am hoste vnto, ye would thinke it very excusable, in that I rather performe the duties of an host, thē the ceremonies of a guest. And for my breaking the lawes of friendship with you (which I would rather die, then effectually do) truly, I could finde in my heart to aske you pardon for it, but that your now handling of me giues me reason to confirme my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles* stayed, as to breath himselfe, hauing bene transported with a little vehemencie, because it seemed him *Musidorus* had ouer-bitterly glaunced against the reputation  
of

of womankind: but then quieting his countenance (as well as out of an vnquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Loue (said hee) deare colin, is little beholding vnto you, since you are not contented to spoyle it of the honour of the highest power of the mind, which notable men haue attributed vnto it, but yee deiekt it below all other passions, in truth somewhat strangely; since, if loue receiue any disgrace, it is by the company of these passions you preferre before it. For those kinds of bitter obiections (as, that lust, idlenesse, and a weake heart, should be, as it were, the matter and forme of loue) rather touch me, deare *Musidorus*, then loue: but I am good witnesse of mine owne imperfections, and therefore will not defend my selfe: but herein I must say, you deale contrary to your selfe: for if I be so weake, then can you not with reason stir me vp as ye did, by remembrance of mine owne vertue: or if indeed I be vertuous, then must ye confesse, that loue hath his working in a vertuous heart; and so no doubt hath it, whatsoeuer I be: for, if we loue vertue, in whom shall we loue it but in a vertuous creature? without your meaning be, I should loue this word *Vertue*, where I see it written in a booke. Those troublesome effects you say it breeds, be not the faults of loue, but of him that loues, as an vnable vessell to beare such a liquor, like euill eyes, not able to looke on the Sun; or like a weake braine soonest ouerthrowne with the best wine. Euen that heavenly loue you speake of, is accompanied in some hearts with hopes, griefes, longings, and dispaire. And in that heavenly loue, since there are two parts, the one the loue it selfe, th'other the excellencie of the thing loued; I, not able at the first leap to frame both in me, do now (like a diligent workeman) make ready the chiefe instrument, & first part of that great worke, which is loue it selfe; which when I haue a while practised in this sort, then you shall see mee turne it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it please you) thinke of me. Neither doubt ye, because I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more womanish, since I assure you (for all my apparell) there is nothing I desire more, then fully to proue my selfe a man in this enterprise. Much might be said in my defence, much more for loue, and most of all for that diuine creature, which hath ioyned me and loue together. But these disputations are fitter for quiet scooles then my troubled braines, which are bent rather in deedes to performe, then in wordes to defend the noble desire that possesseth me. O Lord (sayd *Musidorus*) how sharp-witted you are to hurt your selfe: No (answered he) but it is the hurt you speake of, which makes me so sharp-witted, Euen so said *Musidorus* as euery base occupation makes one sharpe in that practise, and foolish in all the rest. Nay rather (answered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once well learned serues for a measure of all other knowledges. And is that become (sayd *Musidorus*) a measure for other things, which neuer receiued measure in it selfe? It is counted without measure (answered *Pyrocles*) because the workings of it are without measure, but otherwise, in nature it hath measure, since it hath an end allotted vnto it. The beginning being so excellent, I would gladly know the end. Enioying, answered *Pyrocles*, with a deep sigh. O (said *Musidorus*) now set ye forth the basenes of it since if it end in enioying, it shewes al the rest was nothing. Ye mistake me (answered *Pyrocles*) I spake of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no sooner then the life. Alas, let your owne braine disenchant you (said *Musidorus*.) My heart is too farre possessed (sayd *Pyrocles*.) But the head giues you direction: And the heart giues me life, answered *Pyrocles*.

But *Musidorus* was so grieved to see his welbeloued friend obstinate (as hee thought) to his owne destruction, that it forced him with more then accustomed vehemence



vehementie to speake these words Well, well, (said he) you list to abuse your selfe; it was a very white & red vertue, which you could picke out of a painterly glose of a visage. Confesse the truth, and yee shall finde the utmost was but beaurie; a thing, which though it be in as great excellency in your selfe as may be in any, yet I am sure you make no further reckening of it, the of an outward fading benefit nature bestowed vpon you. And yet such is your want of a true grounded vertue, which must be like it selfe in all points, that what you wisely account a trifle in your selfe, you fondly become a slaue vnto in another. For my part I now protest, I haue left nothing vsaid, which my wit could make me know, or my most entire frindship to you requires of me; I do now beseech you euen for the loue betwixt vs (if this other loue haue left any in you towards me) and for the remembrance of your old carefull father (if you can remember him that forget your selfe,) lastly for *Pyrocles* owne sake (who is now vpon the point of falling or ryfing) o purge your selfe of this vile infection, otherwise giue me leaue to leaue off this name of frindship, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where vertue is abolished. The length of these speeches before had not so much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this last farewell of him he loued as his own life, did wound his soule. For thinking himselfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceiue vnkindnesse deeply: in so much, that shaking his head, & deliuering some shew of teares, he thus vttered his griefes. Alas (said he) Prince *Musidorus*, how cruellie you deale with me; if you seeke the victory, take it, and if ye list the triumph; haue you all the reason of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections; yet such as I can no more lay from me, then the Crow can be perswaded by the Swan to cast off all his blacke feathers. But truly you deale with me like a Physition, that seeing his Patient in a pestilent fever, should chide him in steed of ministring helpe, and bid him be sicke no more; or rather like such a friend, that visiting his friend condemned to perpetuall prison, & loden with grievous fetters, should wil him to shake off his fetters, or he wold leaue him. I am sicke, and sicke to the death; I am prisoner, neither is there any redresse, but by her to whom I am a slaue. Now if you list, leaue him that loues you in the highest degree: But remember euer to cary this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greatest extremity.

And herewith the deepe wound of his loue being rubbed a fresh with this new vnkindnesse, began as it were to bleed again, in such sort that he was vnable to beare it any longer, but gushing out aboundance of teares, & crossing his armes ouer his wofull heart, he sunke downe to the ground: which sodaine trance went so to the heart of *Musidorus*, that falling downe by him, and kissing the weeping eyes of his friend, he besought him not to make account of his speech; which if it had bin ouer-vehement, yet was it to be borne withall, because it came out of a loue much more vehement; that he had not thought fancie could haue receiued so deepe a wound: but now finding in him the force of it, he would no further contrary it, but employ all his seruice to medicine it, in such sort as the nature of it required. But euen this kindnesse made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former vnkindnesse, which his manlike teares well shewed, with a silent looke vpon *Musidorus*, as who should say, And is it possible that *Musidorus* should threaten to leaue me? And this strooke *Musidorus* mind and senses so dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to say any thing, they rested with their eyes placed one vpon another, in such sort, as might well paint out the true passion of vnkindnesse to be neuer aright, but betwixt them that most dearely loue.

And

And thus remained they a time; till at length *Musidorus* embracing him, sayd, and will you thus shake off your friend? It is you that shake me off (sayd *Pyrocles*) being for my vnperfectnesse vnworthy of your friendship. But this (said *Musidorus*) shewes you more vnperfect, to be cruell to him, that submits himselfe vnto you, but since you are vnperfect (said he smiling) it is reason you be gouerned by vs wife and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take vpon me, with three absolute commandements: the first, that you increase not your euill with further griefes: the second, that you loue her with all the powers of your mind: and the last commandement, shall be, you command me to doe what seruice I can towards the attaining of your desires. *Pyrocles* heart was not so oppressed with the two mightie passions of loue and vnkindnesse, but that it yeelded to some mirth at this commandement of *Musidorus*, that he should loue: so that something clearing his face from his former shewes of griefe: Wel (said he) deare cosin, I see by the wel choosung of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince than a Counsellor, and therefore I am resolu'd to imploy all my indeuour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements ye command me to lay vpon you, shal onely be, that you continue to loue me, & looke vpon my imperfections with more affection then iudgement: Loue you? (said he) alas, how can my heart be separated from the true imbracing of it, without it burst, by being to full of it? But (said he) let vs leaue off these flowers of new begun friendship; and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it mee fully, omitting no circumstance, the story of your affections, both beginning, and proceeding; assuring your selfe, that there is nothing so great, which I will feare to doe for you, nor nothing so small, which I will disdain to doe for you. Let me therefore receiue a cleare vnderstanding, which many times we misse, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a looke are omitted, like as a whole sentencie may faile of his congruity by wanting one partucle. Therefore betweene friends all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious. You shal be obeyed (said *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor no body offers to come into but my selfe, I vsing it as my melancholy retyring place, and therefore that respect is borne vnto it; yet if by chaunce any should come, say that you are a seruant sent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to seeke me, & then let me alone for the rest. So fate they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus said.

Cosin (said he) then began the farall ouerthrow of all my liberty, when walking among the pictures in *Kalanders* house, you your selfe deliuered vnto mee what you had vnderstood of *Philoclea*, who much resembling (though I must say) much surpassing) the Lady *Zelmae*, whom so well I loued: there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poyson. Yet alas, so sweet was it vnto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalandar* had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pitie I conceiued of her vnworthy fortune: and when with pitie once my heart was made tender, according to the aptnesse of the humour, it receiued quickly a cruel impressiō of that wonderfull passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it: they only know it, which inwardly feele it, it is called loue. Yet did I not (poore wretch) at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights, and my pitie to bee no other, but the fruites of a gentle nature. But euen this arguing with my selfe came of further thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the Architecture of the lodges would haue bene much for my learning, but

but more desirous to see her selfe, to be iudge, forsooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter my selfe, as though my wound had bene no deeper: but when within short time I came to the degree of vncertaine wishes, and that those wishes grew to vnquiet longings, when I could fixe my thoughts vpon nothing, but that within litle varying they should end with *Philoclea*. whē each thing I saw, seemed to figure out some part of my passions; whē euen *Parthenias* faire face becāe a lecture to me of *Philocleas* imagined beauty; when I heard no word spoken, but that me thought it carried the sound of *Philocleas* name; then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my selfe prisoner, before I had leasure to arme my selfe: and that I might well, like the spaniell, gnaw vpon the chaine that ties him, But I should sooner marre my teeth, then procure liberty: yet I take to witnesse the eternall spring of vertue, that I had neuer read, heard, nor seene any thing; I had neuer any tast of Philosophie, nor inward feeling in my self, which for a while I did not cal to my succor. But (alas) what resistance was there, when ere long my very reason was, (you will say corrupted) I must confesse, conquered; and that me thought euen reason did assure me, that al eies did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour such beauty? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it: but the reuerent friendship I beare vnto you. For as it went against my heart to breake any way from you, so did I feare more than any assault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully resolute, counsell is tedious, but reprehension is lothsome: and that there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, then the eye of a respected friend. This made me determine with my selfe (thinking it a lesse fault in friendship to do a thing without your knowledge, then against your will (to take this secret course: which conceit was most builded vp in me, the last day of my parting & speaking with you, when vpon your speech with me, and my but naming loue (whē else perchance I would haue gone further) I saw your voice and countenance so chaunge, as it assured me, my reuealing it should but purchase your griefe with my cumber. and therefore (deare *Musidorus* (euen ran away from thy well knowne chiding: for hauing written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, & taken my chiefe iewels with me, while you were in the midst of your sport, I got a time (as I thinke) vnmarked by any, to steale away I cared not whither, so I might escape you, and so came I to *Ithonia* in the prouince of *Messenias*, where lying secret, I put this in practise, which before I had deuised. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter & *Kalanders* speech, how obstinately *Basilus* was determined not to mary his daughters, and therefore fearing least any publike dealing should rather increase her captiuitie, then further my loue; Loue (the refiner of inuention) had put in my head thus to disguise my self, that vnder that maske I might (if it were possible) get accessse, and what accessse could bring forth, commit to fortune and industry, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the closest maner I could, naming my selfe *Zelmane*, for that deare Ladies sake, to whose memory I am so much bound, I caused this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Lodges, which are hard at hand, by night, thus dressed my selfe, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought: which the next morning hapned as wel as mine own plot could haue laid it. For after I had run ouer the whole petigree of my thoughts, I gaue my selfe to sing a litle, which, as you know, I euer delighted in, so now especially, whether it be the nature of this clime to stirre vp Poeticall fancies, or rather as I thinke, of loue; whose scope being pleasure, will not so much as viter his griefes, but in some forme of pleasure.



But I had song very litle, when (as I thinke, displeased with my bad .nusticke) comes master *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and swearing by the pantable of *Pallas*, and such other othes as his rusticall brauery could imagines; and when he saw me, I assure you, my beauty was no more beholding to him then my harmony; for leaning his hands vpon his bill, and his chin vpon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth *Hercules* in a play, but neuer had his fancy in his head, the first word he spake to me, was, Am not I *Dametas*? why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not name himself, for *Kalanders* descriptiō had set such a note vpon him as made him very notable vnto me, and therefore the height of my thoughts would not descend so much as to make him any answer, but continued on my inward discourses: which he (perchance witnesse of his owne vnworthinesse, and therefore the apter to thinke himselfe contemned) tooke in so hainous manner, that standing vpon his tiptoes, and staring, as if he would haue had a mote pulled out of his eye, Why, (said he) thou woman, or boy, or both, whatsoeuer thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the Princes pleasure, I tell thee it is *Dametas* pleasure, I could not choose, but smile at him, seeing him looke so like an ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my selfe with the maner, spake these words to my selfe: O spirit (said I) of mine, how canst thou receiue any mirth in the midst of thine agonies, and thou mirth, how darest thou enter into a minde so growne of late thy professed enemy: Thy spirit (said *Dametas*) doest thou thinke me a spirit? I tell thee I am *Basilus* officer, and haue charge of him and his daughters. O only pearle (said I sobbing) that so vile an oyster should keepe thee? By the combe-cake of *Diana* (sware *Dametas*) this woman is mad: oysters and pearles? doest thou thinke I will buy oysters? I tell thee once againe get thee packing, and with that lifted vp his bill to hit mee with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my lesson, so that I forgot all *Zelmancs* ship, and drawing out my sword, the baseness of the villaine yet made me stay my hand, & he (who, as *Kalander* told me, from his child-hood euer feared the blade of a sword) ran backe, backward (with his hands aboue his head) at least twenty paces, gaping and staring, with the very grace (I thinke) of the clownes, that by *Latons* prayers were turned into Frogs. At length staying, finding himselfe without the compasse of blowes, he fell to a fresh scoulding, in such manerly manner, as might well shew he had passed through the discipline of a *Tauerne*. But seeing me walke vp and downe, without marking what he said, he went his way (as I perceiued after) to *Basilus*: for within a while he came vnto me, bearing indeed shewes in his countenance of an honest and well minded Gentleman, and with as much curtesie as *Dametas* with rudenesse saluting me, Faire Lady (said he) it is nothing strange, that such a solitary place as this should receiue solitary persons; but much do I maruell, how such a beautie as yours is, should be suffered to be thus alone. I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a graue maiesty vpon him, as if I found in my selfe cause to be reuerenced: They are neuer alone (said I) that are accompanied with noble thoughts. But those thoughts (replied *Basilus*) cannot in this your loneliness neither warrant you from suspition in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your selfe, I then shewing a mislike that he pressed me so farre, I seeked no better warrant said I, then my owne conscience, nor no greater pleasure, then mine owne contentation. Yet vertue seekes to satisfie others, saide *Basilus*. Those that be good, said I, and they will be satisfied as long as they see no euill: Yet will the best in this country, sayd *Basilus*, suspect so excellent beauty being so weakely garded.

Then

Then are the best but stark naught, (answered I) for open suspecting others, comes of secret condemning themselves: but in my countie (whose manners I am in all places to maintaine and reuerence) the generall goodnesse (which is nourished in our hearts) makes every one thinke the strength of vertue in another, whereof they find the assured foundation in themselves. Excellent Lady, said he, you praise so greatly (and yet so wisely) your country, that I must needs desire to know what the nest is, out of which such birds do flie. You must first deserue it (said I) before you may obaine it. And by what meanes (said *Basilus*) shal I deserue to know your estate? By letting me first know yours (answered I:) To obey you (said he) I will do it, although it were so much more reason yours should be knowne first, as you do deserue in all points to be preferred. Know you (faire Lady) that my name is *Basilus*, vnworthily Lord of this country: the rest, either fame hath already brought to your eares, or (if it please you to make this place happy by your presence) at more leasure you shal vnderstand of me, I that from the beginning assured my selfe it was lie, but would not seeme I did so, to keepe my grauity the better, making a peece of reuerence vnto him; Mighty prince (said I) let my not knowing you serue for the excuse of my boldnesse, and the litle reuerence I do you, impute it to the maner of my countie, which is the inuincible land of the *Amazons*: my selfe neece to *Senicia*, Queene thereof, lineally descended of the famous *Penthesilea*, slaine by the bloudy hand of *Pyrrhus*: I hauing in this my youth determined to make the world see the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in priuate, as in publike vertue, haue passed some dangerous adventures in diuerse countries, till the vnmercifull sea depriued me of my company; so that shipwracke casting me not farre hence, vncertaine wandring brought me to this place. But *Basilus* (who now began to taste of that, which since he hath swallowed vp, as I will tel you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode; then any greedy hoste would vse to wel paying passēgers. I thought nothing could shooe righter at the marke of my desires; yet had I learned already so much, that it was against my womanhood to be forward in my owne wishes. And therefore he (to proue whether intercessions in fitter mouthes might better preuaile) commaunded *Dametas* to bring forthwith his wife & daughters thither, three Ladies, although of diuerse, yet of excellent beauty.

His wife in graue Matronlike attire, with countenance and gesture futable, and of such fairenesse (being in the strength of her age) as if her daughters had not bene by, might with iust price haue purchased admiration, but they being there, it was enough that the most dainty eye would thinke her a worthie mother of such children. The faire *Pamela*, whose noble heart I finde doth greatly disdaine, that the trust of her vertue is reposed in such a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet, to shew an obedience, taken on shepheardish apparell, which was but of russet cloath, cut after their fashion: with a straight body, open breasted, the neather part full of pleights, with long and wide sleeues: but beleue me she did apparell her apparell, & with the preciousnesse of her body made it most sumptuous. Her haire at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the comparison to shew how faire her haire doth excel in colour: betwixt her breasts (which sweetly rose vp like two faire Mountaints in the pleasant vale of *Tempe*) there hong a very rich Diamond set but in a blaske horne, the word I haue since read is this: *Yet still my selfe*. And thus particularly haue I described them, because you may know that mine eyes are not so partiall, but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the modell of heauen, the triumph of nature, the life of beauty, the Queene of Loue,

fields

young *Philoclea* appeared in her Nymph-like apparrell, so neare nakednesse, as one might well discern part of her perfections; and yet so apparelled; as did shew she kept best store of her beautie to her selfe: her haire (alas two poore a word, why should I not rather call them her beams) drawne vp into a net, able to haue caught *Jupiter* whē he was in the forme of an eagle, her body (O sweet body) couered with a light Taffeta garment, so cut, as the wrought smock came through it in many places, enough to haue made your restrained imagination haue thought what was vnder it: with the cast of her blacke eyes, blacke indeed, whether nature so made them, that we might be the more able to behold & beare their wonderfull shining, or that she (godeffe-like) would worke this miracle with her selfe, in giuing blackenesse the price aboue all beautie. Then (I say) indeed me thought the Lillies grew pale for enuie, the Roses me thought blushed to see sweeter roses in her cheekes, & the apples, me thought, fel downe from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breast, then the clouds gatie place, that the heauens might more freely smile vpon her, at the least the clouds of my thoughts quite vanished: and my sight (then more cleare and forcible then euer) was so fixed there, that (I imagine) I stood like a well wrought Image, with some life in shew, but none in practise. And so had I bene like enough to haue stayed long time, but that *Gynecia* stepping betweene my sight and the onely *Philoclea*, the chaunge of object made me recouer my senses; so that I could with reasonable good maner receiue the salutation of her, and of the Princeesse *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reuerence then one Princeesse vseth to another. But when I came to the neuer-enough praysed *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kissing it (I must confesse) with more then womanly ardenies; Diuine Lady (said I) let not the world, nor these great Princeesses maruell, to see me (contrary to my maner) do this especiall honour vnto you, since al both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beauty. But she blushing (like a faire morning in May) at this my singulartie, and causing me to rise, Noble Lady (said she) it is no maruell to see your iudgement much mistaken in my beautie, since you begin with so great an errour, as to do more honour vnto me then to them, to whom I my selfe owe al seruice. Rather (answered I with a bowed down countenance) that shewes the power of your beautie, which forced me to do such an errour, if it were an errour. You are so well acquainted (said she sweetly, most sweetly smiling) with your owne beautie, that it makes you easily fall into the discourse of beauty. Beauty in me? said I truly sighing) alas if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your blessed presence hath imparted vnto them.

But then (as I thinke *Basilus* willing her so to do) Well, said she, I must needs confesse I haue heard that it is a great happinesse to be praised of them that are most praise worthy: and well I finde that you are an inuincible *Amazon*, since you will ouetcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beautie be any thing, then let it obtaine thus much of you, that you will remaine some while in this companie, to ease your owne trauell, and our solitarinesse. First let me dye (said I) before any word spoken by such a mouth should come in vaine. And thus with some other words of entertaining, was my staying concluded, and I led among them to the Lodge; truly a place for pleasantnesse, not vnfit to flatter solitarinesse, for it being set vpon such an vn sensible rising of the ground, as you are come to a pretie height before almost you perceiue that you ascend, it giues the eye Lordship ouer a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the countrie, being diuersified betweene hilles and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleare, another more darke-



darkeſome, it ſeems a pleaſant picture of nature, with louely lightſomneſſe and artificiall ſhadowes. The Lodge is of a yellow ſtone, built in the forme of a ſtarre, hauing round about a garden framed into like points: and beyond the garden, ridings cut out, each anſwering the angles of the Lodge, at the end of one of them is the other ſmaller Lodge, but of like faſhion; where the gracious *Pamela* liueth: ſo that the Lodge ſeemeth not vnlike a faire Comet, whoſe taile ſtretcheth it ſelf to a ſtarre of leſſe greatneſſe.

So *Gynecia* her ſelfe bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was inuited and brought downe to ſup with them in the garden, a place not fairer in naturall ornaments, then artificiall inuentions: where, in a banquetting houſe among certain pleaſant trees, whoſe heads ſeemed curled with the wrappings about of vine-branches. The table was ſet nere to an excellent water worke; for by the caſting of the water in moſt cunning manner, it makes (with the ſhining of the ſonne vpon it) a perfect rain-bow, not more pleaſant to the eye the to the minde, ſo ſenſible to ſee the prooffe of the heauenly *Iris*. There were birds alſo made ſo finely, that they did not only deceiue the ſight with their figure, but the hearing with their ſongs, which the waterie instruments did make their gorge deliuer. The table at which we ſat was round, which being faſt to the floore whereon we ſate, and that deuided from the reſt of the buildings (with turning a vice, which *Baſilius* at firſt did, to make me ſport) the table, and we about the table did all turne round, by meanes of water which ran vnder, and carried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleaſure did it to me, to make diuerſe times the full circle round about, ſince *Philoclea* (being alſo ſet) was caried ſtill in equall diſtance from me, and that only my cies did ouertake her: which when the table was ſtayed, and we began to feede, dranke much more eagerly of her beauty, then my mouth did of any other liquor. And ſo was my common ſence deceiued (being chiefly bent to her) that as I dranke the wine, and withall ſtole a looke on her, me ſeemed I taſted her deliciousneſſe. But alas, the one thirſt was much more inflamed then the other quenched. Sometimes my eyes would lay themſelues open to receiue all the darts ſhe did throw, ſometimes cloſe vp with admiration, as if with a contrary fancie, they wold preferue the riches of that ſight they had gotten, or caſt my lids as curtaines ouer the image of beauty, her preſence had painted in them. True it is, that my Reaſon (now growne a ſeruant to paſſion) did yet often tell his maſter, that he ſhould more moderatly vſe his delight. But he, that of a rebel was become a Prince, diſdained almoſt to allow him the place of a counſeller: ſo that my ſenſes delights being too ſtrong for any other reſolution, I did euen looſe the reines vnto them: hoping, that (going for a woman) my lookes would paſſe, either vnmarked, or vnſuſpected.

Now thus I had (as me thought) well plaid my firſt act, aſſuring my ſelfe, that vnder that diſguiſement, I ſhould find oportunitie to reuaille my ſelfe to the owner of my heart. But who wold thinke it poſſible (though I feele it true) that in almoſt eight weekes ſpace I haue liued here (hauing no more company but her parents; and I being familiar, as being a woman, & watchfull, as being a louer) yet could neuer find oportunitie to haue one minutes leaſure of private conference, the cauſe whereof is as ſtrange, as the effects are to me miſerable. And (alas) this is it.  
At the firſt ſight that *Baſilius* had of me (I thinke *Cupid* hauing headed his arrowes with my miſfortune) he was ſtrike (taking me to be ſuch as I profeſſe) with great affection towards me, which ſince is growne to ſuch a doting lone, that till I was faine to get this place, ſometimes to retire vnto freely) I was euen choked with his

tediousnesse. You neuer sawe fourescore yeares daunce vp & downe more liuely in a young louer: now, as fine in his apparell, as if he would make me in loue with a cloake: and verse for verse with the sharpest-witted Louerin *Arcadia*. Do you not thinke that this is a salet of wormewood, while mine eyes feed vpon the *Ambrosia* of *Philoclea*s beauty. But this is not all; no, this is not the worst; for he (good man) were easie enough to be dealt with: but, as I thinke, Loue & mischief hauing made a wager, which should haue most power in me, haue set *Gynecia* also on such a fire towards me, as will neuer (I feare) be quenched but with my destru<sup>cti</sup>ō. For she (being a woman of excellent wit, and of strong working thoughts) whether she suspected me by my ouer-vehement shewes of affection to *Philoclea* (which loue forced me vnwisely to vtter, while hope of my maske foolishly encouraged me) or that she hath taken some other marke of me, that I am not a woman: or what diuell it is hath reuealed it vnto her, I know not; but so it is, that all her countenances, words, & gestures, are euen miserable portraictures of a desperate affection. Whereby a man may learne, that these auoydings of companie, do but make the passions more violent, when they meete with fit subiects. Truly it were a notable dumbe shew of *Cupids* kingdome, to see my eyes (languishing with ouer-vehement longing) direct themselves to *Philoclea* & *Basilus* as busie about me as a Bee, & indeed as cumbersome making such vehement suits to me, who nether could if I would, nor would if I could, help him: while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, caried with the beere of violent loue, runnes through vs all. And so ialous is she of my loue to her daughter, that I could neuer yet begin to open my mouth to the vneuitable *Philoclea*, but that her vnwithed presence gaue my tale a conclusion, before it had a beginning. And surely if I be not deceiued, I see such shewes of liking, & (if I be acquainted with passions) of almost a passionate liking in the heauenly *Philoclea*, towards me, that I may hope her eares would not abhorre my discourse. And for good *Basilus*, he thought it best to haue lodged vs together, but that the eternall hatefulnessse of my destiny made *Gynecia*s ialousie stopp that, and all other my blessings. Yet must I confesse, that one way her loue doth me pleasure, for since it was my foolish fortune, or vnfortunate folly, to be knowne by her, that keeps her from bewraying me to *Basilus*. And thus (my *Musidorus*) you haue my tragedy playd vnto you by my selfe, which I pray the gods may not indeed prooue a tragedy. And therewith he ended, making a full point of a hearty sigh.

*Musidorus* recommended to his best discourse, all which *Pyrocles* had told him. But therein he found such intricatenesse, that he could see no way to lead him out of the maze; yet perceiuing his affectiō so grounded, that strining against it, did rather anger then heale the wound, and rather call his friendship in question then giue place to any friendly counsell. Well (said he) deare cosin, since it hath pleased the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of loue, yet happy it is, that your lode is imployed vpon so rare a woman: for certainly, a noble cause doth ease much a grieuous case. But as it stands now, nothing vexeth me, as that I cannot see wherein I can be seruicable vnto you. I desire no greater seruice of you (answered *Pyrocles*) then that you remaine secretly in this country, & sometimes come to this place, either late in the night or early in the morning, where you shall haue my key to enter, because as my fortune either amends or impaires, I may declare it vnto you, and haue your counsell and furtherance: & hereby I wil of purpose leade her, that is the praise, and yet the staine of all womankind, that you may haue so good a view, as to allow my iudgement: and as I can get the most conuenient time,

time, I will come vnto you; for though by reason of yonder wood you cannot see the Lodge, it is harde at hand. But now (said she) it is time for me to leaue you, and towards euening we will walke out of purpose hitherward, therefore keepe your selfe close in that time. But *Musidorus* bethinking himselfe that his horse might happen to bewray them, thought it best to returne for that day to a village not farre off, and dispatching his horse in some sort, the next day early to come a foot thither, and so to keepe that course afterward, which *Pyrocles* very well liked off. Now farewell deere cousin (said he) from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daiphantus* now, but *Zelmane*: *Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the onely hope of my advancement. And with that word going out, and seeing that the coast was cleare, *Zelmane* dismissed *Musidorus*, who departed as full of care to help his friend, as before he was to dissuade him.

*Zelmane* returned to the lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoctetes*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Basilus*) she was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short rained as he cannot stirre forward: *Zelmane* sought occasion to speake with *Philoctetes*; *Basilus* with *Zelmane*; & *Gynecia* hindred them all. If *Philoctetes* hapned to sigh (and sigh she did often) as if that sigh were to be waited on, *Zelmane* sighed also; wherto *Basilus* and *Gynecia* soone made vp foure parts of sorrow. Their affection increased their conuersation; and their conuersation increased their affection. The respect borne bred due ceremonies; but the affection shined so through them, that the ceremonies seemed not ceremonies. *Zelmanes* eyes were (like children before sweet meate) eager, but fearfull of their ill-pleasing gouernors. Time in one instant, seeming both short, and long vnto them: short, in the pleasingnesse of such presence; long, in the stay of their desires. But *Zelmane* failed not to intice them all many times abroad, because she was desirous her friend *Musidorus* (neere whom of purpose she led them) might haue lull sight of them. Sometimes angling to a litle riuer neere hand, which for the moisture it bestowed vpon rootes of some flourishing trees, was rewarded with their shadow. There would they sit down, and pricke wagers be made between *Pamela* and *Philoctetes*, which could soonest beguile silly fishes; while *Zelmane* protested that the fir pray for them was hearts of Princes. She also had an angle in her hand; but the taker was so taken, that she had forgotten taking. *Basilus* in the meane time would be the cooke himselfe of what was so sought, and *Gynecia* sit still, but with no full pensiveness. Now she brought them to see a feeded Doue, who the blinder she was, the higher she straued. Another time a Kite, which having a gut cunningly pulled out of her, & so let it lie, caused all the Kites in that quarter, who (as oftentimes the world is deceived) thinking her prosperous, when in steede she was wounded, made the poore Kite finde, that opinion of riches may well be dangerous.

But these recreations were interrupted by a delight of more gallant show; for one euening, as *Basilus* returned from hauing forced his thoughts to please themselves in such small conquests, there came a shepheard, who brought him word, that a Gentleman desired leaue to do a message from his Lord vnto him. *Basilus* granted whereupon the Gentleman came, and after the due full ceremonies observed, in his masters name tolde him, that he was sent from *Rhacanthus* of *Corinth*, to craue licence, that as he had done in many other courts, so he might in his presence desie all *Arcadian* Knights in the behalfe of his mistresse beauty, who would besides, her selfe in person be present, to giue euident proofe what his launce should affirme. The conditions of his chalenge were, that the defendant should bring his mistresse



picture, which being set by the image of *Artesia* (so was the mistress of *Phalantus* named) who in fixe courses should haue better of the other, in the iudgement of *Basilus*, with him both the honors & the pictures should remaine. *Basilus* (though he had retired himselfe into that solitary dwelling, with intention to auoide, rather then to accept any matters of drawing company; yet because he would entertaine *Zelmae*, (that she might not thinke the time so gainfull to him, losse to her) graunted him to pitch his tent for three dayes, not farre from the lodge, and to proclaime his challenge, that what *Arcadian* Knight (for none els but vpon his perill was licensed to come) would defend what he honored against *Phalantus*, should haue the like freedome of access and returne.

This obtained and published, *Zelmae* being desirous to learne what this *Phalantus* was, hauing neuer knowne him further then by report of his good iusting, in so much as he was commonly called, the faire man of armes, *Basilus*, told her that he had had occasion by one very inward with him, to know in part the discourse of his life, which was that he was bastard-brother to the faire *Helen* Queen of *Corinth*, and deereley esteemed of her for his exceeding good parts, being honorable courteous, and wronglesly valiant, considerately pleasant in conuersation, and an excellent courtier without vnfaithfulnesse: who finding his sisters vnperswadable melancholy, through the loue of *Amphialus* had for a time left her court, and gone into *Laconia*: where in the warre against the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durst and knew. But as it was rather choise then nature, that led him to matters of armes, so as soone as the spur of honor ceased, he willingly rested in peaceable delights, being beloued in all companies for his louely qualities, and (as a man may terme it) winning cherefulness, wherby to the Prince and Court of *Laconia*, none was more agreeable then *Phalantus*: and he not giuen greatly to struggle with his own disposition, followed the gentle currant of it, hauing a fortune sufficient to content, and he content with a sufficient fortune. But in that court he saw, & was acquainted with this *Artesia*, whose beauty he now defends, became her seruant, said himselfe; and perchance thought himselfe her louer. But certainly, saide *Basilus*, many times it fallies out, that these yong companions make themselues beleeue they loue at the first liking of a likely beauty: louing, because they will loue for want of other businesse, not because they feele indeed that diuine power, which makes the heart find a reason in passion: and so (God knowes) as inconstantly leaue vpon the next chaunce that beauty castes before them. So therefore taking loue vpon him like a fashion, he courted this Ladie *Artesia*, who was as fit to pay him in his owne mony as might be. For she thinketh she did wrong to her beauty if she were not proud of it, called her disdain of him chastity, and placed her honour in litle setting by his honouring her: determining neuer to marry, but him, whom she thought worthy of her: and that was one, in whom all worthinesse were harboured. And to this conceit not only nature had bent her, but the bringing vp she receiued at my sister in law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her: who hauing in her widowhood taken this yong *Artesia* into her charge; because her father had bene a deare friend of her dead husbands, had taught her to thinke that there is no wisdom but in including both heauen and earth in ones selfe; and that loue, curtesie, gratefulnesse, friendship, and all other vertues are rather to be taken on, then taken in ones selfe. And so good a disciple she found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, she was content (if so her sonne could haue liked of it) to haue wished her in marriage to my Nephew *Amphialus*. But I thinke that desire hath lost some of his heat,

heart, since she hath knowne, that such a Queene as *Helen* is, doth offer so great a price as a kingdome, to buy his fauour; for if I be not deceiued in my good sister *Cecropia*, she thinks no face so beautifull, as that which looks vnder a Crowne. But *Artesia* in deede liked well of my Nephew *Amphialus*; for I can neuer deeme that loue, which in haughty hearts proceeds of a desire onely to please, and as it were, peacock themselves; but yet she hath shewed vehemency of desire that way, I think, because all her desires be vehement, in so much that she hath both placed her only brother (a fine youth called *Ismenus*) to be his squire, and her selfe is content to wait vpon my sister, till she may see the vttermost what she may worke in *Amphialus*: who being of a melancholie (though I must say truly curteous and noble) mind, seems to loue nothing lesse then Loue: and of late hauing through some aduventure, or inward discontentment, withdrawne himselfe from any bodles knowledg, where he is; *Artesia* the easier condescended to go to the court of *Laconia*, whither she was sent for by the kings wife, to whome she is somewhat allied.

And thereafter the war of the *Helots*, this Knight *Phalantus*, (at least for tongue-delight) made himselfe her seruant, and she so little caring, as not to shewe mislike thereof, was content only to be noted to haue a notable seruant. For truly one in my court neerely acquainted with him, within these few dayes made me a pleasant description of their loue, while he with cheerful looks would speake sorowful words, vsing the phrase of his affection in so high a stile, that *Mercury* would not haue wooed *Venus* with more magnificent Eloquence: but els neither in behauiour, nor action, accusing in himselfe any great trouble in minde, whether he sped or no. And she on the other side, well finding how little it was, and not caring for more, yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a foolish wittinesse, to speake more then one thinks.

For she made earnest benefite of his iest, forcing him in respect of his profession, to do her such seruices, as were both cumbersome and costly vnto him, while he stil thought he went beyond her, because his heart did not commit the idolatry. So that lastly, she (I thinke) hauing in mind to make the fame of her beautie an oratour for her to *Amphialus*, (perswading her selfe perhaps, that it might fall out in him as it doth in some that haue delightfull meat before them, & haue no stomach to it, before other folks praise it) she tooke the aduantage one day vpon *Phalantus* vnconscionable praifings of her, & certaine cast-away vowes, how much he would do for her sake, to arrest his word as soon as it was out of his mouth, & by the vertue thereof to charge him to go with her through all the courts of *Greece*, & with the challenge now made to giue her beauty the principality ouer all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, & saw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he was (as he confest to him that told me the tale) not for doubt he had of himselfe, (for indeed he had little cause, being accounted, with his Launce especially) whereupon the challenge is to be tried) as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but because he feared to offend his sister *Helen*, and withall as he said he could not so much beleue his loue, but that he must thinke in his heart (whatsoeuer his mouth affirmed) that both she, my daughters, & the faire *Parthenia* (wife to a most noble Gentleman my wifes neere kinsman) might far better put in their claime for that prerogatiue. But his promise had bound him prentise, and therefore it was now better with willingnesse to purchase thanks, then with a discontented doing to haue the paine, and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather then loue, did lead him. And now hath he already passed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos* & *Corinth*: &

(as many times it happes) that a good pleader makes a bad cause to prevaile, so hath his Launce brought, captiues to the triumph of *Artesia* beauty, such, as though *Artesia* be among the fairest, yet in that company were to haue the preheminence: for in those courts many knights (that had bene in other faire countreies) defended such as they had seen, & liked in their trauell: but their defence had bene such; as they had forfeited the pictures of their Ladies, to giue a forced false testimony to *Artesia* excellencie. And now lastly is he come hither where he hath leaue to trie his fortune. But I assure you, if I thought it not in due and true consideration an in- iurious seruice and churlish curtesie, to put the danger of so noble a title in the deci- ding of such a dangerlesse combat, I would make yong maister *Phalantus* know, that your eies can sharpen a blunt Launce, & that age, which my gray haire (only got- ten by the louing care of others) make seeme more then it is, hath not diminished in me the power to protect an vdeniable verity. With that he bustled vp himselfe, as though his heart would faine haue walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward smiling gaue him outward thanks, desiring him to reserue his force for worthier causes. So passing their time according to their woont, they waited for the comming of *Pha- lantus*, who the next morning hauing already caused his tents to be pitched, neere to a faire tree hard by the Lodge, had vpon the tree made a shield to be hanged vp, which the defendant should strike; that would call him to the maintaining his chal- lenge. The *Impresa* in the shield; was a heauen full of starres, with a speech signi- fying, that it was *the beauty which gaue it the praise*.

Himselfe came in next after a triumphant chariot, made of Carnation veluet, en- riched with purle and pearle, wherein *Artesia* sat, drawne by foure winged horses with artificiaall flaming mouths, and fiery wings, as if she had newly borrowed them of *Phabus*. Before her marched, two after two, certaine footmen pleasantly attired, who betweene them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had lost the prize in the race of beauty, and at euery pace they staied, tur- ning the pictures to each side, so leasurely, that with perfect iudgement they might be discerned. The first that came in (following the order of the time wherein they had bene woone) was the picture of *Andromana*, Queene of *Iberia*, whom a *Laconia* Knight hauing sometime (and with speciall fauour) seued, (though some yeares since returned home) with more gratefulnessse then good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeede she was not comparable to *Artesia*; not because she was a good deale elder (for time had not yet bene able to impoue- rish her store thereof) but an exceeding red haire with small eyes, did (like ill com- panions) disgrace the other assembly of most commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfait of the princeesse of *Elis*, a Ladie that taught the beholders no other point of beautie, but this, that as liking is not al- wayes the child of beautie, so whatsoeuer liketh is beautifull; for in that visage there was neither maicsty, grace, fauour, nor fairenesse, yet she wanted not a seruant that would haue made her fairer then the faire *Artesia*. But hee wrote her prayses with his helmet in the dust, and left her picture to bee as a true witnesse of his ouer- throw, as his running was of her beautie.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia*, great Q. of *Armenia*, a Lady vpon whom na- ture bestowed, and well placed her most delightfull colours: and withall, had pro- portioned her without any fault, quickly to be discouered by the senses, yet altoge- ther seemed not to make vp that harmony, that *Cupid* delights in, the reason wherof might seeme a mannish countenance, which overthrew that lovely sweetenesse, the noblest



noblest power of womankind, faire fitter to preuaile by parley then by battell.

Of a farre contrary consideration was the representation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* Queene of *Licia*, who though of so browne a haire, as no man should haue initied it to haue called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheeks the white did so much ouercome the redde (though what was, was very pure) that it came neare to palenesse, and that her face was a thought longer then the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow: yet loue plaid his part so well in euery parte, that it cought hold of iudgement, before it could iudge, making it first loue, and after acknowledge it faire, for there was a certaine delicacy, which in yeelding conquered; and with a pitifull looke made one finde cause to craue helpe himselte.

After her came two Ladies, of noble, but not of royall birth. the former was named *Baccha*, who though very faire, & of a faunes rather to allure, then to mislike, yet her breasts ouer-familiarly laid open, with a made couitenâee about her mouth, betweene simpring and smyling, her head bowed somewhat downe, seemed to languish with ouer-much idlenesse, and with an inuiting looke cast vpward; dissuaded with too much perswading, while hope might seeme to ouer-run desire.

The other (whose name was written *Leucippe*) was of a fine daintinesse of beauty, her face carying in it a sober simplicity, like one that could do much good, & meant no hurt, her eyes hauing in them such a cheerefulnesse, as nature seemed to smile in them, though her mouth and cheekes obeyed to that pretie demurenesse which the more one markte, the more one would iudge the poore soule apt to belecue; and therefore the more pty to deceiue her.

Next came the Queene of *Laconia*, one that seemed borne in the confines of beauties kingdome: for all her lineaments were nether perfect possessioners thereof, nor absolute strangers thereto. but she was a Queene, and therefore beautifull.

But she that followed, conquered in deede with being conquered; & might well haue made all the beholders wait vpon her triumph, while her selfe were led captiue. It was the excellently-faire Queene *Helen*, whose Iacynth haire curled by nature, but intercurled by art (like a fine brooke through goldē sands) had a rope of faire pearle, which now hiding now hidden by the haire, did as it were play at fast and loofe each with other, mutually giuing & receiuing richnes. In her face so much beauty & fauour expressed, as if *Helen* had not bene knowne, some would rather haue iudged it the painters exercise, to shew what he could do, then the conterfaiting of any liuing patterne. for no fault the most fault-finding wit could haue found, if it were not, that to the rest of the body the face was somewhat too little: but that little was such a sparke of beauty, as was able to enflame a world of loue: for euery thing was full of a choise finenesse, that if it wanted any thing in maiesty, it supplied it with increase in pleasure; and if at the first it strake not admiration, it raiused with delight. And no indifferent soule there was, which if it could resist from subiecting it self to make it his princeesse, that would not long to hate such a playfellow. As for her attire, it was costly & curious, though the looke (fixt with more sadnesse then it seemed nature had bestowed to any that knew her fortune) bewtraied, that as she vsed those ornāmets, not for her selfe, but to preuaile with another, so she feared that al would not serue. Of a farre differing (though esteemed equal) beauty, was the faire *Parthenia*, who next waited on *Artesias* triumph, though farre better she might haue sit in the throne. For in her euery thing was goodly, & stately; yet so, that it might seeme that great-mindednesse was but the aunciēt-bearer to the humblenes. For her great graie eye, which might seeme full of her own beauty: a large, and exceedingly faire  
fore:

forehead, with all the rest of her face & body, cast in the mould of Noblenesse, was yet so attired, as might shew, the mistres thought it either not to deserue, or not to neede any exquisite decking, hauing no adorning but cleālinesse; & so farre from all art, that it was full of carelesnesse: vnlesse that carelesnesse it selfe (in spight of it selfe) grew artificiall. But *Basilus* could not abstaine from praising *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly vertue, and wiuely faithfulness: telling withall *Zelmane*, how he had vnderstood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture (maintained by a certaine *Sycronian* Knight) was lost, through want rather of valour, then iustice: her husband (the famous *Argalus*) would in a chafe haue gone & redeemed it with a new triall. But she (more sporting then sorowing for her vnderferued champion) told her husband, she desired to be beautifull in no bodies eye but his: and that she would rather marre her face as euill as euer it was, then that it should be a cause to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Basilus* haue tolde *Zelmane* that which she already knew, of the rare triall of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouthes giue place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which fate pulling out a throne out of a Lambes foote, with her looke so attentue vpon it, as if that little foote could haue bene the circle of her thoughts, her apparell so poore, as it had nothing but the inside to adorne it; a sheephooke lying by her, with a bottle vpon it. But withall that pouerty, beautie plaid the prince, and commanded as many harts as the greatest Queene there did. Her beauty and her estate made her quickly to be knowne to be the faire shepherdesse *Prania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, farre in loue with her, had vnluckily defended.

The last of all in place, because last in the time of her being captiue, was *Zelmane*, daughter to the King *Plexirtus*: who at the first sight seemed to haue some resembling of *Philoclea*, but with more marking (comparing it to the present *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her sister (they might see, it was but such a likeness as an vnperfect glasse doth giue; answerable enough in some features and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* sighing, turning to *Basilus*, Alas sir (said she) here be some pictures which might better become the tombes of their Mistresses, then the triumph of *Artesia*. It is true sweetest Lady (said *Basilus*) some of them be dead, and some other captiue: But that hath happened so late, as it may be the Knights that defended their beauty, knew not so much: without we will say (as in some harts I know it would fall out) that death it selfe could not blot out the image which loue hath engrauen in them. But diuers besides these (said *Basilus*) hath *Phalantus* wonne, but he leaues the rest, carying onely such, who either for greatnes of estate, or of beauty, may iustly glorifie the glory of *Artesia* triumph.

Thus talked *Basilus* with *Zelmane*, glad to make any matter subiect to speake of with his mistresse, while *Phalantus* in this pompous maner, brought *Artesia* with her gentlewomen into one Tent, by which he had another: where they both wayted who would first strike vpon the shield, while *Basilus* the Iudge appointed sticklers and trumpets, to whom the other should obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, til already it had consumed halfe his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, protesting himselfe as contrary to him in minde, as he was in apparell. For *Phalantus* was all in white, hauing in his bates, and caparison imbroidered a wauing water: at each side whereof he had nettings cast ouer, in which were diuers fishes naturally made, and so pretily, that as the horse stirred, the fishes seemed to striue, and leape in the net.

But

But the other knight by name *Nefor*, by birth an *Arcadian* & in affection vowed to the faire Shepherdesse, was all in black, with fire burning both vpon his armour and horse. His *impresa* in his shield, was a fire made of Iuniper, with this word, *More easie, and more sweete*. But this hote knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third course he receiued of *Phalantus*, leauing his picture to keepe companie with the other of the same stampe; he going away remedilessly chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polyestes*, greatly esteemed in *Arcadia*, for deedes he had done in armes: and much spoken of for the honourable losse he had long borne to *Gynecia*; which *Basilus* himselfe was content, not onely to suffer, but to be delighted with; he carried it in so honourable and open plainnesse, setting to his loue no other marke, then to do her faithfull seruice. But neither her faire picture, nor his faire running, could warrant him from ouerthrow, and her from becomming as then the last of *Artesian* victories: a thing *Gynecias* vertues would little haue recked at another time, nor then, if *Zelmene* had not scene it. But her champion went away almost discomforted, as discomfited. Then *Telamon* for *Polexena* and *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*, all braue Knights, all faire Ladies, with their going downe, lifted vp the ballance of his praise for actiuitie, and hers for fairenesse.

Vpon whose losse as the bebolders were talking, there comes into the place where they ranne, a shepherd stripling (for his height made him more then a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) brown of complexion (whether by nature or by the Sunnes familiaritie) but verie louely withall; for the rest so perfectly proportioned, that Nature shewed, thee doth not like men, who stubber vp matters of meate account. And well might his proportion be iudged; for he had nothing vpon him but a paire of sloppes, and vpon his bodie a Goate-skinne, which hee cast ouer his shoulder, doing all things with so pretie a grace, that it seemed ignorance could not make him do amisse, because he had a hart to do well, holding in his right hand a long staffe, and so comming with a looke full of amiable fiercenesse; as in whom choller could not take away the sweetnesse, he came towards the king, and making a reuerence (which in him was comely because it was kindly.) My liege Lord (said he) I pray you heare a few words; for my heart will breake if I say not my minde to you. I see here the picture of *Francia*, which I cannot tell how, nor why, these men when they fall downe, they say, is not so faire as yonder gay woman. But pray God, I may neuer see my old mother aliue, if I thinke she be any more match to *Francia*; then a Goate is to a fine Lambe; or then the Dog that keepe our flock at home, is like your white Greyhound, that pulled downe the Stagge last day.

And therefore I pray you let me be drest as they be, and my hart giues me, I shall tumble him on the earth. for in deede he might as well say, that a Couflip is as white as a Lillie: or els I care not, let him come with his great staffe, and I with this in my hand, and you shall see what I can do to him. *Basilus* saw it was the fine shepherd *Lalus*, whom once he had afore him in Pastorall sportes, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of pretie simplicitie, and therefore laughing at his earnestnesse, hee bad him be content, since hee saw the pictures of so great Queenes, were faine to follow their champions fortune. But *Lalus* (euen weeping ripe) went among the rest, longing to see some bodie that would reuenge *Francias* wrong; and praying hartily for every bodie that ran against *Phalantus*, then beginning to feeble pouerty, that hee could not set him selfe to that triall. But by and by, euen when the Sunne (like a noble hart) began to shew his greatest countenance in his lowest estate, there came in a Knight, called *Phebilus*, a Gentleman of that countrey, for whom hatefull



fortune had borrowed the dart of loue, to make him miserable by the sight of *Philo-  
clea*. For he had euen from her infancie loued her, & was strikē by her before she was  
able to know what quiver of arrowes her eyes caried; but he loued & dispaired; and  
the more he dispaired, the more he loued. He saw his own vnworthinesse, & therby  
made her excellencie haue more terrible aspect vpon him: he was so secret therein,  
as not daring to be open, that to no creature hee euer spake of it, but his hart made  
such silent complaints within it selfe, that while al his senses were attentiuē thereto,  
cūning iudges might perceiue his mind: so that he was known to loue though he de-  
nied, or rather was the better known, because he denied it. His armour & his attire  
was for a Sea colour, his *Impresa*, the fish called *Sepia*, which being in the net, castes a  
blacke inke about it selfe, that in the darkenesse thereof it may scape: his word was,  
*Not so*. *Philoctreas* picture with almost an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by  
him. But straight iealousie was a harbinger for disdain in *Zelmaes* heart, when she  
saw any (but her selfe) should be auowed a champion for *Philoctea*: in somuch that  
she wisht his shame, till she saw him shamed: for at the second course he was stricken  
quite fro out of the saddle, so full of griefe, and rage withall, that he wold faine with  
the sword haue reuenged it: but that being contrary to the order set downe, *Basilus*  
wold not suffer; so that wishing himself in the bottome of the earth, he went his way,  
leauing *Zelmae* no lesse angry with his losse, then shee wold haue bene with his  
victory. For if she thought before a riualls praise wold haue angered her, her Ladies  
disgrace did make her much more forget what she then thought, while that passion  
raigned so much the more, as shee saw a perty blush in *Philoctreas* cheekes bewray a  
modest discontentment. But the night commanded truce for those sports, and *Pha-  
lantis* (though intreated) wold not leaue *Artesia*, who in no case wold come into  
the house, hauing (as it were) suckt of *Cecropias* breath a mortall mislike against  
*Basilus*.

But the night measured by the short ell of sleepe, was soone past ouer, and the  
next morning had giuen the watchfull stars leaue to take their rest; when a trum-  
pet summoned *Basilus* to play his Iudges part: which hee did, taking his wife and  
daughters with him; *Zelmae* hauing lockt her dore, so as they wold not trouble  
her for that time: for already there was a Knight in the field, ready to proue *Helen*  
of *Corinth* had receiued great iniury, both by the erring iudgement of the cha-  
llenger, and the vnlucky weakenesse of her former defender. The new Knight  
was quickly knowne to be *Clitophon* (*Kalanders* sonne of *Basilus* his sister) by his ar-  
mour, which all guilt, was so well handled, that it shewed like a glittering sand and  
grauell, enterlaced with siluer riuers: his deuise hee had put in the picture of *He-  
len* which hee defended: It was the *Ermion* with a speech that signified, *Rather  
dead then spotted*. But in that armour since hee had parted from *Helen* (who wold  
no longer his company, finding him to enter into tearmes of affection) hee had  
performed so honourable actions (still seeking for his two friends by the names of  
*Palladius* and *Daiphantus*) that though his face were couered, his being was disco-  
uered, which yet *Basilus* (which had brought him vp in his court) wold not  
seeme to do; but glad to see triall of him, of whom he had heard very well, he com-  
manded the trumpets to sound; to which the two braue Knights obeying, they  
performed their courses, breaking their six staues, with so good, both skill in the hit-  
ting, and grace in the maner, that it bred some difficulty in the iudgement. But *Basi-  
lus* in the end gaue sentence against *Clitophon*, because *Phalantis* had broken more  
staues vpon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had receiued such a blow, that he had  
lost

lost the raines of his horse, with his head will nie touching the croper of the horse. But *Chiophon* was so angry with the iudgement (wherein he thought he had receiued wrong) that he omitted his duety to his Prince, and vncle; and sodainly went his way still in the quest of them, whom as then he had left by seeking: and so yeelded the field to the next commmer.

Who comming in about two houres after, was no lesse marked then all the rest before, because he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor deuice, his armor of as old a fashion (besides the rustie poorenesse,) that it might better seeme a monnument of his grandsathers courage: about his middle he had in steede of baces, a long cloak of silke, which as vnhandsomely, as it needes must, became the wearer: so that all that lookt on, measured his length on the earth already, since he had to meete one who had bene victorious of so many gallants. But he went on towards the shield, and with a sober grace strake it; but as he let his sword fall vpon it, another Knight, all in blacke came rustling in, who strake the shield almost as soone as he, & so strongly, that he brake the shield in two: the ill appointed Knight (for so the beholders called him) angry with that, (as he accounted) insolent iniurie to himselfe, hit him such a sound blow, that they that looked on said, it well became a rude arme. The other answered him againe in the same case, so that Launces were put to silence, the swords were so busie.

But *Phalantus* angrie of this defacing shield, came vpon the blacke Knight, and with the pommell of his sword set fire to his eyes, which presently was reuenged, not onely by the Black, but the ill apparelled Knight, who disdained another should enter into his quarrell, so as, who euer saw a matachin daunte to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, euery one had two aduersaries, striking him, who strooke the third, and reuenging perhaps that of him, which he had receiued of the other. But *Basilus* rising himselfe came to part them, the sticklers authority scarcely able to perswade cholerike hearers; and part them he did.

But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foote, who complained to *Basilus*, demanding iustice on the blacke Knight, for hauing by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little forme he ware in a Tablet, and couered with silke had fastened it to his Helmet, purposing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little on with *Artesias* length, not doubting but euen in that little quantitie, the excellency of that would shine thorow the weakenesse of the other: as the smallest starre doth thorow the whole Element of fire. And by the way he had met with this blacke Knight, who had (as he said) robbed him of it. The iniury seemed grieuous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found, that the halting Knight meeting the other, asking the cause of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamelas* diuine beauty against *Artesias*, with a proud iollitie commaunded him to leaue that quarrell onely for him, who was onely worthy to enter into it. But the black Knight obeying no such commatndements, they fell to such a bickering, that he gar a halting, and lost his picture. This vnderstood by *Basilus*, he told him he was now fitter to looke to his owne bodie, then an others picture. and so (vncomforted therein) sent him away to learne of *Aesculapius*, that he was not fit for *Venus*. But then the question arising, who should be the former against *Phalantus*, of the blacke, or the ill apparelled Knight (who now had gotten the reputation of some sturdie lout, he had so well defended himselfe;) of the one side, was, alleaged the hauing a picture, which the other wanted: of the other side,

the first striking the shield; but the conclusion was, that the ill apparelled Knight should haue the precedence, if he deliuered the figure of his mistresse to *Phalantus*, who asking him for it, Certainly (said he) her liueliest picture, (if you could see it) is in my hart, and the best comparision I could make of her, is of the Sunne and of all the other heauenly beauties, But because perhaps all eyes cannot taste the diuinitie of her beauty, & would rather be dazeled, then taught by the light, if it be not clouded by some maner thing, know ye then, that I defed that same Lady, whose image *Phebilus* so feebly lost yesternight, and in steede of another (if you ouercome mee) you shall haue me your slaue to carrie that image in your mistresse triumph. *Phalantus* easily agreed to the bargaine, which already he made his owne.

But when it came to the triall, the ill appareled Knight choosung out the greatest staues in all the store, at the first course gaue his head such a remembrance, that he lost almost his remembrance, he himselfe receiuing the incounter of *Phalantus* without any extraordinary motion. And at the second gaue him such a counterbuffe, that because *Phalantus* was so perfit a horseman, as not to be driuen from the saddle, the saddle with broken girthes was driuen from the horse: *Phalantus* remaining angry and amazed, because now being come almost to the last of his promised enterprise, that disgrace befell him, which he had neuer before knowne.

But the victory being by the Iudges giuen, and the trumpets witnessed to the ill appareled Knight; *Phalantus* disgrace was ingriued in lieu of comfort of *Artesia*, who telling him she neuer lookt for other, bad him seeke some other mistresse. He excusing himselfe, and turning ouer the fault to fortune, Then let that be your ill Fortune too (said she) that you haue lost me.

Nay truly Madam (said *Phalantus*) it shall not be so: for I thinke the losse of such a Mistresse will proue a great gaine: and so concluded; to the sport of *Basilus*, to see young folks loue, that came in maskt with so great pompe, go out with so litle constancy. But *Phalantus* first professing great seruice to *Basilus* for his curteous intermitting his solitary course for his sake, would yet conduct *Artesia* to the castle of *Cecropia*, whither she desired to go: vowing in himselfe, that neither hart; nor mouth-loue, should euer any more intangle him: and with that resolutiō he left the companie. Whēce al being dismissed (among whom the black Knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him frō winning the honour, as he knew he should haue done, to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill appareled Knight (who was only desired to stay, because *Basilus* meant to shew him to *Zelmaue*) puld off his Helmet, & then was known himself to be *Zelmaue*: who that morning (as she told) while the others were busy, had stolne out to the Princes stable, which was a mile off frō the Lodge, had gotten a horse (they knowing it was *Basilus* pleasure she should be obeyed) and borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come vpon the spur, to redeeme *Philocleas* picture, which she said, she could not beare, (being one of that little wildernesse-company) should be in captiuitie, if the cunning she had learned in her country of the noble *Amazons*, could withstand it: and vnder that pretext faine she would haue giuen a secret passport to her affection. But this act painted at one instant rednesse in *Philocleas* face, & palenesse in *Gynecias*, but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no speeches but of cōmendations: all these few (besides loue) thinking they honoured themselves, in honouriug so accomplished a person as *Zelmaue*: whom daily they sought with some or other sports to delight, for which purpose *Basilus* had in a house not farre off, seruants, who though they came not vncalled, yet at call were ready.

And



And so many daies were spent, and many waies vsed, while *Zelmane* was like one that stood in a tree waiting a good occasion to shoot, & *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the dearest deere from her. But the day being come, on which according to an appointed course, the shepheards were to assemble, and make their pastorall sports afore *Basilus: Zelmane* (feeling, lest many eyes, and comming diuers waies, might hap to spie *Musidorus*) went out to warne him thereof.

But before she could come to the Arbour, she saw walking from her ward, a man in shepherdish apparell, who being in the sight of the Lodge, it might seeme he was allowed there. A long cloke he had on, but that cast vnder his right arme, wherein he held a sheephook, so finely wrought, that it gaue a brauery to pouertie; and his raiments, though they were meane, yet receiued they handsomnesse by the grace of the wearer; though he himselfe went but a kinde of languishing pace, with his eyes sometimes cast vp to heauen, as though his fancies straued to mount higher; sometimes throwne downe to the ground, as if the earth could not beare the burthen of his sorrows; at length, with a lamentable tune, he song these fewe verses.

*Come shepheards weedes, become your maisters minde:  
Teld outward shew, what inward change he tryes.  
Nor be abasht, since such a guest you finde,  
Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lyes.*

*Come shepheards weedes, attend my wofull cries:  
Disuse your selues from sweete Menalcas voice:  
For other be those tunes which sorrow tryes,  
From those cleere notes which freely may reioyce.  
Then powre out plaint, and in one word say this:  
Helpelesse his plaint, who spoiles himselfe of blisse.*

And hauing ended, he strake himselfe on the breast, saying, O miserable wretch, whether do thy destinies guide thee? The voice made *Zelmane* hasten her pace to ouertake him: which hauing done, she plainly perceiued that it was her deare friend *Musidorus*, whereat maruailing not a little, she demaunded of him, whether the Goddesse of those woods had such a power to transforme euery body, or whether, as in all enterprises else he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas, (said *Musidorus*) what shall I say, who am sooth to say, & yet faine would haue said? I find in deede, that all is but lip-wisdome, which wants experience. I now (woe is me) do try what loue can do. O *Zelmane*, who will resist it, must either haue no wit, or put out his eyes: can any man resist his creation? certainly by loue we are made, and to loue we are made. Beasts onely cannot discerne beauty, and let them be in the roll of Beasts that do not honor it. The perfect friendship *Zelmane* bare him, and the great pitie she (by good triall) had of such cases, could not keepe her from smiling at him, remembering how vehemently he had cried out against the folly of louers. And therefore a litle to punish him, Why how now deare cousin (said she) you that were last day so high in the pulpet against louers, are you now become so meane an auditor? Remember that loue is a passion; & that a worthy mans reason must euer haue the masterhood. I recant, I recant (cried *Musidorus*) & with all falling downe prostrate, O thou celestiall, or infernall spirit of Loue, or what other heauenly or hellish tide thou list to haue (for effects of both I finde in my selfe)

haue cōpassion of me, & let thy glory be as great in pardoning thē that be submitted to thee, as in conquering those that were rebellious. No, no, said *Zelmave*, I see you well enough: you make but an enterlude of my mishaps, & do but cōterfeit thus, to make me see the deformity of my passiōs: but take heede, that this iest do not one day turne to earnest. Now I beseech thee (said *Musidorus* taking her fast by the hād) euen for the truth of our friendship, of which (if I be not altogether an vnhappy man) thou hast some remembrance, & by those secret flames which (I know) haue likewise nearely touched thee, make no iest of that, which hath so earnestly pierced me thorow, nor let that be light to thee, which is to mee so burdenous, that I am not able to beare it. *Musidorus* both in words and behauiour, did so liuely deliuer out his inward grieffe, that *Zelmave* found indeede, he was throughly wounded: but there rose a new ielousie in her mind, lest it might be with *Philoclea*, by whom, as *Zelmave* thought, in right all harts & eyes should be inherited. And therefore desirous to be cleared of that doubt, *Musidorus* shortly (as in hast and full of passionate perplexednesse) thus recounted his case vnto her.

The day (said he) I parted from you, I being in mind to returne to a towne, from whence I came hither, my horse being before tired, would scarce beare me a mile hence: where being benighted, the sight of a candle (I saw a good way off) guided me to a young shepheards house, by name *Memalca*, who seeing me to be a straying stranger, with the right honest hospitality which seems to be harbored in the *Arcadian* breasts, & though not with curious costlinesse, yet with cleanly sufficiency, entertained me: & hauing by talke with him, found the maner of the country, something more in particular, then I had by *Kalanders* report, I agreed to sojourne with him in secret, which he faithfully promised to obserue. And so hither to your arbour diuerse times repaired: & here by your meanes had the sight) O that it had neuer bin so, nay, O that it might euer be so) of the Goddesse who in a definite compasse can set forth infinite beauty. All this while *Zelmave* was racked with ielousie. But he went on, for (said he) I lying close, and in truth thinking of you, & saying thus to my selfe, O sweet *Pyrocles*, how art thou bewitched? where is thy vertue? where is the vse of thy reason? how much am I inferior to thee in the state of the mind? And yet know I, that al the heauē's cannot bring me to such thraldōe. Scarcely, thinke I, had I spoken this word, when the Ladies came forth: at which sight, I thinke the very words returned backe againe to strike my soule; at least, an vnmeasurable sting I felt in my selfe, that I had spoken such words. At which sight (said, *Zelmave*, not able to beare him any longer. O (said *Musidorus*) I know your suspition; No, no, banish al such feare it was, it is, & must be *Pamela*: Then all is safe (said *Zelmave*) proceede, deare *Musidorus*. I will not (said he) impute it to my late solitary life (which yet is prone to affectiōs) nor to the much thinking of you (though that cald the cōsideration of loue into my mind, which before I euer neglected) nor to the exaltatiō of *Venus*, nor reuenge of *Cupid*, but euen to her, who is the Planet, nay, the Goddesse, against which, the only shield must be my Sepulcher. When I first saw her, I was presently stricken, & I (like a foolish child, that whē any thing hits him, will strike himselfe againe vpon it) would needs looke againe, as though I would perswade mine eyes, that they were deceiued. But alas, wel haue I found, that Loue to a yeelding hart is a king: but to a resisting, is a tyrant. The more with arguments I shaked the stake, which he had plāted in the ground of my hart, the deeper still it sanke into it. But what meane I to speake of the causes of my loue, which is as impossible to describe, as to measure the backside of heauen? Let this word suffice, I loue.

And

And that you may know I do so, it was I that came in blacke armour to defend her picture, where I was both preuented, and beaten by you. And so, I that waited here to do you seruice, haue now my selfe most neede of succor. But whereupon got you your selfe this apparell, said *Zelmane*: I had forgotten to tell you (said *Musidorus*) though that were one principall matter of my speech; so much am I now maister of my owne mind. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalcas* house, full of tormenting desire, after a while fainting vnder the waight, my courage stird vp my wit to seeke for some reliefe, before I yeelded to perill. At last this came into my head, that very euening, that I had to no purpose last vsed my horse and armour. I told *Menalcas*, that I was a *Thessalian* Gentleman, who by mischaunce hauing killed a great fauorite of the Prince of that country, was pursued so cruelly, that in no place, but either by fauour, or corruption, they would obtaine my destruction; & that therefore I was determined (till the fury of my persecutors might be asswaged) to disguise my selfe among the shepheards of *Arcadia*, and (if it were possible) to be one of them that were allowed the Princes presence; because if the woorst should fall, that I were discouered, yet hauing gotten the acquaintance of the Prince, it might happen to moue his hart to protect me. *Menalcas* (being of an honest disposition) pitied my case, which my face through my inwrad torment made credible; and so (I giuing him largely for it) let me haue this rayment, instructing me in all the particularities, touching himselfe, or my selfe, which I desired to know: yet not trusting so much to his constancy, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life, vpon it, I hired him to go into *Thessalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliuer him a letter from me; coniuring him to bring me as speedy an answer as he could, because it imported me greatly to know, whether certaine of my friends did yet possesse any fauour, whose intercessions I might vse for my restitution. He willingly tooke my letter, which being well sealed, indeede contained other matter. For I wrote to my trusty seruant *Calodorus* (whom you know) that as soone as he had deliuered the letter, he should keepe him prisoner in his house, nor suffering him to haue conference with any body, till he knew my further pleasure: in all other respects that he should vse him as my brother. And is *Menalcas* gone, and I here a poore shepheard: more proude of this estate: then of any kingdome, so manifest it is, that the highest point outward things can bring one vnto; is the contentment of the mind. with which, no estate; without which, all estates bee miserable. Now haue I chosen this day, because (as *Menalcas* told me) the other shepheards are called to make their sports, and hope that you will with your credite, find meanes to get me allowed among them. You neede not doubt (answered *Zelmane*) but that I will be your good mistresse: marry the best way of dealing must be by *Dametas*, who since his blunt braine hath perceiued some fauour the Prince doth beare vnto me (as without doubt the most seruile flattery is lodged most easily in the grossest capacity, for their ordinary conceipt draweth a yeelding to their greater, and then haue they not wit to discerne the right degrees of durie) is much more seruiceable vnto me, then I can find any cause to wish him. And therefore dispaire not to winne him: for euery present occasion will catch his senses, and his senses are maisters of his silly mind; onely reuerence him, and reward him, and with that bridle and saddle you shall well ride him. O heauen & earth (said *Musidorus*) to what a passe are our mindes brought, that from the right line of vertue, are wryed to these crooked shifts? But O Loue, it is thou that doost it: thou changest name vpon name; thou disguisest our bodies, and disfigurest our minds.



But indeed thou hast reason, for though the waies be foule, the iournies end is most faire and honourable.

No more sweet *Musidorus* (said *Zelmane*.) of these philosophies, for here comes the very person of *Dametas*. And so he did indeed, with a sword by his side, a forrest bill on his necke, and a chopping-knife vnder his girdle: in which well provided sort he had euer gone since the feare *Zelmane* had put him in. But he no sooner saw her, but with head and armes he laid his reuerence afore her, enough to haue made any man forswear al curtesie. And then in *Basilus* name he did inuite her to walke downe to the place, where that day they were to haue the pastorals.

But when he spied *Musidorus* to be none of the shepheards allowed in that place, he would faine haue perswaded himselfe to vtter some anger, but that he durst not; yet muttering & chāping, as though his cud troubled him, he gaue occasion to *Musidorus* to come neare him, & feine this tale of his owne life: That he was a younger brother of the shepheard *Menalcas*, by name *Dorus*, sent by his father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learne some cunning more then ordinary, that he might be the better liked of the Prince: and that after his fathers death, his brother *Menalcas* (lately gone thither to fetch him home) was also deceased: where (vpō his death) he had charged him to seeke the seruice of *Dametas*, & to be wholly & euer guided by him, as one in whose iudgment & integrity the Prince had singular confidence. For token whereof, he gaue to *Dametas* a good summe of gold in ready coine: which *Menalcas* had bequeathed vnto him, vpon condition he should receiue this poore *Dorus* into his seruice, that his mind and maners might grow the better by his daily example. *Dametas*, that of al maners of stile could best conceiue of golden eloquence, being withall tickled by *Musidorus* praises, had his braine so turned, that he became slaue to that, which he thar sued to be his seruant offered to giue him: yet for countenance sake, he seemed very squeamish, in respect of the charge he had of the Princessse *Pamela*. But such was the secret operation of the gold, helped with the perswasion of the Amazon *Zelmane* (who said it was pity so handsome a yong man should be any where else then with so good a maister) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behaued himselfe so to the liking of *Basilus*, as he might be contented) that then he would receiue him into his seruice.

And thus went they to the Lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters ready to go to the field, to delight themselues there a while, vntill the shepheards comming; whither also taking *Zelmane* with them, as she went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and desired he might be accepted there that day in stead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Basilus*, he stayed behind to bring the shepheards, with whom he meant to conferre, to breed the better *Zelmaes* liking (which he onely regarded) while the other beautifull band came to the faire field, appointed for the shepherdish pastimes. It was indeed a place of delights for through the middest of it there ran a sweet brooke, which did both hold the eye open with her azure streams, & yet seeke to close the eye with the purling noise it made vpon the pibble stones it ran ouer: the field it selfe being set in some places with roses, & in all the rest constantly preserving a flourishing Greene: the roses added such a ruddy shew vnto it, as though the field were bathfull at his own beauty about it (as if it had beene to inclose a Theatre) grew such sort of trees, as either excellency of fruit, stateliness of growth continuall greenness, or poetickall fancies, haue made at any time famous. In most part of which there had bene framed by art such pleasant arbors, that (one answering another) they became a gallery aloft from tree to tree almost round about, which

which below gaue a perfect shadow, a pleasant refuge then from the cholericke looke of *Phaëbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carying many vnquiet contentions about her, the Ladies sate them downe, inquiring diuerse questions of the shepheard *Dorus*; who (keeping his eye still vpon *Pamela*,) answered with such a trembling voice, and abashed countenance, and oftentimes so far from the matter, that it was some sport to the young Ladies, thinking it want of education, which made him so discountenanced with vnwonted presence. But *Zelmane* that saw in him the glasse of her owne miserie, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kisses setting it close to her lips (as if it shold stand there like a hand in the margine of a booke, to note some saying worthy to be marked) began to speake these words. O Loue, since thou art so changeable in mens estates, how art thou so constant in their torments? when suddenly there came out of a wood a monstrous Lyon, with a she Beare not farre from him, of litle lesse fiercenesse, which (as they ghest) hauing bene hunted in Forrests farre off, were by chaunce come thither, where before such beasts had neuer bene seene. Then care, not feare; or feare, not for themselves, altered something the countenances of the two Louers, but so, as any man might perceiue, was rather an assembling of powers, then dismayednesse of courage. *Philoclea* no sooner espied the Lyon, but that obeying the commandement of feare, she leapt vp, and ran to the Lodge-ward, as fast as her delicate legges could carie her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where she stood quaking like the Partridge, on which the Hauke is euen ready to seaze. But the Lion (seeing *Philoclea* run away) bent his race to her-ward, and was readie to seaze himselfe on the praie, when *Zelmane* (to whom daunger then was a cause of dreadlesnesse, all the composition of her elements beeing nothing but fierie) with sweetnesse of desire crost him, and with force of affection strake him such a blow vpon his chine, that shee opened all his bodie: wherewith the valiant beast turning her with open iawes, shee gaue him such a thrust through his breast, that all the Lyon could do, was with his paw to teare off the mantle & sleeue of *Zelmane*, with a litle scratch, rather then a wound; his death-blow hauing taken away the effect of his force: but therewithall hee fell downe, and gaue *Zelmane* leasure to take off his head, to carie it for a present to her Ladie *Philoclea*: who all this while (not knowing what was done behind her) kept on her course, like *Arethusa* when she ran from *Alpheus*; her light apparell being caried vp with the wind, that much of those beauties, she wold at another time haue willingly hidden, was presented to the sight of the twise wounded *Zelmane*. Which made *Zelmane* not follow her ouer hastilie, least she should too soone deprive her selfe of that pleasure: but carying the Lyons head in her hand, did not fully ouertake her, till they came to the presence of *Basilius*. Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither also; who had bene in such a traunce of musing, that *Zelmane* was fighting with the Lyon, before she knew of any Lyons comming: but then affection resisting, and the soone ending of the fight preuenting all extremitie of feare, she marked *Zelmanes* fighting: and when the Lyons head was off, as *Zelmane* ran after *Philoclea*, so she could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane*: so that it was a new sight, Fortune had prepared to those woods, to see these great personages thus run one after the other: each caried forward with an inward violence: *Philoclea* with such feare, that she thought she was still in the Lyons mouth: *Zelmane* with an eager and impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of loue, flying she neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now, being all come before *Basilius*,  
amazed

amazed with this sight, and feare hauing such possession in the faire *Philoclea*, that her blood durst not yet come to her face, to take away the name of paleness from her most pure whitenesse, *Zelmane* kneeled downe, and presenting the Lyons head vnto her: Onlie Lady (said she) here see you the punishmet of that vnnaturall beast, which contrary to his own kind, would haue wronged Princes blood, guided with such traitorous eyes, as durst rebell against your beauty. Happy am I, & my beauty both (answered the sweete *Philoclea*, then blushing, for Feare had bequeathed his roome to his kinsman Bashfulnesse) that you excellent *Amazon*, were there to teach him good maners. And euen thanks to that beauty (answered *Zelmane*) which can giue an edge to the bluntest swords. There *Philoclea* told her father how it had hapned: but as she had turued her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, she perceiued some blood vpon *Zelmaes* shoulder, so that starting with the louely grace and pity, she shewed it to her father and mother: who, as the nurse sometimes with ouer-much kissing may forget to giue the babe sucke, so had they with too much delighting, in beholding and praising *Zelmane*, left off to marke whether she needed succour. But then they ran both vnto her, like a father and mother to an onely child, and (though *Zelmane* assured them it was nothing) would needs see it, *Gynecia* hauing skill in Chirurgery, an arte in those dayes much esteemed, because it serued to vertuous courage, which euen Ladies would (euer with the contempt of cowards) seeme to cherish. But looking vpon it (which gaue more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for she might sometimes feelee *Philocleas* touch, whiles she helped her mother) she found it was indeed of no importance: yet applied she a precious baulme vnto it, of power to heale a greater grieve.

But euen then, and not before, they remembered *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane* (thinking of her friend *Dorus*) was running backe to be satisfied, when they might all see *Pamela* comming betweene *Dorus* and *Dametas*, hauing in her hand the paw of a Beare, which the shepheard *Dorus* had newly presented vnto her, desiring her to accept it, as of such a beast, which though she deserved death for her presumption, yet was her wit to be esteemed, since she could make so sweet a choice. *Dametas* for his part came piping and dauncing, the meriest man in a parish: but when he came so neare as he might be heard of *Basilus*, he would needs breake through his cares with this ioyfull song of their good successe:

**N**ow thanked be the great God Pan,  
Which thus preserues my loued life:  
Thanked be I that keepe a man,  
who ended hath this bloody strife:  
For if my man must praises haue,  
what then must I that keepe the knaue?

For as the Moone the eye doth please,  
with gentle beames not hurting sight:  
Tis bath for Sunne the greatest praise,  
because from him doth come her light:  
So if my man must praises haue,  
what then must I that keepe the knaue?

Being all now come together, and all desirous to know each others aduentures, *Pamelas* noble heart would needs gratefully make known the valiant meane of her safetie



safety, which (directing her speech to her mother) she did in this maner. As soone, said she, as ye were al run away, & that I hoped to be in safety, there came out of the same woods a horrible fowle beare, which (fearing belike to deale, while the Liō was present, as soone as he was gone) came furiously towards the place where I was, & this yong shepherd left alone by me; I truly (not guilty of any wisdom, which since they lay to my charge; because they say, it is the best refuge against that beast, but euen pure feare bringing forth that effect of wisdom) fel downe flat on my face, needing not counterfeite being dead, for indeede I was litle better. But this yong shepheard with a wōderful courage, hauing no other weapō but that knife you see stāding before the place where I lay, so behaued himselfe, that the first sight I had (when I thought my selfe already neare *Charons* ferry) was the shepheard shewing me his bloody knife in token of victory, I pray you (said *Zelmane*, speaking to *Dorus*, whose valour she was careful to haue manifested) in what sort, so il weaponed, could you archieue this enterprise? Noble Lady, said *Dorus* the maner of these beasts fighting with any man; is to stād vp vpo their hinder feet, & so this did, & being ready to giue me a shrewd embracemēt, I thinke the God *Pan* (euer carefull of the chief blessings of *Arcadia*) guided my hand so iust to the heart of the beast, that neither she could once touch mee, nor (which is the only matter in this worthy remēbrance) breed any danger to the Princeesse. For my part, I am rather (withall subiected humbleness to thanke her excellencies, since the duty thereunto gaue me heart to saue my selfe, then to receiue thanks for a deed, which was her only inspiring. And this *Dorus* spake, keeping affection as much as he could backe from comming into his eyes and gestures. But *Zelmane* (that had the same character in her heart) could easily discipher it, and therefore to keepe him the longer in speech, desired to vnderstand the conclusion of the matter; and how the honest *Dametas* was escaped. Nay said *Pamela*, none shall take that office from my selfe, being so much bound to him as I am, for my education. And with that word, scorning borrowing the countenance of mirth, somewhat she smiled, and thus spake on: When (said she) *Dorus* made me assuredly perceiue, that all cause of feare was passed (the truth is) I was ashamed to find my selfe alone with this shepheard; and therefore looking about me, if I could see any body; at length we both perceiued the gentle *Dametas*, lying with his head and breast as far as he could thrust himselfe into a bush, drawing vp his legs as close vnto him as he could: for, like a man of a very kind nature, soone to take pity of himselfe, he was full resoluēd not to see his owne death. And when this shepheard pushed him, bidding him to be of good cheere; it was a great while ere wee could perswade him, that *Dorus* was not the beate: so that he was faine to pull him out by the heeles, and shew him the beast, as dead as he could with it: which you may beleeue me, was a very ioyfull sight vnto him. But then he forgate all curtesie; for he fell vpon the beast, giuing it many a manfull wound: swearing by much, it was not well such beasts should be suffered in a common wealth. And then my gouernour as full of ioy, as before of feare came dauncing and singing before as euen now you saw him. Well wel (said *Basilus*) I haue not chosen *Dametas* for his fighting; nor for his discoursing, but for his plainnesse & honesty, & therein I know he wil not deceiue me. But then he told *Pamela* (not so much because she should know it; as because he would tel it) the wonderful act *Zelmane* had performed, which *Gynecia* likewise spake off, both in such extremitie of praising, as was easie to be seene, the cōstruction of their speech might best be made by the Grammer rules of affection. *Basilus* told with what a gallant grace shee ranne with the Lyons head in her hand, like another

*Pallas*

*Pallas* with the spoiles of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* sware, shee saw the very face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean*, Lion; & all with a gratefull assent confirmed the same praises: only poore *Dorus* (though of equall desert, yet not proceeding of equall estate) should haue bin left forgotten, had not *Zelmane* againe with great admiration begun to speake of him; asking, whether it were the fashion or no, in *Arcadia*, that shepheards should performe such valorous enterprises.

This *Basilus* (hauing the quicke sence of a louer) tooke, as though his Mistresse had giuen him a secret reprehension, that he had not shewed more gratefulnessse to *Dorus*; and therefore (as nimbly as he could) enquired of his estate, adding promise of great rewards: among the rest, offering to him, if he would exercise his courage in souldierie, hee would commit some charge vnto him vnder his Lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus* (whose ambition climed by another staire) hauing first answered touching his estate, that he was brother to the shepherd *Menalcas*; who among other, was wont to resort to the Princes presence, and excused his going to souldierie, by the vnaptnesse he found in himselfe that way; he told *Basilus*, that his brother in his last testament had willed him to serue *Dametas*; and therefore (for due obedience therunto) he wold thinke his seruice greatly rewarded, if he might obtaine by that meane to liue in the sight of his Prince, and yet practise his own chosen vocation. *Basilus* (liking well his goodly shape and handsome maner) charged *Dametas* to receiue him like a sonne into his house; saying, that his valour, and *Dametas* truth would be good bulwarke against such mischiefs, as (he stuck not to say) were threatned to his daughter *Pamela*.

*Dametas*, no whit out of countenance with all that had bene said (because he had no worse to fall into then his owne) accepted *Dorus*; and withall telling *Basilus*, that some of the shepheards were come; demanded in what place he would see their sports: who first, curious to know whether it were not more requisite for *Zelmaes* hurt to rest, then sit vp at those pastimes; and shee (that felt no wound but one) earnestly desired to haue the pastorals. *Basilus* commanded it should be at the gate of the Lodge, where the throne of the Prince being (according to the ancient maner) he made *Zelmane* sit betweene him and his wife therein, who thought her selfe betweene drowning and burning; and the two young Ladies of either side the throne, and so prepared their eyes and eares to be delighted by the shepheards.

But before all of them were assembled to begin their sports, there came a fellow who being out of breath (or seeming so to be for haste) with humble hastinesse told *Basilus*, that his Mistresse, the Ladie *Cecropia*, had sent him to excuse the mischance of her beasts raunging in that dangerous sort, being happened by the folly of the keeper; who thinking himselfe able to rule them, had caried them abroad, & so was decciued: whom yet (if *Basilus* wold punish for it) she was ready to deliuer. *Basilus* made no other answer, but that his Mistresse if she had any more such beasts, shold cause them to be killed: & then he told his wife & *Zelmane* of it, because they shold not feare those woods, as though they harboured such beasts, where the like had neuer bene scene. But *Gynecia* tooke a further conceit of it, mistrusting greatly *Cecropia*, because she had heard much of the diuellish wickednesse of her heart, and that particularly she did her best to bring vp her sonne *Amphialus* (being brothers son to *Basilus*) to aspire to the Crowne, as next heire male after *Basilus*, and therefore saw no reason, but that she might coniecture, it proceeded rather of some mischieuous practise, then of misfortune. Yet did she only vtter her doubt to her daughters, thinking, since the worst was past, she would attend a further occasion, least ouer much

haste

hast might seeme to proceede of the ordinary mislike betweene sisters in law, only they maruelled that *Basilus* looked no further into it, who (good man) thought so much of his late conceiued common wealth, that all other matters were but digressions vnto him. But the shepheards were ready, and with well handling themselves, called their senses to attend their pastimes.

### THE FIRST ECLOGVES.

**B***asilus*, because *Zelmane* so would haue it, vsed the artificiall day of torches, to lighten the sports their inuentions could minister: and because many of the shepheards were but newly come, he did in a gentle maner chastise their negligence, with making them (for that night) the torch-bearers; and the others, he willed with all freedome of speech and behauiour to keepe their accustomed method: which while they prepared to do, *Dametas*, who much disdained (since his late authority) all his old companions, brought his seruant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himself stood like a director ouer them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or stamping, shewing how hee did like or mislike those thinges he did not vnderstand. The first sports the shepheards shewed, were full of such leaps and gambols, as being accorded to the pipe (which they bare in their mouths, euen as they daunced) made a right picture of their chiefe God *Pan*, and his copanions the *Satyres*. Then would they cast away their pipes, & holding hand in hand daunce as it were in a braule, by the onely cadence of their voyces, which they would vse in singing some short coplets, wherto the one half beginning, the other half should answere as the one halfe saying:

*We loue, and haue our lones rewarded.*

The others would answere.

*We loue, and are no whit regarded.*

The first againe.

*VVe find most sweet affections snare.*

With like tune it should be as in a quire sent backe againe.

*That sweet, but sowre despairfull care,*

A third time likewise thus.

*VVho can despair, whom hope doth beare?*

The answere.

*And who can hope that feesles despair?*

Then all ioyning their voyces, and dauncing a faster measure, they would conclude with some such words:

*As without breath no pipe doth moue,*

*No musicke kindly without loue.*

Hauiug thus varied both their songs and daunces into diuers sorts of inuentions; their last sport was, one of them to prouoke another to a more large expressing of his passions: which *Thirsis* (accounted one of the best singers amongst them) hauiug marked in *Dorus* dauncing, no lesse good grace and handsome behauiour, then extreame tokens of a troubled minde; began first with his pipe, and then with his voice, thus to challenge *Dorus*, and was by him answered in the vnderwritten sort.

G

*Thirsis*



## Thyrsis and Dorus.

Thyrsis. Come Dorus, come, let songs thy sorrowes signifie,  
 And if for want of use thy mind ashamed is,  
 That verie shame with loues high title dignifie.  
 No stile is held for base, where loue well named is:  
 Each eare sucks up the words a true loue scattereth,  
 And plaine speech oft, than quaint phrase better framed is.

Dorus. Nightingales seldome sing, the Pie still chattereth,  
 The wood cries most, before it thoroughly kindled be,  
 Deadlie wounds inward bleed, each sleight fore mastereth.  
 Hardlie they heard, which by good hunters singled be:  
 Shallow brooks murmure most, deepe silents slide away,  
 Nor true-loue, his loues with others mingled be.

Thyrsis. If thou wilt not be seene, thy face go hide away,  
 Be none of vs, or els maintaine our fashion:  
 Who frownes at others feasts, doth better hide away.  
 But if thou hast a loue, in that loues passion.  
 I challenge thee by shew of her perfection,  
 Which of vs two deserueth most compassion.

Dorus. Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:  
 Sing then, and see (for now thou hast inflamed me)  
 Thy health too meane a match for my infection.  
 No though the heauens for high attempts haue blamed me,  
 Yet high is my attempt. O Muse historicke  
 Her praise, whose praise to learne your skill hath framed me.

Thyrsis. Muse hold your peace: but thou my God Pan glorifie  
 My Kalas gifts, who with all good gifts filled.  
 Thy pipe, O Pan, shal help, though I sing sorilie:  
 A heape of sweetes she is, where nothing spilled is:  
 Who though she be no Bee, yet full of honey is:  
 A lillie field, with plough of Rose which tilled is.  
 Mild as a Lambe, more daintie then a Conie is:  
 Her eyes my eye-sight is, her conuersation  
 More glad to me, then to a miser money is.  
 What coy account she makes of estimation?  
 How nice to touch? how all her speeches peised be?  
 A Nymph thus turn'd, but mended in translation.

Dorus. Such Kala is: but ah my fancies raised be  
 In one, whose name to name were high presumption,  
 Since vertues all, to make her title, pleased be  
 O happie Gods, which by inward assumption

Enioy

Enjoy her soule, in bodies faire possession,  
 And keepe it ioynd, fearing your seates consumption.  
 How oft with raine of teares skies make confession,  
 Their dwellers rapt with sight of her perfection,  
 From heav'nly throne to her heav'n use digression?  
 Of best things then what world shall yeeld confession  
 To liken her? decke yours with your comparison:  
 She is her selfe of best things the collection.

**Thyrsis.** How oft my dolefull Sire cride to me, starie sonne,  
 When first he spied my lone? how oft he said to me,  
 Thou art no souldier fit for Cupids garrison?  
 My sonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath layd to mee:  
 Loue well thine owne. me shinkes moods whitnesse passeth all:  
 I neuer found long loue such wealth hath paid to me.  
 This wind he spent: but when my Kala glasseth all  
 My sight in her faire limmes, I then assure my selfe,  
 Not rotten sheepe, but high crownes shee passeth all.  
 Can I be poore, that her gold haire procure my selfe?  
 VVant I white wooll, whose eyes her white skin garnished?  
 Till I get her, shall I to keepe inure my selfe?

**Dorus.** How oft, when Reason saw, Lone of her harnised  
 VVith armour of my heart he cryed, o vanity  
 To set a pearle in Steele so meanely varnished?  
 Look to thy selfe, reach not beyond humanity.  
 Her minde, beames, state, farre from thy weakewings banished:  
 And loue which lower hurts is inhumanity:  
 Thus Reason said: but she came, Reason vanished:  
 Her eyes so mastering me, that such obiection  
 Seem'd but to spoile the foode of thoughtis long famished,  
 Her pe:relesse beight my mind to high erection  
 Drawes up; and if hope sayling end lifes pleasure,  
 Offairer death how can I make election?

**Thyrsis.** Once my well waiting eyes espied my treasure,  
 VVith sleeues turn'd up, loose haire, and breast enlarged,  
 Her fathers corne (mouing her faire limmes) measure.  
 O cryed I, of so meane worke be discharged:  
 Measure my case how by thy beauties filling  
 With seed of woes my heart brim full is charged.  
 Thy father bids thee saue, and chide for spilling.  
 Saue then my soule, spill not my thoughts well heaped,  
 No lonely praise was euer got by killing.  
 These bold words shee did beare, this fruit I reaped,  
 That she whose looke alone might make me blessed,  
 Did smile on me, and then away she leaped.

Dorus. *Once, O sweet once, I saw with dread oppressed  
Her whom I dread: so that with prostrate lying  
Her length the earth in Lones chiefe clothing dressed.  
I saw that riches fall, and fell a crying:  
Let not dead earth enioy so deare a couer,  
But decke therewith my soule for your sake dying:  
Lay all your feare upon your fearfull Loner:  
Shine eyes on me that both our liues be guarded,  
So I your sight, you shall your selues recover.  
I cried, and was with open rayes rewarded:  
But straight they fled, summoned by cruell honour,  
Honour, the cause desert is not regarded.*

Thyrsis. *This Maide, thus made for ioyes, O Pan bemoane her,  
That without loue she spends her yeares of loue:  
So faire a field: would well become an owner.  
And if enchauntment can a hard hart moue,  
Teach me what circle may acquaint her sprite,  
Affections charmes in my behalfe to proue.  
The circle is my (round about her) sight,  
The power I will inuoke awels in her eyes:  
My charme should be she haunt me day and night.*

Dorus. *Farre other case, O Muse, my serow tries,  
Bent to such one in whom my selfe must say,  
Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.  
What circle then so rare force beares sway?  
Whose sprite all sprites can soile, raise, damne or save:  
No charme holds her, but well possesse she may,  
Possesse she doth, and makes my soule her slaue,  
My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatal knot.  
No thrall like them that inward bondage haue.*

Thyrsis. *Kala at length conclude my lingring lot:  
Disdaine me not, although I be not faire.  
Who is an heire of manie hundreth sheepe,  
Doth beauties keepe which neuer sunne can burne,  
Nor stormes do turne: fairnesse serues oft to wealth.  
Yet all my health I place in your good will.  
Which if you will (O do) bestow on me,  
Such as you see, such still you shall me find,  
Constant and kind, my sheepe your food shall breed,  
Their wooll your weed, I will you musike yeeld  
In flowry fields, and as the day begins  
With twentie gintes we will the small birds take,  
And pastimes make, as nature things hath made.  
But when in shade we meete of Mistle bowes,  
Then loue allowes our pleasures to enrich,*



*The thoughts of which doth passe all worldly pelfe.*  
 Dorus. *Ladie your selfe whom neither name I dare,  
 And titles are but spots to such a worth,  
 Here plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.  
 The noblest kind reiects not others woes.  
 I haue no shewes of wealth: my wealth is you,  
 My beauties hewe your beams, my health your deeds;  
 My mind for weeds your vertues liuerie weares.  
 My food is teares; my tunes waymenting yeeld:  
 Dispaire my field; the flowers spirits warres:  
 My day new cares; my ginnes my dayly sight,  
 In which do light small birds of thoughts orethrowne:  
 My pastimes none: time passeth on my fall.  
 Nature made all but me, of dolours made:  
 I find no shade, but where my sunne doth burne  
 No place to turne; without, within it fries:  
 Nor helpe by life or death, who lining dies.*

Thyrsis. *But if my Kala thus my fate denies,  
 Which so much reason beares:  
 Let Crows picke out mine eyes, which too much saw.  
 If she still hate lones law,  
 My earthy mould doth melt in watric teares.*

Dorus. *My earthy mould doth melt in watric teares,  
 And they againe resolue  
 To aire of sighes, sighes to the hearts fire turne,  
 Which doth to ashes burne.  
 Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolue,*

Thyrsis. *Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolue,  
 That I grow like the beast,  
 Which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,  
 Yet patient must abide.  
 Such weight it hath, which once is full posselt.*

Dorus. *Such weight it hath which once is full posselt,  
 That I become a vision,  
 Which hath in others head his only being,  
 And liues in fancie seeing.  
 O wretched state of man in selfe diuision!*

Thyrsis. *O wretched state of man in selfe diuision!  
 O well thou sayest a feeling declaration  
 Thy tongue hath made, of Cupids deepe incision.  
 But now hoarse voyce, doth faile this occupation,  
 And others long to tell their lones condition,  
 Of singing thou hast got the reputation.*

Dorus. *Of singing thou hast got the reputation,  
 Good Thyrsis mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie,  
 My heart doth seeke another estimation.  
 But ah my Muse, I would thou hadst facilitie.  
 To worke my goddesse so by thy inuention,  
 On me to cast those eyes where shine Nobilitie:  
 Seene and unknowne; heard, but without attention.*

Dorus did so well in answering *Thyrsis*, that euerie one desired to heare him sing somthing alone. Seeing therefore a Lute lying vnder the Princeesse *Pamela*s feet, glad to haue such an errand to approach her, he came, but came with a dismayed grace, all his blood stirred betwixt feare and desire: & playing vpon it with such sweetnesse, as euerie bodie wondred to see such skill in a shepheard, he sang vnto it with a sorrowing voice these Elegiacke verses:

Dorus. *-- Fortune, Nature, Loue, long haue contended about me,  
 Which should most miseries cast on a worme that I am.  
 -- Fortune thus gan say; miserie and misfortune is all one,  
 And of misfortune, fortune hath onely the gift.  
 -- With strong foes on land, on sea with contrarie tempests,  
 Still do I crosse this wretch, what so he taketh in hand.  
 -- Tush, tush, said Nature, this is all but a trifle, a mans selfe  
 Gines haps or mishaps, eu'n as he ordereth his heart.  
 -- But so his humour I frame, in a mould of choller adusted,  
 That the delights of life shal be to him dolorous.  
 -- Loue smiled, and thus said; Want ioyn'd to desire is unhappie:  
 But if he nought do desire, what can Heraclitus aile?  
 -- None but I workes by desire: by desire haue I kindled in his soule  
 Infernall agonies vnto a beantie diuine:  
 -- Where thou poore Nature left'st al thy due glorie, to Fortune  
 Her vertue is soueraigne, Fortune a vassall of hers.  
 -- Nature abasht went backe: Fortune blusht: yet she replide thus:  
 And eu'n in that loue shall I reserve him a spite.  
 -- Thus, thus, alas! wofull by Nature, unhappie by Fortune,  
 But most wretched I am, now Loue awakes my desire.*

Dorus when he had sung this, hauing had all the while a free beholding of the faire *Pamela* (who could wel haue spared such honor, & defended the assault he gaue vnto her face with bringing a faire staine of shamefastnesse vnto it) let fall his armes, & remained so fastened in his thought, as if *Pamela* had graffed him there to grow in continuall imagination. But *Zelmone* espying it, and fearing he should too much forget himselfe, she came to him, and tooke out of his hand the Lute, and laying fast hold of *Philocleas* face with her eyes, she sung these Saphiques, speaking as it were to her owne hope.

*If mine eyes can speake to do heartie errand,  
 Or mine eyes language she do hap to iudge of,  
 So that eyes message be of her receiued,  
 Hope we do line yet.*

But

But if eyes faile then, when I most do need them,  
Or if eyes language be not vnto her knowne,  
So that eyes message do retorne recolected,

Hope we do both dye.

Yet dying, and dead, do we sing her honour;  
So become our tombes monuments of her praise;  
So becomes our losse the triumph of her gaine;

Hers be the glory.

If the sheares senselesse do yet hold a musique,  
If the Swannes sweet voice be not heard, but as death,  
If the mute timber when it hath the life lost,

Teldeth a Lutes tune:

Are then humane mindes priuilegd so meanly,  
As that hatefull death can abridge them of powre  
With the vowe of truth to record to all worlds

That we be her spoiles?

Thus not ending, ends the due praise of her praise:  
Fleshly waile consumes; but a soule hath his life,  
Which is held in loue; loue it is, that hath ioyned

Life to this our soule.

But if eyes can speake to do hartie errand,  
Or mine eyes language she doth hap to iudge of,  
So that eyes message be of her receiued,

Hope we do liue yet.

Great was the pleasure of *Basilus*, and greater would haue beene *Gynacius*, but that shee found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philocles* shee was sweetly rauished withall. When *Dorus* desiring in a secret maner to speake of their cases, as perchance the parties intended might take some light of it, making low reuerence to *Zelmane*, began this prouoking song in hexamiter verse vnto her. Whercunto shee soone finding whither his words were directed (in like tune and verse) answered as followeth:

Dorus.

Zelmane.

Dorus. Lady reserved by the heauns to do pastors company honor,  
Ioyning your sweet voice to the rurall muse of a deserte;  
Here you fully do finde this strange operation of loue,  
How to the woods loue runnes as well as rydes to the Pallace,  
Neither he beares reuerence to a Prince nor pittie to beggers  
But (like a point in midst of a circle) is still of a neer nesse,  
All to a les son he draw's, neither hills nor caues can auoide him.

Zelmane. Worthy shepeheard by my song to my selfe all fauor is hapned,  
That to the sacred Muse my annoyes somewhat be reuealed,  
Sacred Muse, who in one contaynes what nine do in all them.  
But O happy be you, which safe from fyre reflection  
Of Phœbus violence in shade of sweet Cyparissus,



Or pleasant mirtell, may teach th' unfortunate Eccho  
 In these woods to resound the renowned name of a goddesse.  
 Happy be you that may to the saint, your onely Idea,  
 (Although simply attyrd) your manly affection utter.  
 Happy be those misbapps which iustly proportion holding,  
 Giue right sound to the cares, and enter aright to the iudgements  
 But wretched be the soules, which vaild in a contrary subiect:  
 How much more we do loue, so the lesse our lones be beleened.  
 What skill salueth a sore of a wrong infirmitie iudged?  
 What can iustice auaille, to a man that telles not his owne case?  
 You though feares do abash, in you still possible hopes be:  
 Nature against we do seeme to rebell, seeme fooles in a vaine sute.  
 But so vnheard, condemn'd, kept thence we do seeke to abide in,  
 Selfe-lost in wandring, banished that place we do come from,  
 What meane is there alas, we can hope our losse to recover?  
 What place is there left, we may hope our woes to recomfort?  
 Vnto the heau'ns: our wings be too short: earth thinks vs' a burden,  
 Aire we do stik with sighes encrease: to the fire? we do want none.  
 And yet his outward heate our teares would quench, but an inward  
 Fire no liquor can coole: Neptunes realme would not auaille vs.  
 Happy shepheard, with thanks to the Gods, still thinke to be thankfull,  
 That to thy aduancement their wisdomes haue thee abased.

Dorus. Vnto the Gods with a thankfull heart all thanks I do render,  
 That to my aduancement their wisdomes haue me abased.  
 But yet, alas! O but yet alas! our haps be but hard haps,  
 Which must frame contempt to the fittest purchase of honor.  
 Well may a Pastor plaine, but alas his plaints be not esteem'd:  
 Silly shepheards poore pype, when his harsh sound testifies anguish,  
 Into the faire looker on, pastime, not passion, enters.  
 And to the woods or brookes, who do make such dreery recitall?  
 What be the panges they beare, and whence those pangs be deriued,  
 Pleas'd to receiue that name by rebounding answer of Eccho,  
 May hope thereby to ease their inward horrible anguish,  
 When trees dance to the pype, and swift streames stay by the musicke,  
 Or when an Eccho begins vnmon'd to sing them a lone song,  
 Say then, what vantage do we get by the trade of a pastor?  
 (since no estates be so base, but loue vouchsafeth his arrow,  
 Since no refuge doth serue from wounds we do carry about vs,  
 Since outward pleasures be but halting helps to decayd soules)  
 Saue that dayly we may discern what fire we do burne in.  
 Farre more happy be you, whose greatnesse gets a free access;  
 Whose faire bodily gifts are fram'd most louely to each eye.  
 Vertue you haue, of vertue you haue left prooffe to the whole world.  
 And vertue is gratefull, with beauty and richnesse adorned:  
 Neither doubt you a whit, time will your passion utter.  
 Hardly remayns fier hid, where skill is bent to the hiding,  
 But in a minde that would his flames should not be repressed,

Nature

Nature worketh enough with a small help for the revealing,  
 Give therefore to the Muse great praise, in whose verie likenesse  
 You do approach to the fruit your onely desires be to gather.

Zelmane. First shall fertill grounds not yeeld increase of a good seed:  
 First the riuers shall cease to repay their fludds to the Ocean:  
 First may a trustie Greyhound transforme himselfe to a Tigre:  
 First shall vertue be vice, and beantie be counted a blemish,  
 Ere that I leaue with song of praise her praise to solemnize,  
 Her praise, whence to the world all praise hath his only beginning:  
 But yet well I do finde each man most wise in his owne case.  
 None can speake of a wound with skill, if he haue not a wound felt.  
 Great to thee my state seemes, thy state is blest by my iudgement:  
 And yet neither of vs great or best deemeth his owne selfe.  
 For yet (weigh this alas!) great is not great to the greater.  
 What iudge you doth a billocke shew, by the lostie Olympus?  
 Such my minute greatnes, doth see me comparde to the greatest.  
 When Cedars to the ground fall downe by the weight of an emmet,  
 Or when a rich rubies iust price by the worth of a walnut,  
 Or to the Sunne for wonders seeme small sparkes of a candle:  
 Then by my high Cedar, rich Ruby, and only shining Sunne,  
 Vertue, riches, beauties of mine shall great be reputed.  
 Oh no, no, worthe shepheard, worth can neuer enter a title,  
 Where proofes iustly do teach, this match, such worth to be nought worth,  
 Let not a put pet abuse thy sprite, Kings Crownes do not helpe them  
 From the cruell headache, nor shooes of gold do the gowts heale:  
 And precious conches full oft are shak't with a feauer.  
 If then a bodily euill in a bodily gloze be not hidden,  
 Shall such morning dewes be an ease to the heat of a lones fire?

Dorus. O glittering miseries of man, if this be the fortune  
 Of those fortune lulls? so small rest rests in a kingdome?  
 What maruaile tho a Prince transforme himselfe to a Pastor?  
 Come from marble bowres manie times the gay harbor of anguish,  
 Into a silly caban, though weake, yet stronger against woes.  
 Now by thy words I begin, most famous Ladie to gather  
 Comfort into my soule I do finde, I do find what a blessing  
 Is chaunced to my life, that from such muddie abundance  
 Of carking agonies (to states which still be adberent)  
 Deslinie keepes me aloofe, for if all this state to thy vertue  
 Ioynd by thy beantie adorn'd be no meanes these greefes to abolish:  
 If neither by that help, thou canst clime vp to thy fancie,  
 Nor yet fancie so drest receiue more plausible hearing:  
 Then do I thinke indeed, that better it is to be priuate  
 In sorrowe tortments, then, tied to the poms of a pallace,  
 Nurse inward malaries, which haue not scope to be breath'd out:  
 But perforce digest all bitter ioyes of horror  
 In silence, from a mans owne selfe with company robbed.

Better

Better yet do I live, that though by my thoughts I be plunged  
 Into my lues bondage, yet may disburden a passion  
 (Opprest with ruinous conceits) by the helpe of an outcry:  
 Not limited to a whispering note, the Lament of a Courtier.  
 But sometimes to the woods, sometimes to the heau'n do accephire  
 With bold clamor vnder ad, vnder mark, what I seeke what I suffer:  
 And when I meete these trees, in the earths faire livery clothed,  
 Ease I do feele (such ease as fallies to one wholly diseased)  
 For that I finde in them parte of my state represented.  
 Lawrell shew' what I seeke, by the Mirre is shon'd how I seeke it,  
 Olive paints me the peace that I must aspire to by the conquest:  
 Mirtel makes my request, my request is crown'd with a willow?  
 Cyprus promiset help, but a helpe where comes no recomfort:  
 Sweete Iuniper, saith this, though I burne, yet I burne in a sweet fire.  
 Ewe doth make me thinke what kinde of bow the boy holdeth  
 Which shootes strongly without any noise, and deadly without smart.  
 Firre trees great and greene, sit on a hye hill but a barren,  
 Like to my noble thoughts, still new, well plac'd, to me fruitlesse.  
 Figge that yeelds most pleasant fruite, his shadow is hurtfull.  
 Thus be her gifts most swete, thus more daunger to be neere her,  
 Now in a palme when I marke, how he doth rise vnder a burden,  
 And may I not (say I then) get up though griefe be so weightie?  
 Pine is a mast to a shippe, to my shippe shall hope for a mast serue,  
 Pine is hye, hope is as hye, sharp leau'd sharpe yet be my hopes buades.  
 Time embrace by a vine, embracing fancie ruineth.  
 Poplar changeth his hew from a rising sunne to a setting:  
 Thus to my sunne do I yeeld, such lookes her beames do asorde me  
 Olde aged oke cutt downe, of newe worke serues to the building:  
 So my desires by my feare cutt downe, be the frames of her honor.  
 As he makes speares which shields do resist, her force no repulse takes,  
 Palmes do reioyce to be ioyn'd by the match of a male to a female,  
 And shall sensue things be so sencelesse as to resist sence?  
 Thus be my thoughts disperst, thus thinking nurseth a thinking,  
 Thus both trees and each thing else, be the bookes of a fancie.  
 But to the Cedar Queene of woods, when I lift my beateard eyes.  
 Then do I shape to my selfe that forme which raig'n's so within me,  
 And thinke there she do dwell and heare what plaints I do utter.  
 When that noble toppe doth nodd, I beleene she salutes me,  
 When by the winde it maketh anyse, I doo thinke she doth answer.  
 Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus do I speake to that Image:  
 Onely Iuell, O onely Iuell, which onely deseruest,  
 That mens hearts be thy seate, and endlesse fame be thy seruant,  
 O descend for a while, from this great height to behold me.  
 But nought else do behold (else is wought worth the beholding)  
 Saue what a worke, by thy selfe is wrought: and since I am attred  
 Thus by thy worke, disdain not that which is by thy selfe done.  
 In meane comes oft treasure abides, to an hostrie a king comes.  
 And so behind foule cloudes full oft faire starres do lie hidde.

Hardy



Zelmane, *Hardy Shepheard, such as thy merits, such may be her insight*  
*lustly to graunt thee reward, such euen I beare to thy fortune,*  
*But to my selfe what wish can I make for a salu to my sorrows,*  
*Whom both nature seemes to debarre from meanes to be helped,*  
*And if a meane were found, fortune th' whole course of it hinders.*  
*This plag'd how can I frame to my sore any hope of amendement,*  
*Whence may I shew to my minde any light of possible escape?*  
*Bound and bound by so noble bands, as loth to be unbound,*  
*Taylor I am to my selfe, prison and prisoner to mine owne selfe.*  
*Yet be my hopes thus plapt, here fixt liues all my recomfort,*  
*That that deire Dyamond, where wisdom holdeth a sure seate,*  
*Whose force had such force so to transforme, nay to reforme me,*  
*Will at length perceine these flames by her beames to be kindled,*  
*And will pity the wound festr'd so strangely within me.*  
*O be it so, graunt such an euent, O Gods, that euent gine.*  
*And for a sure sacrifice I do daily oblation offer*  
*Of mine owne heart, where thoughts be the temple, sight is an altar.*  
*But ceasse worthe Shepheard, now ceasse we to weary the hearers*  
*With manefull melodies, for enough our griefes be reuealed,*  
*If by the parties meant our meanings rightly be marked,*  
*And sorrows do require some respite vnto the sences.*

What exclaiming praises *Basilus* gaue to this Eclogue any man may ghesse, that knowes loue is better then a paire of spectacles to make euery thing seeme greater which is seene through it: and then is neuer tongue tied where fit commendation (whereof womankind is so likerous) is offered vnto it. But before any other came in to supplie the place, *Zelmane* hauing heard some of the shepheards by chaunce name *Strephon* and *Klains*, supposing thereby they had beene present, was desirous both to heare them for the fame of their friendly loue, and to know them, for their kindnesse towards her best loued friend. Much grieued was *Basilus*, that any desire of his mistresse should be vsatisfied, and therefore to represent them vnto her (as well as in their absence it might be) he commaunded one *Lamon*, who had at large set down their country pastimes & first loue to *Vrania*, to sing the whole discourse, which he did in this manner.

A Shepheard tale no height of stile desires,  
 To raise in words what in effect is low:  
 A plaining song plaine-singing voyce requires,  
 For warbling notes fram inward chearing flow.  
 I then, whose bur'd'ned breast but thus aspires  
 Of Shepheards two the seely cause to show,  
 Need not the statly Muses help inuoke  
 For creeping rimes, which often sighings choke.  
 But you, O you, that thinke not teares too deare,  
 To spend for harms, although they touch you not:  
 And deigne to deeme your neighbors mischiefe neare,  
 Although they be of meaner parents got:  
 You I inuite with easie cares to heare

The poore-clad truth of lones wrong-ordred lot.  
 Who may be glad, be glad you be not such:  
 Who share in woe, wegh others haue as much.  
 There was (o seldome blessed word of was!)  
 A paire of friends, or rather one cald two,  
 Traind in the life which no short-bitten grasse  
 In shine or storme must set the clowted shoe:  
 He, that the other in some yeares did passe,  
 And in those gifts that yeares distribute doe,  
 Was Klaius cald, (ah Klaius, wofull wight!)  
 The later borne, yet too soone Strephon hight.  
 Epirus high, was honest Klaius nest,  
 To Strephon Boles land first breathing lent:  
 Put East and West were ioin'd by friendships best.  
 As Strephons care and heart to Klaius bent:  
 So Klaius soule did in his Strephon rest.  
 Still both their flocks flocking together went,  
 As if they would of owners humour be,  
 As ke their pipes did well, as friends agree:  
 Klaius for skill of herbs and shepheards art,  
 Among the wisest was accounted wise;  
 Yet not so wise, as of unstained hart:  
 Strephon was yong, yet markt with humble eies  
 How elder rub'd their flockes and cur'd their smart,  
 So that the grame did not his words despise.  
 Both free of minde, both did cleare-dealing loue,  
 And both had skill in verse their voice to moue.  
 Their chearfull minds, till pois'ned was their cheare,  
 The honest sports of earthly lodging prone;  
 Now for a clod-like Hare in form they peere,  
 Now bolts and cudgill Squirrels leape do moue.  
 Now the ambitious Larke with mirror cleare  
 They catch, while he (foole!) to himselve makes loue:  
 And now at keels they try a harmlesse chaunce,  
 And now their curre they teach to fetch and daunce.  
 When merry May first early calles the morne,  
 With merry maids a Maying they do go:  
 Then do they pull from sharp and niggard throne  
 The plentious sweets (can sweets so sharply grow?)  
 Then some greene gownes are by the lasses worne  
 In chafest playes, till home they walke arowe,  
 While daunce about the May-pole is begun,  
 VVhen, if neede were, they could at quintain run,  
 VVhile thus they ran a low, but leaueld race,  
 VVhile thus they liu'd, this was indeede a life)  
 VVith nature pleas'd, content with present ease,  
 Free of proud feares, braue bogg'ry, smiling strife,  
 Of clime-fall Court, the enuy-hatching place:

VVhile

While those restless desires in great men rise  
 To visite so low folkes did much disdain,  
 This while, though poore, they in themselves did raigne.  
 One day o day, that shind to make them darke!  
 While they did ward sun-beames with shady bay,  
 And Klaius taking for his yongling carke.  
 (Lest greedye eyes to them might challenge lay)  
 Busie with oker did their shoulders marke,  
 (His marke a Piller was denoid of stay,  
 As bragging that free of all passions mone,  
 Well might be others beare, but leaue to none.)

Strephon with leauy twigs of Laurell tree  
 A garland made on temples for to weare,  
 For he then chosen was the dignity  
 Of village Lord that whitson tide to beare:  
 And full, poore soole, of boyish brauery,  
 With triumphs shewes would shew he nought did feare.

But fore-accounting oft makes builders wisse,  
 They found, they felt, they had no lease of blisse.  
 For ere that either had his purpose cone,  
 Behold (beholding well it doth deserue)  
 They saw a maid who thitherward did runne,  
 To catch her parrow which from her did swerne,  
 As she a black-silke capon him begunne  
 To sett for foile of his milke-white to serue.

She chirping ran, he peeping flew away,  
 Till hard by them both he and she did stay.  
 Well for to see they kept themselves vnscene,  
 And saw this fairest maide of fairer minde:  
 By fortune meane; in Nature borne a Queene,  
 How well apaisd shee was her bird to finde:  
 How tenderly her tender hands betweene  
 In iuory cage she did the micher binde.

How rosie moistned lips about his beake  
 Mouing, she seem'd at once to kisse, and speake.  
 Chastned but thus, and thus his lesson taught  
 The happy wretch she put into her brest;  
 Which to their eyes the bowels of Venus brought,  
 For they seem'd made euen of skie mettall best,  
 And that the bias of her bloud was wrought.  
 Betwixt them two the peeper tooke his nest.

Where snugging well he well appear'd content,  
 So to haue done amisse, so to be spent.  
 This done, but done with captiue-killing grace,  
 Each motion seeming short from beauties gow,  
 With length laid downe she deckt the lonely place.  
 Proud grew the grasse that under her did growe,



The trees spread out their armes to shade hir face,  
 But she on elbow lean'd with sigh's did show  
 No grasse, no trees, nor yet her sparrow might  
 To long perplexed mind breed long delight.  
 She troubled was (alas that it mought be!)  
 With tedious brawlings of her parents deare,  
 Who would haue her in will and word agree  
 To wed Antaxius their neighbour neare.  
 A heardman rich of much account was he,  
 In whom no euill did raigne, nor good appeare.  
 In some such one she lik'd not his desire,  
 Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents ire.  
 Kindly, sweet soule, she did unkindnesse take  
 That bagged baggage of a misers mudd,  
 Should price of her, as in a market, make.  
 But golde can guild a rotten peece of wood,  
 To yeeld she found her noble heart did ake.  
 To striue she fear'd how it with vertue stooode.  
 This doubting clouds ore-casting beaunly braine,  
 At length in rowes of Kisse-checks teares they raine.  
 Cupid the wagg, that lately conquer'd had  
 Wife Counsellours, stout Captaines, puissant Kings,  
 And t'ed them fast to lead his triumph bad,  
 Glutted with them now plays with meanest things.  
 So oft in feasts with costly changes clad  
 To crammed mawes a sprat new Stomacke brings.  
 So Lords with sport of Staggs and Hearon full  
 Sometimes we see small birds from nests do pull.  
 So now for pray these shepheards two he tooke,  
 Whose mettall stiffe he knew he could not bend  
 With hear-say pictures, or a window looke,  
 With one good dance, or letter finely pend,  
 That were in court a well proportion'd hooke,  
 where piercing witts do quickly apprehend,  
 Their fences rude plaine obiects only moue,  
 And so must see great cause before they loue.  
 Therefore Loue arm'd in her now takes the field,  
 Making her beames his brauery and might:  
 Her hands which pierc'd the soules seu'n-double shield,  
 Were now his darts leaning his wanted fight.  
 Braue crest to him her scorne-gold haire did yeeld,  
 His compleat harnais was her purest white.  
 But fearing lest all white might seeme too good.  
 In cheeks and lippes the Tyran threatens bloud.  
 Besides this force, within her eies he kept  
 A fire, to burne the prisoners he gaines,  
 Whose boiling hart encreased as she wept.

For eu'n in forge cold water fire maintaines.  
 Thus proud and fierce vnto the hearts he stept  
 Of them poore soules: and cutting Reasons raines,  
 Made them his owne before they had it wist.  
 But if they had, could shee hookes this resist?  
 Klaius streight felt, and groined at the blowe,  
 And cal'd, now wounded, purpose to his aide:  
 Strephon, sona boy, delighted did not knowe,  
 That it was Loue that shin'd in shining maid:  
 But lickrours, Poison'd, faine to her would goe,  
 If him new-learned manners had not staid.  
 For then Vrania homeward did arise,  
 Leauing in paine their well fed hungry eyes.  
 She went, they staid; or rightly for to say,  
 She staid in them, they went in thought with her:  
 Klaius in deed would faine haue pu'd away  
 This mote from out his eye, this inward burr,  
 And now, proud Rebell gan for to gainsay  
 The lesson which but late he learn'd too surre:  
 Meaning with absence to refresh the thought  
 To which her presence such a seauer brought.  
 Strephon did leape with ioy and iolitie,  
 Thinking it iust more therein to delight,  
 Then in good Dog, faire field, or shading tree.  
 So haue I scene trim booke in Veluet dight  
 With golden leaues, and painted baberie  
 Of seely boyes please vnacquainted sight:  
 But when the rod began to play his part,  
 Faine would, but could not flie from golden smart.  
 He quickly learn'd Vrania was her name,  
 And straight for failing, grau'd it in his heart:  
 He knew her haunt, and haunted in the same,  
 And taught his sheepe her sheepe in food to thwart:  
 Which soone as it did batefull question frame,  
 He might on knees confesse his faultie part,  
 And yeeld himselfe vnto her punishment,  
 While nought but game, the selfe-hurt wanton mend.  
 Nay euen vnto her home he oft would go,  
 Where bold and hurtlesse many play he tries,  
 Her parents liking well it should be so,  
 For simple goodnesse shined in his eyes.  
 There did he make her laugh in spite of woe,  
 So as good thoughts of him in all arise,  
 While into none doubt of his loue did sinke,  
 For not himselfe to be in loue did thinke.  
 But glad Desire, his late embosom'd guest,  
 Yet but a babe, with milke of Sight he nursed:

Desire the more he suckt, more sought the brest,  
 Like droppe folke still drinke to be a thirst.  
 Till one faire eawn an hour ere Sun did rest,  
 VVho then in Lions cane did enter first,  
 By neighbors prais'd she went abroad thereby.  
 At Barley brake her sweet swift foot to try.  
 Neuer the earth on his round shoulders bare  
 A maid train'd up from high or low degree,  
 That in her doings better could compare  
 Mirth with respect, few words with curtesie,  
 A carelesse comelinesse with comely care.  
 Self-gard with mildnesse, Sport with Maiessty:  
 VVhich made her yeeld to deck this shepheards band,  
 And still, belecue me, Strephon was at hand.  
 A field they go, where many lookers be,  
 And thou seek-forrow Klaius them among:  
 In deed thou said'st it was thy friend to see  
 Strephon, whose absence seem'd unto thee long,  
 VVhile most with her he lesse did keepe with thee.  
 No more, it was in spite of wisdomes song  
 VVhich absence wisht: lone plaid a victors part:  
 The heau'n-loue lodestone drew thy iron hart.  
 Then couples three be streight allotted there,  
 They of both ends the middle two do flie,  
 The two that in mid place, Hell call'd were,  
 Must strue with waiting foot, and watching eye  
 To catch of them, and them to hell to beare,  
 That they, as well as they, Hell may supplye:  
 Like some which seeke to salue their blotted name  
 VVith others blott, till all do tast of shame.  
 There may you see, soone as the middle two  
 Do coupled towards either couple make,  
 They false and fearfull do their hands vndoe,  
 Brother his brother, friend doth friend forsake,  
 Heeding him selfe, cares not how fellow doe,  
 But of a stranger mutuall help doth take.  
 As periur'd cowards in aduersity  
 VVith sight of feare from friends to frend do flie.  
 These sports shepheards deuiz'd such faults to show.  
 Geron, though old yet gamesome, kept one end  
 VVith Cosma for whose lone Pas past in woe.  
 Faire Nous with Pas the lott to hell did send:  
 Pas thought it hell, while he was Cosma fro.  
 At other end Vran did Strephon lend  
 Her happy-making hand, of whom one looke  
 From Nous and Cosma all their beauty tooke.  
 The play began: Pas durst not Cosma chace,

But



But did intend next bout with her to meete,  
 So he with Nous to Geron turn'd their race,  
 With whom to ioyne fast ran Vrania sweet?  
 But light-legd Pas had got the middle space.  
 Geron straue hard, but aged were his feet,  
 And therefore finding force now faint to be,  
 He thought gray haire asforded subtilty.  
 And so when Pas hand reached him to take,  
 The fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;  
 Pas could not stay, but ouer him did rake,  
 And crown'd the earth with his first touching crowne.  
 His heels grow'n proud did seeme at heau'n to shake,  
 But Nous that slip't from Pas, did catch the crowne,  
 So laughing all, yet Pas to ease some dell  
 Geron with Vran were condemn'd to hell.  
 Cosma this while to Strephon safely came,  
 And all to second barly-brake are bent:  
 The two in hell did toward Cosma frame,  
 Who should to Pas, but they would her preuent,  
 Pas mad with fall, and madder with the shame,  
 Most mad with beames which he thought Cosma sent;  
 With such mad haste he did to Cosma goe,  
 That to her breast he gaue a noysome blowe.  
 She quick, and proud, and who did Pas despise,  
 Vp with her fist, and tooke him on the face,  
 Another time, quoth she, become more wise.  
 Thus Pas did kisse her hand with litle grace,  
 And each way lucklesse, yet in humble guise  
 Did hold her fast for feare of more disgrace,  
 While Strephon might with preaty Nous haue met.  
 But all this while another course he set.  
 For as Vrania after Cosma ran,  
 He rauished with sight how gracefully  
 She mou'd her lims, and drew the aged man,  
 Left Nous to coast the loued beauty nie:  
 Nous cri'd, and chaf'd, but he no other can.  
 Till Vran seeing Pas to Cosma fly,  
 And Strephon single, turned after him.  
 Strephon so chas'd did seeme in milke to swimme.  
 He ran, but ran with eye ore shoulder cast,  
 More marking her, then how himselfe did goe,  
 Like Numid Lions by the hunger chas'd,  
 Though they do flie, yet backwardly do glowe  
 VVith proud aspect, disdainig greater hast.  
 VVhat rage in them, that loue in him did show.  
 But God giues them instinct the man to shun,  
 And be by law of Barly-brake must run.

But as his heate with running did augment,  
 Much more his sight encreast his hote desire:  
 So is in her the best of nature spent,  
 'T he aire her sweet race mou'd doth blow the fire.  
 Her feet be pursuants from Cupid sent,  
 With whose fine stepps all loues and ioyes conspire.  
 The hidden beauties seem'd in wait to lye,  
 To downe proud hearts that would not willing die.  
 Thus, fast he fled from her he follow'd sore,  
 Still shunning Nous to lengthen pleasing race,  
 Till that he spied old Geron could no more,  
 Then did he slacke his lone-enstru'd pace.  
 So that Vran, whose arme old Geron bore,  
 Laid hold on him with most lay-holding grace.  
 So caught, him seem'd he caught of ioyes the bell;  
 And thought it heav'n so to be drawn to hell.  
 To hell he goes, and Nous with him must dwell.  
 Nous sware it was no right; for his default  
 Who would be caught, that she should go to hell:  
 But so she must. And now the third assault  
 Of Barly-brake among the six befell,  
 Pas Cosma matcht, yet angry with his fault,  
 The other end Geron with Vran gard.  
 I thinke you thinke Strephon bent thitherward.  
 Nous counsell'd Strephon Geron to pursue,  
 For he was old, and easie would be caught:  
 But he drew her as lone his fancie drew,  
 And so to take the gemme Vrania sought.  
 While Geron old came safe to Cosma true,  
 Though him to meete at all she stur'd nought.  
 For Pas, whether it were for feare or loue,  
 Mou'd not himselfe, nor suffered her to moue.  
 So they three did together idly stay,  
 While deare Vran, whose course was Pas to meet,  
 (He staying thus) was faine abroad to stray  
 With larger round, to shunn the following feet.  
 Strephon, whose eyes on her back-parts did play,  
 With loue drawne on, so fast with pace vnmeet  
 Drew dainty Nous, that she not able so  
 To runne, brake from his hands, and let him goe.  
 He singe thus, hop'd soone with her to be,  
 Who nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,  
 Though with soft legges, did runne as fast as he.  
 He thrise reacht, thrise deceiu'd, when her to beare  
 He hopes, with dainty turnes she doth him flee.  
 So on the down's we see, neere Wilton faire,  
 A hast'ned Hare from greedy Grayhound goe,

And

And pass all hope his chaps to frustrate so.  
 But this strange race more strange conceits did yeeld;  
 Who victor seem'd, was to his ruine brought:  
 Who seem'd overthrowne was mistresse of the field:  
 She fled, and tooke; he followed, and was caught.  
 So haue I heard to pierce pursuing shield,  
 By parents train'd the Tartars wilde are taught,  
 With shafts shot out from their back-turned bow.  
 But ah! her darts did farre more deeply go.  
 As Venus bird the white, swift, lovely Dove,  
 (O happy Dove that are compar'd to her!)  
 Doth on hir wings her utmost swiftnesse proue,  
 Finding the gripe of Falcon fierce not furre:  
 So did Vran: the narre, the swifter moue,  
 (Yet beauty still as fast as she did flurre)  
 Till with long race deare she was breathlesse brought,  
 And then the Phoenix feared to be caught.  
 Among the rest that there did take delight  
 To see the sports of double-shining day,  
 And did the tribute of their wondring sight  
 To Natures heire, the faire Vrania pay,  
 I told you Klaius was the haplesse wight,  
 Who earnest found what they accounted play.  
 He did not there do homage of his eyes,  
 But on his eyes his heart did sacrifice.  
 With gazing lookes, short sighes, unsetled feet  
 He stood, but turn'd, as Girofol, to Sun:  
 His fancies still did her in halfe way meet,  
 His soule did flie as she was scene to run.  
 In summe, proud Boreas neuer ruled Fleet  
 (Who Neptunes web on daungers distaffe spun)  
 With greater power, then she did make them wend  
 Each way, as she that ages praise, did bend.  
 Till spying well she welnigh weary was,  
 And surely taught by his loue. open eie,  
 His eye, that eu'n did marke her troden grasse,  
 That she would faine the catch of Strephon flie,  
 Giuing his reason passport for to passe  
 Whether it would, so it would let him die;  
 He that before shund her, to shun such harmes,  
 Now runnes, and takes her in his clipping armes.  
 For with pretence from Strephon her to guard,  
 He met her full, but full of warefullnesse,  
 With inbow'd bosome well for her prepar'd,  
 When Strephon cursing his owne backwardnesse,  
 Came to her backe, and so with double ward  
 Imprison her, who both them did possesse



As heart-bound slaues : and happy then embrace  
 Vertues prooffe, fortunes victor, beauties place.  
 Her race did not her beauties beames augment,  
 For they were euer in the best degree,  
 But yet a setting forth it some way lent,  
 As Rubies lustre when the rubbeabe.  
 The dainty dew on face and body went  
 As on sweet flowers, when mornings drops wee see.  
 Her breath then short, seem'd loth from home to passe,  
 Which more it mou'd, the more it sweeter was  
 Happy, o happy ! if they so might bide,  
 To see her eyes, with how true humblenessse,  
 They looked downe to triumph ouer pride:  
 With how sweet sawes she blam'd their sawcinessse,  
 To feele the panting heart which through her side,  
 Did beat their hands, which durst so neare to presse,  
 To see, to feele, to heare, to taste, to know  
 More then, besides her, all the earth could show.  
 But neuer did Medeas golden weed  
 On Creons child his poyson sooner throw,  
 Then those delights through all their sinewes breed,  
 A creeping serpent-like of mortall woe.  
 Till she brake from their armes (although indeed  
 Going from them, from them she could not go)  
 And fare-welling the flocke, did homeward weend,  
 And so that euen the barlie-brake did end.  
 It ended, but the others woe began,  
 Began at least to be conceiu'd as woe.  
 For then wise Klaius found no absence can  
 Helpe him, who can no more her sight forgoe.  
 He found mans vertue is but part of man,  
 And part must follow where whole man doth goe.  
 He found that Reasons selfe now reasons found  
 To fasten knots, which fancie first had bound.  
 So doth he yeeld, so takes he on his yoke,  
 Not knowing who did draw with him therein;  
 Strephon, poore youth, because he saw no smoke,  
 Did not conceiue what fire he had within:  
 But after this to greater rage it broke,  
 Till of his life it did full conquest win,  
 First killing mirth, then banishing all rest,  
 Filling his eyes with teares, with sighes his breast.  
 Then sports grew paines, all talking tedious:  
 On thoughts he feedes, his lookes their figure chaunge,  
 The day seemes long, but night is odious,  
 No sleeps, but dreames, no dreames, but visions strange;  
 Till finding still his euill encreasing thus,

One day he with his flocke abroad did raunge:  
 And comming where he hop'd to be alone,  
 Thus on a pillowke set, he made his wone.  
 Alas! what weights are these that lode my heart!  
 I am as dull as winter-sterned sheep,  
 Tir'd as a iade in ouerladen cart,  
 Yet thoughts do flie, though I can scarcely creepe.  
 All visions seeme, as euery bush I start:  
 Drowse am I, and yet can rarely sleepe.

Sure I bewitched am, it is euen that,  
 Late neare a crosse I met an ugly Cat.  
 For, but by charmes, how fall these things on me,  
 That from those eyes where beaunty apples bene,  
 Those eyes, which nothing like themselves can see,  
 Of faire Vrania, fairer then a greene,  
 Proudly bedect in Aprils livery,  
 A shot vnheard gaue me a wound vnseene?

He was inuisible that hurt me so,  
 And none inuisible, but spirits, can goe.  
 When I see her, my sinewes shake for feare,  
 And yet, acare soule, I know she hurteth none:  
 Amid my flocke with woe my voice I teare,  
 And, but bewitch'd, who to his flocke would mone?  
 Her chery lips, milke hands, and golden haire  
 I still do see, though I be still alone.

Now make me thinke that there is not a fiend,  
 Who hid in Angels shape my life would end.  
 The sports wherein I wonted to do wel,  
 Come she, and sweet the ayre with open breast,  
 Then so I faile, when most I would do well,  
 That at me so amaz'd my fellowes iest:  
 Sometimes to her newes of my selfe to tell  
 I go about, but then is all my best

Wry words, and stam'ring, or else doltish dombt,  
 Say then, can this but of enchantment come?  
 Nay each thing is bewitcht to know my case:  
 The Nightingales for woe their songs refraine:  
 In riuer as I look'd, my pining face,  
 As pin'd a face as mine I saw againe.  
 The curteous mountaines grien'd at my disgrace  
 Their snowie haire teare off in melting paine.

And now the dropping trees do weepe for me,  
 And now faire euening's blush my shame to see.  
 But you my pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,  
 Till straunge delight, delight to nothing ware,  
 And you my flock, care of my carefull sight,  
 While I was I, and so had cause to care,

And

And thou my dogge, whose trush and valiant might  
 Made wolues (not inward wolues) my Ewes to spare:  
 Go you not from your maister in his woe,  
 Let it suffice that he himselfe forgoe.  
 For though like waxe this magicke makes me waste,  
 Or like a Lambe, whose damme away is fet,  
 (Stolne from her young by theeues unchoosing-haste)  
 He treble beas for helpe, but none can get:  
 Though thus, and worse, though now I am at last,  
 Of all the games that here ere now I met,  
 Do you remember still you once were mine,  
 Till mine eyes had their curse from blessed cyne.  
 Be you with me while I vnheard do crie,  
 While I do score my losses on the wind,  
 While I in heart my will write ere I die.  
 In which by vwill, my will and wits I bind,  
 Still to be hers, about her eye to stie.  
 As this same sprite about my fancies blind  
 Doth daily haunt: but so, that mine become  
 As much more louing, as lesse cumbersome.  
 Alas! a cloud hath ouercast mine eyes:  
 And yet I see her shine amid the cloud.  
 Alas! of ghosts I heare the gaslie cries:  
 Yet there, me seemes, I heare her singing loud.  
 This song she sings in most commanding wise:  
 Come shepheards boy, let now thy heart be bow'd,  
 To make it selfe to my least looke a slaue:  
 Leaue sleepe, leaue all, I will no piecing haue.  
 I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:  
 Wilt thou haue more? more haue, if more I be.  
 Away ragg'd rammes, care I what murraine kill:  
 Out shreaking Pipe, made of some witched tree:  
 Go bawling curre thy hungrie maw go fill  
 On you foule flocke belonging not to me.  
 With that his dog he hent, his flocke he curst,  
 With that (yet kissed first) his pipe he burst.  
 This said, this done, he rose, euen tir'd with rest,  
 With heart as carefull, as with carelesse grace,  
 With shrinking legges, but with a swelling breast,  
 With eyes which threatned they would drowne his face,  
 Fearing the worst, not knowing what were best,  
 And giuing to his sight a wandring race,  
 He saw behind a bush where Klaius sate:  
 His well knowne friend, but yet his vnknowne mate,  
 Klaius the wretch, who lately yeelden was  
 To beare the bonds which time nor wit could breake,  
 (With blushing soule at sight of iudgements glasse,

While



*White guiltie thoughts accus'd his reason VVeake)*  
*T his morne alone to lonely walke did passe,*  
*VVithin himselfe of her deare selfe to speake,*  
*Till Strephons plaining voice him nearer drew,*  
*Where by his words his self-like case he knew.*  
*For hearing him so oft with words of woe*  
*Vrania name, whose force he knew so well,*  
*He quicklie knew what VVitchcraft gaue the blow,*  
*Which made his Strephon thinke himselfe in hell.*  
*Which when he did in perfect image show*  
*To his owne wit, thought vpon thought did swell,*  
*Breeding huge stormes within his inward part,*  
*Which thus breath'd out with earthquake of his heart.*

As *Lamon* would haue proceeded, *Basilus* knowing, by the wasting of the torches, that the night also was farre wasted, and withall remembring *Zelmanes* hurt, asked her, whether she thought it not better to referue the complaint of *Klarius* till another day. Which she, perceiuing the song had already worne out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being euen now stepping ouer to a new matter, though much delighted with what was spoken, willingly agreed vnto. And so of all sides they went to recommend themselues to the elder brother of death.

The end of the first Booke.





THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE  
COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES  
ARCADIA.



IN these pastorall pastimes a great number of dayes were sent to follow their flying prediceffours, while the cup of poyson (which was deepeleie tasted of this noble companie) had left no sinew of theirs without mortally searching into it; yet neuer manifesting his venimous worke, till once, that the night (parting away angrie, that she could distill no more sleepe into the eyes of Louers) had no sooner giuen place to the breaking out of the morning light, and the Sunne bettowed his beames vpon the toppes of the mountaines, but that the wofull *Gynecia* (to whom rest was no ease) had left her lothed lodging, and gotten her selfe into the solitarie places those deserts were full of, going vp and downe with such vnquiet motions, as a grieued and hopelesse minde is wont to bring forth. There appeared vnto the eyes of her iudgement the euils shee was like to runne into, with vglie infamie waiting vpon them: shee felt the terrous of her owne coscience: shee was guiltie of a long exercised vertue, which made this vice the fullet of deformitie. The vitermost of the good shee could aspire vnto, was a mortall wound to her vexed spirits: and lastlie, no small part of her euils was, that shee was wise to see her euils. In so much, that hauing a great while throwne her countenance ghastly about her (as if she had called all the powers of the world to be witnesse of her wretched estate) at length casting vp her waterie eyes to heauen; O Sunne (said she) whose vnspotted light directs the steps of mortall mankind, art thou not ashamed to impart the clearenesse of thy presence to such a dust-creeping worme as I am? O you heauens (which continuallie keepe the course allotted vnto you) can none of your influences preuaile so much vpon the miserable *Gynecia*, as to make her preserue a course so long imbraced by her? O deserts, deserts, how fit a guest am I for you, since my heart can people you with wild rauenuous beasts, which in you are wanting? O Vertue, where doest thou hide thy selfe? What hideous thing is this which doth eclipse thee? Or is it true that thou wert neuer but a vaine name, and no essentiall thing, which hast thus left thy professed seruant, when she had most need of thy louely presence? O imperfect proportion of reason, which can too much foresee, and too litle preuent? Alas, alas (said she) if there were but one hope for all my paines, or but one excuse for

for all my faultinesse. But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all succor, and my euill deseruing doth exceed my euill fortune. For nothing else did my husband take this strange resolution: to liue so solitarily. for nothing else haue the winds deliuered this straunge guest to my country: for nothing else haue the destinies reserved my life to this time, but that onely I (most wretched I) should become a plague to my selfe, and a shame to womankind. Yet if my desire (how vniust soeuer it be) might take effect, though a thousand deaths followed it, and euery death were followed with a thousand shames; yet should not my sepulcher receiue me without some contentment. But alas (though sure I am, that *Zelmane* is such as can answer my loue; yet as sure I am, that this disguising must needs come for some foretaken conceit: and then, wretched *Gynecia*, where canst thou find any small ground plot for hope to dwell vpon? No, no, it is *Philoclea* his hart is set vpon, it is my daughter I haue borne to supplant me: but if it be for the life I haue giuen thee (vngateful *Philoclea*) I will sooner with these hands bereaue thee of, then my birth shall glory she hath bereaue me of my desires: In shame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of shame.

Having spoken thus, she began to make a piteous warre with her faire haire, where she might heare (not farre from her) an extreameley dolefull voyce, but so suppressed with a kind of whispring note, that she could not conceiue the words distinctly. But (as a lamentable tune is the sweetest musicke to a wofull minde) she drew thither neare-away, in hope to find some companion of her misery, and as she paced on, she was stopped with a number of trees, so thickly placed together; that she was afraid she should (with rushing through) stoppe the speech of the lamentable partie, which she was so desirous to vnderstand: and therefore setting her downe as softly as she could (for she was now in distance to heare) she might first perceiue a Lute excellently well plaid vpon, and then the same dolefull voyce accompanying it with these verses.

**I**n vaine, mine eyes, you labour to amend  
With flowing teares your fault of hastie sight:  
Since to my heart her shape you did so send,  
That her I see, though you did lose your sight.

In vaine, my heart, now you with sight are burnd,  
With sighs you seeke to coole your hot desire:  
Since sighes (into mine inward furnace turn'd.)  
For bellowes serue to kindle more the fire.

Reason, in vaine (now you haue lost my heart)  
My head you seeke, as to your strongest fort:

Since there mine eyes haue plaid so false a part,  
That to your strength your foes haue sure resort.

Then since in vaine I find were all my strife,  
To this strange death I vainly yeeld my life.

The ending of the song serued but for a beginning of new plaints, as if the mind (oppressed with too heauie a burthen of cares) was faine to discharge it selfe of all sides, and as it were, paint out the hideousnesse of the paine in al sorts of colours. For the wofull person (as if the lute had euill ioyned with the voyce) threw it to the ground



with such like words: Alas, poore Lute, how much art thou deceiu'd to thinke that in my miseries thou couldst ease my woes, as in my carelesse times thou was wont to please my fancies? The time is changed, my Lute, the time is changed; and no more did my ioyfull mind then receiue euery thing to a ioyfull cōsideration, thē my carefull mind now makes each thing tast like the bitter iuyce of care. The euil is inward, my Lute, the euil is inward, which all thou doest, doth serue but to make me thinke more freely off And alas, what is thē thy harmony, but the sweet meats of sorow? the discord of my thoughts, my Lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy strings, therefore be not ashamed to leaue thy maister, since he is not afraid to forsake himselfe.

And thus much spoke (in steed of a conclusion) was closed vp with so hearty a groning, that *Gynecia* could not refraine to shew her self, thinking such griefes could serue fitly for nothing but her owne fortune. But as she came into the Arbour of this sorowfull musicke, her eyes met with the eies of *Zelmane*, which was the partie that thus had indited her selfe of misery: so that either of them remained confus'd with a sodaine astonishment. *Zelmane* feating, least she had heard some part of those cōplaints, which she had risen vp that morning early of purpose, to breath out in secret to her self. But *Gynecia* a great while stood stil, with a kind of dul amasement, looking stedfastly vpon her: at length returning to some vse of her self, she began to aske *Zelmane*, what cause caried her so early abroad? But as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmane*, had opened some great flood-gate of sorow (wherof her heart could not abide the violent issue (she sanke to the ground, with her hands ouer her face, crying vehemently, *Zelmane* help me, ô *Zelmane* haue pitie on me. *Zelmane* ran to her, maruelling what sodain sicknesse had thus possessed her: & beginning to aske her the cause of her paine, and offering her seruice to be imployed by her: *Gynecia* opening her eyes wildly vpon her, pricked with the flames of Loue, & the tormentes of her own conscience; O *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*, said she, doest thou offer me physick, which art my only poyson? or wilt thou do me seruice, which hast already brought me into eternall slavery? *Zelmane* then knowing wel at what marke she shot, yet loth to enter into it: Most excellent Lady (said she) you were best retire your selfe into your lodging, that you the better may passe this sodaine fit. Retire my selfe? (said *Gynecia*) If I had retyred my selfe into my selfe, when thou to me (vnsfortunate guest) camest to draw me from my selfe, blessed had I bene, and no need had I had of this councill. But now alas, I am forced to flie to thee for succour, whom I accuse of all my hurts: & make thee iudge of my cause, who art the only author of my mischief. *Zelmane* the more astonished, the more she vnderstood her; Madam (said she) wherof do you accuse me, that I wil not cleare my selfe? Or wherein may I steed you, that you may not command me? Alas, answered *Gynecia*, what shall I say more? Take pitie of me, O *Zelmane*, but not as *Zelmane*, and disguise not with me in words, as I know thou doest in apparell.

*Zelmane* was much troubled with that worde, finding her selfe brought to this straight But as she was thinking what to answer her; they might see old *Basilus* passe hard by them, without euer seeing them: complaining likewise of loue very freshly, and ending his complaint with this song, Loue hauing renewed both his intencion, and voyce.

**L** Et not old age disgrace my high desire,  
O beauenly soule, in humane shape containd:  
Old wood inflam'd, doth yeeld the brassest fire,  
N ben yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend.

*Ne let white haire, which on my face do grow,  
Seeme to your eyes of a disgracefull hue:  
Since whitenesse doth present the sweetest show,  
Which makes all eyes doe homage vnto you.*

*Old age is wise, and full of constant truth;  
Old age well stayd, from ranging humour lines:  
Old age hath knowne vwhat euer was in youth:  
Old age orecome, the greater honour giues.  
And to old age since you your selfe aspire,  
Let not old age disgrace my high desire.*

Which being done, he looked very curiously vpon himselfe, somtimes fetching a litle skip, as if he had said his strength had not yet forsaken him: But *Zelmane* hauing in this time gotten some leasure to thinke for an answer, looking vpon *Gynecia* as if she thought she did her some wrong: Madam (said she) I am not acquainted with those words of disguising, neither is it the profession of an *Amazon*, neither are you a party with whom it is to be vsed: if my seruice may please you, imploy it, so long as you do me no wrong in misjudging of me. Alas *Zelmane* (said *Gynecia*) I perceiue you know full little how piercing the cies are of a true louer: there is no one beame of those thoughts you haue planted in me, but is able to discerne a greater cloud then you do go in, Seeke not to conccale your selfe further from me, nor force not the passion of loue into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the king turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceiued his wife and mistresse together, so that framing the most louely countenance he could, he came straight way towards them; and at the first word (thanking his wife for hauing entertained *Zelmane*) desired her she would now returne into the Lodge, because he had certaine matters of estate to impart to the Lady *Zelmane*. The Queene (being nothing troubled with ieaousie in that point) obeyed the kings commandement; full of raging agonies, and determinatly bent, that as she would seeke all louing meanes to winne *Zelmane*, so she would stirre vp terrible tragedies, rather then faile of her intents. And so went she from them to the Lodge-ward, with such a battell in her thought, and so deadly an ouerthrow giuen to her best resolutions, that euen her body (where the field was fought) was oppressed withall: making a languishing sicknesse wait vpon the triumph of passion; which the more it preuailed in her, the more it made her ieaousie watchfull, both ouer her daughter, and *Zelmane*, hauing euer one of them entrusted to her owne eyes.

But as soone as *Basilus* was rid of his wiues presence, falling downe on his knees, O Lady (said he) which hast onely had the power to stirre vp againe those flames which had so long laine dead in me; see in me the power of your beauty, which can make old age come to aske counsell of youth; and a Prince vnconquered to become a slaue to a stranger: and when you see that power of yours, loue that at least in me, since it is yours, although of me you see nothing to beloued. Worthy Prince (answered *Zelmane*, taking him vp from his kneeling) both your maner; and your speech are so strange vnto me, as I know not how to answer it better then with silence. If silence please you (said the king) it shall neuer displease me, since my heart is wholly pledged to obey you: otherwise, if you would vouchsafe mine eares such happinesse as to heare you, they shall conuey your words to such a mind, which is

with the humblest degree of reuerence to receiue them, I disdaine not to speake to you (mightie Prince said *Zelmane*) but I disdaine to speake to any matter which may bring my honour into question: and therewith, with a braue counterfeited scorne she departed from the king; leauing him not so sorie for his short answere, as proud in himselfe that he had broken the matter. And thus did the king (feeding his mind with those thoughts) passe great time in writing verses, and making more of himselfe, then he was wont to do: that with a litle helpe, he would haue growne into a pretie kind of dotage.

But *Zelmane* being rid of this louing, but litle-loued company, Alas (said she) poore *Pyrocles*; was there euer one, but I, that had receiued wrong, and could blame no bodie: that hauing more then I desire, am still in want of that I would: Trulie loue, I must needs say thus much on thy behalfe; thou hast employed my loue there, where all loue is deserued; and for recompence hast sent me more loue then euer I desired. But what wilt thou do *Pyrocles*? which way canst thou find to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? To her whom I would be known to, I liue in darknesse: and to her am reuealed, from whom I would be most secret. What shift shall I find against the diligent loue of *Basilus*? what shield against the violent passions of *Gynecia*? And if that bee done, yet how am I the nearer to quench the fire that consumes me? Well, well, sweete *Philoclea*, my whole confidence must be builded in thy diuine spirit, which cannot be ignorant of the cruell wound I haue receiued by you.

But as sicke-folkes when they are alone; thinke companie would relieue them, and yet hauing companie do find it noisome; changing willingly outward obiects, when indeed the euill is inward: so poore *Zelmane* was no more wearie of *Basilus*, then she was of herselfe, when *Basilus* was gone: and euer the more, the more she turned her eyes to become her owne iudges. Tired wherewith, she longed to meet her friend *Dorus*; that vpon the shoulders of friendship she might lay the burthen of sorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge, where among certaine Beeches she found *Dorus*, apparelled in flanen, with a Goats-skin cast vpon him, and a garland of Laurell mixt with Cypres-leaues on his head, waiting on his maister *Dametas*, who at that time was teaching him how with his sheephooke to catch a wanton Lambe, and how with the same to cast a litle clod at any one that strayed out of company. And while *Dorus* was practising, one might see *Dametas* holding his hand vnder his girdle behind him, nodding from the waste vpwards, and swearing he neuer knew man go more aukewardly to worke: and that they might talke of booke-learning what they would; but for his part, he neuer saw more vnseatie fellows then great clearkes were.

But *Zelmanes* comming saued *Dorus* from further chiding. And so she beginning to speake with him of the number of his maisters sheepe, and which prouince of *Arcadia* bare the finest wooll, drew him on to follow her in such country discourses, til (being out of *Dametas* hearing) with such vehemencie of passiō, as though her heart would clime into her mouth, to take her tongues office, she declared vnto him, vpon what briers the roses of her affections grew: how time still seemed to forget her, bestowing no one houre of cōfort vpon her; she remaining stil in one plight of ill fortune, sauing so much worse, as continuance of euill doth in it selfe increase euill. Alas my *Dorus* (said she) thou seest how long and languishingly the weeks are past ouer since our last talking. And yet I am the same, miserable I, that I was: only strōger in longing, & weaker in hoping. The she to so pitifull a declaratiō of the  
insup-



insupportablenesse of her desires, that *Dorus* cares (not able to shew what wounds that discourse gaue vnto them) procured his eies with teares to giue testimony, how much they suffered for her suffering: till passion (a most cumbersome guest to it selfe) made *Zelmane* (the sooner to shake it off) earnestly intreat *Dorus* that he also (with like freedome of discourse) would bestow a Mappe of his litle world vpon her, that she might see, whether it were troubled with such vnhabitable climes of cold dispaire, and hot rages as hers was. And so walking vnder a few palme trees, (which being louing in her owne nature, seemed to giue their shadow the willinglier, because they held discourse of loue.) *Dorus* thus entred to the description of his fortune: Alas, said he, deare cousin, that it hath pleased the high powers to throwe vs to such an estate, as the only entercourse of our true friendship, must bee a bartring of miseries: for my part, I must confesse indeed, that from a huge darknesse of sorowes, I am crept (I cannot say to a lightsomnesse, but) to a certaine dawning, or rather peeping out of some possibilitie of comfort: but wo is me, so farre from the marke of my desires, that I rather think it such a light, as comes through a small hole to a dungio, that the miserable carter may the better remember the light, of which he is depriued; or like a scholler, who is only come to that degree of knowledge to find himselfe vtterly ignorant: but thus stands it with me. After that by your meanes I was exalted to serue in yonder blessed lodge, for a while I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreshing; that (because of the seruice I had done in killing of the Beare) it pleased the Princessse (in whom indeed statelynesse shines through curtesie) to let fall some gracious looke vpon me: sometimes to see my exercises, sometimes to heare my songs. For my part, my heart would not suffer me to omit any occasion, whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela*, see how much extraordinary deuotion I bare to her seruice: and withall straued to appeare more worthy in her sight; that small desert ioyned to so great affection, might preuaile something in the wisest Lady. But too well (alas) I found, that a shepherds seruice was but considered of, as from a shepherd, and the acceptation limited to no further proportion, then of a good seruant. And when my countenance had once giuen notice that there lay affectio vnder it, I saw straight, Maiesty (sitting in the throne of Beautie) draw forth such a sword of iust disdain, that I remained as a man thunder-stricken, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Now to make my estate knowne, seemed againe impossible, by reason of the suspitiousnesse of *Dametas*, *Miso*, & my young mistresse *Mopsa*: for *Dametas* (according to the constitution of a dull head) thinkes no better way to shew himselfe wise, then by suspecting euery thing in his way: which suspicion *Miso* (for the hoggish shrewdnesse of her braine) and *Mopsa* (for a very vnlikely enuie she hath stumbled vpō against the Princessses vnspeakeable beauty) were very glad to execute: so that I (finding my seruice by this meanes lightly regarded, my affection despised, and my selfe vnknowne) remained no fuller of desire, then voyd of councell how to come to my desire; which (alas) if these trees could speake, they might well witnesse: for, many times haue I stood here, bewailing my selfe vnto them: many times haue I, leaning to yonder Palme, admired the blessednesse of it, that it could beare loue without sence of paine: many times, when my maisters cattell came hither to chew their cud in this fresh place, I might see the young Bull testifie his loue: but how? with proud lookes and ioyfulness. O wretched mankind (said I then to my selfe) in whom wit (which should be the gouernour of his welfare) becomes the traitor to his blessednesse: these beasts like childre to nature, inherit her blessings quietly, we, like bastards are laid abroad

euen as foundlings to be trained vp by grieve and sorrow. Their minds giudge not at their bodies comfort, nor their senses are letted from enioying their obiects: wee haue the impediments of honour, and the torments of conscience. Truly in such cogitations haue I sometimes so long stood, that me thought my feet began to grow into the ground, with such a darknesse and heauinesse of minde, that I might easily haue bene perswaded to haue resigned ouer my very essence. But loue (which one time layeth burthens, another time giueth wings) when I was at the lowest of my downward thoughts, pulled vp my heart to remeber, that nothing is atchieued before it be thoroughly attempted, and that lying still, doth neuer go forward; and that therefore it was time, now or neuer, to sharpen my inuentiō, to pierce through the hardnesse of this enterprise; neuer ceasing to assemble all my conceits, one after another, how to manifest both my mind & estate, till at last I lighted & resolved on this way, which yet perchance you will thinke was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extreamest loue towards *Mopsa* that might be; & as for the loue, solliuely it was indeed within me, (although to another subiect) that little I needed to counterfai any notable demonstrations of it; and so making a contrariety the place of my memory, in her foulness I beheld *Pamelas* fairenesse, still looking on *Mopsa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I saw my Sun shine in a pudled water: I cried out of nothing but *Mopsa*; to *Mopsa* my attendance was directed; to *Mopsa* the best fruits I could gather were brought; to *Mopsa* it seemed stil that mine eye conueyed my tongue: so that *Mopsa* was my saying; *Mopsa* was my singing; *Mopsa* (that is only furable in laying a foule complexion vpon a filthy fauour, setting forth both in sluttishnesse) she was the lode-starre of my life, she the blessing of mine eyes; she the ouerthrow of my desires, and yet the recompence of my ouerthrow; she the sweetnesse of my heart, euen sweetning the death, which her sweetnesse drew vpon me. In summe, whatsoeuer I thought of *Pamela*, that I said of *Mopsa*; whereby as I gate my maisters good wil, who before spited me, fearing least I shold win the Princesses fauour from him, so did the same make the Princess the better content to allow me her presence: whether indeede it were, that a certaine sparke of noble indignation did rise in her, not to suffer such a baggage not to winne away any thing of hers, how meanly soeuer she reputed of it, or rather (as I thinke) my words being so passionate, and shooting so quite contrary frō the marks of *Mopsas* worthinesse, she perceiued well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being so masked, she was contented as a sport of wit to attend them: whereupon one day determining to find some meanes to tell (as of a third person) the tale of mine owne loue and estate, finding *Mopsa* (like a Cuckoe by a Nightingale) alone with *Pamela*, I came in vnto them, and with a face (I am sure) full of clowdy fancies, tooke a harpe and sung this song.

Since so mine eyes are subiect to your sight,  
That in your sight they fixed haue my braine:  
Since so my heart is filled with that light,  
That only sight doth all my life maintaine.

Since in sweet you all goods so richly raigne,  
That where you are no wished good can want:  
Since so your liuing image liues in me,  
That in my selfe your selfe true lone doth plant

How

*How can you him vnworthie then decree,  
In whose chiefe part your worthies implanted be?*

The song being ended, which I had often broken off in the midst with grievous sighes, which ouertooke euery verse I sang, I let fall my harpe from mee; and casting mine eye sometime vpon *Mopsa*, but feeling my sight principally vpon *Pamela*; And is it the only fortune most beautifull *Mopsa* (said I) of wretched *Dorus* that fortune must be the measure of his mind? Am I onely he, that because I am in miserie, more miserie must be laid vpon me? must that which should be cause of compassion, become an argument of crueltie against me? Alas excellent *Mopsa*, consider, that a vertuous Prince requires the life of his meanest subiect, & the heauenly Sunne disdaines not to giue light to the smallest worme. O *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, if my hart could be as manifest to you, as it is vncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts should well counteruaile the lownesse of my qualitie. Who hath not hearde of the greatnesse of your estate; who seeth not, that your estate is much excelled with that sweet vniting of all beauties, which remaineth and dwelleth with you; who knowes not, that all these are but ornaments of that diuine spake within you, which being descended from heauen, could not els-where picke out so sweete a mansion? But if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all these excellencies together, it is a kind mercifullnesse to such a one, as is in his soule deuoted to those perfections. *Mopsa* (who already had had a certaine smacking towards me) stood all this while with her hand sometimes before her face, but most commonly with a certaine speciall grace of her owne, wagging her lips, and grinning in steede of smiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waste, and thrusting out her chinne, In faith you iest with me: you are a merrie man in deede. But the euer-pleasing *Pamela* (that well found the Comedie would be marred, if she did not help *Mopsa* to her part) was content to vrge a little further of me. Master *Dorus* (said the faire *Pamela*) me thinks you blame your fortune verie wrongfully, since the fault is not in Fortune; but in you, that cannot frame your selfe to your fortune: and as wrongfully do require *Mopsa* to so great a disparagement as to her Fathers seruant, since she is not worthie to be loued, that hath not some feeling of her owne worthines. I staid a good while after her words, in hope she would haue continued her speech (so great a delight I receiued in hearing her) but seeing her say no further, (with a quaking all ouer my bodie) I thus answered her. Ladie, most worthie of all dutie, how falles it out that you in who all vertue shines, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaide against vertue; Especially, since before your eyes, you haue a pittifull spectacle of her wickednesse, a forlorne creature, which must remaine not such as I am, but such as she makes me, since shee must be the ballance of worthynesse or disparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man (euen at his death) haue leaue to speake, let my mortall would purchase thus much considerations; since the perfections are such in the partie I loue, as the feeling of them, cannot come into any vnnoble hart; shall that hart, which doth not onely feele them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, shall that hart I saie, lifted vp to such a height, be counted base; O let not an excellent spirit do it selfe such wrong, as to thinke, where it is placed, embraced, and loued; there can be any vnworthynesse, since the weakest mist is not easilier driuen away by the Sunne, then that is chased away with so high thoughts. I will not denie (answered the gracious *Pamela*) but that the loue you beare to *Mopsa*,



hath brought you to the consideration of her vertues, and that consideration may haue made you the more vertuous, and so the more worthie : But euen that then (you must confesse) you haue receiued of her, and so are rather gratefully to thanke her, then to presse any further, till you bring something of your owne, whereby to claime it. And truly *Dorus*, I must in *Mopsaes* behalfe say thus much to you, that if her beauties haue so ouertaken you, it becomes a true Loue to haue your heart more set vpon her good then your owne, and to beare a tenderer respect to her honour, then your satisfaction. Now by my hallidame, Madam (said *Mopsa*, throwing a great number of sheeps eyes vpon me) you haue euen touched mine owne minde to the quicke, forsooth. I finding that the pollicie that I had vsed, had at least wise produced thus much happinesse vnto me, as that I might euen in my Ladies presence, discouer the sore which had deeply festered within me, and that shee could better conceiue my reasons applyed to *Mopsa*, then she would haue vouchsafed them, whilst her selfe was a partie) thought good to pursue on my good beginning, vsing this fit occasion of *Pamelas* wit, and *Mopsaes* ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eye, looking vpon *Pamela*, as if I had rather bene condemned by her mouth, then highly exalted by the other, turning my selfe to *Mopsa*, but keeping mine eye where it was : Faire *Mopsa* (said I) well do I find by the wise knitting together of your answere, that any disputation I can vse is asmuch too weake, as I vnworthy. I find my loue shal be proued no loue, with out Ileau to loue, being too vnfit a vessell in whom so high thoughts should be engraue. Yet since the Loue I beare you, hath so ioyned it selfe to the best part of my life, as the one can not depart, but that the other will follow, before I seeke to obey you in making my last passage, let me know which is my vnworthinesse, either of mind, estate, or bothe *mopsa* was about to say, in neither; for her heart I thinke tumbled with ouermuch kindnesse, when *pamela* with a more fauorable countenance then before ( finding how apt I was to fall into dispaire ) told me, I might therein haue answered my selfe; for bides that it was granted me, that the inward feeling of *Mopsaes* perfections had greatly beautified my minde, there was none could denie, but that my minde and body deserued great allowance. But *Dorus* ( said she ) you must be so farre maister of your loue, as to consider, that since the iudgement of the world stands vpon matter of fortune, and that the sexe of womankind of all other is most bound to haue regardfull eye to mens iudgments, it is not for vs to play the Philosophers, in seeking out your hidden vertues: since that, which in a wise Prince would be counted wisdom, in vs will be taken for a light grounded affection: so is not one thing, one, done by diuers persons. There is no man in a burning feuer feels so great contentment in cold water greedily receiued ( which as soone as the drinke ceaseth, the rage reneweth ) as poore I found my soule refreshed with her sweetely pronounced words, and newly, and more violently againe enflamed, as sone as she had closed vp her delightfull speech, with no lesse well graced silence. But remembring in my selfe, that aswell the Souldier dieth which standeth still, as he that giues the brauest onfet: and seeing that to the making vp of my fortune, there wanted nothing so much as the making knowne of mine estate, with a face wel witnessing how deeply my soule was possessed, and with the most submissiue behauior, that a thralld heart could expresse, euen as my words had bene too thick for my mouth, at length spake to this purpose : Alas, most worthy Princeesse (said I) and do not then your owne sweet words sufficiently testifie, that there was neuer man could haue a iuster action against filthie fortune, then I, since all other thinges being  
granted

graunted me, her blindness is my only let? O heavenly God, I would either she had such eyes as were able to discern my deserts, or I were blind not to see the dayly cause of my misfortune. But yet (said I) most honoured Lady, if my miserable speeches haue not already cloied you, and that the very presence of such a wretch become not hatefull in your eyes: let me reply thus much further against my mortall sentence, by telling you a story, which happened in this same country long since (for woes make the shortest time seeme long) whereby you shall see that my estate is not so contemptible, but that a Prince hath bene content to take the like vpon him, and by that only hath aspired to enioy a mighty Princessse. *Pamela* graciously hearkened, and I told my tale in this sort.

In the country of *Thesalia*, (alas, why name I that accursed country, which brings forth nothing, but matters for tragedies? but name it I must) in *Thesalia* (I say) there was (wel may I say, there was) a Prince (no, no Prince, whom bondage wholly possessed; but yet accounted a Prince, and) named *Musidorus*. O *Musidorus*, *Musidorus*, but to what serue exclamations, where there are no eares to receiue the sound? This *Musidorus* being yet in the tendrest age, his worthy father, paied to nature (with a violent death) her last duties, leauing his child to the faith of his friends, and the prooffe of time: death gaue him not such panges as the foresightfull care he had of his silly successour. And yet if in his foresight he could haue seene so much, happy was that good Prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his sonnes miseries, which his knowledge could neither haue preuented, nor releued. The young *Musidorus* (being thus, as for the first pledge of the destinies good will, deprived of his principall stay) was yet for some yeares after (as if the starres would breath themselves for a greater mischiefe) lulled vp in as much good luck, as the heedfull loue of his doleful mother, and the flourishing estate of his countrie could breed vnto him.

But when the time now came, that misery seemed to be ripe for him, because he had age to knowe misery I thinke there was a conspiracie in all heavenly and earthly things, to frame fit occasions to leade him vnto it. His people (to whō al forrain matters in foretime were odious) began to wish in their beloued Prince, experience by trauaile: his deare mother whose eyes were held open, onely with the ioy of looking vpon him) did now dispence with the comfort of her widowhead life, desiring the same her subiects did, for the encrease of her sonnes worthinesse.

And hereto did *Musidorus* owne vertue (see how vertue can bee a minister to mischiefe) sufficiently prouoke him: for indeede thus much must I say for him, although the likenesse of our mishaps makes me presume to patterne my selfe vnto him, that well-doing was at that time his scope, from which no faint pleasure could with-hold him. But the present occasion which did knit all this together, was his vncke the king of *Macedon*; who hauing lately before gotten such victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time send both for the Prince his sonne (brought vp together to auoid the warres, with *Musidorus*) and for *Musidorus* himselfe, that his ioy might be the more full, hauing such partakers of it. But alas, to what a sea of miseries my plaintful tounge doth lead me; & thus out of breath, rather with that I thought, thē that I said, I stayed my speech, til *Pamela* shewing by cōutenāce that such was her pleasure, I thus continued it: These two yong Princes to satisfie the king, tooke their way by sea, towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs go with a Nauie to succor him: he being at that time before *Bizantium* with a mighty Army besieging it; where at that time his court was, But when the conspired heauens had gotten

gotten this Subiect of their wrath vpo so fit a place as the say was, they straight began to breath out in boystrous winds some part of their malice against him; so that with the losse of all his Nauie, he only with the Prince his cousin, were cast a land, far off frō the place whither their desires would haue guided them. O cruell winds in your vncōsiderate rages, why either began you this fury, or why did you not end it in his end? But your crueltie was such, as you would spare his life for many deathfull torments. To tell you what pitifull mishapes fell to the yong Prince of *Macedon* his cousin, I should too much fill your eares with straunge horrors; neither wil I stay vpon those laborosome aduentures, nor lothsom misaduetures, to which, & through which his fortune & courage conducted him; My speech hastneth it self to come to the full point of *Musidorus* infortunes. For as we find the most pestilent diseases do gather into themselves all the infirmities with which the body before was annoyed; so did his last misery embrace in the extremitie of it selfe all his former mischietes.

*Arcadia*, *Arcadia* was the place prepared to be the stage of his endlesse ouerthrow. *Arcadia* was, (alas wel might I say it is) the charmed circle, w<sup>ch</sup> call his (pirits for euer should be enchanted. For here (& no where els) did his infected eyes make his minde know, what power heauēly beauty hath to throw it down to heliish agonies. Here, here did he see the *Arcadian* Kings eldest daughter, in whō he forthwith placed so all his hopes of ioy, & ioyfull parts of his heart, that he left in himself nothing but a maze of longing, & a dungeon of sorrow. Put alas, what can saying make them beleue, whom seeing cannot perswade? Those paines must be felt before they can be vnderstood; no outward vtterance can command a conceipt. Such was as then the state of the king, as it was no time by direct meanes to seeke her. And such was the state of his captiued will, as he could delay no time of seeking her.

In this intangled cause, he clothed himselfe in a shepheards weede, that vnder the baseness of that forme, he might at last haue free access to feed his eies with that which should at length eat vp his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifested, that this estate is not alwayes to be reiected, since vnder that vaile there may be hidden, things to be esteemed. And if he might with taking on a shepheards looke cast vp his eyes to the fairest Princeesse Nature in that time created; the like, nay the same desire of mine need no more to be disdained, or held for disgracefull. But now alas mine eyes waxe dimme, my tounge begins to falter, and my heart to want force to helpe, either with the feeling remembrance I haue, in what heape of miseries the caitife Prince lay at this time buried. Pardon therefore most excellent Princeesse, if I cut off the course of my dolorous tale. since if I be vnderstood, I haue said enough for the defence of my baseness, & for that which after might befall to that patterne of ill fortune (the matters are too monstrous for my capacity) his hatefull destinies must best declare their owne workmanship.

Thus hauing deliuered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the princeesse might iudge that he ment himselfe, who spake so feelingly; her aunswere was both strange, and in some respect comfortable. For would you thinke it? shee hath heard heretofore of vs both, by meanes of the valiant Prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our casting away, which she (following mine owne stile) thus delicately brought forth: You haue told (said she) *Dorus*, a pretty tale; but you are much deceived in the latter end of it. For the Prince *Musidorus* with his cousin *Pyrocles* did both perish vpon the coast of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus* (who was well acquainted with the history) did assure my father. O how that speech of hers did powre ioyes in my hart? O blessed name (thought I) of mine, since thou hast



haſt beene in that tounge, and paſſed through thoſe lips, though I can neuer hope to approach them. As for *Pyrocles* (ſaid I) I will not denie it, but that he is periſhed: (which I ſaid, leaſt ſooner ſuſpition might ariſe of your being here, then your ſelfe would haue it) & yet affirmed no lye vnto her, ſince I onely ſaid, I would not deny it. But for *Mufidorus* (ſaid I) I perceiue indeed you haue either heard or read the ſtory of that vnhappy Prince; for this was the very obiection, which that peereleſſe Princeſſe did make vnto him, when he ſought to appeare ſuch as he was before her wiſdome: and thus as I haue read it faire written in the certainty of my knowledge he might anſwere her, that indeed the ſhip wherein he came, by a treaſon was periſhed, and therefore that *Plangus* might eaſily be deceiued: but that he himſelfe was caſt vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*, where hee was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, who liued in thoſe dayes famous; for that both louing one faire maide, they yet remained conſtant friends; one of whoſe ſongs not long ſince was ſong before you by the ſhepherd *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noble-mans houſe, neere *Mantinea*, whoſe ſonne had a little before his marriage, beene taken priſoner, and by the helpe of this Prince, *Mufidorus* (though naming himſelfe by another name) was deliuered. Now theſe circumlocutions I did uſe, becauſe of the one ſide I knew the Princeſſe would know well the parties I meant; and of the other, if I ſhould haue named *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander* and *Clitophon*, perhaps it would haue rubd ſome coniecture into the heauie head of Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*.

And therefore (ſaid I) moſt diuine Lady, he iuſtly was thus to argue againſt ſuch ſuſpicions, that the Prince might eaſily by thoſe parties be ſatisfied, that vpon that wrack ſuch a one was taken vp, & therefore that *Plangus* might well erre, who knew not of anies taking vp: againe that hee that was ſo preſerued brought good tokens to be one of the two, chiefe of that wracked companie: which two ſince *Plangus* knew to be *Mufidorus* and *Pyrocles*, hee muſt needes be one of them, although (as I ſaid) vpon a foretaken vow, he was otherwiſe at that time called. Beſides, the Princeſſe muſt needs iudge, that no leſſe then a Prince durſt vndertake ſuch an enterpriſe, which (though he might get the fauour of the Princeſſe) he could neuer defend with leſſe then a Princes power, againſt the force of *Arcadia*. Laſtly, (ſaid he) for a certaine demonſtration, he preſumed to ſhew vnto the Princeſſe a marke he had on his face, as I might (ſaid I) ſhew this of my neck to the rate *Mopſa*: and withall, ſhewed my necke to them both, where (as you know) there is a redde ſpot bearing figure (as they tell me) of a Lyons pawe, that ſhe may aſcertaine her ſelfe, that I am *Menalcas* brother. And ſo did he, beſeeching her to ſend ſome one ſhe might truſt into *Theſſalia*, ſecretly to bee aduertized, whether the age, the complexion, and particularly that notable ſigne, did not fully agree with their Prince *Mufidorus*. Do you not know further (ſaide ſhe, with a ſetled countenance, not accuſing any kind of inward motion) of that ſtorie. Alas no, (ſaid I) for euen here the Hiſtoriographer ſtopped, ſaying, The reſt belonged to *Aſtrologic*. And therewith, thinking her ſilent imaginations began to worke vpon ſomewhat, to mollifie them (as the nature of Muſick is to doe) and withall, to ſhew what kinde of ſhepherd I was, I tooke vp my Harpe, and ſang theſe few verſes:

**M**T ſheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and ſerue:  
 Their paſture is faire hilles of fruitleſſe loue:  
 On barren ſweetes they feed, and feeding ſterue:  
 I waile their loſſe, but will not other proue.

My

*My sheepeooke is wanne hope, which all vpholde.*

*My weeds, Desire, cut out in endlesse foids*

*What wooll my sheepe shall beare, whiles thus they line,*

*In you it is, you must the iudgment giue.*

And then, partly to bring *Mopsa* againe to the matter (lest she should too much take heed to our discourtes) but principally, if it were possible, to gather some comfort out of her answeres, I kneeled downe to the princeesse, and humbly besought her to moue *Mopsa* in my behalf, that she would vnarme her noble hart of that steely resistance against the sweet blowes of Loue: that since all her parts were decked with some particular ornament; her face with beaudie, her head with wisdom, her eyes with maiestie, her countenance with gracefullnesse, her lips with loueliness, her tongue with victorie; that she would make her hart the throne of pittie, being the most excellent raiment of the most excellent part.

*Pamela* without shew either of fauour or disdain, cyther of heeding or neglecting what I had said, turned her speech to *Mopsa*, and with such a voice and action, as might shew she spake of a matter which little did concerne her, Take heede to your selfe (said shee) *Mopsa*, for your shepheard can speake well: but truly, if he doe fully proue himselfe such as he saith, I meane, the honest shepheard *Menalcas* his brother and heire, I know no reason why you should thinke scorn of him. *Mopsa* though (in my conscience) shee were euen then farre spent towards me, yet shee answered her, that for all my quaint speeches, she would keepe her honesty close inough: And that as for the way of matrimony, shee would step neuer a foote further, till my Maister her father had spoken the whole word himselfe, no shee would not. But euer and anon turning hir muzzell toward mee, she threw such a prospect vpon me, as might well haue giuen a surfet to any weake louers stomacke. But Lord what a foole am I, to mingle that drinels speeches among my noble thoughts: but because shee was an Actor in this Tragedie, to giue you a full knowledge, and to leaue nothing (that I can remember) vrepeat.

Now the Princeesse being about to withdraw her selfe from vs, I tooke a Jewell made in the figure of a Crab-fish, which, because it lookes one way and goes another, I thought it did fitly paterne out my looking to *Mopsa*, but bending to *Pamela*: The word about it was, *By force, not choyce*; and still kneeling, besought the Princeesse that she would vouchsafe to giue it *Mopsa*, and with the blessednesse of her hand to make acceptable vnto her that toye which I had found, following of late an acquaintance of mine at the plowe. For (said I) as the earth was turned vp, the plow-share lighted vpon a great stone: wee puld that vp, and so found both that & some other pretty things, which we had deuided betwixt vs.

*Mopsa* was benumbed with ioy when the Princeesse gaue it her: but in the Princeesse I could find no apprehension of what I either said or did, but with a calme carelesnesse letting each thing slide, iustly as we doe by their speeches (who neither in matter nor person doe any way belong vnto vs) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall maiesty, is of all others most terrible vnto me for yet if I found she contemned mee, I would desperately labour both in fortune and vertue to overcome it; if she onely misdoubted me, I were in heauen; for quickly I would bring sufficient assurance: lastly, if shee hated me, yet I should know what passion to deale with: and either with infinitenesse of desert I would take away the fewell from that fire, or if nothing would serue, then I would giue her

her my hart blood to quench it. But this cruell quietnesse, neither retiring to mislike nor proceeding to fauour; gracious, but gracious still after one maner; all her curtesies hauing this engrauen in them, that what is done, is for vertues sake, not for the parties (euer keeping her course like the Sun, who neither for our prayses, nor curses, will spur or stop his horses.) This (I say) heauenlinesse of hers (for howsoeuer my misery is I cannot but so entitle it) is so impossible to reach vnto, that I almost begin to submit my selfe to the tyranny of dispaire, not knowing any way of perswasion, where wisdom seems to be vn sensible. I haue appeared to her eyes, like my selfe, by a deuice I vsed with my maister, perswading him that we two might put on certaine rich apparell I had provided, and so practise something on horsebacke before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparell I had gotten for playing well the part of a king in a Tragedy at *Athens*: my horse indeed was it I had left at *Menalcas* house, & *Dametas* got one by friendship out of the Princes stable. But howsoeuer I shew, I am no base body, all I do is but to beate a rocke and get some.

But as *Dorus* was about to tell further, *Dametas* (who came whistling, and counting vpon his fingers, how many loades of hay his seuentene fat oxen cate vp in a yeare) desired *Zelmane* from the king that she wold come into the lodge, where they stayed for her. Alas (sayd *Dorus*, taking his leaue) the sum is this, that you may well finde you haue beaten your sorrow against such a wall, which with the force of rebound may well make your sorrow stronger. But *Zelmane* turning her speech to *Dametas*, I shall grow (sayd she) skilfull in countrey matters, if I haue often conference with your seruant. In sooth (answered *Dametas* with a gracelesse scorne) the Lad may proue well enough, if hee ouersoone thinke not too well of himselfe, and will beare away that hee heareth of his elders. And therewith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmane* find shee might haue spent her time better with him, hee began with a wilde Methode to runne ouer all the art of husbandrie: especially imploying his tongue about all dunging of a field; while poore *Zelmane* yeelded her eares to those tedious strokes, not warding them so much as with any one answer, till they came to *Basilus*, and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to cary her abroad to see some spottes prepared for her. *Basilus*, and *Gynecia* sitting in the one ende, placed her at the other, with her left side to *Philoclea*. *Zelmane* was moued in her mind, to haue kissed their feete for the fauour of so blessed a seate: for the narrownesse of the coach made them ioyne from the foote to the shoulders very close together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their eniuous apparell, yet as a perfect Magnes, though but in an iuorie box, will through the box send forth his imbracing vertue to a beloued needle; so this imparadised neighbourhood made *Zelma*nes soule cleaue vnto her, both thorow the iuory case of her body, and the apparell which did ouer-cloude it. All the bloud of *Zelma*nes body stirring in her, as wine will do when suger is hastily put into it, seeking to sucke the sweetenesse of the beloued guest, her heart, like a lion new imprisoned, seeing him that restraines his liberty, before the grate; not panting, but struing violently (if it had beene possible) to haue leapt into the lappe of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, euen then proceeding from being maister of a carte, to beeing doctor of a coach, not a little proude in himselfe, that his whippe at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, drane the coach (the couer whereof was made with such ioynts, that as they might (to auoide the weather) pull it vp close when they listed; so when they would they might put each ende downe, and remaine as discovered and open sighted as on horsebacke) till vpon the side of the Forrest they had



both greyhounds, spaniels, and hounds: whereof the first might seeme the Lords, the second the Gentlemen, and the last the yeomen of dogges; a cast of Merlins there was besides, which flying of a gallant height ouer certaine bushes, would beate the birds (that rose) downe vnto the bushes, as Falcons will doe wild-foule ouer a riuer. But the sport which for that day *Basilus* would principallie shew to *Zelmane*, was the mountie at a Hearne, which getting vp on his wagling wings with paine, till hee was come to some height (as though the aire next to the earth were not fit for his great body to flie thorough) was now growne to diminish the sight of himselfe, and to giue example to great persons, that the higher they be, the lesse they should shew: when a Terfaulcon was cast off after her, who straight spying where the pray was, fixing her eye with desire, and guiding her wing by her eye, vsed no more strength then industry. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his stayre vp right, but winding almost the full compasse about, that the steepe nesse bee the more vsensible: so shee, seeing the towring of her pursued chafe, went circling, and compassing about, rising so with the lesse sence of rising; and yet finding that way scanty serue the greedinesse of her hast, as an ambitious bodie will go far out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which he desires; so would she (as it were) turne taile to the Heron, and flie quite out another way, but all was to returne in a higher pitch; which once gotten, shee would either beate with cruell assaults the Heron, who now was driuen to the best defence of force, since flight would not serue; or else clasping with him, come downe together, to be parted by the ouer-partiall beholders.

Diuerse of which flights *Basilus* shewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the riches of the time spent, and the day decessed before it was thought of, till night like a degenerating successour made his departure the better remembred. And therefore (so constrained) they willed *Dametas* to driue homeward, who (halfe sleeping, halfe musing about the mending of a wine-presse) guided the horses so ill, that the wheele coming ouer a great stub of a tree, it ouerturned the coach. Which though it fell violently vpon the side where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* sate, yet for *Zelmanes* part, shee would haue bin glad of the fall, which made her beare the sweete burthen of *Philoclea*, but that she feared she might receiue some hurt. But indeede neither shee did, nor any of the rest, by reason they kept their armes and legs within the coach, sauing *Gynecia*, who with the onely bruise of the fall, had her shoulder put out of ioynt; which though by one of the Faulkeners cunning, it was set well againe, yet with much paine was she brought to the lodge; and paine (fetching his ordinary companion, a feuer with him) draue her to entertaine them both in her bed.

But neither was the feuer of such impatient heate, as the inward plague-sore of her affection, nor the paine halfe so noysome, as the ielousie she conceiued of her daughter *Philoclea*, least this time of her sicknesse might giue apt occasion to *Zelmane*, whom shee misdoubted. Therefore she called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commanded her in her eare to go to the other lodge, & send *Miso* to her, with whom she would speake, and shee lie with her sister *Pamela*. The meane while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, because she would bee sure, she should be out of the lodge, before she licenced *Zelmane*, *Philoclea* not skild in any thing better then obedience, went quietly downe; and the Moone then full (not thinking (come to be a torch-bearer to such beauty) guided her steppes, whose motions beare a mind which bare in it selfe farre more stirring motions. And alas (sweete *Philoclea*) how hath my penne till now forgot thy passions, since to thy memory principally all this  
long

long matter is intended? pardon the slacknesse to come to those woes, which ha-  
ving caused in others, thou didst feelee in thy selfe.

The sweeteminded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well doing, to whom the not  
knowing of euill serueth for a ground of vertue, and hold their inward powers in  
better forme with an vnspotted simplicity, then many, who rather cunningly seeke  
to know what goodnesse is, then willingly take into themselves the following of it.  
But as that sweete and simple breath of heauenly goodnesse, is the easier to be alte-  
red; because it hath not passed through the worldly wickednesse, nor feelingly  
found the euill, that euill carries with it; so now the Lady *Philoclea* (whose eyes and  
senses had receiued nothing, but according as the naturall course of each thing re-  
quired; whose tender youth had obediently, liued vnder her parents behests, with-  
out framing out of her owne will the fore-choosing of any thing) when now shee  
came to appoint, wherein her iudgement was to be practised, in knowing faultines  
by his first tokens, she was like a yong Faune, who comming in the wind of the hun-  
ters, doth not know whether it bee a thing or no to bee eschewed; whereof at this  
time shee began to get a costly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while liued  
in the lodge with her, and that her onely being a noble strainger had bred a kind of  
heedfull attention; her comming to that louely place (where she had no body but  
her parents) a willingnes of conuersation; her wit & behauiour, a liking and silent  
admiration; at length the excellency of her naturall gifts, ioyned with the extreame  
shewes we made of most deuout honouring *Philoclea* (carying thus in one person,  
the only two bands of good will, louelinesse and loningnesse) brought forth in her  
hate a yeelding to a most friendly affection; which when it had gotten so full pos-  
session of the keyes of her mind, that it would receiue no message from her senses,  
without that affection were the interpreter; then streight grew an exceeding de-  
light still to be with her, with an vnmeasurable liking of all that *Zelmane* did: matters  
being so turned in her, that where at first liking her manners did breede good-will,  
now good will became the chiefe cause of liking her mannets: so that within a  
while *Zelmane* was not prized for her demeanure; but the demeanure was prized  
because it was *Zelmaes*. Then followed that most naturall effect of conforming  
ones selfe to that, which shee did like, and not onely wishing to be her selfe such an  
other in all things, but to ground an imitation vpon so much an esteemed authori-  
tie: so that the next degree was to marke all *Zelmaes* doings, speeches, and fashi-  
ons, and to take them into her selfe, as a patterne of worthe proceeding. Which  
when once it was enacted, not onely by the cominaltie of Passions, but agreed  
vnto by her most noble Thoughts, and that by Reason it selfe (not yet experienced  
in the issues of such matters) had granted his royall assent; then Friendship (a dili-  
gent officer) tooke care to see the statute thoroughly obserued. Then grew on that  
not onely shee did imitate the sobernesse of her countenance, the gracefulness of  
her speech, but euen their particular gestures: so that as *Zelmane* did often eye her,  
she would often eye *Zelmane*, and as *Zelmaes* eyes would deliuer a submissiue, but  
vehement desire in their looke, shee, though as yet she had not the desire in her, yet  
should her eyes answere in like piercing kindnesse of a looke. *Zelmane* as much as  
*Gynecias* ieaousie would suffer, desired to bee neare *Philoclea*; *Philoclea*, as much as  
*Gynecias* ieaousie would suffer, desired to bee neare *Zelmane*. If *Zelmane* tooke her  
hand, and softly strained it, she also (thinking the knots of friendship ought to bee  
mutuall) would (with a sweete fastnesse) shew shee was loth to part from it. And if  
*Zelmane* sighed, she would sigh also, when *Zelmane* was sad, she deemed it wisdome,

and therefore she would be sad too. *Zelmanes* languishing countenance with crost armes, and sometimes cast-up eyes, she thought to haue an excellent grace: and therefore she also willingly put on the same countenance: till at the last (poore soule, ere she were aware) she accepted not onely the badge, but the seruice; not onely the signe, but the passion signified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did finde, that *Zelmanes* friendship was full of impatient desire, hauing more then ordinary limits, and therefore she was content to second *Zelmae*, though her selfe knew not the limits; or that in truth, true loue (well considered) hath an infectiue power; at last she fell in acquaintance with loues harbinger, wishing: First she would wish, that they two might liue all their liues together, like two of *Dianas* Nymphes. But that wish, she thought not sufficient, because she knew, there would be more Nymphes besides them, who also would haue their part in *Zelmae*. Then would she wish, that she were her sister, that such a naturall band might make her more speciall to her. But against that, she considered, that though being her sister, if she happened to be marryed, she should be robbed of her. Then growne bold, she would wish either her selfe, or *Zelmae* a man, that there might succede a blessed marriage betwixt them. But when that wish had once displayed his ensigne in her minde, then followed whole squadrons of longings, that so it might be, with a maine battell of mislikings, and repinings against their creation; that so it was not. Then dreames by night began to bring more vnto her, then she durst wish by day, where out making did make her know her selfe the better by the image of those fancies. But as some diseases when they are easie to be cured, they are hard to be knowne, but when they grow easie to be knowne, they are almost impossible to be cured: so the sweete *Philoclea*, while she might preuent it, she did not feele it, now she felt it, when it was past preuenting; like a riuer, no rampiers being built against it, till already it haue ouerflowed. For now indeed loue puld off his maske, and shewed his face vnto her, and told her plainly, that she was his prisoner. Then needed she no more paint her face with passions; for passions shone thorough her faces, then her rosie colour was often encreased with extraordinary blushing: and so another time, perfect whitenesse descended to a degree of palenesse; now hot, then colde, desiring she knewe not what, nor how, if she knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the smart was brought to thinke of the disease, and her owne prooffe taught her to know her mothers minde, which (as no error giues so strong assault, as that which comes armed in the authoritie of a parent) so greatly fortified her desires, to see, that her mother had the like desires. And the more ialous her mother was, the more she thought the Jewell precious, which was with so many lockes garded. But that preuailing so farre, as to keepe the two louers from priuate conference, then began she to feele the sweetnesse of a louers solitarinesse, when freely with words and gestures, as if *Zelmae* were present, shee might giue passage to her thoughts: and so as it were, vtter out some smoke of those flames, wherewith else she was not onely burned, but smothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other by her mothers commandment, with dolefull gestures and vncertaine paces, she did willingly accept the times offer, to be a while alone: so that going a little aside into the wood; where many times before she had delighted to walke, her eyes were saluted with a tuft of trees, so close set together, as with the shade the Moone gaue through it, it might breede a fearefull kinde of deuotion to looke vpon it. But true thoughts of loue banished all vaine fancie of superstition. Full well she did both remember and like the place; for



for there had she often with their shade beguiled *Phabus* of looking vpon her: There had she enioyed her selfe often, while she was mistruste of her selfe, and had no other thoughts, but such as might arise out of quiet senses.

But the principall cause that inuited her remembrance, was a goodly white marble stone, that should seeme had beene dedicated in ancient time to the *Siluan* gods: which she finding there a few dayes before *Zelmanus* comming, had written these wordes vpon it, as a testimonie of her minde, against the suspition her captiuitie made her thinke she liued in. The writting was this.

**Y**ou lining powers enclosed in stately shrine  
Of growing trees: you rurall Gods that wield  
Your scepters here, if to your eares diuine:  
A voice may come, which troubled soule doth yeeld:  
This vow receaue, this vow o Gods maintaine;  
My virgin life no spotted thought shall staine.

Thou purest stone, whose purnesse doth present  
My purest mind; whose temper hard doth show  
My tempred hart; by thee my promise sent  
Vnto my selfe let after-liners know.

No fancy mine, nor others wrong suspect  
make me, o vertuous shame, thy lawes neglect.

O Chastitie, the chiefe of heavenly lights,  
Which makst vs most immortal shape to weare,  
Hold thou my hart, establish thou my sprights:  
To onely thee my constant course I beare.  
Till spotlesse soule vnto thy bosome flie.  
Such life to leade, such death I vowe to die.

But now that her memory serued as an accuser of her change, and that her owne hand-writing was there, to beare testimony against her fall; she went in among those few trees, so closed in the tops together, as they might seeme a litle chappell: and there might she by the helpe of the moone-light perceiue the goodly stone, which serued as an altar in that woodie deuotion. But neither the light was enough to reade the words, and the inke was already foreworne, and in many places blotted: which as she perceiued, Alas (said she) faire marble, which neuer receiuedst sport but by my writing, well doe these blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not dissemble then, although she haue changed since. Enioy, enioy the glory of thy nature, which can so constantly beare the markes of my inconstancie. And herewith hiding her eies with her soft hand, there came into her head certaine verses, which if she had had present commoditie, she would haue adioyned as a retraction to the other. They were to this effect.

**M**y words, in hope to blaze a stedfast mind,  
This marble chose, as of like temper knowne:  
But loe, my wordes defaste, my fancies blind,  
Bloss to the stone, shames to my selfe I find.

*And witnesse am, how ill agree in one,  
A womans hand with constant marble stone.*

*My words full weake, the marble full of might;  
My words in store the marble all alone;  
My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white,  
My words vnseene, the marble still in sight,  
May witnesse beare, how ill agree in one,  
A womans hand, with constant marble stone.*

But seeing she could not see meanes to ioyne as then this recantation to the former vowe (laying all her faire length vnder one of the trees) for a while she did nothing but turne vp and downe, as if she had hoped to turne away the fancie that maistr'd her, and hid her face, as if she could haue hidden her selfe from her owne fancies. At length with a whispring note to her selfe; O me vnfortunate wretch (said she) what poysonous heates bee these, which thus torment mee? How hath the sight of this strange guest inuaded my soule? Alas, what entrance found this desire, or what strength had it thus to conquer me? Then, a cloud passing betweene her sight and the moone, O *Diana* (said she) I would either the cloud that now hides the light of my vertue, would as easily passe away, as you will quickly overcome this let; or else that you were for euer thus darkened to serue for an excuse of my outrageous folly. Then looking to the starres, which had perfectly as then beautified the cleare skie: My parents (said she) haue told me, that in these faire heauenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which haue their working in the ebbing and flowing of our estates. If it be so; then (O you stars) iudge rightly of me and if I haue with wicked intent made my selfe a pray to fancy, or if by any idle lusts I framed my heart fit for such an impression, then let this plague daily encrease in me, till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreame and vnresistable violence haue oppressed me, who will cuer do any of you sacrifice) O you stars) if you do not succour me, No no, you will not helpe me. No, no, you cannot helpe me: Sinne must be the mother, and shame the daughter of my affection. And yet are these but childish obiections (simple *Philoclea*) it is the impossibility that doth torment mee: for, vnlawfull desires are punished after the effect of enioying; but vnpossible desires are punished in the desire it selfe. O then, O tenne times vnhappy that I am, since where in all other hope kindleth loue, in me despaire should be the bellowes of my affection: and of all dispaire the most miserable, which is drawne from impossibility. The most couetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which neuer can beare any thing, Why? because it is impossible. The most ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to clime into heauen, Why? because it is impossible. Alas then, O Loue, why dost thou in thy beautifull sampler set such a worke for my desire to take out, which is as much impossible? And yet alas, why do I thus condemne my fortune, before I heare what she can say for her selfe? What do I, silly wench, know what Loue hath prepared for mee? Do I not see my mother, as well, at least as furiously as my selfe, loue *Zelmane*? And shold I be wiser then my mother? Either she sees a possibility in that which I thinke impossible, or else impossible loues neede not misbecome me. And doe I not see *Zelmane* (who doth not thinke a thought which is not first wayed by wisedome and vertue (doth not she vouchsafe to loue me with like ardour. I see it, her eyes depose it to be true, What

What then? and if she can loue poore me, shall I thinke scorne to loue such a woman as *Zelmane*? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou louest me, excellent *Zelmane*, and I loue thee: and with that, embracing the very ground whereon she lay, she said to her selfe (for euen to her selfe she was ashamed to speake it out in words) ô my *Zelmane*, gouerne and direct me: for I am wholly giuen ouer vnto thee.

In this depth of mizes, and diuers sorts of discourtes, would she rauingly haue remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miso* (who were round about to seeke her, vnderstanding she was to come to their lodge that night) came hard by her; *Dametas* saying, that he would not deale in other bodies matters; but for his part, he did not like, that maides should once stirre out of their fathers houses, but if it were to milke a cow, or saue a chicken from a kites foot, or some such other matter of importance. And *Miso* swearing that if it were her daughter *Mopsa*, she would giue her a lesson for walking so late, that should make her keepe within doores for one fortnight. But their iangling made *Philoclea* rise, and pretending as though she had done it but to sport with them, went with the (after she had willed *Miso* to waite vpon her mother) to the lodge; where (being now accustomed by her parents discipline, as wel as her sister, to serue herselfe) she went alone vp to *Pamela*s chamber: where meaning to delight her eyes, and ioy her thoughts with the sweete conuersation of her beloued sister, she found her (though it were in the time that the wings of night doth blow sleepe most willingly into mortall creatures) sitting in a chaire, lying backward, with her head almost ouer the backe of it, and looking vpon a waxe-candle which burnt before her, in one hand holding a letter, in the other her handkercheife, which had lately drunke vp the teares of her eyes, leauing in steede of them, crimfen circles, like redd flakes in the element, when the weather is hottest, which *Philoclea* finding (for her eyes had learned to know the badges of sorrow) she earnestly intreated to know the cause thereof, that either she might comfort, or accompany her dolefull humor. But *Pamela*, rather seeming sorie that she had perceived so much, then willing to open any further; O my *Pamela* (said *Philoclea*) who are to me a sister in nature, a mother in councell, a Princeesse by the law of our country, and which name (me thinkes of all other is the dearest, a friend by my choyce and your fauour, what meanes this banishing me from your counsels? Doe you loue your sorrow so well, as to grudge me part of it? Or doe you thinke I shall not loue a sad *Pamela*, so well as a ioyfull? or be my eares vnworthy, or my tongue suspected? What is it (my sister) that you should conceale from your sister, yea and seruant *Philoclea*? These words wanne no further of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talke better as they lay together; they impouerished their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well scorne the shrine of *Venus*: and there cherishing one another with deare, though chaste embracements; with sweete, though cold kisses; it might seeme that loue was come to play him there without darte; or that weary of his owne fires, he was there to refresh himselfe between their sweete-breathing lippes. But *Philoclea* earnestly againe intreated *Pamela* to open her griefes; who (drawing the curtaine, that the candle might not complaine of her blushing) was ready to speake: but the breath almost formed into words, was againe stopt by her, and turned into sighes. But at last, I pray you (said she) sweete *Philoclea*, let vs talke of some other thing: and tell me whether you did euer see anything so amended as our Pastorall sports bee, since that *Dorus* came hither? O loue, how farre thou seest with blind eyes? *Philoclea* had straight found her;



and therefore to draw out more, Indeede (said she) I haue often wondred to my selfe how such excellencies could be in so meane a person; but be like fortune was afraid to lay her treasures, where they should be stained with so many perfections: onely I maruaile how he can frame himselfe to hide so rare gifts vnder such a blocke as *Dametas*. Ah (said *Pamela*) if you knew the cause: but no more doe I neither; and to say the truth: but Lord, how are we faine to talke of this fellow? and yet indeede if you were sometimes with me to marke him, while *Dametas* reades his rusticke lecture vnto him (how to feede his beasts before noone, where to shade them in the extreame heate, how to make the manger handsome for his oxen, when to vse the goade, and when the voyce: giuing him rules of a heardman, though hee pretend to make him a shepheard) to see all the while with what a grace (which seemes to set a crowne vpon his base estate) he can descend to those poore matters, certainly you would: but to what serues this? no doubt we were better sleepe then talke of these idle matters. Ah my *Pamela* (said *Philoclea*) I haue caught you, the constancy of your wit was not wont to bring forth such disiointed speeches: you loue, dissemble no further. It is true (said *Pamela*) now you haue it; and with lesse adoe should, if my heart could haue thought those words surable for my mouth. But indeede (my *Philoclea*) take heede: for I thinke vertue it selfe is no armour of prooffe against affection. Therefore learne by my example. Alas thought *Philoclea* to her selfe, your sheares come too late to clip the birds wings that already is flowne away. But then *Pamela* being once set in the streame of her loue, went away amaine withall, telling her how his noble qualities had drawne her liking towardes him; but yet euer waying his meannesse, and so held continually in due limits; till seeking many meanes to speake with her, and euer kept from it (as well because she shund it, seeing and disdaining his mind, as because of her iealous iaylors (he had at length vsed the finest pollicy that might be in counterfaiting loue to *Mopsa*, & saying to *Mopsa* whatsoeuer he would haue her know: and in how passionate manner he had told his owne tale in a third person, making poore *Mopsa* belecue, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end, because you shall know my teares come not, neither of repentance nor misery, who thinke you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to be? euen the prince *Musidorus*, famous ouer all *Asia*, for his herioicall enterprises, of whom you remember how much good the straunger *Plangus* told my father; he not being drowned (as *Plangus* thought) though his cosin *Pyrocles* indeede perished. Ah my sister, if you had heard his words, or seene his gestures, when he made me know what, and to whom his loue was, you would haue matched in your selfe (those two rarely matched together) pittie and delight. Tell me deare sister (for the Gods are my witnesses I desire to do vertuously) can I without the detestable staine of vngratefulnesse abstaine from louing him, who (farre exceeding the beautifulnesse of his shape with the beautifullnesse of his minde, and the greatnesse of his estate with the greatnesse of his actes) is content so to abase himselfe, as to become *Dametas* seruant for my sake? you will say, but how know I him to be *Musidorus*, since the hand-maid of wisdom is slow of beliefe? That consideration did not want in mee: for the nature of desire it selfe is no easier to receiue beliefe, then it is hard to ground beliefe. For as desire is glad to embrace the first shew of comfort, so is desire desirous of perfect assurance: and that haue I had of him, not onely by necessary arguments to any of common sense, but by sufficient demonstrations. Lastly he would haue me send to *Thesalia*: but truly I am not as now in mind to do my honourable loue so much wrong, as so farre to suspect him:

yet

yet poore soule knowes he no other, but that I do both suspect, neglect, yea and detest him. For euery day he finds one way or other to set forth himselfe vnto me, but all are rewarded with like coldnesse of acceptation.

A few dayes since, he and *Dametas* had furnished themselues very richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a sight it was to see *Dametas*, like rich Tisfew furd with lambe-skins? But O how well it did with *Dorus*, to see with what a grace hee presented himselfe before me on horsebacke, making maiestie wait vpon humblenesse: how at the first, standing still with his eyes bent vpon me, as though his motions were chained to my looke, he so staid till I caused *Mopsa* bid him do something vpon his horse: which no sooner said, but (with a kinde rather of quicke gesture, then shew of violence) you might see him come towards me, beating the ground in so due time, as no dancer can obserue better measure. If you remember the ship we saw once, when the sea went high vpon the coast of *Argos*, so went the beast. But he (as if Centaurlike he had bene one peece with the horse) was no more mooued then one is with the going of his owne leggs: and in effect so did he command him, as his owne limmes; for though he had both spurres and wand, they seemed rather markes of soueraignetie, then instruments of punishment, his hand and legge (with most pleasing grace) commanding without threatning, and rather remembering the chastising, at least if sometimes he did, it was so stolne, as neither our eyes could discern it, nor the horse with any change did complaine of it: hee euer going so iust with the horse, either forthright, or turning, that it seemed as he borrowed the horses body, so helent the horse his mind: in the turning one might perceiue the bridle hand something gently stirre, but indeede so gently, as it did rather distill vertue, then vse violence. Him selfe (which mee thinkes is strange) shewing at one instant both steadinesse and nimblenesse; some times making him turne close to the ground, like a cat, when scratchingly she wheelles about after a mouse: sometimes with a little more rising before, now like a Rauen leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of *Dametas* kiddes bound ouer the hillokes: and all so done, as neither the lusty kinde shewed any roughnesse, nor the easier any idlenesse: but still like a well obeyed maister, whose becke is enough for a discipline, euer concluding each thing hee did with his face to me-wards, as if thence came not only the beginning, but ending of his motions. The sport was to see *Dametas*, how he was toft from the saddle to the mane of the horse, and thence to the ground, giuing his gay apparel almost as soule an outside, as it had an inside. Put as before he had euer sayd, he wanted but horse and apparell to be as braue a courtier as the best, soe now brused with prooffe, he proclaimed it a folly for a man of wisdom, to put himselfe vnder the tuition of a beast; so as *Dorus* was faine alone to take the Ring. Wherein truly at least my womanish eyes could not discern, but that taking his staffe from his thigh, the descending it a little downe, the getting of it vp into the rest, the letting of the pointe fall, and taking the Ring was but all one motion, at least (if they were diuerse motions) they did so stealingly slippe one into another, as the later parte was euer in hand, before the eye could discern the former was ended. Indeepe *Dametas* found fault that he shewed no more strength in shaking of his staffe: but to my conceite the fine cleannesse of bearing it was exceeding delightfull.

But how delightfull soeuer it was, my delight might well be in my soule, but it neuer went to looke out of the window to doe him any comfort. But how much more I found reason to like him, the more I set all the strength of mind to suppress it,

it, or at least to conceale it. Indeepe I must confesse, that as some Phisitions haue told me, that when one is cold outwardly, he is not inwardly, so truly the cold ashes layd vpon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breast swollen with keeping my sighes imprisoned; ful often haue the teares I draue backe from mine eies, turned backe to drowne my hart. But alas what did that help poore *Dorus*? whose eyes (being his diligent intelligencers) could carry vnto him no other newes, but discomfortable. I thinke no day past, but by some one inuention he wold appeare vnto me to testifie his loue. One time he daunced the Matachine daunce in armour (O with what a gtaceful dexterity!) I thinke to make me see, that he had bin brought vp in such exercises: an other time he perswaded his maister (to makemy time seeme shorter) in maner of a Dialogue, to play *Priamus* while he playd *Paris*. Thinke (sweete *Philoclea*) what a *Priamus* we had: but truly, my *Paris* was a *Paris*, and more then a *Paris*: who while in a sauage apparell, with naked necke, armes, & legs, he made loue to *Oenone*, you might well see by his chaunged countenance, and true teares, that he felt the part hee playd. Tell mee (sweete *Philoclea*) did you euer see such a shepheard? tell mee, did you euer heare of such a Prince? And then tell me, if a small or vnworthy assault haue conquered mee. Truly I would hate my life, if I thought vanity led me. But since my parents deale so cruelly with mee, it is time for mee to trust something to my owne iudgement. Yet hitherto haue my lookes beene as I told you, which continuing after many of these his fruitlesse trials, haue wrought such change in him, as I tell you true (with that word shee layd her hand vpon her quaking side) I do not a little feare him. See what a letter this is (then drew she the curtaine, and tooke the letter from vnder the pillow) which to day (with an afflicted humblenesse) hee deliuered me, pretending before *Mopsa*, that I should reade it vnto her, to mollifie (forsooth) her iron stomacke, with that she read the letter containing thus much.

**M**ost blessed paper, which shalt kisse that hand, where to all blessednes is in nature a seruant, do not yet disdain to cary with thee the wofull words of a miser now despairing: neither be affraide to appeare before her, bearing the base title of the sender. For no sooner shall that diuine hand touch thee, but that thy basenesse shall bee turned to most high preferment. Therefore mourne boldly my inke; for while she lookes vpon you, your blackenesse will shine: cry out boldly my lamentation; for while she readees you, your cries will be musicke. Say then (O happy messenger of a most vnhappy message) that the too soone borne, and too late dying creature, which dares not speake, no not looke, no not scarcely thinke (as from his miserable selfe, vnto her heavenly highnesse) onely presumes to desire thee (in the time that her eyes and voyce do exalt thee) to say, and in this maner to say, not from him, O no; that were not fitte, but of him, thus much vnto her sacred iudgement: O you, the onely honour to women, to men the onely admiration, you that beeing armed by loue, desie him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you haue placed mee, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your presence; and let me remember him, who (since hee is yours, how meane so euer he be) it is reason you haue an account of him. The wretch (yet your wretch) though with languishing steppes runnes fast to his graue, and will you suffer a temple (how poorely built soeuer, but yet a temple of your deitie) to be rased? But hee dieth: it is most true, he dieth; and he in whom you liue, to obey you, dieth. Whereof though he plaine, he doth not complaine: for it is a harme, but no wrong, which  
he



he hath receiv'd. He dies, because in wofull language all his senses tell him, that such is your pleasure: for since you will not that he live, alas, alas, what followeth, what followeth of the most ruined *Dorus*, but his end? End then; eunl destinied *Dorus*, end; and end thou woful letter, end; for it sufficeth her wisdom to know, that her heavenly will shall be accomplished.

O my *Philoclea*, is he a person to write these words? and are these words lightly to be regarded? But if you had seene, when with trembling hand he had deliuered it, how he went away, as if he had beene but the coffin that carried himselfe to his sepulcher. Two times (I must confesse) I was about to take curtesie into mine eyes; but both times the former resolution stopt the entrie of it: so that he departed without obtaining any further kindnesse. But he was no sooner out of the dore, but that I looked to the dore kindly; and truly the feare of him euer since hath put me into such perplexity, as now you found me. Ah my *Pamela* (sayd *Philoclea*) leaue sorrow. The riuer of your teates will soone loose his fountaine; it is in your hand as well to stich vp his life againe, as it was before to rent it. And so (though with selfe-griued mind) she comforted her sister, till sleepe came to bath himselfe in *Pamelas* faire weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me (sayd she) indeede the onely subiect of the destinies displeasure, whose greatest fortunatenesse is more vnfortunate, then my sisters greatest vnfortunatenesse. Alas she weepes because shee would be no sooner happy, I weepe, because I can neuer be happy; her teates flow from pittie, mine from being too farre lower then the reach of pittie. Yet do I not enuy thee, deare *Pamela*; I do not enuy thee, onely I could wish that being thy sister in nature, I were not so farre off a kin in fortune.

But the dark enes of sorrow ouer-shadowing her minde, as the night did her eies, they were both content to hide themselues vnder the wings of sleepe, till the next morning had almost lost his name, before the two sweete sleeping sisters awaked from dreames, which flattered them with more comfort, then their waking could, or would consent vnto. For the they were called vp by *Miso*; who hauing bene with *Gynecia*, had receiued commandement to bee continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmane*, and *Philoclea* haue any priuate conference, but that she should be present to heare what passed. *Miso* hauing now her authority increased, but came with skowling eyes to deliuer a flauering good morrow to the two Ladies, telling them, it was a shame for them to marre their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed: and that, when she was of their age, she throwed, shee would haue made a handkerchiefe by that time a day. The two sweete Princes with a smiling silence answered her entertainment, and obeying her direction, couered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But as soone as *Pamela* was ready (and sooner she was then her sister) of the agony of *Dorus* giuing a fit to herselfe, which the words of his letter (liuely imprinted in her mind) still remembered her of, she called to *Mopsa*; and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to speake with her: because (shee sayd) shee would take further iudgement of him, before shee would moue *Dametas* to graunt her in marriage vnto him, *Mopsa* (as glad as of sweet-meate to goe of such an arrant) quickly returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who intended both by speaking with him to giue some comfort to his passionate heart, and withall to heare some part of his life past; which although fame had already deliuered vnto her, yet she desired in more particular certainties to haue it from so beloued an historian. Yet the sweetnesse of vertues disposition, iealous, euen ouer

it selfe; suffered her not to enter abruptly into questions of *Musidorus* (whom shee was halfe ashamed she did loue so well; and more then halfe sory she could loue no better) but thought best first to make her talke arise of *Pyrocles*, and his vertuous father: which thus she did.

*Dorus* (said she) you told me the last day, that *Plangus* was deceived in that he affirmed the Prince *Musidorus* was drowned: but withall, you confessed his cosin *Pyrocles* perished; of whom certainly in that age there was a great losse, since (as I haue heard) he was a young Prince, of whom all men expected as much, as mans power could bring forth, and yet vertue promised for him, their expectation should not be deceived. Most excellent Lady (sayd *Dorus*) no expectation in others, nor hope in himselfe could aspire to a higher marke, then to be thought worthy to be praised by your judgement, and made worthy to be praised by your mouth. But most sure it is, that as his fame could by no meanes get so sweet & noble an aire to flie in, as in your breath, so could not you (leauing your selfe aside) finde in the world a fitter subiect of commendation; as noble, as a long succession of royall ancestors, famous, and famous for victories could make him: of shape most louely, and yet of mind more louely; valiant, courteous, wise, what should I say more? sweet *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*, what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I wold to God in some small measure thou hadst bequeathed to him that euer must haue thy vertues in admiration, that masked at least in them, I might haue found some more gracious acceptance: with that he imprisoned his looke for a while vpon *Mopsa*, who thereupon fell into a very wide smiling. Truly (sayd *Pamela*) *Dorus* I like well your mind, that can raise it selfe out of so base a fortune, as yours is, to thinke of the imitating so excellent a Prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who shootes at the midday Sunne, though he be sure he shall neuer hit the marke; yet as sure he is, he shall shoote higher, then who aimes but at a bush. But I pray you *Dorus* (said she) tell me (since I perceiue you are well acquainted with that story) what Prince was that *Euarchus* father to *Pyrocles* of whom so much fame goes, for his rightly royall vertues, or by what wayes he got that opinion. And then so descend to the causes of his sending first away from him, and then to him for that excellent sonne of his, with the discourse of his life and losse: and therein you may (if you list) say something of that same *Musidorus* his cosin, because, they going together, the story of *Pyrocles* (which I only desire) may be the better vnderstood.

Incomparable Lady (sayd he) your commandement doth not only giue me the will, but the power to obey you, such influence hath your excellency. And first, for that famous king *Euarchus*, he was (at this time you speake of) king of *Macedon*, a kingdom, which in elder time had such a souerainty ouer all the prouinces of *Greece*, that euen the particullar kings therein did acknowledge (with more or lesse degrees of homage) some kind of fealty thereunto: as among the rest, euen this now most noble (and by you ennobled) kingdome of *Arcadia*. But he, when he came to his crown, finding by his latter ancestors either negligence, or misfortune, that in some ages many of those dueties had beene intermitted, would neuer stirre vp old titles (how apparant soeuer) whereby the publike peace (with the losse of many not guiltie soules) should be broken; but contenting himselfe to guide that shippe, wherein the heauens had placed him, shewed no lesse magnanimity in daungerlesse despising, then others in daingerous affecting the multiplying of kingdomes: for the earth hath since borne enow bleeding witnesses, that it was no wat of true courage. Who as he was most wise to see what was best, and most iust in the performing what

what he saw, & temperate in abstaining from any thing any way contrary; so think I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to see and contemne danger, where danger would offer to make any wrongfull threatning vpon him. A Prince, that indeed especially measured his greatnesse by his goodnesse: & if for any thing he loued greatnesse, it was, because therein he might exercise his goodnesse. A Prince of a goodly aspect, and the more goodly by a graue maiesty, wherewith his minde did decke his outward graces; strong of body, and so much the stronger, as he by a well disciplined exercise taught it both to do & suffer. Of age so as he was about fifty yeares when his Nephew *Musidorus* tooke on such shepheatdish apparell for the loue of the worlds paragon, as I now weare.

This King left Orphan both of father and mother, (whose father & grandfather likewise had died yong) he found his estate, when he came to the age (which allowed his authoritie) so disioynted euen in the noblest & strongest lims of gouernment, that the name of a King was growne euen odious to the people, his authority hauing bin abused by those great Lords, and little kings: who in those betweene times of rainging (by vniust fauouring those that were partially theirs, and oppressing them that would defend their liberty against them had brought in (by a more felt then seen maner of proceeding) the worst kind of *Oligarchie*; that is, when men are gouerned indeed by a few, and yet are not taught to know what those few be, to whom they should obey.

For they hauing the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, vsed the authoritie as men do their farmes, of which they see within a yeare they shall go out; making the kings sword strike whom they hated, the Kings purse reward whom they loued: and (which is worst of all) making the Royall countenance serue to vndermine the royal souerainty. For the Subiects could taste no sweeter fruits of hauing a king, then grieuous taxations to serue vaine purposes; Lawes made rather to finde faults, then to preuent faults: the Court of a Prince rather deemed as a priuiledged place of vnbridled licentiousnesse, then as the abiding of him, who as a father, should giue a fatherly example vnto his people. Hence grew a verie dissolution of all estates, while the great men (by the nature of ambition neuer satisfied) grew factious among themselves: and the vnderlings, glad in deede to be vnderlings to them they hated least, to preserue them from such they hated most. Men of vertue suppressed, least their shining should discouer the others filthinesse; and at length vertue it selfe almost forgotten, when it had no hopefull end wherunto to be directed; old men long nussed in corruption, scorning them that would seeke reformation; yong men very fault finding, but very faulty: and so to newfanglednesse both of manners, apparell, and each thing els, by the custome of selfe-guilty euill, glad to change though oft for a worse; marchandise abused, and so townes decayed for want of iust and naturall liberty, offices, euen of iudging soules, solde; publike defences neglected; and in summe, lest too long I trouble you) all awrye, & which wried it to the most wrye course of all) witte abused, rather to faine reason why it should be amisse, then how it should be amended.

In this, and a much worse plight then it is fit to trouble your excellent eares withall, did the king *Euarchus* find his estate, when he tooke vpon him the regiment: which by reason of the long streame of abuse, he was forced to establish by some euen extreme seuerity, not so much for the very faults themselves, (which he rather sought to preuent then to punish) as for the faulty ones, who strong, euen in their faults, scorned his youth, and could not learne to digest, that the man which

*asie*  
*asie*



they so long had vsed to maske their owne appetites, should now be the reducer of them into order. But so soone as some fewe (but indeede notable) examples, had thundred a duty into the subiects hearts, he soone shewed, no basenesse of suspicion, nor the basest basenesse of enuy, could any whit rule such a Ruler. But then shined forth indeed all loue among them, when an awfull feare, ingendered by iustice, did make that loue most louely: his first and principall care being to appeare vnto his people, such as he would haue them be, and to be such as he appeared; making his life the example of his lawes, and his lawes as it were, his axioms arising out of his deeds. So that within small time, he wanne a singular loue in his people, and engrafted singular confidence. For how could they choose but loue him, whom they found so truly to loue them? He euen in reason disdaining, that they that haue charge of beasts, should loue their charge, and care for them; and that he that was to gouerne the most excellent creature, should not loue so noble a charge. And therefore, where most Princes (seduced by flattery to build vpon false grounds of gouernment) make themselues (as it were) another thing from the people; and so count it gaine what they get from them: and (as if it were two counter-ballances, that their estate goes hiest when the people goes lowest) by a fallacie of argument thinking themselues most kings, when the subiect is most basely subiected: He contrariwise, vertuously and wisely acknowledging, that he with his people made all but one politique body, whereof himselfe was the head; euen so cared for them, as he would for his owne limmes: neuer restraining their libertie, without it stretched to licentiousnesse, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not employed to the purchase of a greater good: but in all his actions shewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to passe, that while by force he tooke nothing, by their loue he had all. In summe (peerlesse Princeesse) I might as easily set down the whole Arte of gouernement, as to lay before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in such sort he flourished in the sweete comfort of doing much good, when by an occasion of leauing his country, he was forced to bring forth his vertue of magnanimitie, as befort he had done of iustice.

He had only one sister, a Ladie (lest I should too easily fall to partiall praises of her) of whom it may be iustly said, that she was no vnfit branch to the noble stocke whereof she was come. Her he had giuen in mariage to *Dorilaus* Prince of *Thesalia*, not so much to make a friendship, as to confirme the friendship betweene their posterity, which betweene them, by the likenesse of vertue, had beene long before made: for certainly, *Dorilaus*, could need no amplifiers mouth for the highest point of praise. Who hath not heard (said *Pamela*) of the valiant, wise, and iust *Dorilaus*, whose vntime death doth yet (so many yeares since) draw teares from vertuous eies? And indeed, my father is wont to speake of nothing with greater admiration, then of the notable friendship (a rare thing in Princes, more rare betweene Princes) that so holily was obserued to the last of those two excellent men. But (said she) go on I pray you. *Dorilaus* (said he) hauing married his sister, had his marriage in short time blest (for so are folke wont to say, how vnhappy soeuer the children after grow) with a sonne, whom they named *Musidorus*: of whom I must needs first speake before I come to *Pyrocles*; because as he was borne first, so vpon his occasion grew (as I may saie accidentally) the others brith. For scarcely was *Musidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of Southsayers, who affirmed strange & incredible things should be performed by that child; whether the heauens at that time listd to play with ignorant mankind, or that flatterie be

be so presumptuous, as euen at times to borrow the face of Diuinitie. But certainly so did the boldnesse of their affirmation accompanie the greatnesse of what they did affirme (euen descending to particularities, what kingdoms he shold ouercome) that the king of *Phrygia* (who ouer-superstitiously thought himselfe touched in the matter) sought by force to destroy the infant, to preuent his after-expectations: because a skilful man (hauing compared his natiuity with the child) so told him. Foolish man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not considering that if it were a worke of the superiour powers, the heauens at length are neuer children. But so he did, and by the aid of the kings of *Lydia* and *Crete* (toinining together their armies) inuaded *Thesalia*, and brought *Dorilaus* to some behind-hand of fortune, when his faithfull friend and brother *Euarchus* came so mightily to his succour, that with some enterchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a iust warre, the best child, peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a crosse mariage also with *Dorilaus* his sister, and shortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrocles*, driuen to returne to the defence of his owne countrie, which in his absence (helped with some of the il contented nobilitie) the mighty King of *Thrace*, and his brother King of *Pannonia*, had inuaded. The successe of those warres was too notable to be vnknowne to your cares, to which it seemes all worthie fame hath glorie to come vnto. But there was *Dorilaus* ( valiantly requiting his friends help) in a great battaile deprivied of life, his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his partakers, then the bloud of his enemies; with so piercing a sorrow to the constant hart of *Euarchus*, that the newes of his sonnes birth could lighten his countenance with no shew of comfort, although all the comfort that might be in a child, truth it selfe in him forth-with deliuered. For what fortune onely southsayers foretold of *Musidorus*, that all men might see prognosticated in *Pyrocles*, both Heauens & Earth giuing tokens of the comming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate-house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfection in a man, as at that time all folkes skilfull therein did acknowledge: only loue was threatned, & promised to him, & so to his cousin, as both the tempest & haue of their best years. But as death may haue preuented *Pyrocles*, so vnworthinesse must be the death of *Musidorus*.

But the mother of *Pyrocles* (shortly after her child-birth) dying, was cause that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his onely sonne to his sister; doing it the rather because the warre continued in cruell heart, betwixt him and those euill neighbours of his. In which meane time those yong Princes (the onely comforters of that vertuous widow) grewe on so, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardest conceits: *Musidorus* (perchaunce because among his subiects) exceedingly beloued: and by the good order of *Euarchus* (well performed by his sister) they were so brought vp, that all the sparkes of vertue, which nature had kindled in them, were so blowne to giue forth their vttermost heart, that iustly it may be affirmed, they enflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almost before they could perfectly speake, they began to receiue conceits not vnworthie of the best speakers: excellent deuises being vsed, to make euen their sports profitable; images of battailes, and fortifications being then deliuered to their memorie, which after, their stronger iudgements might dispence, the delight of tales being conuerted to the knowledge of all the stories of worthie Princes, both to moue them to do nobly, and teach them how to do nobly; the beautie of vertue still being set before their eyes, and that taught them with farre more diligent care, then Grammaticall rules, their bodies exercised in all abilities, both of doing and suffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with daungers,

and in summe, all bent to the making vp of princely mindes: no seruile feare vsed towards them; nor any other violent restraint, but still as to Princes: so that a habite of commaunding was naturalized in them, & therefore the farther from Tyrannie: Nature hauing done so much for them in nothing, as that it made them Lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which nothing I so much delight to recount, as the memorable friendship that grew betwixt the two Princes, such as made them more like then the likeness of all other vertues, and made them more neere one to the other, then the neerenes of their bloude could aspire vnto; which I thinke grew the faster, and the faster was tied betweene them, by reason that *Musidorus* being elder by three or foure yeares, it was neither so great a difference in age as did take away the delight in societie, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occasion of childish contentions; till they had both past ouer the humour of such contentions. For *Pyrocles* bare reuerence full of loue to *Musidorus*, and *Musidorus* had a delight full of loue in *Pyrocles*. *Musidorus*, what he had learned either for bodie or minde, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was so glad to learne of none, as of *Musidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to sixteene yeares of age, hee seemed so to ouerrun his age in growth, strength and all things following it, that not *Musidorus*, no nor any man liuing (I think) could performe any action, either on horse, or foote, more strongly, or deliuer that strenght more nimbly, or become the deliuerie more gracefully, or imploy all more vertuously. Which may well seeme wonderfull: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderfull subiect.

At which time, vnderstanding that the King *Euarchus*, after so many yeares warre, and the conquest of all *Pannonia*, and almost *Thrace*, had now brought the conclusion of all to the siege of *Bizantium* (to the raising of which siege great forces were made) they would needes fall to the practise of those vertues, which they before learned. And therefore the mother of *Musidorus* nobly yeelding ouer her owne affects to her childrens good (for a mother shee was in effect to them both) the rather that they might helpe her beloued brother, they brake of al delayes; which *Musidorus* for his part thought already had deuoured too much of his good time, but that he had once graunted a boone (before he knew what it was) to his deere friend *Pyrocles*; that he would neuer seeke the aduentures of armes vntill he might go with him: which hauing fast bound his hart (a true slaue to faith) he had bid a tedious delay of following his owne humour for his friends sake, till now being both sent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able every way to go thorow with that kinde of life, he was as desirous for his sake, as for his owne, to enter into it. So therefore preparing a nauie, that they might go like themselves, and not only bring the comfort of their presence: but of their power to their deere parent *Euarchus*, they recommended themselves to the Sea; leauing the shore of *Thessalia* full of reares and vowes, and were receiued thereon with so smooth and smiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falsely to fawne on Princes. The wind was like a seruant, waiting behind them so iust, that they might fill the sailes as they listed; and the best sailers shewing themselves lesse couetous of his liberalitie, so tempered it, that they al kept together like a beautiful flocke, which so well could obey their maisters pipe: without sometimes, to delight the Princes eyes, some two or three of them would strue, who could (either by the cunning of well spending the windes breath, or by the aduantageous building of their moouing houses) leaue their fellows behind them in the honour of speede: while the two Princes had leasure



to see the practise of that, which before they had learned by bookes: to consider the art of catching the winde prisoner, to no other end, but to runne away with it; to see how beautie, and vse can so well agree together, that of all the trinkets, wherewith they are attired, there is not one but serues to some necessarie purpose. And (ô Lord) to see the admirable power and noble effects of Loue, whereby the seeming insensible Loadstone, with a secret beautie (holding the spirit of iron in it) can draw that hardharted thing vnto it, and (like a vertuous mistresse) not onely make it bow it selfe, but with it make it aspire to so high a Loue, as of the heauenly Poles; and thereby to bring forth the noblest deedes, that the children of the Earth can boast of. And so the Princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, seeing wherein the Sea-discipline differed from Land-seruice, they had for a day and almost a whole night, as pleasing entertainment, as the falsest heart could giue to him he meanes worst to.

But by that the next morning began a little to make a guilden shewe of a good meaning, there arose euen with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly (like inke powred into water) had blacked ouer all the face of heauen; preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a Tragedie to be plaied on. For forthwith the windes began to speake lowder: and as in a tumultuous kingdome, to thinke themselves fittest instruments of commaundement; and blowing whole stormes of haile and raine vpon them; they were sooner in daunger, then they could almost bethinke themselves of change. For then the traitorous Sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted Nauie, vnder which (while the heauen fauoured them) it had layne so calmelie, making mountaines of it selfe, ouer which, the tossed and tottering ship should clime, to be streight carried downe againe to a pit of hellish darknesse; with such cruell blowes against the sides of the ship (that which way so euer it went, was still in his malice) that there was left neither power to stay, nor way to escape. And shortly had it so disscuered the louing company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them neuer met againe, but were swallowed vp in his neuer-satisfied mouth. Some in deede (as since was knowne) after long wandering returned into *Thesalia*; other recouered *Bizantium*, and serued *Euarchus* in his warre. But in the ship wherein the Princes were (now left as much alone as proud Lords be when fortune failes them) though they employed all industrie to saue themselves, yet what they did, was rather for dutie to nature, then hope to escape. So ougly a darknesse, as if it would preuent the nights comming, vsurped the dayes right: which accompanied sometimes with thunders, alwayes with horrible noyses of the chafing windes) made the masters and pilots so astonished, that they knewe not how to direct, and if they knew, they could scarcely (when they directed) heare their owne whistle. For the sea straue with the windes which should be lowder, and the shrowds of the ship with a ghastfull noise to them that were in it, witnessed, that theyr ruine was the wager of the others contention, and the heauen roaring out thunders the more amazed them, as hauing those powers for enimies. Certainly there is no daunger carries with it more horror, then that which growes in those floting kingdomes. For that dwelling place is vnnaturall to mankind, and then the terriblenesse of the continual motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the eare hauing ougly images euer before it, doth still vex the mind, euen when it is best armed against it. But thus the day past (if that might be called a day) while the cunningest mariners were so conquered by the storme, as they thought it best with stricken sailes to yeeld to be gouerned by it: the valiantest

feeling inward dismayednesse, & yet the fearfulllest ashamed fully to shew it, seeing that the Princes (who were to part from the greatest fortunes) did in their countenances accuse on point of feare, but encouraging them to do what might be done (putting their hands to euery most painfull office) taught them at one instant to promise themselues the best, and yet to despise the worst. But so were they carried by the tyrannie of the winde, and the treason of the Sea, all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it shewed it selfe towards them: till the next morning (knowne to be a morning better by the houre-glasse, then by the day cleerenesse) hauing runne fortune as blindly, as it selfe euer was painted, lest the conclusion should not aunswere to the rest of the play, they were diuinen vpon a rocke: which hidden with those outragious waues, did, as it were, closely dissemble his cruell minde, till with an vnbeleueed violence (but to them that haue tried it) the ship ranne vpon it; and seeming willinger to perish then to haue her course stayed, redoubled her blowes, till shee had broken her selfe in peeces; and as it were rearing out her owne bowels to feede the seas greedinesse, left nothing within it, but despaire of safetie, and expectation of a lothsome end. There was to be seene the diuerse maner of mindes in distresse: some fate vpon the top of the poupe weeping and wailing, till the sea swallowed them; some one more able to abide death, then feare of death, cut his owne throat to preuent drowning; some prayed, and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heauens could not be more angrie then they were. But a monstrous crie begotten of manie roaring voices, was able to infect with feare a minde that had not preuented it with the power of reason.

But the Princes vsing the passions of fearing euill, and desiring to escape, onely to serue the rule of vertue, not to abandō ones selfe, lept to a ribbe of the ship, which broken from his fellowes, floted with more likelyhood to do seruice, then any other limme of that ruinous bodie; vpon which there had gotten already two brethren, well knowne seruants of theirs; and streight they foure were caried out of sight, in that huge rising of the sea, from the rest of the ship. But the peece they were on sinking by little and little vnder them, not able to support the weight of so manie, the brethren (the elder whereof was *Leucippus*, the yonger *Nellus*) shewed themselues right faithfull and gratefull seruants vnto them; gratefull (I saie) for this cause. Those two gentlemen had bene taken prisoners in the great warre the king of *Phrygia* made vpon *Thessalia*, in the time of *Musidorus* his infancie, and hauing bene sold into another countrie (though peace fell after betweene these Realmes) could not be deliuered, because of there valour knowne, but for a farre greater summe, then either all their friends were able, or the Dowager willing to make, in respect of the great expences her selfe & people had bene put to in those warres; and so had they remained in prison about thirteene yeares, when the two young Princes (hearing speaches of their good deserts) found meanes both by selling all the Iewels they had of great price, and by giuing vnder their handes great estates when they should come to be Kings (which promises their vertue promised for them should be kept) to get so much treasure as redeemed them from captiuitie. This remembred and kindly remembred by these two brothers, perchance helped by a naturall duetie to their Princes blood, they willingly left hold of the boord, committing themselues to the seas rage, and euen when they meant to die, themselues praying for the Princes liues. It is true, that neither the paine nor daunger, so moued the Princes hearts as the tenderesse of that louing part, farre from

from glory, hauing so few lookers on; far from hope of reward, since themselves were sure to perish.

But now of all the royal Nauie they lately had, they had left but one litle peece of one ship, whereon they kept themselves in all truth, hauing enterchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counselling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worse. But so fell it out, that as they were caried by the tide (which there seconded by the storme ran exceeding swiftly) *Musidorus* seeing (as he thought) *Pyrocles* not well ypon the boord, as he would with his right hand haue helped him on better, he had no sooner vnfastened his holde, but that a waue forcibly spoiled his weaker hand of hold, & so for a time parted those friends, each crying to the other, but the noise of the sea drowned their farewell. But *Pyrocles* (then carelesse of death, if it had come by any means, but his owne) was shortly brought out of the Seas fury to the Lands comfort, when (in my conscience I know) that comfort was but bitter vnto him: and bitter indeed it fell our euill in it selfe to be vnto him.

For being cast on land much bruised & beaten both with the seas hard farewell, and the shores rude welcome; and euen almost deadly tyred with the length of his vncomfortable labour, as he was walking vp to discouer some body, to whom he might go for reliefe, there came straight running vnto him certaine, who (as it was after knowne) by appointment watched (with many others) in diuerse places along the coast: who laid handes of him, and without either questioning with him, or shewing will to heare him, (like men fearfull to appeare curious) or which was worse, hauing no regard to the hard plight he was in (being so wet and weake) they caried him some miles thence, to a house of a principall officer of that countrey. Whowith no more ciuility (though with much more businesse then those vnder-fellowes had shewed) began in captious maner to put interrogatories vnto him. To which (he vnused to such entertainment) did shortly and plainly answer, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no sooner knowne, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for mischiefe, not from mischiefe) he was sent to the kings Court, which as then was not aboue a dayes iourney off, with letters from that officer, containing his owne seruiceable diligence in discouering so great a personage, adding withall more then was true of his coniectures, because he would endeare his owne seruice.

This country whereon he fell was Phrigia, and it was to the king thereof to whom he was sent a Prince of a melancholy constitution both of body and mind; wickedly sad, euer musing of horrible matters; suspecting or rather condemning all men of euill, because his mind had no eye to espie goodnesse: and therefore accusing *Sycophantes* of all men did best sort to his nature; but therefore not seeming *Sycophantes*, because of no euill they said, they could bring any new or doubtful thing vnto him, but such as already he had bene apt to determine; so as they came but as proofes of his wisdom, fearefull and neuer secure; while the feare he had figured in his minde had any possibility of euent. A tode-like retirednesse, and closenesse of mind; nature teaching the odiousnesse of poyson, and the danger of odiousnesse. Yet while youth lasted in him, the exercises of that age, and his humour (not yet fully discouered) made him something the more frequenterable, and lesse dangerous. But after that yeares began to come on with some, though more seldome shewes of a bloudy nature, and that the prophecie of *Musidorus* destinie came to his eares (deliuered vnto him, and receiued of him with the hardest inter-



interpretation, as though his subiects did delight in the hearing thereof.) Then gaue he himselfe indeed to the full currant of his disposition, especially after the warre of Theffalia, wherein (though in truth wrongly) he deemed, his vnsuccesse proceeded of their vnwillingnesse to haue him prosper: and then thinking himselfe contemned; (knowing no counterminne against contempt, but terrour) began to let nothing passe which might beare the colour of a fault, without sharpe punishment: and when he wanted faults, excellency grew a fault, and it was sufficient to make one guilty, that he had power to be guiltie. And as there is no humour, to which impudent pouerty cannot make it selfe seruiceable, so were there enow of those of desperate ambition, who would build their houses vpon others ruines, which after should fall by like practises. So as seruitude came mainly vpon that poore people, whose deedes were not only punished, but words corrected, and euen thoughts by some meane or other puld out of them. while suspicion bred the mind of crueltie, and the effects of cruelty stirred a new cause of suspicion. And in this plight (full of watchfull fearefulness) did the storme deliuer sweet *Pyrocles* to the stormy minde of that Tyrant, all men that did such wrong to so rare a straunger (whose countenance deserued both pitie and admiration) condemning themselves as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their forces.

But when this bloody king knew what he was, & in what order he and his cosin *Musidorus* (so much of him feared) were come out of *Theffalia*, assuredly thinking (because euer thinking the worst) that those forces were provided against him, glad of the perishing (as he thought of *Musidorus*, determined in publike sort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For hauing quite lost the way of noblenesse, he straued to clime to the height of terriblenesse; and thinking to make all men adread, to make such one an enemy, who would not spare, nor feare to kill so great a Prince; and lastlie, hauing nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemy. The day was appointed, and all things appointed for that cruell blow, in so solemne an order, as if they would set forth tyranny in most gorgeous decking. The Princely youth of inuincible valour, yet so vniustly subiect to such outragious wrong, carying himselfe in all his demeanure so constantly abiding extremitie, that one might see it was the cutting away of the greatest hope of the world, and destroying vertue in his sweetest growth.

But so it fell out, that his death was preuented by a rare example of friendship in *Musidorus*: who being almost drowned, had bene taken vp by a Fisherman belonging to the kingdom of Pontus; & being there, & vnderstanding the full discourse (as Fame was very prodigall of so notable an accident) in what case *Pyrocles* was, learning withall, that his hate was far more to him then to *Pyrocles*, he found means to acquaint himselfe with a noble man of that Country, to whom largely discouering what he was; he found him a most fit instrument to effectuate his desire. For this Nobleman had bene one, who in many warres had serued *Euarchus*, and had bin so mind-struck by the beauty of vertue in that noble king that (though not born his subiect) he euer profest himselfe his seruant. His desire therefore to him was, to keepe *Musidorus*, in a strong castle of his, and then to make the king of *Phrygia* vnderstand that if he would deliuer *Pyrocles*, *Musidorus* would willingly put himselfe into his hands; knowing well, that how thirsty soeuer he was of *Pyrocles* bloud, he would rather drinke that of *Musidorus*.

The Nobleman was loth to preferue one by the losse of another, but time vrging resolution, the importunitie of *Musidorus* (who shewed a minde not to ouer-

ouerliue *Pyrocles*) with the affection he bare to *Euarchus*, so preuailed, that he caried this strange offer of *Musidorus*, which by that Tyrant was greedily accepted.

And so vpon security of both sides, they were enterchanged. Where I may not omit the worke of friendship in *Pyrocles*, who both in speech & countenance to *Musidorus*, well shewed, that he thought himselfe iniured, and not relieued by him. asking him, what he had euer seene in him, why he could not beare the extremities of mortall accidents as well as any man? and why he should enuy him the glory of suffering death for his friends cause, and (as it were) rob him of his owne possession? But in this notable contention (where the conquest must be the conquerers destruction, and safety the punishment of the conquered) *Musidorus* preuailed: because he was a more welcome pray to the vniust king, and as cheerefully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly frōward his death, he was deliuered to the king, who could not be enough sure of him, without he fed his own eyes vpon one, whom he had begun to feare, as soone as the other began to be.

Yet because hee would in one act, both make ostentation of his owne felicity (into whose hands his most feared enemy was fallen) & withal cut off such hopes from his suspected subiects (when they should know certainly he was dead) with much more skilfull cruelty, and horrible solemnity hee caused each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyranny. And so the day being come he was led forth by many armed men (who often had bene the fortifiers of wickednesse) to the place of execution: where comming with a minde comforted in that he had done such seruice to *Pyrocles*, this strange encounter he had.

The excellling *Pyrocles* was no sooner deliuered by the kings seruants to a place of liberty then he bent his wit and courage (and what would not they bring to passe?) how either to deliuer *Musidorus*, or to perish with him. And (finding he could get in that country no forces sufficient by force to rescue him) to bring himselfe to die with him, (little hoping of better euent) he put himselfe in poore rayment, and by the help of some few crownes he tooke of that noble man (who full of sorrow, though not knowing the secret of his intent, suffered him to go in such order from him) he (euen he, borne to the greatest expectation, and of the greatest bloud that any Prince might be) submitted himselfe to be seruant to the executioner that should put to death *Musidorus*: a farre notabler prooffe of his friendship, considering the height of his minde, then any death could be. That bad officer not suspecting him, being arrayed fit for such an estate, and hauing his beauty hidden by many foule spots he artificially put vpon his face, gaue him leaue not onely to weare a sword himselfe, but to beare his sword prepared for the iustified murder. And so *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Musidorus* was vpon the scaffold (separated somewhat from the rest as allowed to say something) he stept vnto him, and putting the sword into his hand not bound (a point of ciuility the officers vsed towards him, because they doubted no such enterprise) *Musidorus*, said he, die noble. In truth, neuer man betweene ioy before knowledge what to be glad of, and feare after considering this case, had such a confusion of thoughts, as I had, when I saw *Pyrocles*, so neare me. But with that *Dorus* blushed, and *Pamela* smiled: and *Dorus* the more blushed at her smiling, and she the more smiled at his blushing; because he had (with the remembrance of that plight he was in) forgotten in speaking of himselfe to vse the third person. But *Musidorus* turned againe her thoughts from his cheekes to his tongue in this sort: But, said he, when they were with swordes in hands, not turning backes one to the other (for there they knew was no place

place of defence) but making it a preservation in not hoping to be preserved, and now acknowledging themselves subiect to death, meaning onely to doe honor to their princelie birth, they flew amongst them all (for all were enemies) and had quickly either with flight or death, left none vpon the scaffold to annoy them. Wherein *Pyrocles* (the excellent *Pyrocles*) did such wonders beyond beleefe, as was able to lead *Musidorus* to courage, though he had bene borne a coward. But indeed iust rage and desperate vertue did such effects, that the popular sort of the beholders began to be almost superstitiously amazed, as at effects beyond mortall power. But the king with angry threatnings from out a window (where he was not ashamed the world should behold him a beholder) commaunded his guard and the rest of his souldiers to hasten their death. But many of them lost their bodies to lose their soules, when the Princes grew almost so weary, as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were still fighting with weake armes and strong hearts, it happened, that one of the souldiers (commaunded to go vp after his fellowes against the Princes) hauing receiued a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went backe with as much diligence, as he came vp with modesty: which another of his fellowes seeing, to picke a thanke of the king, strake him vpon the face, reuiling him, that so accompanied, he would runne away from so few. But he (as many times it falls out) onlie valiant, when he was angry, in reuenge thrust him through: which with his death was straight reuenged by a brother of his: and that againe requited by a fellow of the others. There began to be a great tumult amongst the souldiers; which scene, and not vnderstood by the people (vsed to feares, but not vsed to be bold in them) some began to crie treason; and that voice straight multiplying it selfe, the king (ô the cowardise of a guilty conscience) before any man set vpon him, fled away. Wherewith a bruit (either by arte of some well meaning men, or by such chaunce as such things often fall out by) ran from one to the other, that the king was slaine; wherewith certaine young men of the brauest minds, cried with loud voyce, Libertie; and encouraging the other Citizens to follow them, set vpon the guard and souldiers, as chiefe instruments of tyranny: and quickly ayded by the Princes they had left none of them aliue, nor any other in the city, who they thought had in any sort set his hand to the worke of their seruitude, & (God knowes) by the blindness of rage, killing many guiltlesse persons, either for affinitie to the tyrant, or enmitie to the tyrant-killers. But some of the wiser (seeing that a popular licence is indeed the many-headed-tyranny) preuailed with the rest to make *Musidorus* their chiefe: choosing one of them (because Princes) to defend the, and him because elder and most hated of the Tyrant, and by him to be ruled: whom forthwith they lifted vp, Fortune (I thinke) smiling at her worke therein, that a scaffold of execution should grow a scaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came newes of more certaine truth; that the king was not dead, but fled to a strong castle of his, neare hand, where he was gathering forces in all speed possible to suppress this mutiny. But now they had runne themselves too farre out of breath, to go backe againe the same careere, and too wel they knew the sharpnesse of his memory to forget such an iniury; therefore learning vertue of necessitie, they continued resolute to obey *Musidorus*. Who seeing what forces were in the city, with them issued against the tyrant, while they were in this heat; before practises might be vsed to disseuer them: and with them met the King, who likewise hoping little to preuaile by time, knowing and finding his peoples hate,

met



met him with litle delay in the field; where himselfe, was slaine by *Musidorus*, after he had seene his onlie sonne (a Prince of great courage and beautie, but fostered vp in bloud by his naughtie father) slaine by the hand of *Pyrocles*. This victorie obtained with great, and truly not vnderfuered honour to the two Princes, the whole estates of the countrey with one consent, gaue the crowne and all other markes of soveraigntie to *Musidorus*; desiring nothing more then to lue vnder such a gouernment as they promised themselues of him.

But he thinking it a greater greatnesse to giue a kingdome, then get a kingdome, vnderstanding that there was left of the bloud royall, & next to the succession, an aged Gentleman of approued goodnesse (who had gotten nothing by his cousins power but danger from him, & odiousnesse for him) hauing past his time in modest secrecy, & as much from intermedling in matters of gouernment, as the greatnesse of his bloud would suffer him, did (after hauing receued the full power to his owne hands) resigne all to the Nobleman; but with such conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might assure the people (with as much assurance as worldly matters beate) that not only that Gouernor, of whom indeed they looked for all good, but the nature of the gouernment, should be no way apt to decline to tyranny.

This doing set forth no lesse his magnificence, then the other act did his magnanimitie; so that greatly praised of all, and iustlie beloued of the new king, who in all both wordes and behauiour protested himselfe their Tenant, and Liegeman, they were drawne thence to reuenge those two seruants of theirs, of whose memorable faith, I told you (most excellent Princeesse) in willingly giuing themselues to be drowned for their sakes; but drowned indeed they were not, but gate with painfull swimming vpon a rocke: from whence (after being come as neare famishing, as before drowning) the weather breaking vp, they were brought to the main land of *Pontus*; the same countrey vpon which *Musidorus* also was fallen, but not in so luckie a place.

For they were brought to the king of that countrey, a Tyrant also, not through suspition, greedinesse, or reuengefulnessse, as he of *Phrygia*, but (as I may terme it) of a wantoncueltie: in constant in his choise of friends, or rather neuer hauing a friend but a playfellow; of whom when he was wearie, he could not otherwise rid himselfe then by killing them; giuing sometimes prodigally, not because he loued them to whom he gaue, but becaule he lusted to giue. punishing, not so much for hate or anger, as because he felt not the smart of punishment: delighted to be flattered, at first for those vertues which were not in him, at length making his vices vertues worthy the flattering: with like iudgement glorying, when he had happened to do a thing well, as when he had perfourmed some notable mischief.

He chaunced at that time (for indeed long time none lasted with him) to haue next in vse about him, a man of the most eniuous disposition, that (I thinke) euer infected the aire with his breath; whose eyes could not look right vpon anie happy man, nor eares beare the burthen of any bodies praise: contrarie to the natures of all other plagues, plagued with othes well being; making happinesse the ground of his unhappinesse, & good newes the argument of his sorow. in sum, a man whose fauour no man could winne, but by being miserable. And so, because these two faithfull seruants of theirs came in miserable sort to that Court, he was apt enough at first to fauour them; and the king vnderstanding of their aduenture, (wherein they had shewed so constant a faith vnto their Lords) sodainlie fallies to take a pride in making much of them, extolling them with infinit praises, and praising him-

himselfe in his heart, in that he praised them. And by and by were they made great Courtiers, and in the way of minions, when aduancement (the most mortall offence to enuy) stirred vp their former friend, to ouerthrow his owne worke in them; taking occasion vpon the knowledge (newly come to the Court) of the late death of the King of Phrygia destroyed by their two Lords, who hauing bene a neere kinsman to this Prince of *Pontus*, by this enuious Councillour, partly with suspicion of practise, partly with glory of in-part reuenging his cousins death, the King was sodainly turned, and euery turne with him was a downe-fall) to locke them vp in prison, as seruants to his enemies, whom before he had neuer knowne, nor (till that time one of his owne sudiets had entertained and dealt for them) did euer take heed of. But now earnest in euery present humour, and making himselfe braue in his liking, he was content to giue them iust cause of offence, when they had power to make iust reuenge. Yet did the Princes send vnto him before they entred into warre, desiring their seruants liberty. But he swelling in their humblenesse, (like a bubble blowne vp with a small breath, broken with a great) forgetting, or neuer knowing humanity, caused their heads to be striken off, by the aduice of his enuious Counsellour (who now hated them so much the more as he foresawe their hapinesse in hauing such, and so fortunate maisters) and sent them with vnroyall reproches to *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done traiterously, and not heroically in killing his tyrannicall cousin.

But that iniury went beyond all degree of reconcilment; so that they making forces in *Phrygia* (a kingdome wholly at their commandement; by the loue of the people, and gratefulnesse of the king) they entred his countrie; and wholly conquering it (with such deeds as at least Fame said were excellent) tooke the king; & by *Musidorus* commandement (*Pyrocles* heart more enclined to pitie) he was slaine vpon the tombe of their two true seruants; which they caused to be made for them with royall expences, and notable workmanship to preserue their dead liues. For his wicked seruant he should haue felt the like, or worse, but that his heart brake euen to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carkasses. There might *Pyrocles* quietly haue enioyed that Crowne, by all the desire of that people, most of whom had reuolted vnto him: but he finding a sister of the late kings (a faire and well esteemed Lady) looking for nothing more, then to be oppressed with her brothers ruines, gaue her in mariage to the Nobleman his fathers olde friend, and endowed them with the Crowne of that kingdome. And not content with those publique actions, of princely, and (as it were) gouerning vertue, they did (in that kingdome and some other neere about) diuerse acts of particular trials, more famous, because more perilous. For in that time those regions were full both of cruell monsters, and monstrous men: all which in short time by priuate combats they deliuered the countries of.

Among the rest, two brothers of huge both greatnesse and force, therefore commonly called Giants, who kept themselues in a castle seated vpon the top of a rock, impregnable, because there was no comming vnto it but by one narrow path, where one mans force was able to keepe downe an armie. These brothers had a while serued the king of *Pontus*, and in all his affaires (especially of warre, whereunto they were only apt) they had shewed as vnconquered courage, so a rude faithfulness: being men indeed by nature apter to the faults of rage, then of deceit; not greatly ambitious, more then to be well and vprightly dealt with: rather impatient of iniury, then delighted with more then ordinarie curtesies; and in iniuries

more

more sensible of smart or losse, then of reproch or disgrace. These mē being of this nature ( and certainly iewels to a wise man, considering what indeed wonders they were able to perfourme) yet were discarded by that vnworthy Prince, after manie notable defects, as not worthie the holding. Which was the more euident to them; because it sodainlie fell from an excesse of fauour, which (manie examples hauing taught them) neuer stopt his race til it came to an headlong ouerthrow: they full of rage, retired themselues vnto this castle: where thinking nothing iuster then reuenge, nor more noble then the effectes of anger, that (according to the nature) full of inward brauerie and fiercenesse, scarce in the glasse of reason, thinking it selfe faire, but when it is terrible, they immediatly gaue themselues to make all the countrie about them (subiect to that king) to smart for their Lords follie: not earing how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it testified their spite, which they desired to manifest. And with vse of euill, growing more and more euill, they tooke delight in slaughter, and pleased themselues in making others wracke the effect of their power: so that where in the time that they obeyed a maister, their anger was a seruiceable power of the mind to do publike good; so now vnbrideled, and blind iudge of it selfe, it made wickednesse violent, and praised it selfe in excellencie of mischief; almost to the ruine of the countrie, not greatly regarded by their carelesse and louelesse king. Till now these Princes finding them so fleshed in crueltie, as not to be reclaimed, secretly vnder-tooke the matter alone: for accompanied they would not haue suffered them to haue mounted; and so those great fellows scornfullie receiuing them, as foolish birds fallen into their net, it pleased the eternall iustice to make them suffer death by their hands: and so they were manifoldlie acknowledged the sauers of that countrie.

It were the part of a verie idle Orator to set forth the nūbers of well deuised honors done vnto them: but as high honor is not onlie gotten and borne by paine and danger, but must be nursed by the like, or else vanisheth as soone as it appeares to the world: so the naturall hunger thereof ( which was in *Pyrocles*) suffered him not to account a resting seat of that, which euer either riseth or falleth, but still to make one occasion be get another; whereby his doings might send his praise to others mouthes to rebound againe true contentmēt to his spirit. And therefore hauing well established those kingdomes vnder good gouernors, and rid them by their valure of such giants and monsters, as before time armies were not able to subdue, they determined in vnknowne order to see more of the world, and to imploy those gifts esteemed rare in them, to the good of mankind; and therefore would themselues (vnderstanding that the king *Enarchus* was passed all the cumber of his warres) go priuately to seeke exercises of their vertue, thinking it not so worthie to be brought to heroicall effects by fortune, or necessitie, (like *Vlysses* and *Aeneas*) as by ones own choice and working. And so went they away from verie vnwilling people to leaue them, making time haste it selfe to be a circumstance of their honor, and one place witnesse to another of the truth of thier doings. For scarce in were they out of the confines of *Pontus*, but that as they rid alone armed, (for alone they went, one seru- ing the other) they met an aduenture; which though not so notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthie to be remembered for the vnused examples therein, as well of true naturall goodnesse, as of wretched vngatefullnesse.

It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) verie cold, and as then sodainlie growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that

M

neuer



neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child: so that the Princes were euen cōpelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place which a certaine hollow rocke offering vnto the, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who not perceiuing them; being hid within that rude canapie, held a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them step out; yet in such sort, as they might see vnto the. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, scarce come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extreame weather-beaten; the olde man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appeare a kind of noblenesse, not futable to that affliction. But the first wordes they heard, were these of the old man. Well *Leonatus* (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to leade me to that which should end my griepe, and thy trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie: feare not the daunger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worfe then I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednesse: but flie, flie from this region only worthy of me. Deare father (answered he) do not take a way from me the only remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to do you seruice, I am not whollie miserable. Ah my sonne (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow straued to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse vpbraide my wickednesse? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the Princes to go out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kind of pitousnesse) I see well you are strangers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull vnto vs as pitie, yet nothing is more daungerous vnto vs, then to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pitie: but your presence promiseth that crueltie shall not ouer-rune hate: and if it did, in truth our state is sunke below the degree of feate.

This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngreatnesse of a sonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome wherof no forraine forces were euer able to spoyle him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath bene driuen to such griepe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the top of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is engrafted in a sonnes heart, let me intreat you to conueigh this affected Prince to some place of rest and securitie: amongst your worthie acts it shall be none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, & so vniustlie oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

But before they could make him answere, his father beganne to speake. Ah my sonne, said he, how euill an Historian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the discourse: my wickednesse, my wickednesse: and if thou doest it to spare my cares (the only sense now left me proper for knowledge) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake me: and I take witnesse of that Sunne which you see (with that he cast vp

his

his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my selfe in worse case then I do wish my selfe; which is as euill as may be, if I speake vntuly, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoeuer my son (ô God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But besides those truthe, this also is true, that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this sonne (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enioyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growne to iustifie their expectations (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones-selfe after me) I was caried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I be bound to beleue the wordes of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vnderferuing destruction. What waies be vsed to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hipocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in any liuing person could be harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delights me but mine owne; and me thinks, the accusing his traps might in some maner excuse my fault, which certainly I loth to do. But the conclusion is, that I gaue order to some seruants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those theeues) better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorely: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier in a country hereby: but as he was ready to be greatly aduanced for some noble peeces of seruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my selfe so to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importtance distributed to his fauorites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a King: which he shortly weary of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laid vpon me) threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes; and then (proud in his tyranny) let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feeble my misery; misery indeed, if euer there were any; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltinesse. And as he came to the crowne by so vniust meanes, as vniustly he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in *Citadels*, the neasts of tyranny, and murderers of liberty; disarming all his owne countrimen, that no man durst shew himself a wel-willer of mine: to say the truth (I thinke) few of them being so (considering my cruell folly to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard: ) but if there were any who felt a pity of so great a fall, & had yet any sparkes of vnflaine duty left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarcely with giuing me almes at their doores; which yet was the only sustenance of my distressed life, no body daring to shew so much charity, as to lend me a hand to guide my darke steps: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, worthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable wrongs, not recking daunger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hither to do this kind office you see him performe towards mee, to my vnspokeable grieffe; not only because his kindnesse is a glasse euen to my

blind eyes of my naughtinesse, but that about all griefes, it grieues me he should desperately aduenture the losse of his well-deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carie mudde in a chest of Cristall: for well I know, he that now raigneth, how much soeuer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of al men despised, yet he wil not let slippe any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title (enobled by courage & goodnesse) may one day shake the seat of a neuer secure tyranny. And for this cause I craued of him to leade me to the top of this rocke, indeed I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, only therein since hee was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto mee. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true story, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may be the glory of his filiall piety, the onely reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in saving any, then in ending me, both because therein my agonie shall end, & so you shal preferue this excellent young man, who else wilfully followes his owne ruine.

The matter in it selfe lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince (which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pity, since his face could not put off the markes thereof) greatly moued the two Princes to compassion, which could not stay in such hearts as theirs without seeking remedy. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thither with forty horse, only of purpose to murder this brother, of whose comming he had soone aduertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credite in such a matter, but his owne, and therefore came himselfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as he thought) gard of but two men, commaunded some of his followers to set their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the yong Prince (though not otherwise armed but with a sword) how falsely soeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray himselfe, but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assailed him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly become parties (so iust a defence deseruing as much as old friendship) and so did behaue them among that company (more iniurious then valiant) that many of them lost their liues for their wicked maister.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at last preuailed, if the king of *Pontus* (late-ly by them made so) had not come vnlooked for to their succour. Who (hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon some great danger, presently to follow those two Princes, whom he most dearly loued) was come in al haste, following as well as he could their tracke with a hundred horses in that cuntry, which he thought (considering who then raigned) a fit place enough to make the stage of any Tragedie.

But then the match had bene so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worse gotten honour should haue tumbled together to destruction; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their suite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that country, brought vp from their infancy with *Plexirtus*, men of such prowesse, as not to know feare in themselves, and yet to teach it in others that should deale with them: for they had often made their liues triumph ouer most terrible daungers; neuer dismayed, and euer fortunate; and truly no more setled in valure, then disposed to goodnesse and iustice



justice, if either they had lighted on a better frind, or could haue learned to make friendship a child, and not the father of Vertue. But bringing vp (rather the choice) hauing first knit their mindes vnto him (indeed craftie enough, either to hide his faults, or neuer to shew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the course, rather to satisfie him, then all the world; and rather to be good friends, then good men: so as though they did not like the euill he did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not counsellours of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this sodaine going out with so small a companie, in a countrey full of euill-wishing minds toward him (though they knew not the cause) followed him; till they found him in such case, as they were to venture their liues, or else he to lose his: which they did with such force of mind and bodie, that trulie I may iustly say *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them so well repeat their hardest lesson in the feates of armes. And brieflie so they did, that if they ouercame not; yet were they not ouercome, but carried away that vngratefull maister of theirs to a place of securitie, howsoeuer the Princes laboured to the contrarie. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the constancie of the Princes so to leaue it; but in all hast making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, they had in few dayes left him but only that one strong place where he was. For feare hauing bene the only knot that had fastened his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birds, whose cage had bene broken.

In which season the blind king) hauing in the chiefe citie of his realme set the crowne vpon his sonne *Leonatus* head) with many tears (both of ioy and sorow) setting forth to the whole people, his owne fault and his sonns vertue, after he had kist him, and forc'd his sonne to accept honour of him (as of his new-become subiect) heuen in a moment died, as it should seeme, his heart broken with vinkindnesse and affliction, stretched so far beyond his limits with this excesse of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep safe his vital spirits. But the new king (hauing no lesse louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue) pursued on the siege of his vnnatural brother, as much for the reuenge of his father, as for the establishing of his owne quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, then whom the Princes neuer found in all their trauell, two of greater abilitie to performe, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humbleness to creepe, where by pride he could not march. For certainly so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him to all turningnesse of sleights, that though no man had lesse goodness in his soule then he, no man could better finde the places whence arguments might grow of goodness to another; though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tel better how to stirre pitie; no man more impudent to denie, where proofes were not manifest; no man more ready to confesse with a repenting maner of aggravating his owne euill, where deniall would but make the fault fowlet. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a passport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* aliue into hands) to speake with the king his brother, hee himselfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in braue defence) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where what submission he vsed, how cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultinesse the lesse, how artificiallie he could set out the torments

of his owne conscience, with the burdensome cumber he had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to liue, he begg'd life in the refusing it, I am not cunning enough to be able to expresse: but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with no other eye, then as the murderer of his father; and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuse of the fault past, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines (chiefe ministers of his wickednesse, now betrayed by the authour thereof,) were deliuered to manie cruell sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, he had more come into the defence of an vnremediable michiefe already committed, then that they had done it at first by his consent.

In such sort the Princes left these reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behaviour carying him in farre lower degree of seruice, then the euer-noble nature of *Leonatus* wold suffer him) and taking likewise their leaue of their good friend the king of *Pontus* (who returned to enioy their benefite, both of his wife and kingdome) they priuately went thence, hauing onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompanie them through diuerse places; they foure doing acts more danngertous, though lesse famous, because they were but priuate chiuallries: till hearing of the faire & vertuous Queene *Erona* of Lycia, besieged by the puissant king of Armenia, they bent themselues to her succour, both because the weaker (& weaker as being a Lady) and partlie because they heard the king of Armenia had in his companie three of the most famous men liuing, for matters of armes, that were known to be in the world. Wherefore one was the Prince *Plangus* (whose name was sweetned by your breath, peerlesse Lady, when the last day it pleased you to mention him vnto me:) the other two were two great Princes (though holding of him) *Barzanès* and *Euardes*, men of Giant-like both hugeness and force: in which two especiallie, the trust the king had of victorie was reposed. And of them, those brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor* (sufficient iudges in warlike matters) spake so high commendations, that the two Princes had euen a youthfull longing to haue some trial of their vertue. And therefore as soone as they were entred into Lycia, they ioyned theselues with them that faithfully serued the poore Queene, at that time besieged: and ere long animated in such sort their almost ouerthrowne hearts, that they went by force to relieue the towne, though they were depriued of a great part of their strength by the parting of the two brothers, who (were sent for in al haste to returne to their old friend and maister *Plexirtus*: who willingly hood-winking themselues from seeing his faults, and binding themselues to beleue what he saide) often abused the vertue of courage to defend his fowle vice of iniustice. But now they were sent for to aduaunce a conquest he was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* pursued the deliuerie of the Queene *Erona*.

I haue heard (said *Pamela*) that part of the story of *Plangus*, whē he passed through this countrie: therefore you may if you list) passe ouer that warre of *Eronas* quarrell, least if you speake too much of warre matters, you should wake *Mopsa*, which might happily breed a great broile. He looked, & saw that *Mopsa* indeed fate swallowing of sleepe with open mouth, making such a noise withall, as no body could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to vse that occasion, he kneeled down, & with hūble-heartednesse & hardy earnestnesse printed in his graces, Alas (said he) diuine lady, who haue wrought such miracles in me, as to make a prince (none of the basest) to think al principalities base, in respect of the sheephooke, which

which may hold him vp in your sight; vouchsafe now at last to heare in direct words my humble sute, while this dragon sleepe, that keeps the golden fruit. If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or in my imagination faine to my selfe any thing which may be the least sport to that heauenly vertue, which shines in all your doings; I pray the eternall powers, that the words I speake may be deadly poysons, while they are in my mouth, and that all my hopes, al my desires, all my imaginations, may only worke their own confusio. But if loue, loue of you, loue of your vertues, seeke only that fauour of you, which becometh that gratefulnesse, which cannot misbecome your excellencie; O doo not: He would haue said further, but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopsa*, she sodainly start vp, staggering, & rubbing her eyes, ran first out of the doore, & then back to them, before she knew how she went out, or why she came in againe: til at length, being fully come to her little selfe, she asked *Pamela*, why she had called her. For nothing (said *Pamela*) but that you might heare some tales of your seruants telling, and therefore now (said she *Dorus*) go on.

But as he (who found no so good sacrifice, as obedience) was returning to the story of himselfe, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miso*; so as for that time they were faine to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela* (delighted euen to preferue in her memorie, the words of so well a beloued speaker) repeated the whole substance to her sister, till their sober dinner being come and gone, to recreate themselves something, (euen tyred with the noysomnes of *Miso*s conuersation) they determined to goe (while the heat of the day lasted) to bath themselves (such being the manner of the *Arcadian* nimphes often to doo) in the riuer of *Ladon*, and take with them a Lute, meaning to delight them vnder some shadow. But they could not stir, but that *Miso* with her daughter *Mopsa* was after them: & as it lay in their way to passe by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window espied them, & so stole down after them; which shee might the better do, because that *Gynestia* was sicke, and *Bustilius* (that day being his birth-day) according to his manner, was busie about his deuotions; and therefore shee went after, hoping to finde sometime to speake with *Philoclea*; but not a word could shee beginne, but that *Miso* would be one of the audience; so that shee was driuen to recommend thinking, speaking, and all, to her eyes, who diligently performed her trust, til they came to the riuers side, which of all the riuers of *Greece* had the price for excellent purenesse and sweetenesse, in so much as the very bathing in it, was accounted exceeding healthfull. It ranne vpon so fine and delicate a ground, as one could not easily iudge, whether the Riuer did more wash the grauell, or the grauell did purifie the Riuer; the Riuer not running forth right, but almost continually winding, as if the lower streames would returne to their spring, or that the Riuer had a delight to play with it selfe. The bankes of either side seeming armes of the louing earth, that faine would embrace it; and the Riuer a wanton nymph which still would slippe from it: either side of the bancke being fringed with most beautifull trees, which resisted the sunnes darts from ouer-much piercing the naturall coldnesse of the Riuer. There was the

But among the rest a goodly *Cypres*, who bowing her faire head ouer the water, it seemed she looked into it, & dressed her greene locks by that running Riuer. There the princesses determining to bath themselves, thought it was so priuiledged a place, vpo paine of death, as no body durst presume to come thither, yet for the more surety, they looked round about, & could see nothing but a water spaniel, who came downe the riuer shewing that he hunted for a duck, & with a snuffling grace, disdainning that his smelling



force could not as wel preuaile thorow the water, as thorough the aire, & therefore wayting with his eye, to see whether he could espie the duckes getting vp againe: but then a litle below them failing of his purpose, he got out of the riuer, & shaking off the water (as great men do their friends, now he had no further cause to vse it) inweeded himselfe so, as the Ladies lost the further marking his sportfulnesse; and inuiting *Zelmane* also to wash her selfe with them, and she excusing her selfe with hauing taken a late cold, they began by peece-meale to take away the eclipsing of their apparell.

*Zelmane* would haue put to her helping hand, but she was taken with such a quivering, that she thought it more wisdom to leane her selfe to a tree and looke on, while *Miso* and *Mopsa* (like a couple of forewat melters) were getting the pure siluer of their bodies out of the vre of their garments. But as the rayments went off to receiue kisses of the ground, *Zelmane* enuied the happinesse of all, but of the smock was euen ialous, and when that was taken away too, and that *Philoclea* remained (for her *Zelmane* onely marked) like a *Dyamon* taken from out the rocke, or rather like the Sun getting from vnder a cloud, and shewing his naked beames to the full view, then was the beauty too much for a patient sight, the delight too strong for a stayed conceit: so that *Zelmane* could not choose but run, to touch, embrace and kisse her; But conscience made her come to her selfe, & leaue *Philoclea*, who blushing, and withall smiling, making shamefastnesse pleasant, & pleasure shamefast, tenderly moued her feet, vnwonted to feele the naked ground, til the touch of the cold water made a pretie kind of shugging come ouer her body, like the twinkling of the fairest among the fixed stars. But the riuer it selfe gaue way vnto her, so that she was streight breast high; which was the deepest that ther-about she could be: and when cold *Ladon* had once fully imbraced them, himselfe was no more so cold to those Ladies, but as if his cold complexion had bin heated with loue, so seemed he to play about euery part he could touch.

Ah sweet, now sweetest *Ladon* (said *Zelmane*) why dost thou not stay thy course to haue more full tast of thy happines: But the reason is manifest, the vpper streams make such haste to haue their part of imbracing, that the weather (though lothly) must needs giue place vnto them. O happy *Ladon*, within whom she is, vpon who her beauty falls, thorough whom her eie pierceth, O happy *Ladon*, which art now an vnperfect mirror of all perfection, canst thou euer forget the blessednes of this impressiō: if thou do, then let thy bed be turned from fine grauell, to weeds & mud; if thou do, let some vniust niggards make weres to spoile thy beauty; if thou do, let some greater riuer fall into thee, to take away the name of *Ladon*. Oh *Ladon*, happy *Ladon*, rather slide then run by her, least thou shouldest make her legs slip from her, & then, O happy *Ladon*, who would then call thee, but the most cursed *Ladon*? But as the Ladies plaid them in the water, sometimes striking it with their hands, the water (making lines in his face) seemed to smile at such beating, & with twenty bubbles, not to be content to haue the picture of their face in large vpon him, but he would in each of those bubbles set forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmane*, whose sight was gaine-sayd by nothing but the transparēt vaile of *Ladon* (like a chamber where a great fire is kept, though the fire be at one stay, yet with the continuance continually hath his heate encreased (had the coales of her affection so kindled with wonder, and blowne with delight, that now all her parts grudged, that her eyes should doe more homage, then they, to the Princeesse of them. In so much that taking vp the Lute, her wir began to bee with a diuine furie inspired;

inspired; her voice would in so beloued an occasion second her wit; her hands accorded the Lutes musick to the voices; her panting heart danced to the musicke; while I thinke her feete did beat the time; while her body was the roome where it should be celebrated; her soule the Queene which should be delighted. And so together went the vtterance and the inuention, that one might iudge, it was *Phileas* beauty which did speedily write it in her eyes; or the sence thereof, which did word by word endite it in her mind, whereto she (but as an organ) did onely lend vtterance. The song was to this purpose.

**V** Hat tongue can her perfections tell,  
In whose each part all pents may dwell:

Her haire fine breeds of finest gold  
In curled knots mans thought to hold:  
But that her fore-head sayes in me  
A whiter beantie you may see:  
VVhiter indeed; more white then snow,  
VVhich on cold winters face doth grow,  
That doth present those euen browes,  
VVhose equall line their angles bowes,  
Like to the Moone when after change  
Her horned head abroad doth raunge:  
And arches be to beauenly lids,  
VVhose winke each bold attempt forbids.  
For the blacke starres those Sphaeres containe,  
The matchlesse paire, euen praise doth staine.  
No lampe, whose light by art is got,  
No Sunne, which shines and seeth not,  
Can liken them without all peere,  
Saue one as much as other cleere:  
VVhich only thus unhappy be,  
Because themselves they cannot see.  
Her cheekes with kindly claret spread,  
Aurora-like new out of bed,  
Or like the fresh Queene-apples side,  
Blushing at sight of Phoebus pride:

Her nose, her chinne pure iuory weares:  
No purer then the pretie eares.  
So that therein appears some blood,  
Like wine and milke that mingled stood.  
In whose incirclets if ye gaze,  
Tour eyes may tread a lours maze.  
But with such turnes the voice to stray,  
No talke vntaught can find the way,  
The tippe no ieuell needes to weare:  
The tippe is ieuell of the eare.

But who those ruddy lips can misse  
Which blessed still themselves do kisse  
Rubies, Chirries, and Roses now,

*In worth, in tast, in perfect beare,  
Which neuer part but that they shewe  
Of precious pearle the double rowe,  
The second sweetly-fenced ward,  
Her heavenly-dewd tongue to gard.  
Whence neuer word in vaine did flowe.*

*Faire under these doth stately growe,  
The handle of this precious worke,  
The neck, in which strange graces lurke,  
Such be I thinke the sumptuous towers  
Which skill doth make in Princes bowres,  
So good a say inuents the eie,  
A little downward to espie,  
The lively clusters of her brests,  
Of Venus babe the wantons nests:  
Like pomels round of Marble cleere:  
VVhere azurde veines well mixt appeare,  
VVith dearest tops of porphyrie.*

*Betwixt these two a way doth lie,  
A way more worthie beauties fame,  
Then that which beares the Milkie name.  
This leades into the ioyous field,  
VVhich onely still doth Lillies yeeld:  
But Lillies such whose native smelt  
The Indian odours doth excell.  
Waste it is calde, for it doth waste  
Mens liues, untill it be imbraste.*

*There may one see, and yet not see  
Her ribbes in white all armed bee,  
More white then Neptunes somie face,  
VVhen strugling rockes he would imbrace.  
In those delights the wandring thought  
Might of each side astray be brought,  
But that her nauell doth untie,  
In curious circle, busie sight:  
A dainty scale of virgin-waxe,  
VVhere nothing but impression lacks.*

*Her belly their glad sight doth fill,  
Iustly entitled Cupids hill,  
A hill most fitte for such a master,  
A spotlesse mine of Alabaster.  
Like Alabaster faire and sleeke,  
But soft and supple satten like.  
In that sweet seat the boy doth sport:  
Loath, I must leaue his chife resort.  
"For such a use the world hath gotten,"  
"The best things still must be forgotten,"  
Yet neuer shall my song omitte*



Her thighs, for Ouids song more fittes,  
Which flank'd with two sugred flankes,  
Lift up their stately swelling bankes,  
That Albion clives in whitenesse passe,  
With hanches smooth as looking glasse.

But bow all knees now of her knees  
My tongue doth tell what fancie sees.  
The knottes of ioy, the gemmes of loue,  
Whose motion makes all graces moue.  
Whose bought incan'd doth yeeld such sight,  
Like cunning Painter shadowing white.  
The gartring place with child-like signe,  
Shewes easie print in mett all fine.

But then againe the flesh doth rise  
In her braue values, like christall skies.  
Whose Atlas is a smallest small,  
More white then whitest bone of all.

Thereout steales out that round cleane foote  
This noble Cedars precious roote:  
In shewe and sent pale violets,  
Whose steppe on earth all beauty sets.

But back vnto her back, my Mule,  
Where Ledas swanne his feathers mewes,  
Along whose ridge such bones are met,  
Like comfits round in marchpane set.

Her shoulders be like two white Doves,  
Pearching within square royall rooues,  
Which leaded are with siluer skinne,  
Passing the hate-spott Ermelin.  
And thence those armes deriued are,  
The Phoenix wings are not so rare  
For faultlesse length, and stainelesse hewe,

Ah woe is mee, my woes renewe.  
Now course doth lead me to her hand,  
Of my first loue the fat all band.  
Where whitenesse doth for euer sit:  
Nature her selfe enameld it.

For there with strange compact doth lie  
Warmie snow, moist pearle, soft iuory.  
There fall those Saphir-coloured brookes,  
Which conduit-like with curious crookes,  
Sweet Islands make in that sweet land.  
As for the fingers of the hand,  
The bloudy shafts of Cupids warre,  
With amatis they headed are.

Thus hath each part his beauties part,  
But how the graces doo impart  
To all her limmes a speciall grace,

Be com-

*Becoming every time and place.  
 Which doth even beauty beautifie,  
 And most bewitch the wretched eye.  
 How all this is but a faire Inne  
 Of fairer guests, which dwell within.  
 Of whose high praise, and praisefull blisse,  
 Goodnesse the penne, heauen paper is.  
 The inke immortall fame doth lend:  
 As I began, so must I end.  
 No tongue can her perfection tell,  
 In whose each part all tongues may dwell.*

But as *Zelmane* was comming to the latter end of her song, shee might see the same water-spaniel which before had hunted, come & fetch away one of *Philocleas* gloues; whose fine proportion, shewed well what a dainty guest was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmane*, to see that the dogge was therewith delighted, and so let him go a little way withall, who quickly caried it out of sight among certaine trees and bushes, which were verie close together. But by and by he came againe, and amongst the raiments (*Miso* and *Mopsa* being preparing sheets against their coming out) the dog lighted vpon a little booke of foure or fiae leaues of paper, and was bearing that away too. But then *Zelmane* (not knowing what importance it might be of) ran after the dog, who going streight to those bushes, shee might see the dog deliuer it to a Gentleman who secretly lay there. But she hastily comming in, the Gentleman rose vp, & with a curteous (though sad) countenance presented himselfe vnto her. *Zelmanes* eies streight willed her minde to marke him: for she thought, in her life she had neuer seene a man of a more goodly presence, in whom strong making tooke not away delicacie, nor beauty fiercenesse: being indeed such a right manlike man, as Nature often erring, yet shewes she would faine make. But when she had a while (not without admiration) veiued him, she desired him to deliuer backe the gloue and paper; because they were the Ladie *Philocleas*; telling him withall, that she would not willingly let them know of his close lying in that prohibited place, while they were bathing themselves; because shee knew ~~she~~ *she* would be mortally offended withall. Faire Ladie (answered he) the worst of the complaint is allreadie passed, since I feele of my fault in my selfe the punishmēt. But for these things I assure you, it was my dogs wanton boldnes, not my presumption. With that he gaue her backe the paper; but for the gloue (said he) since it is my Lady *Philocleas*, giue me leaue to keepe it, since my heart cannot perswade it self to part from it. And I pray you tell the Lady (Lady indeede of all my desires) that owes it, that I will direct my life to honour this gloue with seruing her. O villaine (cried out *Zelmane*, madded with finding an vnlooked-for Riual, & that he would make her a messenger) dispatch (said she) and deliuer it, or by the life of her that owes it, I will make thy soule (though too base a price) pay for it. And with that drew out her sword, which (*Amazon-like*) she euer ware about her. The Gentleman retired him self into an open place frō among the bushes; & then drawing out his too, he offred to deliuer it vnto her, sayng withall, God forbid I should vse my sword against you, since (if I be not deceiued) you are the same famous *Amazon*, that both defended my Ladies iust title of beauty against the valiant *Phalantus*, and saued her life in killing the Lion: therefore I am rather to kisse your hands, with acknowledging

ging my selte bound to obey you. But this curtesie was worse then a bastonado to *Zelmane*: so that againe with ragefull eyes she bad him defend him selfe, for no lesse then his life would answere it. A hard case (said he) to teach my sword that lesse, which hath euer vsed to turne it selfe to a shield in a Ladies presence. But *Zelmane*, harkeping to no more wordes, began with such wittie furie to pursue him with blowes and thrusts, that Nature and Vertue commanded the Gentleman to looke to his safetie. Yet kill courtesie, that seemed incorporate in his heart, would not be perswaded by daunger to offer any offence, but only to stand vpon the best defensive gard he could; somtimes going back, being content in that respect to take on the figure of cowardise; sometime with strong and well-met wardes; sometime cunning auoidings of his body; and somtimes faining some blowes, which himselfe puld backe before they needed to be withstood. And so with play did he a good while fight against the fight of *Zelmane*, who (more spited with that curtesie, that one that did nothing should be able to resist her) burned away with choller any motions, which might grow out of her own sweet disposition, determining to kill him if he fought no better; and so redoubling her blowes, draue the stranger to no other shift then to ward, & go backe; at that time seeming the image of innocencie against violence. But at length he found, that both in publike & priuate respects, who stands only vpon defence, stands vpon no defence. for *Zelmane* seeming, to strike at his head, and he going to ward it, withall stept back as he was accustomed, she stopt her blow in the aire, and sodainly turning the point, ran full at his breast; so as he was driuen with the pōmell of his sword (hauing no other weapon of defence to beat it downe: but the thrust was so strong, that he could not so wholly beat it away, but that it met with his thigh, thorow which it ranne. But *Zelmane* retiring her sworde, and seeing his blood, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquered pittie; and hartily sorie, and euen ashamed with her selfe she was, considering how little he had done, who well she found could haue done more. In so much that she said, truly I am sorie for your hurt, but your selfe gaue the cause, both in refusing to deliuer the gloue, and yet not fighting as I know you could haue done. But (said she) because I perceiue you disdayne to fight with a woman, it may be before a yeare come about, you shall meet with a neere kinsman of mine, *Pyrocles* Prince of Macedon, and I giue you my worde, he for me shall maintaine this quarell against you. I would (answered *Amphialus*) I had many more such hurts to meete and know that worthy Prince, whose vertue I loue and admire, though my good destiny hath not bene to see his person.

But as they were so speaking, the yong Ladies came, to whom *Mopsa* (curious in any thing, but her own good behauiour) hauing followed and seene *Zelmane* fighting, had cried, what she had seene, while they were drying themselves, and the water (with som drops) seemed to weepe, that it should part from such bodies. But they carefull of *Zelmane* (assuring themselves that any *Arcadian* would beare reuerence to them) *Pamela* with a noble mind, and *Philoclea* with a louing (hastily hiding the beauties, whereof Nature was proude, and they ashamed) they made quick worke to come to saue *Zelmane*. But alreadie they found them in talke, and *Zelmane* carefull of his wound. But when they saw him they knew it was their cosin germain, the famous *Amphialus*; whom yet with a sweete-graced bitterness they blamed for breaking their fathers commaundement, especially while themselves were in such sort retired. But he craued pardon, protesting vnto them that he had only bene to seeke solitarie places, by an extreme melancholy that had a good

N

while



while posselt him, and guided to that place by his spaniel, where while the dog hunted in the riuer, he had withdrawne himselfe to pacifie with sleepe his ouerwatched eyes: till a dreame waked him, and made him see that whereof he had dreamed, and withall not obscurely signified, that he left the smart of his owne doings. But *Philoclea* (that was euen iealous of her selfe for *Zelmane*) would needes haue her gloue, and not without so mightie a lowre as that face could yeeld. As for *Zelmane* when she knew, it was *Amphialus*, Lord *Amphialus* (said she) I haue long desired to know you, heretofore I must confesse with more good will, but still with honoring your vertue, though I loue not your person: and at this time I pray you let vs take care of your wound, vpon condition you shal hereafter promise, that a more knightly combat shalbe performed between vs. *Amphialus* answered in honorable sort, but with such excusing himselfe, that more and more accused his loue to *Philoclea*, and prouoked more hate in *Zelmane*. But *Mopsa* had already called certain shepheards not far off (who knew & well obserued their limits) to come and help to carrie away *Amphialus*, whose wound suffered him not without danger to straine it: and so he leauing himselfe with them, departed from them, faster bleeding in his hart, then at his wound: which bound vp by the sheetes, wherwith *Philoclea* had bene wrapped, made him thank the wound, and blesse the sword for that fauour.

He being gone, the Ladies (with mery anger talking, in what naked simplicitie their cosin had seene them) returned to the lodge-ward: yet thinking it too early (as long as they had any day) to breake off so pleasing a companie, with going to performe a combersome obedience, *Zelmane* inuited them to the litle arbour, only reserued for her, which they willingly did: and there sitting, *Pamela* hauing a while made the lute in his language, shew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers, *Zelmane* deliuered vp the paper, which *Amphialus* had at first yeelded vnto her and seeing written vpon the backside of it, the complaint of *Plangus*, remembring what *Dorus* had told her, & desiring to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her estate, she tooke occasion in presenting of it, to aske whether it were any secret, or no. No truly (answered *Philoclea*) it is but euen an exercise of my fathers writing, vpon this occasion: He was one day somewhile before your comming hither) walking abroad, hauing vs two with him, almost a mile hence; and crossing a hie way, which comes from the citie of *Megalopolis*, he saw this Gentleman, whose name is there written, one of the proprest and best-graced men that euer I sawe, being of middle age and of a meane stature. Hee lay as then vnder a tree, while his seruants were getting fresh post-horses for him. It might seeme he was tired with the extreme trauaile he taken, and yet not so tyred, that he forced to take any rest; so hasty he was vpon his iourney and withall so sorrowfull, that the verie face thereof was painted in his face; which with pitfull motions, euen groanes, teares, and passionate talking to himselfe, moued my Father to fall in talke with him: who at the first not knowing him, answered him in such a desperat phrase of griefe, that my Father afterward tooke a delight to set it down in such forme as you see: which if you reade, what you doubt of, my sister and I are able to declare vnto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaues, and read it, being written Dialogue-wise in this manner.

*Plangus.                      Basilus.*

*Plangus.*

**A** *Las how long this pilgrimage doth last?  
What greater illis haue now the heauens in store,  
To couple comming harmes with sorrowes past?*

*Long*

Long since my voice is hoarse, and throte is sore,  
 With cries to skies, and curses to the ground,  
 But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.  
 Ah where was first that cruell cunning found,  
 To tame of Earth a vessel of the munde,  
 Where it should be to self-destruction bound?  
 What needed so high spirits such mansions blind?  
 Or wrapt in flesh what do the here obtaine,  
 But glorious name of wretched humane-kind?  
 Balles to the starres, and shalles to Fortunes raignes,  
 Turnd from themselves, infected with their cage,  
 Where death is seard, and life is held wit<sup>h</sup> paine.  
 Like players pla<sup>'</sup>st to fill a filthy stage,  
 VVhere change of thoughts one soole to other shewes,  
 And all but iests, saue only sorrowes rage,  
 The child feesles that; the man that feeling knowes,  
 VVith cries first borne, the presage of his life,  
 VVhere wit but serues, to haue true tast of woes.  
 A Shop of shame, a Booke where blots be rife,  
 This body is: this body so composed,  
 As in it selfe to nourish mortall strife,  
 So diuers be the Elements disposed  
 In this weake worke, that it can neuer be  
 Made uniforme to any state reposed.  
 Griefe only makes his wretched state to see  
 (Euen like a toppes which nought but whipping mounes)  
 This man; this talking beast; this walking tree,  
 Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement prowes.  
 For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,  
 Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.

**Basilus.** How long wilt thou with monefull musike staine  
 The cheerfull notes these pleasant places yeld,  
 VVhere all good haps a perfect state maintaine?

**Plangus,** Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build  
 Their hopes on haps, and do not make dispaire  
 For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.  
 Shall I that saw Eronaes shining haire  
 Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow  
 VVith losse of purest blood themselves to teare?  
 Shall I that saw those brests, where beauties flow,  
 Swelling with sighes, made pale with minds disease,  
 And saw those eyes (those Sonnes) such showres to show,  
 Shall I, whose cares her mournfull words did seaze,  
 Her words in syrop laid of sweetest breath,  
 Relent those thoughts which tben did so displease?  
 No, no: Dispaire my dayly lesson saith,

*And saith, although I seeke my life to flie,  
 Plangus must liue to see Eronacs death,  
 Plangus must liue some helpe for her to trie  
 (Though in dispaire) for loue so forceth me  
 Plangus doth liue, and shall Erona die?  
 Erona dye: O heauen (if heauen there be)  
 Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?  
 Serue all thy starry eyes this shame to see?  
 Let dolts in haste some altars faire erect  
 To those high powers, which idly sit aboue,  
 And vertue do in greatest need neglect.*

*Basilus. O man, take heed, how thou the Gods do moue  
 To cause full wrath, which thou canst not resist.  
 Blasphemous words the speaker vaine do prone,  
 Alas while we are wrapt in foggie mist  
 Of our selfe-loue (so passions do deceane)  
 We thinke they hurt, when most they do assist.  
 To harme vs wormes should that high Iustice leane  
 His nature? nay, himselfe? for so it is.  
 What glory from our losse can he receane?  
 But still our dazled eyes their way do misse,  
 While that we do at his sweet scourge repine,  
 The kindly way to beat vs on to blisse.  
 If she must die, then hath she past the liue  
 Of lothsome dayes, whose losse how canst thou mone,  
 That doost so well their miseries define?  
 But such we are with inward tempest blowne  
 Of windes quite contrary in wanes of will:  
 We mone that lost, which had we did be mone.*

*Plangus. And shall she dye? shall cruell fier spill  
 Those beames that set so many hearts on fire?  
 Hath she not force euen death with loue to kill?  
 Nay euen cold Death enflame with hot desire  
 Her to enioy where ioy it selfe is thrall,  
 Will spoyle the earth of his most rich attire.  
 Thus death becomes a riuall to vs all,  
 And hopes with soule embracements her to get,  
 In whose decay vertues faire shrine must fall.  
 O vertue weake, shall death his triumph set  
 Vpon thy spoiles, which neuer should lie wast?  
 Let Death first dye: be thou his worthy les.  
 By what eclipse shall that Sunne be defast?  
 What mine hath erst thrown downe so faire a tower,  
 What sacriledge hath such a saint disgrac'd?  
 The world the garden is, she is the flower  
 That sweetens all the place, she is the guest*



Of rarest price, both heav'n and earsh her bower.  
 And shall (o me) all this in ashes rest?  
*Alas, if you a Phoenix new will haue*  
*Burnt by the Sunne, she first must build her nest.*  
*But well you know, the gentle Sunne would saue*  
*Such beames so like his owne, which might haue might*  
*In him, the thoughts of Phaetons damme to grane.*  
*Therefore, alas, you vse vile Vulcans spight,*  
*Which nothing spares, to melt that Virgin-waxe,*  
*Which while it is, it is all Asias light.*  
*O Mars, for what doth serue thy armed axe?*  
*To let that wit. old beast consume in flames*  
*Thy Venus childe, whose beauty Venus lacks?*  
*O Venus (if her praise no enuie frames,*  
*In thy high minde) get her thy husbands grace.*  
*" Sweete speaking oft a currish heart reclaimes.*  
*O eyes of mine, where once she saw her face,*  
*Her face which was more linely in my heart;*  
*O braine, where thought of her hath onely place;*  
*O hand, which toucht her hand when we did part;*  
*O lippes, that kist that hand with my teares spent;*  
*O tongue, then dumbe, not daring tell my smart;*  
*O soule whose loue en her is onely spent,*  
*What ere you see, thinke, touch, kisse, speake, or loue,*  
*Let all for her, and unto her be bent,*

Basilus. *Thy wailing words do much my spirits moue,*  
*They vntured are in such a feeling fashon,*  
*That sorrowes work against my will I prone.*  
*Me-thinks I am partaker of thy passion,*  
*And in thy case do glasse mine owne debility:*  
*Selfe-guilty folke must prone to feeble compassion.*  
*Yet Reason saith, Reason should haue ability*  
*To hold these wordly things in such proportion,*  
*As let them come or go with euen facility.*  
*But our desires, tyrannicall extortion*  
*Doth force vs there to set our chiefe delightfulnesse,*  
*Where but a baiting place is all our portion.*  
*But still, althoug h we faile of perfect rightfullnesse,*  
*Seeke we to tame these childish superfluities:*  
*Let vs not winke though void of purest sightfullnes.*  
*For what can breed more pecuish incongruities,*  
*Then man to yeeld to female lamentations?*  
*Let vs some Grammer learne of more congruities.*

Plangus. *If through mine eares pierce any consolation,*  
*By wise discourse, sweet tunes, or poets fiction;*  
*If ought I cease these hideous exclamations,*

While that my soule she she lues in affliction;  
 Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,  
 To wretched me, the last worst malediction.  
 Can I, that knew her sacred partes, restrained be  
 From any ioy: know fortunes wile displasing her,  
 In morall rules let raging woes contained be?  
 Can I forget, when they in prison placing her,  
 With swelling heart in spite and due disdainfulnesse  
 She lay for dead, till I helpt with unlacing her?  
 Can I forget from how much mourning painfullnesse  
 With Diamond in window-glasse she gawed,  
 Erona die, and end this ougly painfullnesse?  
 Can I forget in how strange phrase she craued  
 That quickly they would her burne, drowne, or smother,  
 As if by death she onely might be saued?  
 Then let me eke forget one hand from other:  
 Let me forget that Plangus I am called:  
 Let me forget I am sonne to my mother,  
 But if my memorie must thus be thrall'd  
 To that strange stroke which conquer'd all my senses;  
 Can thoughts still thinking, so rest vnappall'd?

Bafilus. Who still doth seeke against himselfe offences,  
 What pardon can auaille? or who imployes him  
 To hurt himselfe, what shields can be defencees?  
 VVoe to poore man: each outward thing annoyes him  
 In diuers kinds, yet as he were not filled,  
 He heaps in outward grieffe, that most destroys him.  
 Thus is our thought with paine for thisles Tilled:  
 Thus be our noblest parts dried vp with sorrow:  
 Thus is our minde with too much minding spilled.  
 One day layes vp stufte of grieffe for the morrow:  
 And whose good haps do leaue him vnprovided,  
 Condoling cause of friendship he will borrow,  
 Betwixt the good and shade of good denided,  
 We pittie deeme that which but weaknes is:  
 So are we from our high creation slided.  
 But Plangus lest I may your sicknesse misse  
 Or rubbing, hurt the sore, I here do end.  
 The asse did hurt when he did thinke to kisse.

When Zelmane had read it ouer, maruelling very much of the speech of *Eronas* death, and therefore desirous to know further of it, but more desirous to heare *Philoclea* speake, Most excellent Lady (said she) one may be little the wiser for reading this Dialogue, since it neither sets forth what this *Plangus* is, nor what *Erona* is, nor what the cause should be which threatens her with death, & him with sorrow: therefore I would humbly craue to vnderstand the particular discourse therof: because (I must confesse) something in my trauaile I haue heard of this strange matter,

which

which I would be glad to finde by so sweet an authority confirmed. The truth is (answered *Philoclea*) that after he knew my father to be prince of this country, while he hoped to preuaile something with him in a great request he mad vnto him, he was content to open fully the estate both of himselfe, and of that Lady; which with my sisters help (said she) who remembers it better then I, I will declare vnto you: & first of *Erona* (being the chiefe subiect of this discourse) this story (with more tears and exclamations then I list to spend about it) he recounted.

Of late there raigned a king in *Lydia*, who had for the blessing of his mariage, this onely daughter of his; *Erona*; a Princess worthy for her beauty, as much praise, as beauty may be praise-worthy. This Princess *Erona*, being 19. yeares of age, seeing the country of *Lydia* so much deuoted to *Cupid*, as that in euery place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored (either moued therevnto by the esteeming that could be no Godhead, which could breed wickednes, or the shamefast consideration of such nakednesse) procured so much of her father, as vterly to pull downe, and deface al those statues and pictures. Which how terribly he punished (for to that the *Lydians* impure it) quickly after appeared.

For she had not liued a yeare longer, when she was stricken with most obstinate Loue, to a young man but of meane parentage, in her fathers court, named *Antiphilus*: so meane, as that he was but the sonne of her Nurse, & by that means (without other desert) became knowne of her. Now so euill could she conceale her fire, and so wilfully perseuered she in it, that her father offering her the mariage of the great *Tiridates* king of *Armenia* (who desired her more then the ioyes of heauen) she for *Antiphilus* sake refused it. Many wayes her father sought to withdraw her from it; sometimes perswasions; somtimes threatnings; once hiding *Antiphilus*, and giuing her to vnderstand that he was fled the country: lastly, making a solemne execution to be done of another, vnder the name of *Antiphilus*, who he kept in prison. But neither she liked perswasions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for absence: & when she thought him dead, she sought all means (as well by poyson as knife) to send her soule, at least, to be married in the eternall Church with him. This so brake the tender fathers heart, that (leauing things as he found them) he shortly after died. Then forthwith *Erona* (being seized of the crowne, and arming her will with authoritie) sought to aduance her affection to the holy title of matrimonic.

But before she could accomplish all the solemnities, she was ouertaken with a warre the king *Tiridates* made vpon her, only for her person; towards whom (for her ruine) Loue had kindled his cruell heart, indeed cruell and tyrannous: for (being far too strong in the field) he spared not man, woman, and child, but (as though there could be found no foile to set forth the extremity of his loue, but extremitie of hatred) wrote, as it were, the sonets of his Loue in the bloud, and tuned them in the cries of her subiects; although his faire sister *Artaxia* (who would accompanie him in the army) sought all means to appeale his fury: till lastly, he besieged *Erona* in her best city, vowing to win her, or lose his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a wofull consent, or a ruinous deniall, when there came thither (following the course which Vertue and Fortune led them) two excellent young Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Misidorus*, the one prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Thessalia*: two Princes, as *Plangus* said (& he witnessed his saying with sighes and teares) the most accomplished both in body & minde, that the Sun euer look'd vpon. While *Philoclea* spake those words; O sweet words (thought *Zelmane* to her self) which are not only a praise to me, but a praise to praise it selfe, which out of that mouth issueth.



These two Princes (said *Philotea*) as well to help the weaker (especially being a Ladie) as to saue a Greeke people from being ruined by such, whom wee call and count barbarous, gathering together such of the honestest Lycians, as would venture their liues to succour their Princeesse: giuing order by a secret message they sent into the citie, that they shold issue with all force at an appointed time; they set vpon *Tiridates* campe, with so wel guided a fiercenesse, that being of both sides assaulted, he was like to be ouerthrowne: but that this *Plangus* (being Generall of *Tiridates* horsemen) especially ayded by the two mighty men *Euardes* & *Barzanes*, rescued the footmen, euen almost defeated: but yet could not barre the Princes (with their succours both of men and victual) to enter the city.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the war long, (which length seemed to him worse then a languishing consumption) he made a challenge of three Princes in his retinue, against those two Princes and *Antiphilus*: and that therupon the quarrell should be decided, with compact, that neither side should help his fellowe: but of whose side the more ouertame, with him the victory should remaine. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* chose rather to bide the brunt of warre, then venture him, yet) could not for shame refuse the offer, especially since the two strangers that had no interest in it, did willingly accept it: besides that, he saw it like enough, that the people (weary of the miseries of war) would rather giue him vp, if they saw him shrink, then for his sake venture their ruine: considering that the challengers were far of greater worthinesse then himselfe. So it was agreed vpon; and against *Pyrocles* was *Euardes* king of Bithinia, *Barzanes* of Hircania against *Musidorus*, too men, that thought the world scarce able to resist them: and against *Antiphilus* he placed this same *Plangus*, being his owne cousin germane, & sonne to the king of *Iberia*. Now so it fell out, that *Musidorus* slew *Barzanes*, & *Pyrocles* *Euardes*; which victory those Princes esteemed aboue all that euer they had: but of the other side *Plangus* tooke *Antiphilus* prisoner: vnder which colour (as if the matter had bene equall, though indeed it was not, the greater part being overcome of his side) *Tiridates* continued his warre: & to bring *Erona* to a compelled yeelding, sent her word that he would the third morow after, before the walles of the town strike off *Antiphilus* head without his suite in that space were granted; adding withal (because he had heard of her desperate affection) that if in the meane time she did her selfe any hurt, what tortures could be deuised should be laid vpon *Antiphilus*.

Then lo if *Cupid* be a God, or that the tyranny of our owne thoughts seeme as a God vnto vs: but whatsoeuer it was, then it did set forth the miserablenesse of his effects: she being drawn to two contraries by one cause: for the loue of him commaunded her to yeeld to no other: the loue of him commaunded her to preferue his life: which knot might well be cut, but vntied it could not be. So that loue in her passions (like a right make-bate) whispered to both sides arguments of quarrell. What (said he of the one side) dost thou loue *Antiphilus*, O *Erona*? and shall *Tiridates* enioy thy body? With what eyes wilt thou looke vpon *Antiphilus*, when hee shall know that another possesseth thee? But if thou wilt do it, canst thou do it? canst thou force thy heart? Thinke with thy selfe, if this man haue thee, thou shalt neuer haue more part of *Antiphilus* then if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection shall be still gnawing, and the remorse still present. Death perhaps will coole the rage of thy affection: where thus, thou shalt euer loue, and euer lacke. Thinke this beside, if thou mayest *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is so excellent a man; that long he cannot be from being in some high place married; canst thou suffer that too? if

ano-

another kill him, he doth him the wrong: if thou abuse thy body, thou doost him the wrong. His death is a worke of nature, & either now, or at another time he shal die. But it shall be thy worke, thy shamefull worke, which is in thy power to shun, to make him liue to see thy faith falsified, and his bed defiled. But when Loue had wel kindled that party other thoughts, then went he to the other side. What (said he) O *Erona*, & is thy Loue of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou doost now make it a question, whether he shall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much loue, will see his head off. Marke well the reasons of the other side, & thou shalt see, it is but loue of thy selfe which so disputeth. Thou canst not abide *Tiridates*: this is but loue of thy selfe: thou shalt be ashamed to looke vpon him afterwards; this is but feare of shame, and loue of thy selfe: thou shalt want him as much then; this is but loue of thy selfe: he shal be married; if he be well, why should that grieue thee, but for loue of thy selfe? No, no, pronounce these words if thou canst, let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each side stood before her vnderstanding, one time shee thought she saw *Antiphilus* dying: another time she thought *Antiphilus* saw her by *Tiridates* enioyed: twenty times calling for a seruant to carry message of yeelding, but before he came the minde was altered. She blusht when she considered the effect of granting; she was pale, when shee remembred the fruits of denying. For weeping, sighing, wringing her hands, and tearing her haire, were indifferent of both sides. Easily she would haue agreed to haue broken all disputations with her owne death, but that the feare of *Antiphilus* furdor torments stayd her. At length, euen the euening before the day appointed of his death, the determination of yeelding preuailed, especially, growing vpon a message of *Antiphilus*; who with all the coniuring termes he could deuise, besought her to saue his life, vpon any conditiōs. But she had no sooner sent her messenger to *Tiridates*, but her mind changed, & she went to the two yong Princes, *Pyrocles* & *Musidorus*, & falling downe at their feete, desired them to trie some way for her deliuerance; shewing her selfe resoluēd, not to ouer-lieue *Antiphilus*, nor yet to yeeld to *Tiridates*.

They that knew not what she had done in priuate, prepared that night accordingly: & as sometimes it fals out, that what is inconstancy, seemes cunning; so did this change indeed stand in as good steed as a witty dissimulatiō. For it made the K. as reckles, as them diligent: so that in the dead time of the night, the Princes issued out of the towne; with whom she would needes go, either to die her selfe, or reskew *Antiphilus*, hauing no armor, nor weapon, but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what deuise (though *Plangus* at large described it) the conclusion was, the wonderfull valour of the two princes so preuailed, that *Antiphilus* was succoured, & the king slaine. *Plangus* was then the chiefe man left in the campe, and therefore seeing no other remedy, couēied in safety into her coutry *Artaxia*, now Queene of *Armenia*; who with true lamentations, made knowne to the world, that her new greatnes did no way comfort her in respect of her brothers losse, whom she studied al meāes possible to reuēge vpon euery one of the occasioners, hauing (as she thought) ouerthrowne her brother by a most abhominable treason. Infomuch, that being at home, she proclaimed great rewards to any priuate man, and her selfe in marriage to any Prince, that would destroy *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and (though against the consent of all her nobility) married to *Erona*; in which case the two Greeke Princes (being called away by another aduenture) left them.

But now me thinkes as I haue read some Poets, who when they intend to tell  
some

some horrible matter, they bid men shun the hearing of it; so if I do not desire you to stop your eares frō me, yet may I well desire a breathing time, before I am to tel the execrable treason of *Antiphras*, that brought her to this misery; and withall wish you al, that from al mankind indeed you stop your eares. O most happy were we, if we did set our loues one vpon another. (And as she spake that word, her cheeks in red letters writ more then her tongue did speake.) And therefore since I haue named *Plangus*, I pray you sister (said she) helpe mee with the rest, for I haue held the stage long enough; and if it please you to make his fortune knowne, as I haue done *Erphas*, I will after take heart againe to go on with his falshood; and so betwene vs both, my Lady *Zelmane* shall vnderstand both the cause and parties of this Lamentation. Nay, I bestow me the (said *Miso*) I will none of that, I promise you, as long as I haue the gouernment, I will first haue my tale, and then my Lady *Pamela*, my Lady *Zelmane*, and my daughter *Mopsa* (for *Mopsa* was then returned frō *Amphialus*) may draw cuts, & the shortest cut speake first. For I tell you, & this may be suffered, when you are married, you will haue first & last word of your husbands. The Ladies laughed to see with what an eager earnestnes she looked, hauing threatening not only in her ferret eies, but while she spake, her nose seeming to threaten her chin, and her shaking lims one to threaten another. But there was no remedy, they must obey: & *Miso* sitting on the ground with her knees vp, and her hands vpo her knees (tuning her voice with many a quauering cough, thus discouraged vnto the. I tell you true (said she) whatsoeuer you think of me, you will one day be as I am; & I, simple though I sit here, thought once my penie as good siluer, as some of you do. and if my father had not, plaid the hasty foole (it is no lie I tel you) I might haue had another-gaines husband then *Dametas*. But let that passe, God amend him: & yet I speake it not without good cause. You are full in your tittle tattlings of *Cupid*: here is *Cupid*, and there is *Cupid*. I will tell you now what a good old woman told me, what an olde wise man told her, what a great learned cleark told him, and gaue it him in writings; and here I haue it in my praier booke. I pray you (said *Philoclea*) let vs see it & read it. No hast but good (said *Miso*) you shall first know how I came by it. I was a young girle of a seuen and twenty yeare olde, and I could not go through the street of our village, but I might heare the yong men talk: O the pretie lile eies of *Miso*: O the fine thin lips of *Miso*: O the goodly fat hands of *Miso*, besides how well a certaine wrying I had of my necke became me. Then the one would winke with one eie, & the other cast daylies at me: I must confesse seeing to many amorous, it made me set vp my peacocks taile with the highest. Which when this good old woman perceiued (O the good wold woman, well may the bones rest of the good wold woman) she cald me to her into her house. I remēber full well it stood in the lane as you go to the barbers shop, all the towne knew her, there was a great losse of her. she called me to her, & taking first a sop of wine to comfort her heart (it was of the same wine that comes out of *Candia*, which we pay so deare for now a dayes, and in that good world was very good cheape) she cald me to her; *Minion* said she (indeed I was a pretie one in those daies, though I say it) I see a number of lads that loue you: Well (said she) I say no more: do you know what *Loueis*; With that she brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foule fiend I trow: for he had a paire of hornes like a Bull, his feet clouen, as many eyes vpon his body, as my graymare hath dapples, and for all the world so placed. This moster sate like a hangman vpon a paire of gallowes, in his right hand he was painted holding a crown of Laurel, in his left hand a purse of mome, & out of his mouth hung



hung a lace of two faire pictures, of a man & a woman, and such a countenance he shewed, as if he would perswade folkes by those alurements to come thither & be hanged. I, like a tender hearted wench skrieked out for feare of the diuell. Well (said she) this same is euen loue: therefore do what thou list with all those fellowes, one after another; & it reckes not much what they do to thee, so it be in secret; but vpon my charge, neuer loue none of them. Why mother (said I) could such a thing come from the belly of the faire *Venus*? for a few daies before, our Priest (betweene him and me) had told me the whole story of *Venus*. Tush (said she) they are all deceiued: and therewith gaue me this booke, which we said, a great maker of ballads had giuen to an old Painter, who for a litle pleasure, had bestowed both booke & picture of her. Reade there (said she) and thou shalt see that his mother was a cow, and the false *Argus* his father. And so she gaue me this booke, & there now you may reade it. With that the remembrance of the good olde woman, made her make such a face to weepe, as if it were not sorow, it was the carkasse of sorrow that appeared there. But while her teares came out, like raine falling vpon durty furrowes, the latter end of her prayer booke was read among these Ladies, which contained this.

**P**ore Painters oft with silly Poets ioyre,  
 To fill the world with strange but vaine conceits:  
 One brings the stuffe, the other stamps the coine,  
 Which breeds nought else but gloses of deceits.  
 Thus Painters Cupid paint, thus Poets do  
 A naked God, blind, young with arrowes two.  
 Is he a God, that euer flies the lighte  
 Or naked he, disguis'd in all vntruth?  
 If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?  
 How is he young, that tami'd old Phœbus youth?  
 But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?  
 Some hurt accuse a third with hornie head.  
 No, nothing so; an old false knaue he is,  
 By Argus got on Io, then a Cow:  
 What time for her Iuno her lome did misse,  
 And charge of her to Argus did allow.  
 Mercurie kill'd his false fire for this act,  
 His damme a beast was pardon'd beastly fact.  
 With fathers death, and mothers guilty shame,  
 With Ioues disdain at such a riuals seed:  
 The wretch compeld, a runnagate became,  
 And learn'd what ill a miser state doth breed:  
 To lie, to steale, to prie, and to accuse,  
 Naught in him selfe each other to abuse.  
 Yet beares he still his parents stately gifts,  
 A horned head, clouen feet, and thousand eyes,  
 Some gazing still, some winking wily shifts,  
 With long large eares, where neuer rumour dies.  
 His horned head doth seeme the heauen to spight,  
 His clouen foote doth neuer tread aright.  
 Thus halfe a man, with man he daily haunts,

Clot'd

*Closth'd in the shape which soonest may deceine:  
 Thus halfe a beast, ech beastly vice he plants,  
 In those weake hearts that his aduice receine.  
 He proules each place still in new colours deckt,  
 Sucking ones ill, another to infect.  
 To narrow breasts he comes all wrapt in gaine:  
 To swelling harts he shines in honours fire:  
 To open eyes all beauties he doth raine,  
 Creeping to each with flattering of desire,  
 But for that Loue is worst which rules the eyes,  
 Thereon his name, there his chiefe triumph lies.  
 Millions of yeares this old driuell Cupid lines;  
 While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prone:  
 Till now at length that Ioue him office giues,  
 (At Iunos suite, who much did Argus loue)  
 In this our world a hang-man for to be,  
 Of all those fooles, that will haue all they see.*

The Ladies made sport at the description and story of *Cupid*. But *Zelmane* could scarce suffer those blasphemies (as she took them) to be read, but humbly besought *Pamela* she would performe her sisters request of the other part of the story. Noble Lady (answered she, beautifying her face with a sweet smiling, and the sweetnes of her smiling with the beauty of her face) since I am borne a Princes daughter, let me not giue example of disobedience. My gouernesse will haue vs draw cuts, & therefore I pray you let vs do so: & so perhaps it will light vpon you to entertaine this company with some story of your owne; and it is reason our eares would be willing to heare, as your tongue is abler to deliuer. I will thinke (answered *Zelmane*) excellent Princeesse, my tongue of some value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to fauour me. But *Pamela* pleasantly persisting to haue Fortune their iudge, they set hands, & *Mopsa* (though at the first for squeamishnesse going vp & downe, with her head like a bote in a storme) put to her golden gols among them, & blind Fortune (that saw not the colour of them) gaue her the preheminance: and so being her time to speake (wiping her mouth, as there was good cause) she thus tumbled into her matter. In time past (said she) there was a king, the mightiest man in all his country, that had by his wife, the fairest daughter that did euer eat pap. Now this king did keepe a great house, that euery body might come and take their meat freely. So one day, as his daughter was sitting in her window, playing vpon a harp, as sweet as any Rose; and combing her head with a combe all of precious stones, there came in a Knight into the Court, vpon a goodly horse, one haire of gold, & the other of filuer; and so the knight casting vp his eyes to the window, did fall into such loue with her, that hee grew not worth the bread he eate; till many a sory day going ouer his head, with Dayly Diligence and Grisely Grones, howan her affection, so that they agreed to run away together. And so in May when all true hearts reioyce, they stole out of the Castle, without staying so much as for their breakfast. Now forsooth, as the went together, oftē al to kissing one another, the Knight told her, he was brought vp amōg the water-Nymphs, who had so bewitched him, that if he were euer askt his name, he must presently vanish away: & therefore charged her vpon his blessing, that she neuer aske him what he was, nor whither he would.

And

And so agreat while she kept his commandement; till once, passing through a cruell wildernesse, as darke as pitch; her mouth so wattred, that she could not chuse but aske him the question. And then, he making the grieuouest complaints that would haue melted a tree to haue heard them, vanisht quite a way: and she lay downe, casting forth as pitifull cries as any shrich-owle. But hauing laien so (wet by the raine, & burnt by the Sun) fve dayes, and fve nights, shee get vp and went ouer many a high hill, and many a deepe riuer; till she came to an Aunts house of hers; and came, and cried to her for helpe: and she for pity gaue her a Nut, and bad her neuer open her Nut, till she was come to the extreamest misery that euer tongue could speake of. And so she went, and she went, & neuer rested the euening, where she went in the morning; till she came to a second Aunt; and she gaue her another Nut.

Now good *Mopsa* (said the sweete *Philoclea*) I pray thee at my request keepe this tale, till my marriage day, and I promise thee that the best gowne I weare that day shalbe thine. *Mopsa* was very glad of the bargaine, especially that it should grow a festiuall Tale: so that *Zelmane*, who desired to find the vttermost what these Ladies vnderstood touching her self, & hauing vnderstood the danger of *Erona* (of which before she had neuer heard) purposing with her self (as soone as this pursuit she now was in, was brought to any effect) to succour her, intreated againe, that she might know as wel the story of *Plangus*, as of *Erona*. *Philoclea* referred it to her sisters perfect remembrance, who with so sweet a voice, & so winning a grace, as in themselves were of most forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this maner to their earnest request soone condiscended.

The father of this Prince *Plangus* as yet liues, and his king of *Iberia* a man (if the iudgement of *Plangus* may be accepted) of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing euill, without himself mistake the euill, seeing it disguised vnder some forme of goodnesse. This Prince, being married at the first to a Princeesse (who both from her ancestors, and in her selfe was worthy of him) by her had this son *Plangus*. Not long after whose birth, the Queene (as though she had performed the message for which she was sent into the world) returned againe vnto her maker. The king (sealing vp all thoughts of loue vnder the image of her memory) remained a widower many yeres after; recompensing the griefe of that disioyning from her, in conioyning in himselfe both a fatherly & a motherly care toward her only child *Plangus*. Who being growne to mans age, as our owne eyes may iudge, could not but fertilly requite his fathers fatherly education.

This Prince (while yet the errors in his nature were excused by the greenenesse of his youth, which tooke all the fault vpon it selfe) loued a priuat mans wife of the principall City of that kingdome, if that may bee called loue, which he rather did take into himselfe willingly, then by which he was taken forcibly. It sufficeth, that the yong mā perswaded himselfe he loued her: she being a womā beautifull enough if it be possible, that the only outside can iustly entitle a beauty. But finding such a chase as only fled to be caught, the young Prince brought his affection with her to that point, which ought to engraue remorse in her hart, & to paint shame vpon her face. And so posselt he his desire without any interruption; he constantly fauouring her, and she thinking, that the enameling of a Princes name, might hide the spots of a broken wedlock. But as I haue seene one that was sicke of a sleeping defeace, could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: so out of his sinfull sleepe, his mind (vnworthy so to be lost) was not to bee cald to it selfe, but by a sharpe accident. It fell out, that his many-times leauing of the court (in vndue times) began to



be noted; and (as Princes eares be manifold) from one to another came vnto the king; who (carefull of his only sonne) fought, and found by his spies (the necessa-  
rie euill seruants to a king) what it was, whereby he was from his better delights so  
diuerted. Whereupon, the king (to giue his fault the greater blow) vsed such means  
by disguising himselfe, that he found the (her husband being absent) in her house  
together: which he did, to make him the more feelingly ashamed of it. And that  
way he tooke, laying threatnings vpon her, & vpon him reproches. But the poore  
young Prince (deceued with that young opinion, that if it be euer lawfull to lie, it  
is for ones Louer,) employed all his wit to bring his father to a better opinion. And  
because he might bend him from that (as he counted it) crooked conceit of her, he  
wrested him, as much as he could possible, to the other side: not sticking with pro-  
digall protestations to set forth her chastity; not denying his owne attempt, but  
thereby the more extolling her vertue. His Sophistrie preuailed, his father beleue-  
ued, and so beleueued, that ere long (though he were already stept into the winter of  
his age) he found himselfe warme in those desires, which were in his sonne far more  
excusable. To be short, he gaue himselfe ouer vnto it; & (because he would auoid  
the odious comparison of a young iuall) sent away his sonne with an armie, to the  
subduing of a Prouince lately rebelled against him, which he knew could not be a  
lesse worke then of three or foure yeares. Wherein he behaued him so worthily, as  
euen to this countrie the fame thereof came, long before his own comming: while  
yet his father had a speedier successe, but in a farre vnnobler conquest. For while  
*Plangus* was away, the old man (growing only in age & affection) followed his suit  
with all meanes of vn honest seruants, large promises, & each thing else that might  
helpe to counteruaile his owne vn loueliness.

And she (whose husband about that time died) forgetting the absent *Plangus*,  
or at least not hoping of him to obtaine so aspiring a purpose, left no art vnused,  
which might keepe the line from breaking, whereat the fish was already taken, not  
drawing him violently, but letting him play himselfe vpon the hooke, which he had  
so greedily swallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a doleful  
countenance, yet neither forgetting handsonnesse in her mourning garments, nor  
sweetnesse in her dolfull countenance; her words were euer seasoned with sighes,  
and any fauour she shewed, bathed in teares, that affection might see cause of pity,  
and pitie might perswade cause of affection. And being growne skilfull in his hu-  
mours, she was no lesse skilful in applying his humours: neuer suffering his feare to  
fall to a dispaire, nor his hope to hasten to an assurance: she was content he should  
think that she loued him; & a certaine stolne looke should sometimes (as though it  
were against her will) bewray it: But if therupon he grew bold, he straight was en-  
countred with a maske of vertue. And that which seemeth most impossible vnto me  
(for as neare as I can repeat it as *Plangus* told it) she could not onely sigh when she  
would, as all can do, & weepe when she would, as (they say) some can do; but (being  
most impudent in her heart) she could, when she wold, teach her cheekes blushing,  
& make shamefastnesse the cloke of shamelesnesse. In sum, to leaue out many par-  
ticularities which he recited, she did not only vse so the spur, that his desire ran on;  
but so the bit, that it ran on euen in such a careere as she wold haue it; that within a  
while the K. seeing with no other eies but such as she gaue him, & thinking on no  
other thoughts, but such as she taught him; hauing at first liberal measure of fauors,  
the shortned of the, whē most his desire was inflam'd; he saw no other way but ma-  
riage to satisfie his longing, & her mind (as he thought) louing, but chastly louing: so  
that

that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious of the Rebels, he found his father, not only married, but already a father of a sonne and a daughter by this woman. Which though *Plangus* (as he had euery way iust cause) was grieved at; yet did his griefe neuer bring forth either contemning of her, or repining at his father. But she (who besides she was growne a mother, and a stepmother, did reade in his eyes her owne fault, and made his conscience her guiltines) thought still that his presence caried her condemnation: so much the more, as that she (vnchastly attempting his wonted fancies found (for the reuerence of his fathers bed) a bitter refusall: which breeding rather spite then shame in her, or if it were a shame, a shame not of the fault, but of the repulse, she did not only (as hating him) thirst for a reuenge, but (as fearing harme from him) endeouored to do harme vnto him. Therefore did she trye the vttermost of her wicked wit, how to ouerthrow him in the foundatiō of his strength, which was, in the fauour of his father: which because she saw strong both in nature and desert, it required the more cunning how to vndermine it. And therefore (shunning the ordinary trade of hireling sycophants) she made her praises of him, to be accusations; & her aduancing him, to be his ruine. For first with words (neerer admiration then liking) she would extoll his excellencies, the goodlinesse of his shape, the power of his wit, the valiantnesse of his courage, the fortunatenesse of his successes: so as the father might find in her a singular loue towards him: nay, she shunned not to kindle some few sparkes of ieaiousie in him. Thus hauing gotten an opinion in his father, that shee was farre from meaning mischief to the sonne, then fel she to praise him with no lesse vehemency of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then she sets forth the liberty of his mind, the high flying of his thoughts, the finess in him to beare rule, the singular loue the subiects bare him; that it was doubtfull, whether his wit were greater in winning their fauours, or his courage in imploying their fauours: that he was not borne to liue a subiect-life, each action of his bearing in it Maiesty, such a kingly entertainment, such a kingly magnificence: such a kingly heart for enterprises: especially remembring those vertues, which in a successor are no more honored by the subiects, then suspected of the Princes. Then would she by putting off obiections, bring in obiections to her husbands head, already infected with suspition. Nay (would she say) I dare tak it vpon my death, that he is no such sonne, as many of like might haue bin, who loued greatnesse so well, as to build there greatnesse vpon there fathers ruine. Indeed Ambition, like Loue, can abide no lingring, and euer vrgeth on his owne successes; hating nothing, but what may stop them. But the Gods forbid, we should euer once dreame of any such thing in him, who perhaps might be content, that you and the world shold know, what he cā do: but the more power he hath to hurt, the more admirable is his praise, that he will not hurt. Then euer remembring to strengthen the suspition of his estate with priuate ieaiousie of her loue, doing him excessiue honor when he was in presence, & repeating his pretie speeches & graces in his absence; besides, causing him to be impolyed in all such dangerous matters, as either he should perish in them, or if he preuailed, they should increase his glorie: which she made a weapon to wound him, vntill she found that suspition began already to speake for it selfe, and that her husbands cares were growne hungry of rumours, and his eyes prying into euery accident.

Then tooke she help to her of a seruant neare about her husband, whō she knew to be of a hasty ambition, and such a one, who wanting true sufficiencie to raise him, would make a ladder of any mischief. Him she vseth to deale more plainly

in alleaging causes of iealousie, making him know the fittest times when her husband already was stirred that way. And so they two, with diuerse waies, nourished one humour, like Musicians, that singing diuerse parts, make one musick. He sometime with fearefull countenance would desire the king to looke to himselfe; for that all the court and city were full of whisperings, and expectation of some sudden change, vpon what ground himself knew not. Another time he would counsell the K. to make much of his son, and hold his fauour, for that it was too late now to keep him vnder. Now seeming to feare himselfe, because (he sayd) *Plangus* loued none of them that were great about his father. Lastly breaking with him directly (making a sorrowful countenance, & an humble gesture beare false witnesse for his true meaning) that he found, not only souldiery, but people weary of his gouernment, and all their affection bent vpon *Plangus*. Both he & the Queene concurring in strange dreames, and each thing else, that in a mind (already perplexed) might breede astonishment: so that within awhile, all *Plangus* actions began to be translated into the language of suspicion.

Which though *Plangus* found, yet could he not auoid, euē contraries being driue to draw one yoke of argument: if he were magnificent, he spent much with an aspiring intent: if he spared, he heaped much with an aspiring intent: if he spake curteously, he angled the peoples harts: if he were silent, he mused vpon some dangerous plot. In sum, if he could haue turned himselfe to as many formes as *Proteus*, euery forme should haue bin made hideous.

But so it fell out, that a meere trifle gaue them occasion of further proceeding: The king one morning, going to a vineyard that lay along the hill whereupon his castle stood, he saw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, tooke a branch of the same bough for want of another thing, and tied it about the place broken. The King asking the fellow what he did, Marry (said he) I make the son bind the father. This word (finding the king already superstitious through suspicion) amazed him straight, as a preface of his owne fortune: so that, returning, and breaking with his wife how much he misdoubted his estate, she made such gaine-saying answers as while they straued, straued to be overcome. But euen while the doubts most boiled, she thus nourished them.

She vnper-hand dealt with the principall men of that country, that at the great Parliament (which was then to be held) they should in the name of all the estates perswade the king (being now stept deeply into old age) to make *Plangus*, his associate in gouernment with him: assuring them, that not only she would ioyne with them, but that the father himselfe would take it kindly; charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withall; for that perhaps it might be harmefull vnto him, if the king should find, that he were a party. They (who thought they might do it, not only willingly, because they loued him, and truly, because such indeede was the mind of the people, but safely, because she who ruled the king was agreed thereto) accomplished her counsell: she indeed keeping promise of vehement perswading the same: which the more she and they did, the more she knew her husband wold feare, and hate the cause of his feare, *Plangus* found this, and humbly protested against such desire, or wil to accept. But the more he protested, the more his father thought he dissembled, accounting his integrity to be but a cunning face of falshood: & therefore delaying the desire of his subiects, attended some fit occasion to lay hands vpon his son: which his wife brought thus to passe.

She caused that same minister of hers to go vnto *Plangus*, & (enabling his words with



with great shew of faith, and endearing them with desire of secrecie) to tell him, that he found his ruine conspired by his stepmother, with certaine of the noble men of that countrey, the king himselfe giuing his consent, and that few dayes should passe before the putting it in practise: withall discouering the very truth indeede, with what cunning his stepmother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his owne opinion, made him giue the better credit: yet not so far, as to flie out of his countrey (according to the naughty fellowes perswasion) but to attend, and to see further. Whereupon the fellow (by the direction of his mistresse) told him one day, that the same night about one of the clocke, the king had appointed to haue his wife, and those noble men together, to deliberate of their maner of proceeding against *Plangus*: and therefore offered him, that if himselfe would agree, he would bring him into a place where she should heare all that passed; and so haue the more reason both to himselfe, and to the world, to seeke his safety. The poore *Plangus* (being subiect to that onely disadvantage of honest harts, credulity) was perswaded by him: and arming himselfe (because of his late going) was closely conueied into the place appointed. In the meane time his stepmother, making al her gestures cunningly counterfeite a miserable affliction, she lay almost groueling on the flower of her chamber, not suffering any body to comfort her; vntill they calling for her husband, and he held off with long enquirie, at length, she told him (euen almost crying out euery word) that she was weary of her life, since she was brought to that plunge, either to conceale her husbands mother, or accuse her sonne, who had euer beene more deare, then a sonne vnto her. Then with many interruptions and exclamations she told him, that her sonne *Plangus* (solliciting her in the olde affection betweene them) had besought her to put her helping hand to the death of the king; assuring her, that though all the lawes in the world were against it, he would marry her when he were king.

She had not fully layd thus much, with many pitifull digressions, when in comes the same fellow, that brought *Plangus*: and running himselfe out of breath, fell at the kings feete, beseeching him to saue himselfe; for that there was a man with a sword drawne in the next roome. The king affrighted, went out, and called his gard, who entring the place, found indeed *Plangus* with his sword in his hand, but not naked, but standing suspiciously inough, to one already suspicious. The king (thinking he had put vp his sword because of the noise) neuer tooke leasure to heare his answere, but made him prisoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the market place.

But the day had no sooner opened the eyes & eares of his friends & followers, but that there was a little army of them, who came, & by force deliuered him; although numbers on the other side (abused with the fine framing of their report) took armes for the king. But *Plangus*, though he might haue vsed the force of his friends, to reuenge his wrong, and get the crowne; yet the naturall loue of his father, and hate to make their suspicion seeme iust, caused him rather to choose a voluntary exile, then to make his fathers death the purchase of his life: and therefore went he to *Tiridates*, whose mother was his fathers sister, liuing in his Court eleuen or twelue yeares, euer hoping by his intercession, and his owne desert, to recouer his fathers grace. At the end of which time, the warre of *Erona* happened, which my sister with the cause thereof discoursed vnto you.

But his father had so deeply engraued the suspitiō in his hart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a fearfull guiltines, then of an humble faithfulness; & there-

fore continued his hate, with such vehemency, that he did euen hate his Nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his neece *Artaxia*, because in their Court hee receiued countenance, leauing no meanes vnattempted of destroying his son; among other, employing that wicked seruant of his, who vnderooke to empoison him. But his cunning disguised him not so well, but that the warchfull seruants of *Plangus* did discover him. Wherevpon the wretch was taken, and (before his well deserued execution) by torture forced to confesse the particuliarities of this, which in generall I haue told you.

Which confession autenticallly set downe (though *Tiridates* with solemne Embassage sent it to the king) wrought no effect. For the king hauing put the reines of the gouernment into his wiues hand, neuer did so much as read it, but sent it streight by her to be considered. So as they rather heaped more hatred vpon *Plangus*, for the death of their seruant. And now finding, that his absence, & their reports had much diminished the wauering peoples affection towards *Plangus*, with adauncing fit persons for faction, and granting great immunities to the commons, they preuailed so farre, as to cause the sonne of the second wife, called *Palladius*, to be proclaimed successour, and *Plangus* quite excluded: so that *Plangus* was driuen to continue his seruing *Tiridates*, as he did in the warre against *Erona*, and brought home *Artaxia*, as my sister told you; whē *Erona* by the treasō of *Antiphilus*. But at that word she stopped. For *Basilus* (not able longer to abide their absence) came suddenly among them, and with smiling countenance (telling *Zelmane* he was affraid she had stolen away his daughters) invited them to follow the Sunnes counsell in going then to theyr lodging: for indeede the Sun was readie to set. They yeelded, *Zelmane* meaning some other time to vnderstand the story of *Antiphilus* treason, and *Eronas* danger, whose cause she greatly tendred. But *Miso* had no sooner espied *Basilus*, but that as spytefully, as her rotten voyce could vtter it, she set soorth the lawfines of *Amphialus*. But *Basilus* onely attended what *Zelmaes* opinion was, who though she hated *Amphialus*, yet the nobility of her courage preuailed ouer it, and she desired he might be pardoned that youthfull error: considering the reputatiō he had, to be one of the best knights in the world: so as hereafter he gouerned himselfe, as one remembering his fault. *Basilus* giuing the infinit tearmes of praises to *Zelmaes* both valour in conquering, and pittifullnesse in pardoning, commanded no more words to be made of it, since such he thought was her pleasure.

So brought he them vp to visit his wife, where betweene her and him, the poore *Zelmane* receiued a tedious entertainment; oppressed with being loued, almost as much, as with louing. *Basilus* not so wise in couering his passion, could make his tongue go almost no other pace, but to runne into those immoderate praises, which the foolish Louer thinkes short of his Mistresse though they reach farre beyond the heauens. But *Gynecia* (whome womanly modesty did more outwardly bridle) yet did oftentimes vse the aduantage of her sexe in kissing *Zelmane*, as she sate vpon her bed-side by her; which was but still more and more sweete incense, to cast vpon the fire wherein her heart was sacrificed: Once *Zelmane* could not stirre, but that, (as if they had beene poppets, whose motion stood onely vpon her pleasure) *Basilus* with seruiceable steppes, *Gynecia* with greedy eyes would follw her. *Basilus* mind *Gynecia* well knew, and could haue found in her hart to laugh at, if mirth could haue borne any proportion with her fortune. Put all *Gynecias* actions were interpreted by *Basilus*, as proceeding from ieaousie of his amorousnesse. *Zelmane* betwixt both (like the poore child, whose father while he beates him, will make him beleue it is for

for loue; or like the sicke man, to whom the Physition sweares, the ill-tasting wallowish medicine he profers, is of a good taste) their loue was hatefull, their curtesie trouble some, their presence cause of her absence thence, where not only her light, but her life consisted. Alas (thought she to her selfe) Deare *Dorus*, what ods is there betweene thy destiny and mine? For thou hast to do in thy pursuite but with shepherdish folkes, who trouble thee with a litle enuious care, & affected diligence. But I (besides that I haue now *Miso* the worst of thy diuels, let loose vpon me) am waited on by Princes, & watched by the two wakeful eies of Loue & Iealousie. Alas, incōparable *Philoclea*, thou euer seest me, but dost neuer see me as I am: thou hearest willingly all that I dare say, & I dare not say that which were most fit for thee to heare. Alas who euer but I was imprisoned in liberty, & banished being still present? To whom but me haue louers bin iaylours, & honor a captiuitie?

But the night comming on with her silent steps vpon them, they parted each frō other (if at least they could be parted, of whom euery one did liue in another) and went about to flatter sleepe with their beds, that disdained to bestow it selfe liberally vpon such eyes which by their wil wold euer be looking: & in least measure vpon *Gynecia*. Who (when *Basilus* after long tossing was gottē a sleepe, & the cheerful cōfort of the lights remooued frō her) kneeling vp in her bed, begā with a soft voice & swolne hart, to renue the curses of her birth, & then in a maner embracing her bed; Ah chasted bed of mine (said she) which neuer heretofore couldst accuse me of one defiled thought, how canst thou now receiue this defaistred changeling? Happy, happy, be they only which be not: & thy blessednesse only to this respect thou maiest feelee, that thou hast no feeling. With that she furiously tare off great part of her faire haire: Take here o forgottē vertue (said she) this miserable sacrifice; while my soule was clothe d with modesty, that was a comly ornament: now why should nature crowne that head, with so wicked, as her only despaire is, she cannot be enough wicked? More she would haue said, but that *Basilus* (awaked with the noise) tooke her in his armes, and began to comfort her; the good man thinking, it was al for a ieaious loue of him: which humour if she wold a litle haue maintained; perchāce it might haue weakned his new conceiued fancies. But he finding her answers wandring frō the purpose, left her to her selfe (glad the next morning to take the aduantage of a sleepe, which a litle before day ouer-watched with sorrow, her teares had as it were sealed vp in her eies) to haue the more conferēce with *Zelmane*, who baited on this fashion by these two louers, & euer kept from any meane to declare her selfe, found in her selfe a dayly increafe of her violent desites; like a riuer the more swelling, the more his current is stopped.

The chiefe recreation she could find in her anguish, was sometime to visit that place, where first she was so happy as to see the cause of her vnhap. There wold she kisse the ground, & thanke the trees, blesse the aire, & do dutifull reuerence to euery thing that she thought did accompany her at their first meeting: then returne againe to her inward thoughts; sometimes dispaire darkening all her imaginations, sometimes the actiue passion of loue cheering and cleering her inuention, how to vnbar that combersome hinderance of her too ill matched louers. But this morning *Basilus* himselfe gaue her good occasiō to go beyond them. For hauing cōbd and trickt himselfe more curiously, then any time forty winters before, comming where *Zelmane* was, he found her giuen ouer to her muscall muses, to the great pleasure of the good old *Basilus*, who retired himselfe behind a tree, while she with a most sweet voice did vtter these passionate verses:



**L**oued I am, and yet complaine of Love:  
 As louing not accus'd in Love I die.  
 When pittie most I crane, I cruell prone:  
 Still seeking Love, Love found as much I flie.  
 Burnt in my selfe, I muse at others fire:  
 What I call wrong, I do the same and more:  
 Bard of my will, I haue beyond desire:  
 I waile for want, and yet am chokt with store.  
 This is thy worke, thou God for euer blind:  
 Though thousands old, a Boy entis'led still.  
 Thus children do the filty birds they find,  
 With stroking hurt; and too much cramming kill.  
 Yet thus much Love, ô Love, I crane of thee:  
 Let me be low'd, or els not loued be.

*Basilus* made no great hast from behind the tree, till he perceiued she had fully ended her musicke. But then loth to loose the precious fruite of time, he presented himselfe vnto her, falling downe vpon both his knees, and holding vp his hands, as the old gouernesse of *Danae* is painted, when she suddenly saw the golden showre, O heauenly woman, or earthly Goddesse (said he) let not my preience be odious vnto you, nor my humble suit seeme of smal weight in your eares. Vouchsafe your eies to descēd vpon this miserable old mā, whose life hath hitherto bin maintained but to serue as an encrease of your beautiful triumphs. You only haue ouerthrown me, & in my bondage consists my glory. Suffer not your own worke to be despised of you, but looke vpō him with pittie, whose life serues for your praise. *Zelmane* (kee- ping a countenance ascanfes, she vnderstood him not) told him, It became her euil to suffer such excessiue reuerēce of him, but that it worfe becāe her to correct him, to whom she owed dutie: that the opiniō she had of his wisdom was such, as made her esteeme greatly of his words; but that the words themselves sounded so, as she could not imagine what they might intend. Intend? (said *Basilus*, proud that that was brought in questiō) what may they intēd, but a refreshing of my soule, & a swa- ging of my heat, & enioying those your excellencies, wherein my life is vpheld, & my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting vp her face, as if she had receiued a mortal iniury of him. And is this the deuotion your ceremonies haue bin bent vnto? said she: Is it the disdaine of my estate, or the opinion of my lightnesse, that haue emboldned such base fancies towards me? enioying quoth you? now litle ioy come to thē that yeeld to such enioying. Poore *Basilus* was so appaled, that his leggs bowed vnder him; his eyes lookt as though he should gladly hide himselfe; and his old bloud going to his hart, a generall shaking all ouer his body possessed him. At length with a wan mouth; she was about to giue a stamering answer, when it came into *Zelmanes* head by this deuise to make her profit of his folly; & therefore with a relented coun- tenance, thus sayd vnto him: Your words (mighty Prince) were vnfit either for me to heare, or you to speak: but yet the large testimony I see of your affectiō maks me willing to suppress a great number of errors. Only thus much I think good to say, that the same words in my Lady *Philocleas* mouth, as from one woman to another (so as there were no other body by) might haue had a better grace, and perchance haue found a gentler receipt.

*Basilus*

*Basilus* (whose senses by desire were held open, and concept was by loue quickned) heard scarcely halfe her answer out, but that (as if speedy flight might saue his life) he turned away, and ranne with all the speede his body would suffer him, towards his daughter *Philoclea*: whom he found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miso* curiously watching her, hauing left *Mopsa* to do the like seruice to *Pamela*. *Basilus* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aside, (with all the cō-uring words which Desire could endite and Authority viter) besought her shee would preferue his life, in whom her life was begun; she would saue his gray haire from rebuke, and his aged mind from despaire; that if she were not cloyed with his company, and that she thought not the earth ouer-burthened with him, shee would coole his fierie grieffe, which was to be done but by her breath. That in fine, whatsoeuer he was, he was nothing but what it pleased *Zelmane*; all the powers of his spirit depending of her: that if she continued cruell, he could no more sustaine his life, then the earth remaine fruitfull in the sunnes continuall absence. He concluded, she should in one payment requite all his deserts: and that she needed not disdaine any seruice (though neuer so meane) which was warranted by the sacred name of a father. *Philoclea* more glad then euer she had knowne her selfe, that she might by this occasion, enioy the priuate conference of *Zelmane*, yet had to sweete a feeling of vertue in her minde, that she would not suffer a vile colour to be cast ouer her faire thoughts, but with humble grace answered her father. That there needed neither promise nor perswasion to her, to make her to do her vitermost for her fathers seruice: that for *Zelmanes* fauour, shee would in all vertuous sort seeke it towards him: and that as he would not pierce further into his meaning, then himselfe should declare, so would she interpret all his doings to be accomplished in goodnesse: and therefore desired (if otherwise it were) that he would not impart it to her, who then should be forced to begin (by true obedience) a shew of disobedience, rather performing his generall commandement, which had euer beene, to embrace vertue, then any new particular, sprong out of passion, and contrary to the former. *Basilus* content to take that, since hee could haue no more (thinking it a great point, if by her means, he could get but a more free acesse vnto *Zelmane*) allowed her reasons, and tooke her proffer thankfully, desiring only a speedy returne of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, and *Miso* straight behinde her, like *Alecto* following *Proserpina*. But *Basilus* forced her to stay, though with much a do, she being sharp-set vpon the fulfilling of a shrewd office, in ouerlooking *Philoclea*: & so said to *Basilus*, that she did as she was commanded, & could not answer it to *Gynecia*, if she were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him true, that he did euill to take her charge from her. But *Basilus* (swearing he wold put out her eies, if she staid a foot to trouble his daughter) gaue her a stop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her traouelling mind. For well she saw, her father was growne her aduerse party, & yet her fortune such as she must fauour her Riuals; and the fortune of that fortune such, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary meane help her.

But she walkt but a little on, before she saw *Zelmane* lying vpon a banke, with her face so bent ouer *Ladon*, that (her teares falling into the water) one might haue thought, that she began meltingly to be metamorphosed to the vnder-running river. But by and by, with speech she made knowne, as well that she liued, as that she sorrowed. Faire streames (said she) that do vouchsafe in your clearnesse to represent vnto me my blubbered face, let the tribute-offer of my teares vnto you,  
procure

procure your stay a while with me, that I may beginne yet at last, to find some thing that pities me: and that all things of comfort and pleasure do not flie away from me. But if the violence of your spring commaund you to haste away, to pay your duties to your great Prince, the Sea, yet carry with you these few wordes, and let the vttermost endes of the world know them. A loue more cleere then your selues, dedicated to a loue (I feare) more cold then your selues, with the cleerenesse layes a night of sorrow vpon me; and with the coldnesse enflames a world of fire within me. With that she tooke a willow sticke, and wrote in a sandy banke these few verses:

*O*ver these brookes trasting to ease mine eies,  
 (Mine eyes euen great in labour with their teares)  
 I layde my face, my face wherein their lies  
 Clusters of clouds, which no Sunne euer cleares.  
 In watry glasse my watry eyes I see:  
 Sorrowes ill easd, where sorrowes painted be.

*M*y thoughts imprison'd in my secret woes,  
 With flamy breathes do issue oft in sound:  
 The sound to this strange aier no sooner goes,  
 But that it doth with Echoes force rebound,  
 And make me heare the plaints I would reframe:  
 Thus outward helps my inward grieve maintaine.

*N*ow in this sand I would discharge my minde,  
 And cast from me part of my burdous cares:  
 But in the sand my tales foretold I finde,  
 And see therein how well the writer fares.  
 Since streame, aier, sand, mine eyes and eares conspire:  
 What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire?

And as soone as she had writen them (a new swarme of thoughts stinging her mind) she was ready with her foote to giue the new-borne letters both death and buriall. But *Philoclea* (whose delight of hearing and seeing was before a stay from interrupting her) gaue her selfe to be seene vnto her, with such a lightning of beauty vpon *Zelmae*, that neither she could looke on, nor would looke off. At last *Philoclea* (hauing a litle mused howe to cut the threede euen, betweene her owne hopelesse affection, and her fathers vnbridled hope (with eies, cheekes, and lips (where of each sang their part, to make vp the harmonic of bashfulnesse (began to say, My Father to whom I owe my selfe, and therefore, when *Zelmae* (making a womanish habite to be the Armour of her boldnesse, giuing vp her life to the lips of *Philoclea*, and taking it againe by the sweetnesse of those kisses) humbly besought her to keepe her speech for a while within the Paradise of her mind. For well shee knew her fathers errand, who should soone receiue a sufficient answere. But now she demaunded leaue not to loose this long sought-for commodity of time, to ease her heart thus farre, that if in her agonies her destinie was to be condemned by *Philoclea*'s mouth, at least *Philoclea* might know, whom she had condemned. *Philoclea* easily yeilded to graunt her owne desire: and so making the greene banke the



the situation, and the riuer the prospect of the most beautiful buildings of Nature, *Zelmane* doubting how to begin, though her thoughts already had run to the end; with a mind fearing the vnworthinesse of euery word that should be presented to her eares, at length brought it forth in this maner.

Most beloued Lady, the incomparable excellencies of your selfe (waited-on by the greatnesse of your estate) and the importāce of the thing (whereon my life consisteth) doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumstances in the vttering my speech, both bold and fearefull. But the small opportunity of eniuous occasion (by the malicious eye hatefull Loue doth cast vpon me) and the extreame bent of my affection (which will either breake out in words, or breake my heart) compell me, not only to embrace the smallest time, but to passe by the respects due vnto you, in respect of your poore carities life, who is now, or neuer to be preserued. I do therefore vow vnto you, her eafter neuer more to omit all dutiful forme: doo you only now vouchsafe to heare the matter of a mind most peiplexed. If euer the sound of Loue haue come to your eares, or if euer you haue vnderstood, what force it hath had to conquer the strongest hearts, and change the most settled estates, receiue here an example of those strange Tragedies; one, that in himselfe containeth the particularities of all those misfortunes: and from henceforth beleue that such a thing may be, since you shall see it is, You shall see (I say) a liuing image, and a present story of what Loue can do, when he is bent to ruine.

But alas, whither goest thou my tongue: or how doth my heart consent to aduenture the reuealing his neereft touching secret? But peace Feare, thou comest too late when already the harme is taken. Therefore I say againe, O onely Priuicesse, attend here a miserable miracle of affection. Behold here before your eyes *Pyrocles*, Prince of *Macedon*, whom you onely haue brought to this game of Fortune, and vnused *Metamorphosis*: whom you onely haue made neglect his country, forget his father, and lastly, forsake to bee *Pyrocles*: the same *Pyrocles*, who (you heard) was betrayed by being put in a shippe, which being burned, *Pyrocles* was drowned. O most true presage for these traitors, my eyes, putting me into a shippe of Desire, which dayly burneth, those eyes (I say) which betrayed me, will neuer leaue till they haue drowned me. But be not, bee not (most excellent Lady) you that Nature hath made to bee the Load-starre of comfort, bee not the Rocke of shipwracke: you whom vertue hath made the Princeesse of felicity, bee not the minister of ruine: you whom my choise hath made the Goddesse of my safety, O let not, let not, from you be powred vpon me destruction. Your faire face hath manie tokens in it of amazement at my words: thinke then what his amazement is, from whence they come: since no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling. I desire, that my desire may bee wayed in the ballances of Honour, and let Verite hold them. For if the highest Loue in no base person may aspire to grace, then may I hope your beauty will not be with pittie. If otherwise you bee (alas but let it be so) resolu'd, yet shall not my death bee comfortlesse, receiuing it by your sentence.

The ioy which wrought into *Pygmalions* minde, while hee founde his beloued, image was softer, and warmer in his folded armes, till at length it accomplished his gladnesse with a perfect womans shape (stil beautified with the former perfectiōs) was euen such, as by each degree of *Zelmaes* words creepingly entred into *Philo-*  
*clea*: till her pleasure was fully made vp with the manifesting of his being; which

was

was such as in hope did overcome Hope. Yet Doubt would faine haue played his part in her minde, and cald in question, how shee should bee assured that *Zelmane* was *Pyrocles*. But Loue streight stood vp and deposed, that a lie could not come from the mouth of *Zelmane*. Besides, a certaine sparke of honour, which rose in her well-disposed mind, made her feare to be alone with him, with whom alone she desired to be (with all the other contradictions growing in those minds, which neither absolutely clime the rocke of Vertue, nor freely sinke into the sea of Vanity) but that sparke soone gaue place, or at least gaue no more light in her minde, then a candle doth in the Sunnes presence. But euen sicke with a surfet ioy, and fearfull of shee knew not what (as he that newly finds huge treasures, doubts whether he sleep or no; or like a fearefull Deere, which then lookes most about, when he comes to the best feede) with a shrugging kind of tremor through al her principall parts, she gaue these affectionate words for answer. Alas, how painfull a thing it is to a deuided mind to make a well-ioyned answer: how hard it is to bring inward shame to outward confession: and what handsomnesse trow you can be obserued in that speech, which is made one knowes not to whom? Shall I say O *Zelmane*? Alas your words be against it. Shall I say Prince *Pyrocles*? wretch that I am, your shew is manifest against it. But this, this I may well say, If I had continued as I ought, *Philoclea*, you had either neuer bene, or euer bene *Zelmane*: you had either neuer attempted this change, set on with hope, or neuer discovered it, stopt with despaire. But I feare me, my behauiour ill gouerned, gaue you the first comfort: I feare me, my affection ill hid, hath giuen you this last assurance: I feare indeed, the weakenesse of my gouernment before, made you thinke such a maske would be gratefull vnto me: & my weaker gouernment since, makes you to pull off the visar. What shall I doo then? shall I seeke far-fetched inuentions? shall I labour to lay marble colours ouer my ruinous thoughts? or rather, though the purenesse of my virgin-mind be stained, let me keepe the true simplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, O *Zelmane* (for so I loue to call thee, since in that name my loue first began, & in the shade of that name my loue shall best lie hidden) that euen while so thou wert (what eye bewitched me I know not) my passions were fitter to desire, then to be desired. Shall I say then, I am sorry, or that my loue must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to *Pyrocles*: how may that well bee, since when thou wert *Zelmane*, the despaire thou mightest not be thus, did most torment me. Thou hast then the victory: vse it with vertue. Thy vertue wan me; with vertue preserue me. Dooest thou loue me? keepe me then still worthy to be beloued.

Then held she her tongue, and cast downe a self accusing looke, finding, that in her selfe she had (as it were) shot out of the bow of her affection, a more quicke opening of her mind, then she minded to haue done. But *Pyrocles* so caried vp with ioy, that he did not enuy the Gods felicity, presented her with someiewels of right princely value, as some little tokens of his loue, and quality: and withall shewed her letters from his father king *Euarchus*, vnto him, which euen in the Sea had amongst his iewels bin preserued. But little needed those proofes to one, who would haue fallē out with her self, rather then make any contrary coniectures to *Zelmanes* speeches; so that with such imbracements, as it seemed their soules desired to meet, and their harts to kisse, as their mouths did: which faine *Pyrocles* would haue sealed with the chiefe armes of his desire, but *Philoclea* commanded he contrary; and yet they passed the promise of marriage.

And then at *Philocleas* intreaty, who was willing to purloine all occasions of remaying

remaining with *Zelmae*, she told her the story of her life, from the time of their departing from *Erona*, for the rest she had already vnderstood of her sister. For (said she) I haue vnderstood, how you first in the company of your noble cousin *Murdo-ru*, parted from *Thessalia*, and of diuerse aduenures, which with no more danger then glory you passed through, till your comming to the succour of the Queene *Erona*; & the end of that warre (you might perceiue by my selfe) I had vnderstood of the Prince *Plangus*. But what since was the course of your doings, vntill you came, after so many victories, to make a conquest of poore me, that I know not, the same thereof hauing rather shewed it by peeces, then deliuered any full forme of it. Therefore, deare *Pyrocles* (for what can my eares be so sweetly fed with, as to heare you of you) be liberall vnto me of those things, which haue made you indeed precious to the world, and now doubt not to tell of your perils, for since I haue you heere out of them, euen the remembrance of them is pleasant. *Pyrocles* easily perceiued shee was content with kindnesse, to put off occasion of further kindnesse; wherein Loue shewed himselfe a cowardly boy, that durst not attempt for feare of offending. But rather Loue proued himselfe valiant, that durst with the sword of reuerent dutie gainestand the force of so many enraged desires. But so it was, that though hee knew this discourse was to entertaine him from a more straight parley, yet he durst not but kisse his rod, & gladly make much of that entertainment which she allotted vnto him: & therefore with a desirous sigh chastening his breast for too much desiring: Sweet Princeesse of my life (said he) what Trophees, what Triumph, what Monuments, what Histories might euer make my fame yeeld so sweet a musike to my eares, as that it pleaseth you to lend your mind to the knowledge of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, only therefore of value, because he is your *Pyrocles*? And therefore grow I now so proud, as to thinke it worth the hearing, since you vouchsafe to giue it the hearing. Therefore (onely height of my hope) vouchsafe to know, that after the death of *Turidates*, and setting *Erona* in her gouernment, for settled we left her, howsoever since (as I perceiued by your speech the last day) the vngratefull treason of her ill-chosen husband ouerthrow her (a thing in truth neuer til this time by me either heard, or suspected) for who could think, without hauing such a mind as *Antiphilus*, that so great a beauty as *Erona* (indeed excellent) could not haue held his affection? so great goodnesse could not haue bound gratefulnesse? and so high aduancement could not haue satisfied his ambition? But therefore true it is, that wickednesse may well be compared to a bottomlesse pit, into which it is farre easier to keepe ones selfe from falling, then being fallen, to giue ones selfe any stay from falling infinitely. But for my cousin and me, vpon this cause wee parted from *Erona*.

*Euarcus* (the braue and mighty Prince, whom it was my fortune to kill in the combat for *Erona*) had three Nephewes, sonnes to a sister of his; all three set among the foremost rankes of Fame for great minds to attempt, and great force to perfourme what they did attempt, especially the eldest, by name *Anaxius*, to whom all men would willingly haue yeelded the height of praise, but that his nature was such, as to bestow it vpon himselfe, before any could giue it. For of so vn-supportable a pride he was, that where his deedes might well stirre enuy, his demeanour did rather breed disdain. And if it be true that the Giants euer made war against heauen, he had bene a fit ensigne-bearer for that company. For nothing seemed hard to him, though impossible; and nothing vniust, while his liking was his iustice. Now he in these wars had flaily refused his aids; because he cold not brooke,



that the worthy Prince *Plangus* was by his chosen *Tiridates* preferred before him. For allowing no other weights, but the sword and speare in iudging of desert, how much he esteemed himselfe before *Plangus* in that, so much would he haue had his allowance in his seruice.

But now that he vnderstood that his vncle was slaine by me, I think rather scorn that any should kill his vncle, then any kindnesse (an vn-vsed guest to an arrogant soule) made him seeke his reuenges; I must confesse in maner gallant enough. For he sent a challenge vnto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the kingdome of *Lycia*, where he would proue vpon me, that I had by some treachery overcome his vncle, who else many hūdreds such as I, could not haue withstood. Youth and successe made me willing enough to accept any such bargaine, especially, because I had heard that your cousin *Amphialus* (who for some ycars had vniuersally borne the name of the best knight in the world) had diuerse times fought with him, and neuer bene able to master him; but so had left him, that euerie man thought *Anaxins* in that one vertue of curtesie farre short of him, in all other his match; *Anaxins* still deeming himselfe for his superior. Therefore to him I would go, and I would needs go alone, because so I vnderstood for certaine, he was; and (I must confesse) desirous to do something without the company of the incomparable Prince *Musidorus*, because in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his presence, then any thing in my selfe, whatsoeuer before I had done. For of him indeed (as of any wordly cause) I must grant, as receiued, what euer ther is, or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and best by example, giuing me in him so liuely an image of vertue, as ignorāce could not cast such mist ouer mine eyes, as not to see, and to loue it, and all with such deare friendship and care, as (O heauen) how can my life euer requite vnto him? which made me indeed find in my self such a kind of depending vpon him, as without him I found a weaknesse, and a mistrustfulness of my selfe, as one strayed from his best strength, when at any time I mist him. Which humour perceiuing to ouer-rule me, I straued against it; not that I was vnwilling to depend vpon him in iudgement, but by weaknesse I wol not, which though it held me to him, made me unworthy of him. Therefore I desired his leaue and obtained it; such confidence hee had in me, preferring my reputation before his own tendernesse; & so priuaty went from him, he determining (as after I knew) in secret manner, not to be farre from the place, where we appointed to meete, to preuent any foule play that might be offered vnto me. Full loth was *Eroma* to let vs depart from her (as it were) foreseeing the harmes which after fell to her. But I (rid fully from those cumber of kindnesse, & halfe a dayes iourney in my way toward *Anaxins*) met an aduenture, which (though in it selfe of small importance) I will tell you at large, because by the occasion thereof I was brought to as great cumber and danger, as lightly any might escape.

As I past through a Laund (each side whereof was so bordered both with high timber trees, and copses of farre more humble growth, that it might easily bring a solitary mind to looke for no other companions then the wild burgeses of the forest) I heard certaine cries, which comming by pawses to mine eares from within the wood of the right hand, made me well assured by the greatnesse of the crie, it was the voice of a man, though it were a very vmanlike voice, so to crie. But making my care my guide; I left not many trees behinde me, before I sawe at the bottome of one of them a gentle-man, bound (with many garters hand and foote, so as well he might tumble and tosse, but neither runne nor resist he could. Vpon him

him (like so manie Eagles vpon an Oxe) were nine Gentlewomen; trulie such, as one might wel enough say, they were hadsome. Each of them held bodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, hauing bene before hand vnarmed of any defence from the waste vppward, but only of his shirt: so as the poore man wept and bled, cried and prayed, while they sported themselues in his paine, and delighted in his prayers as the arguments of their victorie.

I was moued to compassion, and so much the more that he straight cald to me for succour, desiring me at least to kill him, to deliuer him from those tormenters. But before my selfe could resolue, much lesse any other tell what I would resolue, there came in cholerike haste towards me about seuen or eight knights, the foremost of which willed me to get me away, and not to trouble the Ladies, while they were taking their due reuenge, but with so ouermaistring a maner of pride, as trulie my heart could not brooke it: and therefore (answering them, that how I would haue defended him from the Ladies I knew not, but from them I would) I began a combate first with him particularlie, and after his death with the others (that had lesse good maners) jointly. But such was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of some, and flight of others. In so much as the women (afraid, whar angrie victorie would bring forth) ran all away, sauing onely one, who was so flesht in malice, that neither during, nor after the fight, she gaue any truce to her crueltie, but still vsed the litle instrument of her great spight, to the well witnest paine of the impatient patient: & was now about to put out his eyes, which al this while were spared, beause they should do him the discomfort of seeing who preuayled ouer him. When I came in, and after much adoe, brought her to some conference, (for sometime it was before she would hearken, more before she would speake; and most, before she should in her speech leaue off the sharpe remembrance of her bodkin) but at length when I puld off my head-peece, and humblie entreated her pardon, or knowledge why she was cruell out of breath wore with choller (which increased in his owne exercise) the with the paine she tooke, much to this purpose she gaue her griefe vnto my knowledg. Gentleman (said she) much it is against my will to forbear any time the executing of my iust reueng vpon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiuing women. But because I see you are young, and like enough to haue the power (if you would haue the mind) to do much more mischief then he, I am content vpon this bad subiect to reade a lecture to your vertue.

This man called *Phylus*, in birth I must confesse is noble (but what is that to him, if it shall be a stain to his dead ancestors to haue left such an offspring) in shape as you see, not vncomly (indeed the fit maske of his disguised falshood) in conuersation wittily pleasant, and pleasantly gamesome; his eyes full of mery simplicity, his words of hearty companableness; and such a one, whose head one would not thinke so stayde, as to thinke mischicuously delighted in all such things, which by impartying the delight to others, makes the vsur thereof welcom; as, Musike, Dauncing, Hunting, Feasting, Riding, and such like. And to conclude, such a one, as who can keepe him at armes end, need neuer wish a better companion. But vnder these qualities lies such a poysonous Adder, as I will tell you. For by those gifts of Nature and Fortune (being in all places acceptable) he creepes, nay (to say truly) he flies so into the fauour of poore silly women, that I would be too much ashamed to confesse, if I had not reuenge in my hand, as well as shame in my cheeks, For his hart being whole delighted in deceiuing vs, we could neuer be warned, but rather one bird caught, serued for a stale to bring in more. For the more he gat, the

more still he shewed, that he (as it were) gaue away to his new mistresse, when hee betrayed his promises to the former. The cunning of his flatterie, the readinesse of his teares, the infinitenesse of his vowes, were but among the weakest threeds of his net. But the stirring our owne passions, and by the entrance of them, to make himselfe Lord of our forces; there lay his Maisters part of cunning, making vs now iecalous, now enuious, now proud of what we had, desirous of more; now giuing one the triumph, to see him that was Prince of many, Subiect to her; now with an estranged looke, making her feare the losse of that mind, which indeed could neuer be had: neuer ceasing humblenesse and diligence, till he had imbarcked vs in some such disadvantage, as we could not returne drie shod; & then sodainly a tyrant, but a craftie tyrant. For so would he vse his imperiounesse, that we had a delightfull feare & an awe, which made vs loth to lose our hope. And, which is strangest (when sometimes with late repentance I thinke of it) I must confesse, euen in the greatest tempest of my iudgement was I neuer driuen to think him excellent, and yet so could set my mind, both to get and keep him, as though therein had laine my felicity: like them I haue seene play at the ball, grow extremely earnest, who should haue the ball, and yet euerie one knew it was but aball. But in end, the bitter sauce of the sport was, that we had either our hearts broken with sorow, or our estates spoyled with being at his direction, or our honors for euer lost, partly by our owne faults, but principally by his faultie vsing of our faultes. For neuer was there man that could with more scornfull eyes behold her, at whose feet he had lately laine, nor with a more vnmanlike brauerie vse his tongue to her disgrace, which lately had sung sonets of her praises. being so naturally inconstant, as I maruell his soule findes not some way to kill his bodie, whereto it had bene so long vnited. For so hath he dealt with vs (vnhappy fooles) as wee could neuer tell, whether he made greater haste after he once liked, to enjoy, or after he once enjoyed, to forsake. But making a glorie of his owne shame, it delighted him to be challenged of vnkindnesse: it was a triumph vnto him to haue his mercie called for: & he thought the fresh colours of his beautie were painted in nothing so well, as in the ruines of his louers: yet so farre had wee engaged our selues (vnfortunate soules) that we listed not complaine, since our complaints could not but carie the greatest accusation to our selues. But euerie of vs (each for her selfe) laboured all means how to recouer him, while he rather dayly sent vs companions of our deceit, then euer returned in any sound & faithfull maner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with betrothing himselfe to one (I must confesse) worthy to be liked, if any worthinesse might excuse so vnworthy a changeablenesse; leauing vs nothing but remorse for what was past, and despaire of what might follow. Then indeed the common iniurie mad vs all ioyne in fellowship, who till that time, had employed our endeuiours one against the other. For wee thought nothing was a more condemning of vs, then the iustifying of his loue to her by mariage: then Despaire mad Feare valiant, and Reuenge gaue Shame countenance: whereupon, we (that you sawe here) deuised how to get him amog vs alone: which he (suspecting no such matter of the, whom he had by often abuses, he thought, made carne to bee stil abused) easilie gaue vs oportunitie to do.

And a man may see, euen in this, how soone Rulers grow proud, and in their pride foolish. he came with such an authority among vs, as if the Planets had done enough for vs that by vs, once he had bene delighted. And when we began in curteous maner, one after the other, to lay his vnkindnesse vnto him, he seeing himselfe

con-



confronted by so many (like a resolute Orator) went not to deniall, but to iustifie his cruell falshood, & all with such iests, & disdainfull passages, that if the iniurie could not be made greater, yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his answers (forsooth) I shall neuer forget, how he wold proue it was no inconstancie to chaunge from one loue to another, but a great constancie; and contrary, that which we call constancy, to be most changeable. For (said he) I euer loued my delight, and delighted alwaies in what was louely: & where-soeuer I found occasion to obtaine that, I constantly followed it. But these constāt foppes you speake of, though their Mistresse grow by sicknesse foule, or by fortune miserable, yet still will loue her, and so commit the absurdest inconstancy that may be, in chaunging their loue from fairenesse to foulnesse, and from lowlinesse to his contrary; like one not content to leaue a friend, but will straight giue ouer himselfe to his mortall enemy: where I (whom you call inconstant) am euer constant; to Beauty, in others; and Delight in my selfe. And so in this iollie scoffing brauery he went ouer vs all, saying he left one, because she was ouer-wayward: another, because she was too soone wonne: a third, because she was not merie enough: a fourth, because she was ouer-gamesome: the fift, because she was grown with grief subiect to sicknesse: the sixt, because she was so foolish, as to be iealous of him: the seuenth, because she had refused to carry a letter for him to another that he loued: the eight, because she was not secret: the ninth, because she was not liberall: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed haue met with a false *Aeneas*, to me, I say (ō the vngratful villaine) he could find no other fault to obiekt, but that (perdie) he met with many fairer.

But when he had thus plaid the carelesse Prince, we (hauing those seruants of ours in readinesse, whom you lately so manfully ouercame (laid hold of him; beginning at first but that trifling reuenge, in which you found vs busie; but meaning afterwards to haue mangled him so, as should haue lost his credit for euer abusing more. But as you haue made my fellowes flie away, so for my part the greatnes of his wrong ouer shadowes, in my iugement the greatnesse of any danger. For was it not enough for him to haue deceiued me, and through the deceit abused me, and after the abuse forsaken me, but that he must now, of all the company, and before al the company, lay want of beauty to my charge? Many fairer? I trow euen in your iudgement, Sir, (if your eyes do not beguile me) not many fairer; and I know (who-soeuer sayes the contrary) there are not many fayrer; And of whom shold I receiue this reproch, but of him, who hath best cause to know there are not manie fayrer? And therefore howsoeuer my fellowes pardon his iniuries, for my part I wil euer remember, and remember to reuenge this scorne of all scornes. With that shew to him afresh; and surely would haue put out his eies (who lay mute for shame, if he did not sometimes crie for feare) if I had not leapt from my horse, and mingling force with intreaty, stayed her fury.

But while I was perswading her to meeknesse, comes a number of his friends, to whom he forthwith cried, that they should kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and disgraced him. But then I was faine to forsake the ensigne, vnder which I had before serued, and to spend my vttermost force in the protecting of the lady; which so well pretiailed for her, that in end there was a faithful peace promised of al sides. And so I leauing her in a place of security (as she thought) went on my iourney towards *Anaxim*, for whom I was faine to stay two dayes in the appointed place, hee disdainng to waite for me, till he was sure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angrie pleasure, til about that space of time he came (indeed, according to promise) alone: and (that I may not say too litle, because he is wont to say too much) like a man, whose courage was apt to clime ouer any daunger. And as soone as euer he came neare mee, in fit distance for his purpose, hee with much furie, (but with furie skilfullie guided) rad vpon me; which I (in the best fort I could) resisted, hauing kept my self ready for him, because I had vnderstood that he obserued few complemets in matter of armes, but such as a proud anger did indite vnto him. And so putting our horses into a full careere, wee hit each other vpon the head with our Launces: I thinke he felt my blow, for my part (I must confesse) I neuer receiued the like: but I thinke though my senses were astonished, my mind forced them to quicken themselues, because I had learned of him, how litle fauour he is wont to shew in any matter of aduantage. And indeed he was turned, & comming vpon me with his sword drawne, both our staves hauing bene broken at that encounter: but I was so ready to answere him, that truly I know not who gaue the first blow. But whosoever gaue the first, was quicklie seconded by the second. And indeed (excellentest Ladie) I must say trulie, for a time it was well fought betweene vs; he vndoubtedlie being of singulur valour, (I would to God it were not abased by his too much loftinesse) but as by the occasion of the combate, winning and losing ground, we chaunged places; his horse hapned to come vpon the point of the broken speare, which fallen to the ground, chaunced to stand vpward, so as it lighting vpon his heart, the horse died. He driuen to dismount, threatned, if I did not the like, to do as much for my horse, as fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or because I would not be beholding to Fortune for any part of the victorie, I descended. So began our foot-fight in such sort that we were well entred to bloud of both sides, when there comes by, that vncōstant *Phamphilus*, whom I had deliuered (easie to be knowne, for he was bare-faced) with a dozen armed men after him; but before him he had *Dido* (that Ladie, who had most sharply punished him) riding vpon a palfrey, he following her with most vnmanlike cruelties, beating her with wands hee had in his hand, she crying for sense of paine, or hope of succour: which was so pitifull a sight vnto me, that it moued me to require *Anaxius* to deferre our cambate till another day, and now to performe the duties of knight-hood in helping this distressed Lady. But he that disdaines to obey any thing but his passion (which he calls his mind) bad me leaue off that thought; but when hee had killed me, he would then (perhaps) go to her succour. But I well finding the fight would be long betweene vs (longing in my heart to deliuer the poore *Dido*) giuing him so great a blowe, as somewhat slayed him, (to terme it aright) I flatly ran away from him toward my horse, who trotting after the company, in mine armor, I was put to some paine, but that vse made me nimble vnto it. But as I followed my horse, *Anaxius* followed me; but his proud heart did so disdain that exercise, that I had quickly ouer-runne him, and ouertaken my horse; beeing (I must confesse) ashamed to see a number of countrie folkes, who happened to passe thereby, who hallowed and howted after mee as at the arrantest coward that euer shewed his shoulders to his enemy. But when I had leapt on my horse (with such speedy agility, that they all cried; O see how feare giues him wings) I turned to *Anaxius* and aloud promised him to returne thither againe, as soone as I had relieued the injured Lady. But he railing at me, with all the base words angry contempt could endite; I said no more, but, *Anaxius*, assure thy self, I neither feare thy force, nor thy opinion. And so vsing no weapon of a knight as at that time but my spurs, I ranne in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their conceits from *Anaxius*, which as

far

fat as I could heare, I might well heare testified with such laughers & games, that I was some few times moued to turne backe a gaine.

But the Ladies miserie ouer-balanced my reputation so that after her Iwent, and with six houres hard riding (through so wild places, as it was rather the cunning of my horse sometimes, then of my selfe, so rightly to hit the way) I ouergat them a little before night, neere to an old il-fauoured castle, the place where I perceiued they meant to performe their vnknighly errand. For there they began to strip her of her clothes, when I came in among them, and running through the first with a launce, the iustnesse of the cause so enabled we against the rest (false-harted in their owne wrong doing) that I had, in as short time almost as I had bene fighting with onely *anaxius*, deliuered her frō those iniurious wretches: most of whom carried newes to the other world, that amongst men secret wrongs are not alwaies left unpunished. As for *Pamphilus*, he hauing once scene, & (as it should seeme) remembred me, euen from the begining began to be in the rereward, & before they had left fighting, he was too far off to giue them thanks for there paines. But whē I had deliuered to the Ladie a full libertie, both in effect, & in opinion, (for sometime it was before she could assure her selfe shee was out of their hands, who had laid so vehement apprehension of death vpon her) shee then told me, how as she was returning toward her fathers, weakely accompanied (as too soone trusting to the falshood of reconcilement) *Pamphilus* had set vpon her, & killing those that were with her, carried her selfe by such force & with such manner as I had scene, to this place, where he meant in cruell & shamefull manner to kill her, in the sight of her owne Father; to whom he had alreadie sent word of it, that out of his castle window (for this castle, she said, was his) he might haue the prospect of his onely chilles destruction, if my comming, whom (she said) he feared (as soone as he knew me by the armour) had not warranted her from that neere approching crueltie. I was glad I had done so good a deede for a Gentlewoman not vnhandsome, whome before I had in like sort helped. But the night beginning to perswade some retiring place, the Gentlewoman, euen out of countenance before she began her speach, much after this manner inuited mee to lodge that night with her father.

Sir (saide she) how much I owe you, can be but abased by words, since the life I haue, I hold it now the secōd time of you: and therefore neede not offer seruice vnto you, but onely to remember you, that I am your seruant: and I would, my being so, might any way yeeld any small contentment vnto you. Now onely I can but desire you to harbour your selfe this night in this castle; because the time requires it; and in truth this countrie is very daungerous for murthering theeues, to trust a sleeping life among them. And yet I must confesse, that as the loue I beare you makes me thus inuite you, so (the same loue makes me ashamed to bring you to a place, where you shal be so (not spoken by ceremony but by truth) miserably entertained. With that shee told me, that though shee spake of her father (whom she named *Cremes*) she would hide no truth from me, which was in summe, that as he was of all that region the man of greatest possessiōs (and riches, so was he either by nature, or an euil receiued opinion, giuen to sparing, in so vnmeasurable sorte, that he did not onely barre himselfe from the delightful, but almost from the necessarie vse thereof; scarcely allowing him selfe fitte sustenance of life, rather then he would spend those goods for whose sake only he seemed to ioy in life. Which extreame dealing (descending from himselfe vpon her) had driuen her to put herselfe with a great Lady of that countrie, by which occasion shee had stumbled



upon such mischances, as were little for the honor either of her, or her familie. But so wife had he shewed himselfe therein, as while he found his daughter maintained without his cost, he was content to be deafe to any noise of infamie: which though it had wronged her much more then she deserued, yet she could not denie, but she was driuen thereby to receiue more then decent fauours. She concluded, that there at least I should be free from iniuries, & should be assured to her-ward to abound as much in the true causes of wellcomes, as I should find want of the effects therof.

I, who had acquainted my selfe to measure the delicacie of foode and rest, by hunger and wearinelle, at that time well stored of both, did not abide long entreatie; but went with her to the Castle: which I found of good strength, hauing a great mote round about it; the worke of a noble Gentleman, of whose vnthrifte sonne he had bought it, The bridge drawne vp, where we were faine to crie a good while before we could haue aunswere, and to dispute a good while before aunswere would be brought to acceptance. At lenght a willingnesse, rather then a ioy to receiue his daughter, whom he had lately seen so neere death, & an opinion brought into his head by course, because he heard himselfe called a Father; rather then any kindnesse that he found in his owne hart, made him take vs in; for my part by that time growne so wearie of such entertainment, that no regard of my selfe, but onely the importunity of his daughter made me enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*, a driueling old fellow, leane, shaking both of head and hands, alreadie halfe earth, & yet then most greedy of Earth: who scarcely would giue me thankses for what I had done, for feare I suppose, that thankfulnesse might haue an introduction of reward. But with a hollow voice, giuing me a false welcome, I might perceiue in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to say, whether the displeasure of her companie did not ouer-way the pleasure of her owne comming. But on he brought me, into so bare a house, that it was the picture of miserable happinesse, and rich beggery (serued only by a companie of rusticall villaines, full of sweat & dust, not one of them other, then a labourer) in summe (as he counted it) profitable drudgerie: and all preparations both for foode and lodging such, as would make one detest nigardnesse, it is so sluttish a vice. His talke of nothing but of his pueritie, for feare belike least I should haue proued a yong borrower. In summe, such a man, as any enimie could not wish him worse then to be himselfe. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious guest to a loathsome host; ouer-hearing him sometimes bitterly warne his daughter of bringing such costly mates vnder his rooffe: which shee grieuing at, desired much to know my name, I thinke partly of kindnesse, to remember who had done some thing for her, and partly, because shee assured her selfe I was such a one as would make euen his miser-mind contented with what he had done. And accordingly shee demaunded my name, and estate, with such earnestnesse, that I whome Loue had not as then so robbed me of my selfe, as to be another then I am, told her directly my name and condition: wherof she was no more glad then her father, as I might will perceiue by some ill fauoured cherefulnesse, which then first began to wrinkle it selfe in his face.

But the causes of their ioyes were farre different; for as the shepheard and the butcher both may looke vpon on sheepe with pleasing, conceipts, but the shepheard with minde to profit himselfe by preserving, the butcher with killing him: So she reioyced to find that mine own benefits had me to be her friend, who was a Prince of such greatnesse, and louingly reioyced: but his ioy grewe (as I to my danger after perceiued) by the occasion of the Queene *Antaxias* setting my head  
to

to sale, for hauing slaine her brother *Tiridates*; which being the summe of an hundred thousand crownes (to whosoeuer brought me aliue into her hands) that old wretch, (who had ouer-luied all good nature) though he had lying idly by him much more then that, yet aboue all things lotting money, for monies owne sake determined to betray me, so well deseruing of him for to haue that which he was determined neuer to vse. And so knowing that the next morning I was resolu'd to go to the place where I had left *Anxius*, he sent in all speed to a Captaine of a Garrison neere by, which though it belonged to the King of *Iberia*, (yet knowing the Captaines humor to delight so in riotous spending, as he cared not how he came by the meanes to maintaine it) doubted not that to be halfe with him in the gaine, he would play his quarters part in the treason. And therefore that night agreeing of the fittest places where they might surprise me the morning, the old cautiue was growne so cerenionious, as he would needs accompany me some miles in my way; a sufficient token to me, if Nature had made me apt to suspect; since a churles curtesie rarely comes, but either for gaine, or falshood. But I suffered him to stumble into that point of good manner: to which purpose he came out with al his clownes, horst vpon such cart-iades, and so furnished, as in good faith I thought with my self, if that were thrift, I wisht none of my friends or subiects euer to thriue. As for his daughter (the gentle *Dido*) she would also (but in my conscience with a farre better minde) prolong the time of farewell, as long as he.

And so we went on together: he so old in wickednesse, that he could looke me in the face, and freely talke with me, whose life he had already contracted for: till comming into the falling of a way which ledde vs into a place, of each-side whereof men might easily keepe themselves vndiscovered, I was encompassed sodainly by a great troupe of enemies both of horse and foote, who willed me to yeeld my selfe to the Queene *Artaxia*. But they could not haue vsed worse eloquence to haue perswaded my yeelding, then that; I knowing the little good will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making necessitie & iustice my best sword and shield, I vsed the other weapons I had as well as I could; I am sure to the little ease of a good number, who trusting to their number more then to their valure, & valuing money higher then equitie, felt, that guiltlesnesse is not alwaies with ease oppressed. As for *Cremes*, he withdrew himselfe, yet so guiding his wicked conceits with his hope of gaine, that he was content to be a beholder, how I should be takē to make his pray.

But I was growne so wearie, that I supported my selfe more with anger then strength, when the most excellent *Musidorus* came to my succour, who hauing followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with *Anxius*, came to the niggards Castle, where he found all burned and spoiled by the country people, who bare mortall hatred to that couetous man, and now tooke the time, when the castle was left almost without garde, to come in, and leaue monuments of their malice therein: which *Musidorus* not staying either to further, or impeache, came vpon the spurre after me (because with one voice many told him, that if I were in his company, it was for no good meant vnto me) and in this extremitie found me. But when I saw that cousin of mine, me thought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victorie. For who can feare that hath *Musidorus* by him? who, what he did there for me, how manie he killed, not straunger for the number then for the straunge blowes wherewith he sent them to a well deserued death, might well delight me to speake of, but I should so hold you too long in euerie particular. But in truth, there if euer,  
and

and euer, if euer any man, did *Musidorus* shew himself second to none in able valor.

Yet what the vnmeasurable excesse of their number wold haue done in the end I know not, but the triall thereof was cut off by the chaunceable comming thither of the King of *Iberia*, that same father of the worthy *Plangus*, whom it hath pleased you sometimes to mention: who, not yeelding ouer to olde age his countrey delights, especially of hauking) was at that time (following a Merline) brought to see this iniury offred vnto vs: and hauing great numbers of Courtiers waiting vpon him, was straight known by the souldiers that assaulted vs, to betheir King, & so most of them withdrew themselues.

He by his authority knowing of the Captaines owne constrained confession, what was the motiue of this mischieuous practise; misliking much such violence should be offred in his country to men of our ranke, but chiefly disdaining it should be done in respect of his Niece, whom (I must confesse wrongfully) he hated, because he interpreted that her brother and she had maintained his sonne *Plangus* against him, caused the Captaines head presently to be striken off, and the olde bad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truly for my part, I earnestly labored for his life, because I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a conclusion of his miserable life, that neither the death of his daughter, who (alas poore Gentlewoman was by chaunce slaine among his clownes: while she ouerboldly for her weake sex sought to hold thē from me, not yet his own shameful end was so much in his mouth as he was led to execution, as the losse of his goods, and burning of his house: which often, with more laughter then teares of the hearers, he made pittifull exclamations vpon.

This iustice thus done, and we deliuered, the King indeede in royall sort inuited vs to his Court, not farre thence: in all points entertaining vs so, as truly I must euer acknowledge a beholdingnes vnto him: although the streame of it fell out not to be so sweet as the spring. For after some dayes being there (curing our selues of such wounds as we had receiued, while I, causing diligent search to be made of *Anaxius*, cold learne nothing, but that he was gone out of the countrie, boasting in euery place how he had made me run away) we were brought to receiue the fauour of acquaintance with this Queene *Andromana*, whom the Princesse *Pamela* did in so liuely colours describe the last day, as still me thinks the figure thereof possesseth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my selfe had.

And therefore I shall neede the lesse to make you know what kind of woman she was, but this onely, that first with the raines of affection, and after with the veruyse of directing, she had made her selfe so absolute a maister of her husbandes minde, that a while he would not, & after, he could not tel how to gouerne without being gouerned by her: but finding an ease in not vnderstanding, let loose his thoughts wholly to pleasure, entrusting to her the entire conduct of all his royall affaires. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the blessing, to march with some Heroicall minded Lady. But in him it was neither guided by wisdom, nor followed by Fortune, but thereby was slipt insensibly into such an estate, that he liued at her vndiscreete dilcresion: al his subiects hauing by some yeares learned, so to hope for good, and feare of harme, only from her, that it should haue needed a stronger vertue then his, to haue vnwound so deeply an entred vice. So that either not struiuing (because he was contented) or contented (because he would not strieve) he scarcely knew what was done in his owne chamber, but as it pleased her Instruments to frame the relation.

Now



Now we being brought knowen vnto her (the time that wee spent in curing some very daungerous wounds) after once we were acquainted, (& acquainted we were sooner then our selues expected) she continually almost haunted vs, till (& it was not long a doing) we discovered a most violent bent of affection: and that so strangely, that we might well see, an euill minde in authority, doth not only follow the sway of the desires already within it, but frames to it selfe new desires, not before thought of. For, with equall ardour she affected vs both & so did her greatnes disdain shamefastnesse, that she was content to acknowledge it to both. For, (hauing many times torne the vaile of modesty) it seemed, for a last delight, that she delighted in infamy: which often she had vsed to her husbands shame, filling all mens eares (but his) with his reproch; while he hoodwinkt with kindnesse (least of all men knew who strake him. But her first degree was, by setting forth her beauties, truely in nature not to be misliked, but as much aduanced to the eye, as abased to the iudgment by art) thereby to bring vs (as willingly-caught fishes) to bite at her baite. And thereto had she that scutchion of her desires supported by certaine badly-diligent ministers, who often cloyed our eares with her praises, and would needs teach vs away of felicity by seeking her fauour. But when she found, that we were as deafe to them as dumb to her; then she listd no longer stay in the suburbs of her foolish desires, but directly entered vpon them; making her selfe an impudēt suter, authorizing her selfe very much with making vs see that all fauour & power in that realme, so depēded vpon her, that now (being in her hāds) we were either to keepe, or lose our liberty, at her discretiō; which yet a while she so tempted, as that we might rather suspect, then she threaten. But when our wounds grew so, as that they gaue vs leaue to trauell & that she found we were purposed to vse all meanes we could to depart thence, she (with more & more importuānesse) craued, which in al good maners was either of vs to be desired, or not granted. Truely (most faire & euery way excellent Lady) you would haue wondred to haue scene, how before vs she would confesse the contentiō in her own mind between that louely (indeed most louely) brownnesse of *Musidorus* his face, & this colour of mine, which she (in the deceiuable stile of affectiō) would intitle beautifull: how her eyes wandred like a glutton at a feast (from the one to the other; & how her words would begin halfe of the sentence to *Musidorus*, & end the other half to *Pyrocles*: not ashamed (seeing the friendship betweene vs) to desire either of vs to be a mediator to the other; as if we should haue played one request at Tennis betweene vs: and often wishing that she might be the angle, where the lines of our friendship might meet; and be the knot which might tie our harts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely set before you (most deare Lady) because by the foile thereof, you may see the noblenesse of my desire to you; & the warrantablenesse of your fauour to me.

At that *Philoclea* smiled, with a litle nod. But (said *Pyrocles*) when she perceiued no hope by suite to preuaile, then (perswaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to do any thing) shee found meanes to haue vs accused to the King, as though wee went about some practise to overthrowe him in his owne estate. Which because of the strange successes wee had had in the Kingdomes of *Phrygia*, *Pontus*, and *Galatia* seemed not vnlikly to him, who (but skimming any thing that came before him) was disciplined to leaue the through-handling of all to his gentle wife: who forthwith caused vs to be put in prison, hauing (while we slept) depriued vs of our armes: a prison, indeed iniurious, because a prison, but els wot testifying affection, because in al respects as cōmodious as a prison might

might be: and indeed so placed, as she might at all houres (not seene by many, though she cared not much how many had seene her) come vnto vs. Then fell she to sauce her desires with threatnings, so that we were in a great perplexity, restrained to so vnworthy a bondage, and yet restrained by loue, which (I cannot tell how) in noble minds, by a certain duty, claimes an answering. And how much that loue might moue vs, so much, and more that faultinesse of her mind remoued vs; her beauty being balanced by her shamelesnesse. But that which did (as it were) tie vs in a captiuitie, was, that to grant, had bin wickedly iniurious to him, that had saued our liues: and to accuse a Lady that loued vs, of her loue vnto vs, we esteemed almost as dishonorable: and but by one of those wayes we saw no liklyhood of going out of that place, where the wordes would be iniurious to your cares, which should expresse the manner of her suite: while yet many times earnestnes died her cheekes with the colour of shamefastnesse; and wanton languishing borrowed of her eyes the down-cast looke of modestie. But we in the meane time farre from louing her, and often assuring her, that we would not so recompence her husbands sauing of our liues; to such a ridiculous degree of trusting her, she had brought him, that she caused him send vs word, that vpon our liues, we should doo whatsoever she commaunded vs: good man, nor knowing any other, but that all her pleasures were directed to the preseruacion of his estate. But when that made vs rather pittie, then obey his folly, then fell she to seruile entreating vs, as though force could haue bene the schoole of Loue, or that an honest courage should not rather striue against, then yeeld to iniury. All which yet could not make vs accuse her, though it made vs almost pine away for spight, to loose any of our time in so troublesome an idlenesse.

But while we were thus full of wearinesse of what was past, and doubt of what was to follow, Loue (that I thinke in the course of my life hath a sport sometimes to poyson me with roses, sometimes to heale me with wormewood) brought forth a remedy vnto vs: which though it helped me out of that distresse, alas the conclusion was such, as I must euer while I liue, thinke it worse then a wrack, so to haue bene preserued. This King by this Queene had a sonne of tender age, but of great expectation, brought vp in the hope of themselves, and already acceptation of the inconstant people, as successor of his fathers crowne: whereof he was as worthy, considering his parts, as vnworthy, in respect of the wrong was thereby done against the most noble *Plangus*: whose great deserts now either forgotten, or vngatefully remembred, all men set their sailes with the fauourable winde, which blew on the fortune of this young Prince, perchaunce not in their harts, but surely not in their mouths, now giuing *Plangus* (who some yeares before was their only champion) the poore comfort of calamity, pity. This youth therefore accounted Prince of that region, by name *Palladius*, did with vehement affection loue a yong Lady, brought vp in his fathers court, called *Zelmae*, daughter to that mischieuouly vnhappy Prince *Plexirtus* (of whom already I haue, and sometimes must make, but neuer honorable mention) left there by her father, because of the intricate changeablenesse of his estate, he by the mother side being half brother to this Queene *Andromana*, and therefore the willinger committing her, to her care. But as Loue (alas) doth not alwaies reflect it selfe, so fell it out that this *Zelmae*, (though truly reason there was enough to loue *Palladius*) yet could not euer perswade her heart to yeeld thereunto: with that paine to *Palladius*, as they feele, that feele an vnloved loue. Yet louing indeed, and therefore constant, hee vsed

still

still the intercession of diligence and faith, euer hoping, because he would not put him selfe into that hell, to be hopelesse: vntill the time of our being come, and captiued there, brought forth this ende, which truly deserues of me a further degree of sorrow then teares.

Such was there in my ill destinie, that this young Lady *Zelmae* (like some vnwisely liberal, that more delight to giue presents, then pay debts) she chose (alas for the pitie) rather to bestowe her loue (so much vnderferried, as not desired) vpon me, then to recōpence him, whose loue (besides many other things) might seeme (euen in the court of Honour) iustly to claime it of her. But so it was (alas that so it was) whereby it came to passe (that as nothing doth more naturally follow his cause, then care to preferue, and benefite doth follow vnfaigned affection) she felt with me, what I felt of my captiuitie, and streight laboured to redresse my paine, which was her paine: which she could do by no better meanes, then by vsing the helpe therein of *Palladius*: who (true Louer) considering what, and not why, in all her commaundements; and indeed shee concealing from him her affection (which shee intituled cōpassion,) inmediately obeyed to imploy his vttermost credite to relieue vs: which though as great, as a beloued sonne with a mother, faultie otherwise, but not hardharted toward him, yet it could not preuaile to procure vs libertie. Wherefore he sought to haue that by praetise, which he could not by praier. And so being allowed often to visite vs (for indeed our restraints were more, or lesse, according as the ague of her passion was either in the fit or intermission) he vsed the oportunitie of a fit time thus to deliuer vs

The time of the marying that Queene was euery yeare, by the extreame loue of her husbād, & the seruiceable loue of the Courtiers, made notable by some publike honours, which did (as it were) proclaime to the world, how deare she was to that people. Amōg other, none was either more grateful to the beholders, or more noble in it selfe, then iusts, both with sword & launce, maintained for a seuen-night together: wherin, that Nation doth so excell, both for comelinesse and ableness, that from neighbor countries they or dinarily come, some to striue, some to learne, some to behold.

This day it happened that diuers famous Knights came thither frō the Court of *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*; a Lady, whom fame at that time was so desirous to honor, that she borrowed al mens mouthes to ioye with the sound of her Trumpet. For as her beauty hath wonne the prize frō all women, that stand in degree of comparison (for as for the two sisters of *Arcadia*, they are far beyond all conceit of comparison) so hath her gouernment bene such as hath bene no lesse beautifull to mens iudgements, then her beauty to the eye-sight. For being brought by right of birth, a woman, a yong woman, a faire woman, to gouerne a people, in nature mutinously proud, & always before so vsed to hard gouernours, as they knew not how to obey without the sworde were drawne. Yet could shee for some yeares, so cary her selfe among them, that they found cause in the delicacie of her sex, of admiration, not of cōtempt: & which was notable, euen in the time that many countries about her were full of wars (which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought still would conclude there) yet so handled she the matter, that the theatens euer smarted in the threatners; she vsing so strange, and yet so well succeeding a temper, that she made her people by peace, warlike; her courtiers by sports, learned; her Ladies by Lone, chaste. For by continuall martiall exercises without bloud, she made them perfect in that bloody art. Her sports were such as caried riches of knowledge vpon the stream



of Delight: & such the behauiour both of her selfe and her Ladies, as builded their chastitie not vpon waiwardnesse, but choice of worthinesse: So as it seemed, that court to hane bin the mariage place of Loue & Vertue, & that her selfe was a *Diana* appparelled in the garments of *Venus*. And this which Fame only deliuered vnto me, (for yet I hane neuer scene her) I am the willinger to speake of you, who (I know) know her better, being your neere neighbour, because you may see by her example (in her self wise, & of others beloued) that neither folly is the cause of vehemēt loue, nor reproch the effect. For neuer (I think) was there any womā, that with more vnremouable determination gaue her selfe to the counsel of loue, after she had once set before her mind the worthinesse of your cosin *Amphialus*; & yet is neither her wisdome doubted of, nor honor blemished. For (O God) what doth better become wisdome, then to discern what is worthy the louing, what more agreeable to goodnessse, then to loue it so discerned: & what to greatnesse of hart, then to be constant in it once loued? But at that time, that loue of hers was not so publicly known, as the death of *Philoxenus* & her search of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then seemed to haue such leasure to send thither diuerse choise knights of her court, because they might bring her, at least the knowledg, perchance the honor of that triūph. Wherein so they behaued themselues as for three daies they caried the prize; which being come from so far a place to disgrace her seruants, *Palladius* (who himself had neuer vsed armes) perswaded the Queene *Andromana* to be content (for the honor sake of her court) to suffer vs two to haue our horse & armor, that he with vs might vnder-take the recouery of their lost honor: which she granted; taking out oth to go no further then her sonne, nor euer to abandon him. Which she did not more for sauing him, then keeping vs: and yet not satisfied with our oth, appointed a band of horsemen to haue eye, that we should not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratifie the yong Prince, who (we saw) loued vs. And so the fourth day of that exercise, we came into the field: where I remember the manner was, that the forenoone they should run at tilt, one after the other: the afternoone in a broad field in maner of a battel, til either the strangers, or that countrie Knights wan the field.

The first that ran was a braue Knight, whose deuise was to come in, all chayned with a Nymph leading him: his *Impresa* was

Against him came forth an *Iberian*, whose manner of entring was, with Bagpipes in steed of trumpets; a shepheards boy before him for a Page, and by him a dozen appparelled like shepheards for the fashion, though rich in stuffe, who caried his Launces, which though strong to giue a launcely blow indeed, yet so were they coloured with hookes neere the mourne, that they pretily repesented sheephooks, his owne furniture was drest ouer with wooll, so enriched with Iewels artificially placed, that one would haue thought it a mariage betweene the lowest and the higest. His *Impresa* was a Sheepe marked with pitch, with this woord *Spotted to be knowne*. And because I may tel you out his conceipt (though that were not done, till the running for that time was ended) before the Ladies departed from the windowes, among whom there was one (they say) that was the *Star*, whereby his course was only directed. The Shepheards attending vpon *PHILSIDES* went among them, and sang an eclogue; one of them answering another, while the other shepheards pulling out recorders (which possesse the place of pipes) accorded their musike to the others voice. The Eclogue had great praise: I onely remember sixe verses, while hauing questioned one with the other, of their fellow shepheards so-daine growing a man of armes, and the cause of his so doing, they thus said.

**M**E thought some: *flaves he mist: if so, not much amisse:*  
*For where he most would hit, he ever yet did misse.*  
*Once said he brake a crosse; full well it so might be:*  
*For neuer was there man more crossely crost then he.*  
*But most cried, O well broke: O foole full gaily blest:*  
*Where failing is a shame, and breaking is his best.*

Thus I haue digrest, because his manner liked me well: But when he began to run against *Lelius*, it had neere growne (though great loue had euer bene betwixt them) to a quarrell. For *Philisides* breaking his staues with great commendation, *Lelius* (who was knowne to be second to none in the perfection of that art) ranne euer ouer his head, but so finely to the skilfull eyes, that one might well see he shewed more knowledge in missing, then others did in hitting. For with so gallant a grace his staffe came swimming close ouer the crest of the Helmet, as if he would represent the kisse, and not the stroke of *Mars*. But *Philisides* was much moued with it, while he thought *Lelius* would shew a contempt of his youth: till *Lelius*, (who therefore would satisfie him, because he was his friend) made him know, that to such bondage he was for so many courses tyed by her, whose disgraces to him were graced by her excellencie, and whose iniuries he could neuer otherwise returne, then honors.

But so by *Lelius* willing, missing was the oddes of the *Iberian* side, and continued so in the next by the excellent running of a Knight, though fostred so by the *Muses*, as many times the very rusticke people left both their delights and profits to harken to his songs, yet could he so well performe all armed sports, as if he had neuer had any other pen, then a Launce in his hand. He came in like a wilde man; but such a wildenesse, as shewed his eye-sight had tamed him, full of withered leaues, which though they fell not, still threatned falling. His *Impresa* was, a mill-horse still bound to goe in one circle; with this word, *Data fata sequutus*. But after him the *Corinthian* knights absolutely preuailed, especially a great noble man of *Corinth*, whose deuice was to come without any deuice, all in white like a new knight, as indeed he was; but so new, as his newnes shamed most of the others long exercise. The another fro whose tent I remeber a bird was made flie, with such art to carry a written embassage among the Ladies, that one might say, If a lue bird, how so taught: if a dead bird, how so made? Then he, who hidden, man and horse in a great figure liuely representing the *Phanix*: the fire tooke so artificially, as it consumed the bird, and left him to rise as it were, out of the ashes thereof. Against whom was the fine frosen Knight, frosen in despair; but his armour so naturally representing Ice, and all his furniture so liuely answering thereto, as yet did I neuer see any thing that pleased me better.

But the delight of those pleasing sights, haue caried me too farre into an vn-necessary discourse. Let it then suffice (most excellent Lady) that you know the *Corinthians* that morning in the exercise (as they had done the daies before) had the better; *Palladius* neither suffering vs, nor himselfe to take in hand the party til the after-noon; where we were to fight in troupes, not differing otherwise fro earnest, but that the sharpenesse of the weapons was taken away. But in the triall *Palladius* (especially led by *Musidorus*, and somewhat aided by me) himselfe truely behauing himselfe nothing like a beginner, brought the honpur to rest it selfe that night on the *Iberian* side: and the next day, both morning, and after-noon being kept by

our party. He (that saw the time fit for the deliury he intended) called vnto vs to follow him; which we both bound by oth, & willing by good will, obeyed: and so the gard not daring to interrupt vs (he commaunding passage) we went after him vpon the spur to a little house in a forrest neere by: which he thought would be the fittest resting place, till we might go further from his mothers fury, whereat he was no lesse angry, and ashamed, then desirous to obey *Zelmans*.

But his mother (as I learned since) vnderstanding by the gard her sonnes conueying vs away) forgetting her greatnesse, and resigning modesty to more quiet thoughts (flew out from her place, and cried to be accompanied, for she her selfe would follow vs. But what she did (being rather with vehemencie of passion; then conduct of reason) made her stumble while she ran, & by her own confusio hinder her own desires. For so impatiently she commaunded, as a good while no body knew what she commaunded, so as we had gotten so farre the start, as to be already past the confines of her kingdome before she ouertooke vs: & ouertake vs she did in the kingdome of *Bythinia*, not regarding shame, or danger of hauing entred into anothers dominions: but (hauing with her about a threescore horse men) streight commaunded to take vs aliue, and not to regarde her sonnes threatening therein: which they attempted to do, first by speech, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, nor fearing their might, we esteemed few swords in a iust defence, able to resist many vniust assaulters. And so *Musidorus* incredible valour (beating downe all lets) made both me, and *Palladius*, so good way, that we had little to do to ouercome weake wrong.

And now had the victory in effect without bloud, when *Palladius* (heated with the fight, and angry with his mothers fault) so pursued our assaylers, that one of them (who as I heard since had before our comming bene a speciall minion of *Andromanas*, & hated vs for hauing dispossessed him of her hart) taking him to be one of vs, with a traiterous blow slewe his yong Prince: who falling down before our eyes, whom he specially had deliuered, iudge (sweetest Lady) whether anger might not be called iustice in such a case: once, so it wrought in vs, that many of his subiects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All this while disdain, strengthened by the fury of a furious loue, made *Andromana* stay to the last of the combat: & when she saw vs light down, to see what help we might do to the helpleffe *Palladius*, she came running madly vnto vs, then no lesse threatening, when she had no more power to hurt. But when she perceiued it was her onely sonne that lay hurt, & that his hurt was so deadly, as that already his life had lost the vse of the reasonable, and almost sensible part; then onely did misfortune lay his owne ouglinesse vpon her fault, & make her see what she had done, and to what she was come: especially, finding in vs rather detestation then pittie, (considering the losse of that yong Prince) and resolution presently to departe, which still she laboured to stay. But deprived of all comfort, with eyes full of death, she ranne to her sonnes dagger, and before we were aware of it (who else would haue stayed it) stroke her selfe a mortall wound. But then her loue, though not her person, awaked pittie in vs, and I went to her, while *Musidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was past the cure of a better surgeon then my selfe, so as I could but receiue some fewe of her dying words, which were cursings of her ill set affection, and wishing vnto me many crosses and mischances in my loue, when foerer I should loue, wherein I feare, and only feare that her praier is from aboue granted. But the noise of this fight, and issue thereof being blazed by the countrie people



people to some noble men therabouts, they came thither, and finding the wrong offerd vs, let vs go on our iourney, we hauing recommended those royall bodies vnto them to be conueied to the king of *Iberia*. With that *Philoclea*, seeing the teares stand in his eyes with remembrance of *Palladius*, but much more of that which thereupon grew, she would needs drink a kisse from those eyes, and he sucke another from her lips; whereat she blushed, and yet kissed him againe to hide her glushing: which had almost brought *Pyrocles* into another discourse, but that she with so sweete a rigor forbad him, that he durst not rebell, though he found it a great warre to keepe that peace, but was faine to go on in his storie: for so shee absolutely bad him, and he durst not know how to disobey.

So (said he) parting from that place before the Sunne had much abased himself of his greatest height, we saw sitting vpon the drie sandes (which yielded at that time a verie hoare reflection (a faire Gentlewoman, whose gesture accused her of much sorow, and euery way shewed she cared not what paine she put her body to, since the better part (her minde) was laide vnder so much agonie: and so was she dulled with al, that we could come so neare, as to heare her speeches: and yet she not perceiue the hearers of her lamentation. But well we might vnderstand her at times say. Thou dost kill me with thy vnkinde falshood: and It greetes me not to die, but it greeues me that thou art the murtherer: neither doth mine own paine so much vex me, as thy error. For God knowes, it would not trouble me to be slaine for thee, but much it torments me to be slaine by thee. Thou art vnttrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art vnttrue, and woe is me therefore. How oft didst thou swear vnto me, that the Sunne should loose his light, and the rockes runne vp and downe like little kiddes, before thou wouldest falsifie thy faith to me? Sunne there fore put out thy shining, and rockes runne madde, for sorrow, for *Pamphilus* is false. But alas the sun keepes his light, though thy faith be darkened, the rockes stand still; though thou changelike a wethercocke. O foole that I am that thought I could graspe water, and binde the winde, I might well haue known thee by others, but I would not; and rather wished to learne poison by drinking it my selfe, while my loue helped thy words to deceiue me. Wel, yet I would thou hadst made a better choise when thou didst forsake thy vnfortunate *Leucippe*. But it is no matter, *Baccha* (thy new mistres) wil reuenge my wrongs. But do not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* liue happy though I dye.

And much more to such like phrase she spake, but that I (who had occasion to know some thing of that *Pamphilus*) stept to comfort her: and though I could not doo that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the same *Leucippe*, to whome the vnconstant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himselfe, which had moued the other Ladies to such indignation as I told you: neither her worthinesse (which in truth was great) nor his owne suffering for her (which is woont to endear affection) could fetter his ficklenesse, but that before his marriage-day appointed, he had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whome she complained; one, that in diuers places I had heard before blazed, as the most impudently vnchaste woman of all *Asia*; and with all, of such an imperiousnesse therein, that she would not sticke to employ them whome she made vnhappy with her fauour) to draw more companions of their follie: in the multitude of whome she did no lesse glorie, then a Capitaine would doo, of being followed by braue Souldiers: waiwardly proud; and therefore bold, because extremely faultie: and yet hauing no good thing to redeeme both these, and other vnlovely partes, but a little beautie, disgraced with wandring eyes, and vnwaied speeches; yet had *Pamphilus* (for her) left *Leucippe*, & withall, left

his faith: *Leucippe*, of whom one looke in a cleere iudgement) would haue bin more acceptable, then all her kindnesse so prodigallie bestowed. For my selfe, the remembrance of his cruell handling *Dido*, ioyned to this, stirred me to seeke some reuenge vpon him, but that I thought, it should be a gaine to him to lose his life, being so matched: and therefore (leauing him to be punished by his owne election) we conueyed *Leucippe* to a house thereby, dedicated to *Festall* Nunnes, where shee resolved to spend all her yeares (which her youth promised should be many) in bewailing the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong doer.

But the next morning, we (hauing striuē with the Sunnes earlinesse) were scarcely beyond the prospect of the high turrets of that building, when there ouertooke vs a young Gentleman, for so he seemed to vs, but indeede (sweete Ladie) it was the faire *Zelmane*, *Plexirus* daughter, whom vnconsulting affection (vnfortunately borne to me-wards) had made borrowe so much of her naturall modestie, as to leaue her more-decent rayments, and taking occasion of *Andromanas* tumultuous pursuing vs, had apparelled her selfe like a page, with a pitifull crueltie cutting off her golden haire, leauing nothing, but the short curls, to couer that noble head, but that she ware vpon it a faire head-peece, a shield at her backe, and a launce in her hand, els disarmed. Her apparell of white, wrought vpon with broken knots, her horse, faire and lustie, which she rid so, as might shew a fearefull boldnes, daring to doo that, which she knew that she knew not how to doo: and the sweetenesse of her countenance did giue such a grace to what she did, that it did make handsome the vnhandsonnes, and make the eye force the mind to beleue, that there was a praise in that vnskillfullnesse. But she straight approached me, and with fewe words (which borrowed the helpe of her countenance to make themselves vnderstood) she desired me to accept her into my seruice; telling me she was a noblemans sonne of *Iberia*, her name *Daiphantus*, who hauing seen what I had done in that court, had stolne from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particularities of the maner of *Andromanas* following me, which by her I vnderstood, she hiding nothing (but her sexe) from me. And kill me thought I had seene that face, but the great alteration of her fortune, made her far distant from my memorie: but liking verie well the yong Gentleman, (such I tooke her to be) admitted this *Daiphantus* about me, who well shewed there is no seruice like his, that serues because he loues. For though born of Princes bloud, brought vp with tenderest education, vnapt to seruice (because a woman) and full of thoughts (because in a strange estate,) yet Loue inioyned such diligence, that no apprentice no, no bondslauē could euer be by feare more readie at all commaundements, then that yong Princess was. How often (alas) did her eyes lay vnto me, that they loued? and yet, (I not looking for such a matter) had not my concept open to vnderstand them: how often would she come creeping to me, betweene gladnesse to be neare me, & feare to offend me? Truly I remēber, that then I maruailed to see her receiue my commandements with fighs, and yet do them with cheerefullnesse: somtimes answering me in such riddles, as I then thought a childish inexperience: but since returning to my remembrance they haue come more cleere vnto my knowledge: and pardon me (onely deare Lady) that I vse many words: for her affection to me deserues of me an affectionate speech.

But in such sort did she serue me in that kingdom of *Bythinia*, for two monethes space in which time we brought to good end, a cruell warre long maintayned betweene the king of *Bythinia* and his brother. For my excellent cousin, & I (diuiding our selues to either side) found meanes (after some triall we had made of our selues)

to get such credite with them, as we brought them to as great peace between themselves, as loue towards vs, for hauing made the peace. Which done, we intended to returne through the kingdome of *Galatia*, toward *Trabace*, to ease the care of our father and mother, who (we were sure) first with the shipwarcke, and then with the other daungers we dayly past, should haue little rest in their thoughts till they saw vs. But we were not entred into that kingdome, when by the noisc of a great fight, we were guided to a pleasur vally, which like one of those Circusses, which in great Cities some where doth giue a pleasant spectacle of running horses; so of either side stretching it selfe in a narrow length was it hemd in by wooddy hilles, as if indeed Nature had meant therein to make a place for beholders. And there we beheld one of the cruelliest fights betweene two Knights, that euer hath adorned the most martiall storie. So as I must confesse, while we stood bewondred, another while delighted with the rare brauerie thereof; till seeing such streames of bloud, as threatned a drowning of life, we galloped toward them to part them. But we were preuented by a dozen armed knights or rather villaines, who vsing this time of their extreame feeblenesse, altogether set vpon them. But common daunger brake off particular disord, so that (though with a dying weaknesse) with a liuely courage they resisted, & by our helpe draue away, or slue those murdering attempters: among whom we hapt to take aliue the principall. But going to disarme those two excellent knights, we found with no lesse wonder to vs, then astonishment to themselves, that they were the two valiant, and indeed famous brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*; whose aduenture (as afterward we made that vngracious wretch confesse) had thus fallen out.

After the noble Prince *Leonatus* had by his fathers death succeeded in the kingdome of *Galatia*, he (forgetting all former iniuries) had receiued that naughty *Plexirtus* into a straight degree of fauour, his goodnesse being, as apt to be deceiued, as the others craft was to deceiue. Till by plaine prooffe finding, that the vngratefull man went about to poison him, yet would not suffer his kindnesse to be ouercome, not by iustice it selfe: but calling him to him, vsed words to this purpose. *Plexirtus* (said he) this wickednesse is found by thee; no good deedes of mine haue bene able to keepe it downe in thee: all men counsell me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing, but as daungerous, as wicked effects; but I cannot find it in my heart, remembring what fathers sonne thou art: but since it is the violence of ambition, which perchaunce puls thee from thine owne iudgement, I will see, whether the satisfying that, may quiet the ill working of thy spirits. Not farre hence is the great citie of *Trebysond*, which, with the territorie about it, aunciently pertained vnto this crowne, now vniustly possessed, and as vniustly abused by those, who haue neither title to hold it, nor vertue to rule it. To the conquest of that for thy selfe I will lend thee force, and giue thee my right: Go therefore, and with lesse vnnaturallnesse glut thy ambition there; and that done, is it be possible, learne vertue.

*Plexirtus*, mingling forsworne excuses with false meant promises, gladly embraced the offer: and hastily sending backe for those two brothers (who at that time were with vs succouring the gracious Queene *Erona*) by their vertue chieflie (if not only) obtained the conquest of that goodly dominion. Which indeed done by them, gaue them such an authority, that though he reigned, they in effect ruled, most men honouring them, because they only deserued honor; and manie, thinking therein to please *Plexirtus*, considering how much he was bound vnto them;



while they likewise (with a certaine sincere boldnesse of self-warranting friendship) accepted all openly and plainly, thinking nothing should euer by *Plexirtus* be thought too much in them, since all they were, was his.

But he who by the rules of his owne mind, could construe no other end of mens doings, but selfe-seeking ) sodainly feared what they could do, and as sodainly suspected, what they would do, and as sodainly hated them, as hauing both might, and mind to do. But dreading their power, standing so strongly in their owne valour, and others affection, he durst not take open way against them, and as hard it was to take a secret, they being so continually followed by the best, and euery way ablest of that region, and therefore vsed this diuinish sleight ( which I will tell you) not doubting (most wicked man) to turne their own friendship toward him to their owne destruction. He (knowing that they well knew, their was no friendship betweene him and the new king of *Pontus*, neuer since he succoured *Leonatus* and vs, to his ouerthrow) gaue them to vnderstand that of late there had passed secret defiance betweene them, to meet priuately at a place appointed. Which though not so fit a thing for men of their greatnesse, yet was his honour so engaged, as he could not go backe. Yet faining to find himselfe weake by some counterfeited infirmity, the day drawing neare, he requested each of them to go in his stead, making either of them sweare to keepe the matter secret, euen each from other, deliuering the selfe same particularities to both, but that he told *Tydeus*, the king would meet him in a blew armour; and *Telenor*, that it was a blacke armour, and with wicked subtilty (as if it had bene so appointed,) caused *Tydeus* to take a blacke armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointed them waies how to go, so as he knew they shold not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each had promised to keep silence, least the king should discouer it was not *Plexirtus*: and there in a wait had hee laid these murderers, that who ouerliued the other, should by them be dispatched: he not daring trust no more then those with that enterprife, & yet thinking them too few, till themselves by themselves were weakened.

This we learned chiefly by the chiefe of those way-beaters, after the death of those two worthy brothers, whose loue was no lesse then their valour: but wel we might find much therof by their pitiful lamentatiō, whē they knew their mismeeting, and saw each other (in despite of the surgery we could do vnto them) struiuing who should run fastest to the goale of death: each bewayling the other, and more dying in the other, then in himselfe: cursing their owne hands for doing, and their breasts for not sooner suffering: detesting their vnfortunately-spent time in hauing serued so vngratefull a Tyrant, & accusing their folly in hauing beleueed, he could faithfully loue, who did not loue faithfulness: wishing vs to take heed, how we placed our good wil vpon any other ground, then prooue of vertue: since length of acquaintance, mutual secrecies, nor height of benefits could bind a sauage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himselfe. Then (while any hope was) beseeching vs to leaue the care of him that besought, and only looke to the other. But when they found by themselves, and vs, no possibility, they desired to be ioyned; and so embracing & crauing that pardon each of other, which they denied to themselves, they gaue vs a most sorrowfull spectacle of their death; leauing few in the world behind the, their matches in any thing, if they had soone enough known the ground & limits of friendship. But with woful harts we caused those bodies to be conueied to the next town of *Bythinia*, where we learning thus much (as I haue told you) caused the wicked *Historia* to conclude his story with his own wel-deserued death.

But

But then (I must tell you) I found such wofull countenances in *Daiphantus*, that I could not but much maruell (finding them continue beyond the first assault of pitie) how the case of strangers (for further I did not conceiue) could so deeply pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the shame and sorow she tooke of her fathers faultinesse, partlie with the feare, that the hate I conceiued against him, would vtterlie disgrace her in my opinion, whensoever I should know her, so vehemently perplexed her, that her faire colour decayed, and daily and hastily grew into the very extreme working of sorowfulness: which oft I sought to learne, and helpe. But she as fearefull as louing, still concealed it; and so decaying still more and more in the excellencie of her fairenesse, but that whatsoever weakenesse tooke away, pitie seemed to adde: yet stil she forced her self to waite on me, with such care and diligence, as might well shew had bene taught in no other schoole but Loue.

While we returning againe to imbarke our selues for *Greece*, vnderstood that the mightie *Qianes* (brother to *Barzanes* slaine by *Musidorus*, in the battell of the sixe Princes) had entred vpon the kingdome of *Pontus*, partlie vpon the pretences he had to the crowne, but principally, because he would reuenge vpon him (whom he knew we loued) the losse of his brother: thinking (as indeed he had cause) that whersoever we were, hearing of his extremitie, we would come to relieue him; in spite whereof he doubted not to preuaile, nor onely vpon the confidence of his owne vertue and power, but especiallie because he had in his companie two mighty Giants, sons to a couple, who we slue in the same realme, they hauing bin absent at their fathers death, and now returned, willinglie entred into his seruice, hating (more then he) both vs, and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all speed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whensoever I remember without sorow, I must forget withall, all humanitie.

Poore *Daiphantus* fell extreme sicke, yet would needs conquer the delicacie of her constitution, and force her self to waite on me: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great hast went seeking for *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whose death as yet was not knowne vnto the messenger; who (being their seruant, and knowing how dearelie they loued *Plexirtus*) brought them word, how since their departing, *Plexirtus* was in present daunger of a cruell death, if by the valiantnesse of one of the best knights of the world, he were not rescued: we enquired no further of the matter (being glad he should now to his losse find what a vnprofitable treasore it had bene vnto him, to dismember himselfe of two such friends) and so let the messenger parte, not sticking to make him know his maisters destitution by the falsehood of *Plexirtus*.

But the griefe of that (finding a bodie alreadie brought to the last degree of weaknesse) so ouerwhelmed the litle remnant of the spirits left in *Daiphantus*, that she fell sodainlie into deadlie sowndings; neuer comming to her selfe but that withall she returned to make most pitifull lamentations; most straunge vnto vs, because we were farre from guessing the ground thereof. But finding her sicknesse such as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haste possible to conuey her to the next towne: but before we could lay her on a bed, both we and she might find in herselfe, that the harbingers of ouer-hastie death had prepared his lodging in that damie bodie, which she vndoubtedlie feeling, with a weake chearfulness, shewed comfort therein, and then desiring vs both to come neare her, and that no bodie else might be present; with pale, and yet (euen in palenesse) louely lips; now

or

or neuer, and neuer indeed but now is it time for me, said she, to speake : & I thanke death which giues me leaue to discouer that, the suppressing whereof perchance hath bene the sharpest spurre, that hath hasted my race to this end . Know then my Lords : and especially you my Lord and maister *Pyrocles*, that your page *Daiphantus* is the vnfortunate *Zelmane*, who for your sake caused my (as vnfortunate) loue and cousin *Palladius*, to leaue his fathers court, and consequently, both him and my Aunt his mother, to lose their liues . For your sake my selfe haue become, of a Princess a Page : and for your sake haue put off the apparell of a woman, and (if you iudge not more mercifully) the modesty. We were amazed at her speech, and then had (as it were) new eyes giuen vs to perceiue that, which before had bene a present stranger to our minds : for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of *Zelmane*, whom before we had knowne in the court of *Iberia*. And sorow and pitie laying her paine vpon me, I comforted her the best I cold by the tenderneffe of good wil, pretending indeed better hope then I had of her recouerie.

But she that had inward embassadours from the tyrant that shortly would oppresse her: No, my deare maister (said she) I neither hope nor desire to liue. I know you would neuer haue loued me (and with that word she wept) nor, alas, had it bene reason you should, considering many waies my vnworthinesse. It sufficeth me that the strange course I haue taken, shall to your remembrance, witnesse my loue: and yet this breaking of my hart, before I would discouer my paine, will make you I hope, thinke that I was not altogether vnmodest. Thinke of me so, deare maister, and that thought shall be my life : and with that languishingly looking vpon me: And I pray you (said she) euen by these dying eyes of mine (which are onely sorie to die, because they shall loose your sight) and by these polled lockes of mine (which while they were long, were the ornament of my sex, now in their short curles, the testimonie of my seruitude :) and by the seruice I haue done you (which God knowes hath beene full of loue) thinke of me after my death with kindnesse, though you cannot with loue. And whensoever ye shall make any other Ladie happy with your well placed affection, if you tell her my follie, I pray you speake of it, not with scorne, but with pitie . I assure you (deare Princess of my life, for how could it be otherwise?) her words and her maner, with the liuely consideration of her loue, so pierced me, that though I had diuerse griefes before, yet me thought, I neuer felt till then, how much sorow enfeebleth all resolution: for I could not choose but yeeld to the weakenesse of abundant weeping: in truth with such griefe, that I could willingly at that time haue chaunged liues with her.

But when she saw my teares, O God, said she, how largely am I recompenced for my losses? why then (said she) I may take boldnesse to make some requests vnto you. I besought her to do, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She shewed great ioy: The first, said she, is this, that you will pardon my father the displeasure you haue iustlie conceiued against him, and for this once, succour him out of the danger wherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, whensoever you remember him to be the faultie *Plexirtus*, remember withall that he is *Zelmanes* father. The second is, that when you come once into *Greece*, you will take vnto your selfe this name (though unluckie) of *Daiphantus*, and vouchsafe to be called by it. for so shall I be sure, you shall haue cause to remember me: and let it please your noble cousin to be called *Palladius*, that I do that right to that poore Prince, that his name yet may liue vpon the earth in so excellent a person: and so betweene you, I trust sometimes your unluckie page shall bee (perhaps with a  
figh



sigh) mentioned. Lastly, let me be buried here obscurely, not suffering my friends to know my fortune, till (when you are safely returned to your owne country) you cause my bones to be conueied thither, and laid (I beseech you) in some place, where your selfe vouchsafe sometimes to resort. Alas, smal petitions for such a suter, which yet she so earnestly craued, that I was faine to sweare the accomplishment. And then kissing me, and often desiring me not to condemne her of lightnesse, in mine armes she deliuered her pure soule to the purest place: leauing me as full of agony, as kindnesse, pitie & sorow could make an honest heart. For I must confesse for true, that if my starres had not wholly reserued me for you, there else perhaps I might haue loued, and (which had bene most strange) began my loue after death: whereof let it be the lesse maruell; because somewhat she did resemble you: though as farre short of your perfection, as her selfe dying, was of her selfe flourishing: yet something there was, which (when I saw a picture of yours) brought againe her figure into my remembrance, and made my hart as apt to receive the wound, as the power of your beauty with vnresistable force to pierce.

But we in wofull (and yet priuate) maner burying her; performed her commaundement; and then enquiring of her fathers estate, certainly learned that he was presently to be succoured, or by death to passe the need of succor. Therefore we determined to deuide our selues; I, according to my vow, to helpe him, and *Musidorus* toward the King of *Pontus*, who stood in no lesse need then immediate succour, & euen ready to depart on from the other, there came a messenger from him, who after some enquiry found vs, giuing vs to vnderstand, that he trusting vpon vs two, had appointed the combate betweene him and vs, against *Otanes* and the two Giants. Now the day was so accorded, as it was impossible for me both to succour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not only so farre engaged, but (by the straunge working of vniust fortune) I was to leaue the standing by *Musidorus*, whom better then my selfe I loued, to go saue him, whom for iust causes I hated. But my promise giuen, & giuen to *Zelmane*, and to *Zelmane* dying, pruailed more with me, then my friendship to *Musidorus*? though certainly I my affirme, nothing had so great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promise caried me the easier, because *Musidorus* himselfe would not suffer me to breake it. And so with heauy minds (more carefull each of others successe, then of our owne) we parted; I toward the place, where I vnderstood *Plexirtus* was prisoner to an ancient Lord, absolutely gouerning a goodly Castle, with a large territorie about it, whereof he acknowledged no other soueraigne but himselfe; whose hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinsma of his, who he maliciously had murdered, because in the time that he reigned in *Galatia*, he found him apt to practise for the restoring of his vertuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight, still thirsting for reuenge, vsed (as the way to it) a policy, which this occasion I wil tell you, prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had married *Zelmanes* mother, who dying of that only child-birth, he a widower, and not yet a king, haunted the Court of *Armenia*; where (as he was cunning to winne fauour) he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*, which he pursued, till (being called home by his father) he falsly got his fathers kingdom; and then neglected his former loue: till throwne out of that (by our means) before he was deeply rooted in it, and by and by againe placed in *Trebisond*, vnderstanding that *Artaxia* by her brothers death was become Queene of *Armenia*, he was hotter then euer in that pursuit; which being vnderstood by this old knight, he forged such a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, entreating his present (but very priuate) repaire thither,

giuing

giuing him faithfull promise of present mariage: a thing farre from her thought, hauing faithfully and publicly protested, that she would neuer mary any, but some such Prince who would giue sure prooffe, that by his means we were destroyed. But he (no more witty to frame, then blind to iudge hopes) bit hastily at the baite, and in priuate maner posted toward her, but by the way hee was met by this knight, farre better accompanied, who quickly laid hold of him, and condemned him to death, cruell enough, if any thing may be both cruell and iust. For hee caused him to be kept in a miserable prison, till a day appointed, at which time hee would deliuer him to be deuoured by a monstrous beast of most vgly shape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as strong as an Elephant, as fierce as a Lion, as nimble as a Leopard, and as cruell as a Tigre: whom he hauing kept in a strong place, from the first youth of it, now thought no fitter match, then such a beastly monster with a monstrous Tyrant: proclaiming yet withall, that if any so well loued him, as to venture their liues against his beast, for him, if they ouercame, he should be saued: not caring how many they were (such confidence he had in that monsters strength) but especially hoping to entrappe thereby the great courages of *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whom he no lesse hated, because they had bene principall instruments of the others power.

I dare say, if *Zelmane* had knowne what daunger I should haue passed, she wold rather haue let her father perish, then me to haue bidden that aduventure. But my word was past, and truly, the hardnesse of the enterprize was not so much a bit as a spurre vnto me, knowing well, that the iourney of high honour lies not in plaine waies. Therefore, going thither, and taking sufficient security that *Plexirtus* should be deliuered If I were victorious, I vndertooke the combate: and (to make short, excellent Lady, and not to trouble your eares with recounting a terrible matter) so was my weaknesse blessed from aboue, that without daungerous wounds I slue that monster, which hundreds durst not attempt: to so great admiration of many (who from a safe place might looke on) that there was order giuen, to haue the fight both by sculpture and picture, celebrated in most parts of *Asia*. And the old Noble-man so well liked me, that he loued me; only bewailing my vertue had bene employed to saue a worfe monster then I killed: whō yet (according to faith giuen) he deliuered, and accompanied me to the kingdome of *Pontus*; whither I would needs in al speed go, to see whether it were possible for me) if perchāce the day had bene delayed) to come to the combate: but that (before I came) had bene thus finished.

The vertuous *Leonatus* vnderstāding two so good friends of his were to be in that daunger, would perforce be one himselfe; where he did valiantly, and so did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being sore hurt, the incomparable *Musidorus* finished the combate by the death of both the Giants, and the taking of *Otanes* prisoner. To whō as he gaue his life, so he got a noble friend, for so he gaue his word to be, and he is well knowne to thinke himselfe greater in being subiect to that, then in the greatnesse of his Principality.

But thither (vnderstanding of our being there) flocked great multitudes of many great persons, and euen of Princes, especially those, whom we had made beholding vnto vs: as, the Kings of *Phrigia*, *Bysinia*, with those two hurt, of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Otanes* the prisoner, by *Musidorus* set free; and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Trebisond*, and *Antiphilus* then king of *Lycia*; with as many mo great Princes drawne either by our reputation, or by willingnesse to acknowledge them-

thēselues obliged vnto vs, for what we had done for the others. So as in those parts of the world, I think, in many hundreds of yeares there was not scene so royall an assemblie: where nothing was let passe to do vs the highest honors, which such persons (who might commaund both purses and inuentions) could performe. All from all sides bringing vnto vs right royall presents (which wee to auoid both vnkindnesse and importunitie, liberallie receiued) & not content there with, would needs accept, as from vs their crownes, and acknowledge to hold them of vs: with many other excessiue honours, which would not suffer the measure of this short leisure to describe vnto you.

But we quickly awearie thereof, hasted to *Greece*-ward, led thither partly with the desire of our Parents, but hastened principallie, because I vnderstood that *Anaxius* with opē mouth of defamation had gone thither to seeke me, & was now come to *Peloponnesus*, where frō Court to Court he made enquirie of me, doing yet himselve so noble deeds, as might hap to authorize an ill opiniō of me. We therefore suffered but short delayes, desiring to take this countrie in our way, so renowned ouer the world, that no Prince could pretend height, nor begger lownesse, to barre him from the sound thereof: renowned indeed, not so much for the ancient praises attributed thereunto, as for the hauing in it *Argalius* and *Amphialus* (two knights of such rare prowesse, as we desired especially to know) & yet by farre not so much for that, as without suffering of comparison for the beautie of you and your sister, which makes all indifferent iudges, that speak thereof, account this country as a temple of deities. But these causes indeed mouing vs to come by this land, we embarked our selues in the next port, whither all those Princes (sauing *Antiphilus*, who returned, as he pretended, not able to tatie longer from *Erona*) conueyed vs. And there found we a ship most royallie furnished by *Plexirtus*, who had made all things so proper (as well for our defence, as ease) that all the other Princes greatly commended him for it: who seeming a quite altered man) had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendship in his gesture, and vertue in his mouth: so that we who had promised the sweet *Zelmae* to pardon him, now not onely forgauē, but began to fauour, perswading our selues with a youthful credulity, that perchāce things were not so euill as we tooke them, and as it were, desiring our owne memorie that it might beso. But so were we licensed from those Princes, truly not without teares, especially of the vertuous *Leonatus*, who with the king of *Pontus* would haue come with vs, but that we (in respect of the ones young wife, and both their new settled kingdomes) would not suffer it. Then would they haue sent whole flectes to guard vs: but we, that desired to passe secretly into *Greece*, made them leaue that motion, when they found that more shippes then one would be displeasing vnto vs. But so committing our selues to the vncertaine discretion of the wind, we (then determining as soone as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our owne promise to *Zelmae*, as because we desired to come vnkowne into *Greece*) left the *Asian* shore full of Princely persons, who euen vpon their knees recommended our safeties to the deuotion of their chiefe desires: among whom none had bene so officious (though I dare affirme, all quite contrarie to his vnfaithfulnessse) as *Plexirtus*.

And so hauing sailed almost two dayes, looking for nothing but when we might looke vpon the land, a graue man (whom we had scene of great trust with *Plexirtus*, and was sent as our principall guide) came vnto vs, and with a certaine kind manner mixt with shame, and repentance, began to tell vs, that he had taken such a loue



vnto vs (considering our youth and fame) that though he were a seruant and a seru-  
uant of such trust about *Plexirtus*, as that he had committed vnto him euen those se-  
crets of his heart, which abhorde all other knowledg; yet he rather chose to  
reueale at this time a most pernicious counsel, then by concealing it bring to ruine  
those, whom he could not choose but honour. So went he on, and told vs, that *Ple-  
xirtus* (in hope) thereby to haue *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdome of *Ar-  
menia*, to his wife) had giuen him order when we were neare *Greece*, to find some o-  
pportunitie to murder vs, bidding him to take vs a sleepe, because he had seene what  
we could do waking. Now sirs (said he) I would rather a thousand times lose my life  
then haue my remembrance (while I liued) poysoned with such a mischiefe: and  
therefore if it were only I, that knew herein the kings order, then should my diso-  
bedience be a warrant of your safetie. But to one more (said he) namely the Cap-  
taine of the ship, *Plexirtus* hath opened so much touching the effect of murdering  
you, though I think laying the cause rather vpon old grudge, then his hope of *Artaxia*.  
And my selfe, (before the consideration of your excellencies had drawne loue and  
pitie into mind) imparted it to such, as I thought fittest for such a mischiefe. There-  
fore, I wish you to stand vpon your gard, assuring you, that what I can do for your  
safetie, you shall see (if it come to the push) by me performed. We thanked him,  
as the matter indeed deserued, & from that time would no more disarme our selues,  
nor the one sleep without his friends eyes waked for him: so that it delayed the go-  
ing forward of their bad enterprise, while they thought it rather chaunce, then pro-  
vidence, which made vs so behaue our selues.

But when we came within halfe a dayes sayling of the shore, so that they saw it  
was speedily, or not at all to be done. Then (& I remeber it was about the first watch  
in the night) came the Captaine and whispered the Councillour in the eare: But  
he (as it should seeme) dissuading him from it, the Captaine (who had bene a pyrate  
from his youth, and often bloued in it) with a loud voyce sware, that if *Plexirtus*  
bad him, he would not sticke to kill God himselfe. And therewith cald his mates,  
and in the kings name willed them to take vs aliue or dead; encouraging them with  
the spoyle of vs, which he saide (& indeed was true) would yeeld manie exceeding  
rich iewels. But the Councillour according to his promise) commanded them they  
should not commit such a villanie, protesting that he would stand betweene them  
and the kings anger therein. Wherewith the Captain enraged: Nay (said he) then  
we must begin with this traitor him selfe: and therewith gaue him a sore blow vpon  
the head, who honestly did the best he could to reuenge himselfe.

But then we knew it time rather to encounter, then waite for mischiefe. And  
so against the Captaine we went, who straight was enuironed with most part of  
the Souldiers and Mariners. And yet the truth is, there were som, whom either  
the authoritie of the Councillour, doubt of the Kings mind, or liking of vs, made  
draw their swords of our side: so that quicklie it grew a most confused fight. For  
the narrownesse of the place, the darknesse of the time, and the vncertaintie in  
such a tumult how to know friends from foes, made the rage of swordes rather  
guide then be guided by their maisters. For my cousin and me, trulie I thinke we  
neuer performed lesse in any place, doing no other hurt then the defence of our  
selues, and succouring them who came for it, draue vs to: for not discerning per-  
fectlie, who were for, or against vs, we thought it lesse euill to spare a foe, then  
spoile a friend. But from the highest to the lowest part of the shippe there was no  
place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered persons. The Captaine I hap-  
awhile

a while the fight withall, but was driuen to part with him, by hearing the crie of the Counsellour, who receiued a mortall wound, mistaken of one of his owne side. Some of the wiser would call to parley, and wish peace, but while the wordes of peace were in their mouthes, some of their euill auditors gaue them death for their hire. So that no man almost could conceiue hope of liuing, but by being last aliue: and therefore euerie one was willing to make himselfe roome, by dispatching almost any other: so that the great number in the ship was reduced to exceeding few, when of those few the most part wearie of those troubles leapt into the boat, which was fast to the ship: but while they that were first were cutting off the rope that tied it, others came leaping in so disorderlie, that they drowned both the boate and themselves.

But while euen in that litle remnant (like the children of *Cadmus*) we continued still to slay one another, a fire, which (whether by the desperate malice of some, or intention to separate, or accidentallie while all things were cast vp and downe) it should seeme had taken a good while before, but neuer heeded of vs, (who onely thought to preserue or reueng) now violentlie burst out in many places, & began to maister the principal parts of the ship. Then necessitie made vs see, that a common enemy sets at one a ciuil warre: for that litle al we were (as if we had bene waged by one man to quench a fire) straight went to resist that, furious enemy by all art and labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and deuour from the sterne to the waste of the ship: so as labouring in vaine, we were driuen to get vp to the prow of the ship, by the worke of nature seeking to preserue life as long as we could: while truly it was a straunge and vglie sight, to see so huge a fire, as it quickly grew to be in the sea, and in the night, as if it had come to light vs to death. And by and by it had burned off the mast, which al this while had proudly borne the saile (the wind, as might seeme, delighted to carie fire and bloud in his mouth) but now it fell ouer boord, and the fire growing nearer vs, it was not onely terrible in respect of what we were to attend, but insupportable through the heat of it.

So that we were constrained to bide it no longer, but disarming and stripping our selues, and laying our selues vpon such things, as we thought might helpe our swimming to the land (too farre for our owne strength to beare vs) my cousin and I threw our selues into the Sea. But I had swomne a verie litle way, when I felt (by reason of a wound I had) that I should not be able to bide the trauell, and therefore seeing the mast (whose tackling had bene burnt off) stole cleare from the ship, I swam vnto it, and getting on it, I found mine owne sword, which by chaunce, when I threw it away (caught by a peece of canuas) had hung to the mast. I was glad, because I loued it well; but gladder, when I saw at the other end the Captaine of the ship and of all this mischiefe, who hauing a long pike, belike had borne himselfe vp with that, til he had set himselfe vpon the mast. But when I perceiued him, Villaine said I, dost thou thinke to ouerliue so many honest men, whom thy falshood hath brought to destruction? With that bestriding the mast, I gat by litle and litle towards him, after such a maner as boyes are wont (if euer you saw that sport) when they ride the wilde mare. And he perceiuing my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage then honestie, set himselfe to resist: but I had in short space gotten within him, and (giuing him a sound blow sent him to feed fishes. But there my selfe remained, vntill by Pyrates I was taken vp, & among the againe taken prisoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what (said *Philoclea*) became of your cousin *Misidorus*? Lost, said *Pyrocles*.

Ah my *Pyrocles*, said *Philoclea*, I am glad I haue taken you. I perceiue you louers do not alwayes say truly: as though I knew not your cousin *Dorus* the shepheard? Life of my desires (said *Pyrocles*,) what is mine, euen to my soule is yours: but the secret of my friend is not mine. But if you know so much, then I may trulie say, he is lost, since he is no more his owne. But I perceiue, your noble sifter & you are great friends, and well doth it become you so to be. But go forward deare *Pyrocles*, I long to heare out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the best part of your storie. Ah sweet *Philoclea* (said *Pyrocles*) do you thinke I can thinke so precious leisure as this well spent in talking. Are your eyes a fit booke (thinke you) to reade a tale vpon? Is my loue quiet enough to be an historian? Deare Princeesse, be gracious vnto me. And then he faine would haue remembred to haue forgot himselfe. But she with a sweetly disobeying grace, desired him that her desire (once for euer) might serue, that no spot might disgrace that loue, which shortlie she hoped should be to the world warrantable. Faine he would not haue heard, till she threatned anger: and then the poore louet durst not, because he durst not. Nay, I pray thee, deare *Pyrocles* (said shee) let me haue my storie. Sweet Princeesse (said he) giue my thoughts a little respite: and if it please you since this time must so be spoiled, yet it shall suffer the lesse harme, if you vouchsafe to bestow your voice, & let me know, how the good Queene *Erona* was betrayed into such daunger, and why *Plangus* sought me. For indeed I should pitie greatly any mischaunce fallen to that Princeesse. I will, said *Philoclea* smiling, so you giue me your word, your hands shall be quiet auditours. They shall, said he, because subiect. Then began she to speake, but with so prettie and delightfull a maiesty, when she set her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuse but rebell so far as to kisse her. She would haue puld her head away, and speake, but while she spake he kist, and it seemed he fed vpon her words: but she gat away. How will you haue your discourse (said she) without you let my lips alone? He yeelded & tooke her hand. On this (said he) will I reueng my wrong: and so began to make much of that hand, when her tale, and his delight were interrupted by *Miso*: who taking her time, while *Basilus* backe was turned; came vnto them; and told *Philoclea*, she deserued she knew what, for leauing her mother, being cull at ease, to keep companie with strangers. But *Philoclea* telling her, that she was there by her fathers commandement she went away muttering, that though her backe and her shoulders, and her necke were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it should do her errand to her mother: and so went vp to *Gynecia*, who was at that time miserable vexed with this maner of dreame. It seemed vnto her to be in a place full of thornes, which so molested her, as she could neither abide standing still, nor tread safelie going forward. In this case she thought *Zelmane*, being vpon a faire hill, delightfull to the eye, & easie in apparance, called her thither: whether with much anguish being come *Zelmane* was vanished, and she found nothing but a dead body like vnto her husband, which seeming at the first with a strange smel to infect her, as she was readie likewise within a while to die, the dead body she thought tooke her in his armes, and said, *Gynecia*, leaue all, for here is thy onelie rest.

With that she awaked, crying very loud, *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*. But remembring her selfe, and seeing *Basilus* by, (her guiltie conscience more suspecting, then being suspected, she turned her call, & called for *Philoclea*. *Miso* forth with like a valiant shrew (looking at *Basilus*, as though she would speake though she died for it) told *Gynecia*, that her daughter had bene a whole houre together in secret talke with *Zelmane*: And (sayes she) for my part I could not be heard, (your daughters are brought vp



in such awe) though I told her of your pleasure sufficiently. *Gynecia*, as if shee had heard her last doome pronounced against her, with a side looke and changed countenance, O my Lord (said she) what meane you to suffer these young folkes together. *Basilus* (that aymed nothing at the marke of her suspicion) smilingly tooke her in his armes; sweet wife, said he, I thanke you for your care of your child: but they must be youthes of other mettall then *Zelmene*, that can endaunger her. O but; cried *Gynecia*, and therewith she stayed: for then indeed she did suffer a right conflict betwixt the force of loue, and rage of iealousie. Many times was she about to satisfy the spite of her minde, & tel *Basilus*, how she knew *Zelmene* to be far otherwise the outward appearance. But those many times were all put backe by the manifold obiections of her vehement loue. Faine she would haue bard her daughters hap, but loth she was to cut off her owne hope. But now, as if her life had bene serpo a wager of quicke rising, as weake as she was, she gat vp; though *Basilus* (with a kindnesse flowing only fro the fountaine of vnkindnesse, being indeed desirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loth to suffer it, swearing he saw sicknesse in her face, and therefore was loth she should aduenture the ayre.

But the great and wretched Lady *Gynecia*, possessed with those diuels of Loue and Iealousie, did rid her selfe from her tedious husband: and taking no body with her going toward them; O Iealousie, said she, the phrensie of wise folkes, the wel-wishing spite, and vnkind carefulnesse, the selfe-punishment for others fault, and selfe-misery in others happinesse, the cousin of enuy, daughter of loue, and mother of hate, how couldest thou so quietly get thee a seat in the vnquiet heart of *Gynecia*, *Ginecia* (said she sighing) though wise, and once vertuous? Alas it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agonie of affection, that works the chilling accesse of thy feuer: in such sort, that nature giues place; the growing of my daughter seemes the decay of my selfe; the blessings of a mother turne to the curses of a competitor; and the faire face of *Philoclea* appears more horrible in my sight then the image of death. Then remembered she this song, which she thought tooke a right measure of her present mind.

**V**Vith two strange fires of equall heat possess,  
The one of Loue, the other Iealousie,  
Both still do worke, in neither find I rest:  
For both, alas, their strengths together tie:  
The one aloft doth hold, the other hie.  
Loue wakes the iealous eye least thence it moues:  
The iealous eye, the more it looks, it lones.

These fires increase: in these I dayly burne:  
They feed on me, and with my winges do flie:  
My louely ioyes to dolefull ashes turne:  
Their flames mount vp, my powers prostrate lie.  
They liue in force, I quite consumed die.  
One wonder yet farre passeth my conceit.  
The Jewell small: how be the fires so great?

But her vnleasured thoughts ran not ouer the ten first words; but going with a pace not so much too fast for her body, as slow for her mind, she found them together,

who after *Misos* departure, had left their tale, and determined what to say to *Basilus*. But full abashed was poore *Philoclea* (whose conscience now began to know cause of blushing) for first salutation, receiuing an eye from her mother, full of the same disdainful scorne, which *Pallas* shewed to poore *Arachne*, that durst contend with her for the prize of well weauing; yet did the force of loue so much rule her, that though for *Zelmanes* sake she did detest her, yet for *Zelmanes* sake she vsed no harder words to her, then to bid her go home, and accompany her solitary father.

Then began she to display to *Zelma* the storehouse of her deadly desires, when suddenly the confused rumor of a mutinous multitude gaue iust occasion to *Zelma* to breake off any such conference (for well shee found, they were not friendly voices they heard) and to retire with as much diligence as conueniently they could towards the lodge. Yet before they could winne the lodge by twentie paces, they were ouertaken by an vntruly sort of clownes, and other rebels, which like a violent flood, were caried, they themselues knew not whither. But as soone as they came within perfect discerning these Ladies, like enraged beastes, without respect of their estates, or pity of their sexe, they began to runne against them, as right villaines, thinking abilitie to doo hurt, to be a great aduancement: yet so many as they were, so many almost were their minds, all knit together onely in madnesse. Some cried, Take; some, Kill, some, Saue: but euen they that cried saue, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Euery one commaunded, none obeyed, he onely seemed chiefe Captaine, that was most ragefull.

*Zelma* (whose vertuous courage was euer awake) drew out her sword, which vpon those ill-armed churles giuing as many wounds as blowes, & as many deaths almost as wounds (lightning courage, and thundring smart vpon them) kept them at a bay, while the two Ladies got themselues into the lodge: out of the which *Basilus* (hauing put on an armour long vntried) came to proue his authoritie among his subiects, or at least, to aduerture his life with his deare mistresse, to whom he brough a shield, while the Ladies treblingly attended the issue of this dangerous aduventure. But *Zelma* made them perceiue the ods betweene an Eagle and a Kite, with such a nimble stayednesse, and such an assured nimblenesse, that while one was running backe for feare, his fellow had her sword in his guts.

And by and by was both her heart and helpe well encreased by the comming of *Dorus*, who hauing beene making of hurdles for his maisters sheepe, heard the horrible cries of this madde multitude; and hauing streight represented before the eyes of his carefull loue, the perill wherein the soule of his soule might be, hee went to *Pamelas* lodg, but found her in a caue hard by, with *Mopsa* and *Dametas*, who at that time would not haue opened the entrie to his father. And therefore leauing them there (as in a place safe, both for being strong, and vnknowne) he ranne as the noise gided him. But when he saw his friend in such daunger among them, anger and contempt (asking no counsell but of courage) made him runne among them, with no other weapon but his sheephooke, & with that euerthrowing one of the villaines, tooke away a two-hand sword from him, and withall, helpt him frō euer being ashamed of loosing it. Then lifting vp his braue head, and flashing terror into their faces, he made armes and legs go complaine to the earth, how euill their maisters had kept them. Yet the multitude stil growing, and the very killing wearying them (fearing, least in long fight they should be conquered with conquering) they drew backe towards the lodge; but drew back in such sort, that still their terror went forward like a valiant mastiffe, whom when his maister pulles back by the taile frō the

the beare (with whom he hath already interchanged a hatefull imbracemēt) though his pafe be backward, his gesture is forward, his teeth and eyes threatning more in the retiring, then they did in the aduancing: so guided they themselues homeward, neuer stepping steppe backward, but that they proued themselues maisters of the ground where they stept.

Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a tayler by occupation, who fetching his courage onely from their going backe, began to bow his knees, and very fencer-like to draw neare to *Zelmane*. But as he came within her distance, turning his sword very nicely about his crowne, *Basilus*, with a side blow, strake off his nose. He (being a suiter to a seamsters daughter, and therefore not a litle grieued for such a disgrace) stouped downe, because he had heard, that if it were fresh put to, it would cleaue on againe. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his nose to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow, sent his head to his nose. That saw a butcher, a butcherly chuffe indeed (who that day was sworne brother to him in a cup of wine) and lifted vp a great leauer, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But she (letting slippe the blow of the leauer) hitte him so surely vpon the side of his face, that she left nothing but the nether iawe, where the tongue still wagged, as willing to say more, if his maisters remembrance had serued. O (sayd a miller that was halfe dronke) see the lucke of a good fellow, and with that word, ran with a pitch-fork at *Dorus*: but the nimblenesse of the wine caried his head so fast, that it made it ouer-runne his feete, so that he fell withall, iust betweene the legs of *Dorus*: who setting his foote on his necke (though he offered two milche kine, and foure fat hoges for his life) thrust his sword quite through, from one eare to the other; which tooke it very vnkindlie, to feele such newes before they heard of them, in stead of hearing, to be put to such feeling. But *Dorus* (leauing the miller to vomit his soule out in wine & blood) with his two-hand sword strake off another quite by the waste, who the night before had dreamed he was growne a couple, and (interpreting, it that he should be married) had bragd of his dreame that morning among his neighbours. But that blow astonished quite a poore painter, who stood by with a pike in his hāds. This painter was to counterfeit the skirmish betweene the *Centaures* and *Lapithes*, and had bin very desirous to see some notable wounds to be able the more liuely to expresse them; and this morning (being caried by the streame of this company) the foolish fellow was euen delighted to see the effect of blowes. But this last (hapning neare him) so amazed him, that he stood stocke still, while *Dorus* (with a turne of his sword) strake off both his hands. And so the painter returned, well skilled in wounds but with neuer a hand to performe his skill.

In this maner they recoouted the lodge, & gaue the rebels a face of wood of the outside. But they then (though no more furious, yet more couragious whē they saw no resister) went about with pickaxe to the wall, & fire to the gate, to get themselues entrance. Then did the two Ladies mixe feare with loue, especially *Philoclea*, who euer caught hold of *Zelmane*, so (by the follie of loue) hindering the succour which she desired. But *Zelmane* seeing no way of defence, nor time to deliberate (the number of those villaines still encreasing, and their madnesse still increasing with their number) thought it onely the meanes to goe beyond their expectation with an vnused boldnesse, and (with danger to auoide daunger: and therefore opened againe the gate, and (*Dorus* and *Basilus* standing ready for her defence) she issued againe among them. The blowes she had dealt before (though all in generall were hastie) made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them



sodainly ouer-neere her, so that she had time to get vp to the iudgment-seate of the Prince, which (according to the guise of that countrey) was before the court gate. There she paused a while, making signe with her hand vnto them, & withall, speaking aloud, that she had something to say vnto the, that would please the. But she was answered a while with nothing but shoutes and cries; & some beginning to throw stones at her, nor daring to approach her. But at length, a yong farmer (who might do most among the country sort, and was caught in a litle affection towards *Zelmane* (hoping by this kindnesse to haue some good of her, desired them, if they were honest men, to heare the woman speake. Fic fellowes, fic, (said he) what will all the maides in our towne say, if so many tall men shal be afraid to heare a faire wench? I sweare vnto you by no litle ones, I had rather giue my teeme of oxen, then we should shew our selues so vnciuill wights. Besides, I tell you true, I haue heard it of old men counted wisdom, to heare much, and say little. His sententious speech so preuailed, that the most part began to listen. Then she, with such efficacie of gracefullnesse, and such a quiet magnanimitie represented in her face in this vntermost perill, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their looks vpon her in this sort began vnto them.

It is no small comfort vnto mee (said she) hauing to speake something vnto you for your own behoofes, to finde that I haue to deale with such a peeple; who shew indeede in themselves the right nature of valure, which as it leaues no violence vnto attempted, while the choller is nourished with resistance; so when the subiect of their wrath, doth of it self vnlooked for offer it selfe into their hands, it makes them at least take a pause before they determine cruelty. Now then first (before I come to the principall matter) haue I to say vnto you; that your Prince *Basilus* himself in person is within this Lodge; & was one of the three, whom a few of you went about to fight withall; (and this she said, not doubting but they knew it well enough; but because she would haue them imagine, that the Prince might thinke that they did not know it) by him am I sent vnto you, as from a Prince to his wel approued subiects, nay as from a father to beloued children, to know what it is that hath bred iust quarrel among you, or who they be that haue any way wronged you? what it is with which you are displeased, or of which you are desirous? This he requires, and in deed (for he knowes your faithfullnesse) he commaunds you presently to set downe, and to choose among your selues some one, who may relate your griefs or demaunds vnto him.

This (being more then they hoped for from their Prince) asswaged well their furie, and many of them consented (especially the yong farmer helping on, who meant to make one of the demaunds that he might haue *Zelmane* for his wife) but when they began to talke of their grieues, neuer Bees made such a confused humming: the towne dwellers demanding putting downe of imposts: the countrey fellows laying out of commons: some would haue the Prince keepe his Court in one place, some in another. All cried out to haue new counsellors: but whē they should thinke of any new, they liked them as well as any other, that they could remēber, especially they wold haue the treasure so looked vnto, as that he should neuer need to take any more subsidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the Artisans, they wold haue corne & wine set at a lower price, & bound to be kept so still: the plowmē, vine-laborers, & farmers would none of that. The countreymē demanded that euery man might be free in the chief townes: that could not the Burgesse like of. The peasants would haue all the Gentlemē destroyed, the citizens (especially such

such as Cookes, Barbers, & those other that liued most on Gentlemen) would but haue them reformed. And of ech side were like diuisions, one neighbourhood beginning to find fault with another. But no confusion was greater then of particular mens likings & dislikings: one dispraising such a one, whom another praised, & demanding such a one to be punished, whom the other would haue exalted. No lesse ado was there about choosing him, who should be their spokes-man. The finer sort of Burgesses, as Marchants, Prentises, and Clothworkers, because of their riches, disdaining the baser occupations, & they because of their number as much disdaining them. all they scorning the countrimens ignorance, & the countrimen suspecting as much their cunning. So that *Zelmane* (finding that their vnited rage was now growne, not only to a diuiding, but to a crossing one of another, & that the mislike growne among themselues did well allay the heat against her) made tokens againe vnto them (as though she tooke great care of their well doing, & were afraid of their falling out) that she would speake vnto them. They now growne zealous one of another (the stay hauing ingendered diuision, & diuision hauing manifested their weaknes) were willing enough to heare, the most part struiuing to shew themselues willinger then their fellowes which *Zelmane* (by the acquaintance she had had with such kind of humours) soone perceiuing, with an angerlesse brauery, & an vnabashed mildnesse, in this maner spake vnto them.

An vnused thing it is, & I thinke not heretofore scene, O *Arcadians*, that a woman should giue publike counsell to men, a stranger to the country people, & that lastly in such a presence by a priuate person, the regal throne should be possessed. But the strangenes of your action makes that vsed for vertue, which your violent necessity imposeth. For certainly, a woman may well speake to such men, who haue forgotten al manlike gouernment: a stranger may with reason instruct such subiects, that neglect due points of subiection: and is it maruaile this place is entred into by another, since your owne prince (after thirty yeares gouernment) dare not shew his face vnto his faithfull people? Heare therefore, O *Arcadians*, and be ashamed: against whom hath this zealous rage bin stirred? whether haue benie bent these manful weapōs of yours? In this quiet harmles lodge there be harboured no *Argians* your ancient enemies, nor *Laconians* your now feared neighbours. Here be neither hard landlords, nor biting vsurers. Here lodge none, but such, as either you haue great cause to loue, or no cause to hate: here being none, besides your prince, princess, & their children, but my selfe. Is it I then, O *Arcadians*, against whom your anger is armed? Am I the mark of your vehement quare? if it be so, that innocency shal not be a stop for fury; if it be so, that the law of hospitality (so long & holily obserued among you) may not defed a straunger fled to your armes for succour: if in fine it be so, that so many valiant mens courages can be enflamed to the mischiefe of one silly woman, I refuse not to make my life a sacrifice to your wrath. Exercise in me your indignation, so it go no further, I am content to pay the great fauours I haue receiued among you, with my life, not ill deseruing I present it here vnto you, O *Arcadians*, if that may satisfie you; rather the you (called ouer the world the wise & quiet *Arcadians*) shold be so, vaine, as to attēpt that alone, which al the rest of your countrie will abhor; then you shold shew your selues so vngratefull, as to forget the fruit of so many yeares peaceable gouernment; or so vnnatural, as not to haue with the holy name of your natural Prince, any fury ouer-mastred. For such a hellish madness (I know) did neuer enter into your hearts, as to attempt any thing against his person, which no successor, though neuer so hatefull, will euer leaue (for his owne sake

fake) vnreueged. Neither can your wonted valour be turned to such a basenes, as in stead of a prince, deliuered vnto you by so many royal auncestors, to take the tyrannous yoke of your fellow subiect, in whom the innate meanes wil bring forth rauenous couetousnesse, & the newnesse of his estate, suspectful cruelty. Imagine, what could your enemies more wish vnto you, then to see your owne estate with your own hands vndermined? O what would your fore-fathers say, if they liued at this time, and saw their of-spring defacing such an excellent principallity, which they with much labour and blood so wisely haue established? Do you thinke them fooles, that saw you should not enioy your vines, your cattell, no not your wiues & children, without gouernment; and that there could be no gouernment without a Magistrate, and no Magistrate without obedience, and no obedience where euery one vpon his owne priuate passion, may interpret the doings of the rulers? Let your wits make your present example a lesson to you. What sweetnesse (in good faith) finde you in your present condition? what choise of choise finde you, if you had lost *Basilin*? vnder whose ensigne wold you go, if your enemies should inuade you? If you cannot agree vpon one to speake for you, how wil you agree vpon one to fight for you? But with this feare, of I cannot tell what, one is troubled, and with that passed wrong another is griued. And I pray you did the Sunne euer bring you a fruitfull harvest, but that it was more hotte then pleasant? Haue any of you children, that be not sometimes cumbersome? Haue any of you fathers, that be not sometime wearish? What shall wee curse the Sunne, hate our children, or disobey our fathers? But what need I vse these words, since I see in your countenances (now vertuously settled) nothing els but loue and duty to him, by whom for your onely sakes the gouernment is embraced. For all what is done, he doth not only pardon you, but thanke you, iudging the action by the mindes, and not the minds by the action. Your griefs, and desires, whatsoeuer, and whensoeuer you list, he will consider of, and to his consideration it is reason you should refer them. So then, to conclude, the vncertainty of his estate made you take armes, now you see him wel, with the same loue lay them downe. If now you end (as I know you wil) he wil make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I must confesse ouer-vehement affection: the only continuance might proue a wickednesse. But it is not so, I see verie well, you began with zeale, and will end with reuerence.

The action *Zelmene* vsed, being beautified by nature and apparelled with skill, her gestures being such, that as her words did paint out her minde, so they serued as a shadow, to make the picture more liuely & sensible, with the sweete cleernesse of her voice, rising and falling kindly as the nature of the worde, and efficacie of the matter required, altogether in such an admirable person, whose incomparable valour they had well felt, whose beautie did pierce through the thicke dulnesse of their senses, gaue such a way vnto her speach through the rugged wildernesse of their imaginations, who (besides they were stricken in admiration of her, as of more then a humane creature) were coold with taking breath, and had learned doubtles out of leasure, that in stead of roaring cries, there was now heard nothing, but a confused muttring, whether her saying were to be followed, betwixt feare to pursue, & lothnesse to leaue: most of them could haue bene content, it had neuer bene begun, but how to end it (each afraide of his companion,) they knew not, finding it far easier to tie then to loose knots. But *Zelmene* thinking it no euill way in such mutinies, to giue the mutinous some occasion of such seruice, as they might thinke (in their owne iudgemēt) would counteruaile their trespassse, withall, to take the



the more assured possessiō of their minds, which she feared might begin to wauer, Loiall *Arcadians* (said she) now do I offer vnto you the manifesting of your duties: all those that haue taken armes for the princes safety, let them turne their backs to the gate, with their weapons bent against such as would hurt his sacred person. O weake trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancie only doth guide to wel doing: who can set confidence there, where cōpanie takes away shame, & ech may lay the fault on his fellow? So said a crafty fellow among the, named *Clinias*, to himselfe, when he saw the word no sooner out of *Zelmanes* mouth, but that there were some shouts of ioy with, God saue *Basilus*, & diuers of them with much iollity growne to be his guard, that but little before meant to be his murderers.

This *Clinias* in his youth had bene a scholler so farre, as to learne rather wordes then manners, and of words rather plenty then order, and oft had vsed to be an actor in Tragedies, where he had learned, besides a slidingnesse of language, acquaintance with many passions and to frame his face to beare the figure of them: long vsed to the eyes and eares of men, and to reckon no fault, but shame fastnesse, in nature, a most notable Coward, and yet more strangely then rarely venturous in priuy practises.

This fellow was become of neere trust to *Cecropia*, *Amphialus* his mother, so that he was priuy to al the mischieuous deuises, wherewith she went about to ruine *Basilus* and his children, for the aduancing of her sonne: and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his loue to be doing, taught him in any euil to be secret; and had by his mistresse bene vsed (euer since the strange retiring of *Basilus*) to whisper rumours into the peoples eares: and this time (finding great aptnesse in the multitude) was one of the chiefe that set the in the vpror (though quite without the consent of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the kingdomes of the world so haue aduentured the life of *Philoclea*.) But now perceiuing the flood of their furie began to ebbe, he thought it policie to take the first of the tide, so that no man cried lowder then he vpon *Basilus*. And some of the lustiest rebels not yet agreeing to the rest, he caused two or thre of his mates that were at his cōmandement to lift him vp, and then as if he had had a prologue to vtter, he began with a nice grauitie to demaund audience. But few attending what he said, with vehemēt gesture, as if he would teare the starres from the skies, he fell to crying out so lowde, that not only *Zelmane*, but *Basilus* might heare him. O vnhappy men, more mad then the Giants that would haue plucked *Jupiter* out of heauen, how long shal this rage continue? Why do you not all throw down your weapons, & submit your selues to our good Prince, or good *Basilus*, the *Pelops* of wisdom, & *Minos* of all good gouernment: when will you begin to beleeuē me, & other honest & faithfull subiects, that haue done all we could to stop your fury.

The farmer that loued *Zelmane* could abide him no longer. For as at the first he was willing to speake of conditions, hoping to haue gotten great souerainties, and among the rest *Zelmane*: so now perceiuing, that the people, once any thing down the hill from their furie, would neuer stay til they came to the bottome of absolute yeelding, and so that he should be nearer feares of punishment, then hopes of such aduancement, he was one of them that stood most against the agreement: & to begin withall, disdaining this fellow should play the preacher, who had bin one of the chiefe make-bates, strake him a great wound vpon the face with his sword. The cowardly wretch fell downe, crying for succour, and (scrambling through the legs of them that were about him) gat to the throne, where *Zelmane* tooke him, & comfort-

comforted him, bleeding for that was past, and quaking for feare of more.

But as soone as that blow was giuen (as if *Aeolus* had broke open the doore to let all his winds out) no hand was idle, each one killing him that was next, for feare he should do as much to him. For being diuided in minds and not diuided in companies, they that would yeeld to *Basilus* were intermingled with the that would not yeeld. These men thinking their ruine stood vpon it; those men to get fauour of their Prince, conuerted their vngracious motion into their owne bowels, and by a true iudgement grew their owne punishers. None was sooner killed then those that had bene leaders in the disobedience: who by being so, had taught them, that they did lead disobedience to the same leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their owne faction, anger whetting, and doubt hastening their fingers. But then came downe *Zelmae*; and *Basilus* with *Dorus* issued, and somtimes seeking to draw together those of their party, somtimes laying indifferently among them, made such hauocke (among the rest *Zelmae* striking the farmer to the hart with her sword, as before she had done with her eyes) that in a while all they of the contrary side were put to flight, and fled to certaine woods vpon the frontiers; where feeding wildly, and drinking onely water, they were disciplined for their drunken riots; many of them being slaine in the chase, about a score onely escaping. But when these late rebels, now souldiers, were returned from the chase, *Basilus* calling the together, partly for policy sake, but principally because *Zelmae* before had spoken it (which was to him more then a diuine ordinance) he pronounced their general pardon, willing them to returne to their houses, and there-after be more circumspect in their proceedings: which they did most of them with sharp marks of their folly. But imagining *Clinias* to be one of the chiefe that had bred this good alteration, he gaue him particular thanks, and withall willed him to make him know this frenzie had entred into the people.

*Clinias* purposing indeede to tell him the truth of all, sauing what did touch himselfe, or *Cecropia*; first dipping his hand in the blood of his wound, Now by this blood (said he) which is more deare to me then all the rest that is in my body, since it is spent for your safety: this tong) perchance vnfortunate, but neuer false) shall not now begin to lie vnto my Prince, of me most beloued. The stretching out his hand, and making vehement countenances the vsers to his speeches, in such maner of tearmes recounted this accident. Yesterday (said he) being your birth-day, in the goodly greene two mile hence before the citie of *Enispsus*, to do honour to the day, were a foure or fife thousand people (of all conditions, as I think) gathered together, spending all the day in dancings & other exercises; & when night came, vnder tents and bowes making great cheare, and meaning to obserue a wassaling watch all that night for your sake, *Bacchus* (the learned say) was begot with thunder: I thinke, that made him euer since so full of stur & debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which sounded the first trumpet to this rude Alarum. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to do honor, & with actiuitie in beastlinesse to shew abundance of loue, made most of them seeke to shew the depth of there affection in the depth of their draught. But being once well chafed with wine) hauing spent al the night, & some peece of the morning in such reuelling) & imboldned by your absented maner of liuing, there was no matter their eares had euer heard of that grew not to be a subiect of their winie conference. I speake it by prooffe: for I take witnesse of the Gods (who neuer leaue periuries vnpunished) that I often cried out against their impudencie, & (when that would not serue) stopt mine eares, because I would not be

be partaker of their blasphemies, till with buffets they forced me to haue mine eares and eies defiled. Publike affaires were mingled with priuat grudges, neither was any man thought of wit, that did not pretend some cause of dislike. Rayling was counted the fruite of freedom, and saying nothing had his vttermost praise in ignorance. At the length, your sacred person (alas) why did I liue to heare it? alas how do I breath to viter it? But your commandement doth not only enioyn obedience, but giue me force: your sacred person (I say) fel to be their table talke: a proud word swelling in their stomacks, and disdainfull reproches against so great a greatnes, hauing put on the shew of greatnesse in their little minds: till at length the very vnbridled vse of words hauing increased fire in their minds (which God wot thought their knowledge notable, because they had at all no knowledge to condemne their owne want of knowledge) they descended (O neuer to be forgotten presumption) to a direct dislike of your liuing from among them. Whereupon it were tedious to remember their far-fetched constructions. But the summe was, you disdained them: and what were the pompes of your estate, if their armes maintained you not? Who would call you a Prince, if you had not a people? When certaine of them of wretched estates, and worse mindes (whose fortunes change could not impaire) began to say, that your government was to be looked into; how the great treasures (you had leuied among them) had bene spent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counsell, that the commons (forsooth) were too plaine headed to say their opinions: but yet their blood and sweat must maintaine all. Who could tell whether you were not betrayed in this place, where you liued? nay whether you did liue or go? Therefore that it was time to come and see; and if you were here, to know (if *Arcadia* were growne lothsome in your sight) why you did not rid your selfe of the trouble? There would not want those that would take so faire a cumber in good part. Since the Countrey was theirs, and the gouernement an adherent to the country, why should they not consider of the one as well as inhabit the other? Nay rather (said they) let vs begin that, which all *Arcadia* will followe. Let vs deliuer our Prince from daunger of Practises, and our selues from want of a Prince. Let vs do that, which all the rest thinke. Let it be said, that we onely are not astonished with vaine titles, which haue their force but in our force. Lastly, to haue said and heard so much, was as dangerous, as to haue attempted: and to attempt they had the glorious name of libertie with them. These words, being spoken (like a furious storme) presently carried away their well inclined braines. What I, & some other of the honest sort could do, was no more then if with a puffe of breath, one should go about to make a saile go against a mightie winde: or, with one hand, stay the ruine of a mightie wall. So generall grewe this madnesse among them, there needed no drumme, where each man cried, each spake to other that spake as fast to him, and the disagreeing sound of so many voices was the chiefe token of their vane agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battaile, their wine mirthes to bloudie rages, and the happy prayers for your life to monstrous threatening of your estate; the solemnizing your birth-day, tended to haue bene the cause of your funerals. But as a drunken rage hath (besides his wickednesse) that follie, that the more it seekes to hurt, the lesse it considers how to be able to hurt: they neuer wayed how to arme themselues but tooke vp euery thing for a weapon; that furie offered to their hands. Many swordes, pikes, and billes there were: others tooke pitchforkes and rakes. conuerting husbandrie to souldierie, some caught hold of spittes (things ieruiceable for life) to be the instruments of death. And there was some



such one, who held the same pot wherein he dranke to your health, to vse it (as he could) to your mischiefe. Thus armed, thus gouerned forcing the vnwilling, and hartening the willing, adding furie to furie, and encreasing rage with running, they came headlong toward this lodge: no man (I dare say) resolu'd in his owne heart, what was the vttermost he would doo when he came hither. But as mischiefe is of such nature, that it cannot stand but with strengthening one euill by another, and so multiply in it self, till it come to the highest, and then fall with his owne weight: so to their mindes (once passed the bounds of obedience) more and more wickednesse opened it selfe, so that they who first pretended to preserue you, then to reforme you, (I speake it in my conscience, and with a bleeding hart) now thought no safetie for them, without murdering you. So as if the Goddess (who preserue you for the preseruacion of *Arcadia*) had not shewed their miraculous power; and that they had not vsed for instruments, both your owne valour (not fit to be spoken of by so meane a mouth as mine) and some (I must confesse) honest minds, (whom alas why should I mention, since what he did, reached not to the hundred part of our duty?) our hands (I tremble to thinke of it) had destroyed all that, for which we haue cause to reioyce that we are *Arcadians*.

With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out teares: so as *Easilius*, that was not the sharpest piercer into masked minds, tooke a good liking to him; and so much the more as he had tickled him with praise in the hearing of his mistres. And therefore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, and looke well vnto it, & make the best search he could, to know if there were any further depth in this matter, for which he should be well rewarded. But before he went away, certaine of the shepheards being come (for that day was appointed for their pastorals) he sent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to other principall noble-men, and cities thereabouts, to make through-inquirie of this vprore, and withall, to place such garrisons in all the townes and villages neere vnto him, that he might thereafter keepe his solitarie lodge in more securitie, vpon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, hauing them in a readinesse for him.

This *Clunius* (hauing his eare one way when his eye was another) had perceiued & therefore hasted away with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that she was to take some speedie resolution, or els it were daunger those examinations would both discouer, and ruine her: and so went his way, leauing that little companie with embracements, and praising of *Zelmanes* excellent proceeding, to shew, that no decking sets forth any thing so much, as affection. For as, while she stood at the discretion of those vndiscreete rebelles, euery angry countenance any of them made, seemed a knife layde vpon their owne throates, so vnspeakable was now their ioy, that they sawe (besides her safetie and their owne) the same wrought, and safely wrought by her meanes, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Greece* could euer alledge of witte and fortitude, were set in the ranke of trifles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midst of those vnfaired ceremonies, a Gitterne, il-played on, accompanied with a hoarse voice (who seemed to sing mauger the Muses, and to be mery in spite of Fortune) made them looke the way of the ill-noysed song. The song was this.

**A** *Hatefull cure with hate to heale:  
A bloody helpe with blood to saue:*

*A foolish thing with fooles to deale:  
Let him be bobd that bobs will haue.  
But who by meanes of wisdoms hig  
Hath sau'd his charge? it is euen I.*

*Let others deck their pride with skarres,  
And of their wounds make braue lame shewes:  
First let them die then passe the starres,  
VVhen rotten Fame will tell their blowes.  
But eye from blade, and eare from crye:  
VVho hath sau'd all? it is euen I.*

They had soone found it was *Dametas*, who came with no lesse lifted vp countenance, then if he had passed ouer the bellies of all his enimies: so wise a point he thought he had performed, in vsing the naturall strength of the caue. But neuer was it his doing to come so soone thence, till the coast were more assuredly cleare: for it was a rule with him, that after a great storme there euer fall a fewe drops before it be fully finished. But *Pamela* (who had now experienced how much care doth sollicite a Louers heart) vsed this occasiō of going to her parents & sister, indeed aswel for that cause, as being vnquiet, til her eye might be assured how her shepheard had gone through the daunger. But *Basilus* with the sight of *Pamela* (of whom almost his head otherwise occupied, had left the wonted remembrance) was sodainly stricken into a deuout kind of admiration, remembring the oracle, which (according to the fauning humour of false hope) he interpreted now his own to his own best, and with the willing blindness of affection (because his minde ran wholly vpon *Zelma-ne*) he thought the Gods in their oracles did principally minde her.

But as he was deeply thinking of the matter, one of the shepheards told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horse in his cōpany. For hauing by chaunce rid not farre off the litle desert, he had heard of this vprōre, and so was come vpon the spurre (gathering a company of Gentlemen as fast as he could) to the succour of his Master. *Basilus* was glad of it; but not willing to haue him, nor any other of the Noble men, (see his Mistresse) he himselfe went out of the Lodge, and so giuing order vnto him of placing garrisons, and examining these matters; and *Philanax* with humble earnestnesse begining to entreat him to leaue off this solitarie course (which alreadie had bene so daungerous vnto him,) Well (said *Basilus*) it may be ere long I wil condescend vnto your desire. In the meane time, take you the best order you can to keepe me safe in my solitarinesse. But (said he) do you remember, how earnestly you wrote vnto me, that I should not be moued by that Oracles authoritie, which brought me to this resolution? Full well Sir (answered *Philanax*) for though it pleased you not as then to let me know, what the Oracles words were, yet all Oracles holding (in my conceipt) one degree of reputation, it sufficed me to know, it was but an Oracle, which led you frō your own course. Well (said *Basilus*) I will now tell you the wordes; which before I thought not good to do; because when all the euents fall out (as some alreadie haue done) I may charge you with your incredulitie. So he repeated them in this sort.

**T**Hy elder care shall from thy carefull face  
By princely meane be stolne, and yet not lost.

*Thy younger shall with Natures blisse embrace  
 And uncouth loue, which Nature hateth most.  
 Both they themselues vnto such two shall wed,  
 VVho at thy beer, as at a barre, shall plead;  
 Why thee (a lining man) they had made dead.  
 In thine owne seat a forraine state shall sit.  
 And ere that all these blowes thy head do hit,  
 Thou, with thy wife, adultery shall commit.*

For you forsooth (said he) when I told you, that some supernaturall cause sent me strang visions, which being confirmed with persagious chaunces, I had gone to *Delphos*, & there receiued this answere, you replied to me, that the only supernaturall causes were the humors of my body, which bred such melancholy dreames; & that both they framed a mind full of cōceits, apt to make presages of things, which in themselues were meerly chaunceable: and withall as I say, you remember what you wrote vnto me, touching authority of the Oracle: but now I haue some notable triall of the truth thereof, which hereafter I will more largely cōmunicate vnto you. Only now know that the thing I most feared is already performed; I mean that a forraine state should possesse my throne. For that hath bene done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruine, but to my preseruatiō. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pully, to mak the clock of his praises run on in such sort, that (*Philanax* found) was more exquisite then the onely admiration of vertue breedeth: which his faithfull hart inwardly repining at, made him shrink away as soone as he could, to go about the other matters of importance, which *Basilus* had enioyned vnto him.

*Basilus* returned into the Lodge, thus by him selfe construing the oracle, that in that he said, his elder care should by Princely meane be stolne away from him, and yet not lost, it was now performed, since *Zelmane* had as it were robd from him the care of his first begotten child, yet was it not lost, since in his hart the ground of it remained. That his younger should with Natures blisse embrace the loue of *Zelmane*, because he had so commaunded her for his sake to doo; yet should it be with as much hate of Nature, for being so hatefull an opposite to the iealousie he thought her mother had of him. The sitting in his seat he deemed by her already performed: but that which most comforted him, was his interpretation of the adulterie, which he thought he should commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwarde he should haue to his wife. The point of his daughters mariage, because it threatened his death withall, he determined to preuent with keeping them (while he liued) vnmarried. But hauing as he thought, gotten thus much vnderstanding of the Oracle, he determined for three daies after to perfourme certaine rites to *Apollo*: and euen then began with his wife and daughters to sing this Hymne, by them yearely vsed.

**A** *Pollo* great, whose beames the greater world do light,  
 And in our little world do cleare our inward sight,  
 VVhich euer shine, though hid from earth by earthly shade,  
 VVhose lights do euer liue, but in our darkenesse fade;  
 Thou God, whose youth was decks with spoile of *Phythons* skin:  
 (So humble knowledge can throw downe the snakiſh sinne)

*Latonas*



LATONIUS sonne, whose birth in paine and trauaile long  
 Doth teach, to learne the good what trauailes do belong:  
 In trauaile of our life (a short but tedious space)  
 While brickehoureglasse runnes, guide thou our panning pace:  
 Gine vs foresightfull mindes, gine vs mindes to obey  
 VVhat foresight tels, our thoughts vpon thy knowledge stay.  
 Let so our fruits grow vp that nature be maintaind  
 But so our harts keepe down, with vice they be not staine'd.  
 Let this assured hold our iudgements ouertake,  
 That nothing winnes the heauen, but what doth earth forsake.

As soone as he had ended his deuotion (all the priuiledged shepherds being now come) knowing wel inough he might lay al his care vpon *Philenax*, he was willing to sweeten the tast of this passed tumult, with some rural pastimes. For which while the shepherds peipared themselues in their best manner, *Basilus* tooke his daughter *Pisoclea* aside, and with such haste, as if his eares hundres for words, desired to know how she had found *Zelmane*. She humbly answered him, according to the agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her sake *Zelmane* was content to descend frō her former resolution, as to heare him, whēsoeuer he would speake; & further then that (she said) as *Zelmane* had not graunted, so she neither did, nor euer would desire. *Basilus* kist her with more then fatherely thanks, and straight (like a hard-kept warde new come to his lands) would faine haue vsed the benefite of that graunt, in laying his sicknesse before his onely physition. But *Zelmane* (that had not yet fully determined with her selfe, how to beare her selfe toward him) made him in a few words vnderstād, that the time in respect of the company was vnfit for such a parley, and therefore to keepe his braines the busier, letting him vnderstand what she had learned of his daughters, touching *Eronas* distresse (whō in her trauaile shee had knowne, and bene greatly behoulding to) she desired him to finish the rest, for so far as *Plangus* had told him; Because she said (and she saie truly) she was ful of care for that Ladie, whose desert (only except an ouer-base choise) was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Basilus* glad that she would command him any thing, but more glad that in excusing the vnfitnessse of that time, she argued an intention, to graunt a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam (said he) it is verie true, that since yeares enabled mee to iudge what is, or is not to be pitied. I neuer saw any thing that more moued me to iustifie a vehement conapassion in my selfe, then the estate of that Prince, whom strong against al his owne afflictions (which yet were gaert, as I perceiue you haue heard) yet true and noble loue had so pulled downe, as to lie vnder sorrow for another. In so much as I could not temper my long idle pen in that subiect, which I perceiue you haue seene. But then to leaue that vnrepeated which I find my daughters haue told you: It may please you to vnderstand, since it pleaseth you to demand, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, and so left by the famous Princes *Musidorus* & *Pyrocles* (led thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in these prouinces of Greece, making a dishonourable enquire after that excellent prince *Pyrocles* alreadye perished) *Antiphilus* (I say (being crowned, and deliuered from the presence of those two, whose vertues (while they were present, good schoolmasters) suppressed his vanities, he had not strenght of mind enough in him to make long delay of discouering what maner of man hee was. But streight like one caried vp to so hie a place, that hee looseth the

discerning of the ground ouer which he is; so was his mind lifted so far beyond the leuell of his owne discourse, that remembring onely that himselfe was in the high seat of a king, he could not perceiue that he was a king of reasonable creatures, who would quickly scorne follies, and repine at iniuries. But imagining no so true propertie of souereigntie, as to do what he listeth, & to list what soeuer pleased his fantasie, he quickly made his kingdome a Tennis court, where his subiects should be the balles, not in truth cruelly, but licenciously abusing them, presuming so far vpon himselfe, that what he did was liked of euery body: nay, that his disgraces were fauours, & all because he was a King. For in Nature not able to conceiue the bounds of great matters (suddenly borne into an vnknowne Ocean of absolute power) he was swayed withall (he knew not how) as euery wind of passions puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, then that poysonous sugar of flatterie: which some vsed, out of the innate baseness of their hart, straight like dogges fawning vpon the greatest; others secretly hating him, and disdainning his great rising so suddenly, so vnderferuedly (finding his humour) bent their exalting him onely to his ouerthrow; like the bird that carries the shell-fish high, to breake him the easier with his fall. But his minde (being an apt matter to receiue what forme their amplifying speeches would lay vpon it) daunced so pretie a musick to their false measure, that he thought himselfe the wisest, the worthiest, & best beloued, that euer gaue honor to a royall title. And being but obscurely borne, he had found out vnblushing pedegrees, that made him not only of the blood royall, but true heire though vnusitly dispossest by *Eronas* auncestors, and like the foolish birde, that when it so hides the head that it sees not it selfe, thinks no body else sees it: so did he imagine, that no body knewe his baseness, while he himselfe turned his eyes from it.

Then vaine nesse (a meager friend to gratefulness) brought him so to despise *Erona*, as of whom he had receiued no benefite, that within halfe a yeares mariage he began to pretend barrenness: & making first an vnlawful law of hauing no wiues then one, he still keeping *Erona* vnder hand, by messages sought *Artaxia*, who no lesse hating him, then louing (as vnluckie a choise) the naughtie King *Plexirtus*, yet to bring to passe what she purposed, was content to traine him into false hopes, till already his imagination had crowned him King of *Armenia*, & had made that but the foundation of more & more monarchies; as if fortune had only gottē eyes to cherish him. In which time a great assembly of most part of al the Princes of *Asia* being to do honour to the neuer sufficiently praised *Pyrocles* & *Musidorus*, he would be one not to acknowledge his obligatiō (which was as great as any of the others.) but looking to haue bin yong mastered among those great estates, as he was amōg his abusing vnderlings. But so many valorous Princes, indeed far neerer to disdain him then otherwise, he was quickly (as standing vpon no true ground, inwardly) out of countenance with himselfe, till his seldom-comfortlesse flatterers) perswading him, it was enuie and feare of his expected greatness) made him hast away from that company, and without further delay appointed the meeting with *Artaxia*; so incredibly blinded with the ouer-bright shining of his royaltie, that he could thinke such a Queene would be content to be ioyned-patent with an other to haue such an husband. Poore *Erona* to all this obeyed, either vehemencie of affection making her stoope to so ouerbare a seruitude, or astonished with an vnlooked for fortune, dull to any behoouefull resolution, or (as many times it falles out euen in great harts when they can accuse none but themselues) desperately bent to maintaine it. For so went she on in that way of her loue, that (poore Lady) to be beyond

beyond all other examples of ill set affection, she was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that she was content; for the publike good, to be a second wife, and yeeld the first place to her; nay to extoll him and euen woo *Artaxia* for him.

But *Artaxia* (mortally hating them both for her brothers sake) was content to hide her hate, till she had time to shew it. and pretending that all her grudge was against the two paragons of vertue, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, euen met them halfe way in excusing her brothers murder, as not being principall actors; & of the other side, drunen to what they did by the euer-pardonable necessity: and so well handled the matter, as though she promised nothing, yet *Antiphilus* promised himselfe all that she would haue him thinke. And so a solemne enteruiew was appointed. But (as the Poets say) *Hymen* had not there his saffron-coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men secretly (and easily they might be secret, since *Antiphilus* thought she ouer-ran him in loue) when he came euen ready to embrace her (shewing rather a countenance of accepting then offering) they came forth, and (hauiug much advantage both in number, valure, and forepreparation) put all his company to the sword, but such as could flie away. As for *Antiphilus* she caused him and *Erona* both to be put in yrons, hasting back toward her brothers tombe, vpon which she meant to sacrifice them; making the loue of her brother stand betweene her and al other motions of grace, from which by nature she was alienated.

But great diuersitie in them two quickly discovered it selfe for the bearing of that affliction: for *Antiphilus* that had no greatnesse but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faster then calamity could thrust him; with fruitlesse begging of life (where reason might well assure him his death was resolved) and weake bemoaning his fortune, to giue his enemies a most pleasing musicke, with many promises & protestations, to as little purpose, as from a little mind. But *Erona* sad indeed, yet like one rather vsed, then new fallen to sadnesse (as who had the ioyes of her heart already broken) seemed rather to welcome then to shun that end of miserie, speaking little, but what she spake was for *Antiphilus*, remembring his guiltlesnesse, being at that time prisoner to *Tiridates*, when the valiant Princes sue him: to the disgrace of men, shewing that there are women both more wise to iudge what is to be expected, and more constant to beare it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth: & her sadnesse by her beauty, made this noble Prince *Plangus*, who (neuer almost from his cousin *Artaxia*) was now present at *Eronas* taking, to perceiue the shape of louelinesse more perfectly in woe, then in ioyfulness (as in a picture which receiues greater life by the darknesse of shadowes, then by more glittering colours) and seeing to like, and liking to loue, and louing straight to feele the most incident effects of loue, to serue and preserue. So borne by the hasty tide of short leasure, he did hastily deliuer togeather his affection, and affectionate care. But she (as if he had spoken of a small matter, when he mentioned her life, to which he had not leasure to attend) desired him if he loued her, to shew it, in finding some way to saue *Antiphilus*. For her, she found the world but a wearisome stage vnto her, where she played a part against her will: and therefore befought him, not to cast his loue in so vnfruitfull a place, as could not loue it selfe: but for a testimony of constancie, and a futableness to his word, to do so much comfort to her mind, as that for her sake *Antiphilus* were saued. He told me how much he argued against her tendring him, who had so vngratefully betrayed her, and foolishly cast away himselfe. But perceiving she did not; only bend her very good wits to speake for him against herself,



but when such a cause could be allied to no reason, yet loue would needes make it selfe a cause, and barre her rather from hearing, then yeeld that he should yeeld to such arguments: he likewise in whom the power of Loue (as they say of spirits) was subiect to the loue in her, with griefe consented, and (though backwardly) was diligent to labor the helpe of *Antiphilus*: a man whom he not only hated, as a traitor to *Erona*, but enuied as a possessor of *Erona*. Yet Loue sware, his hart, in spite of his hart, should make him become a seruant to his ritual. And so did he, seeking al the meanes of perswading *Artaxia*, which the authority of so neare, & so vertuous a kinsman could giue vnto him. But she to whom the eloquence of hatred had giuen reuenge the face of delight, reiected al such motiōs; but rather the more closely imprisoning the in her chiefe city, where she kept the with intētion at the birth-day of *Tiridates* (which was very neare) to execute *Antiphilus*, & at the day of his death (which was about halfe a yeare after) to vse the same rigor towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much grieued (because much louing) attempted the humors of the *Lycians*, to see, whether they would come in with faces to succor their Princeesse. But there the nec inheritor to the crowne (with the true play that is vsed in the game of kingdomes) had no sooner his mistresse in captiuitie, but he had vsurped her place, and making her odious to her people, because of the vnfit election she had made, had so left no hope there. but which is worse, had sent to *Artaxia*, perswading the iusticing her, because that vniustice might giue his title the name of iustice. Wanting that way, *Plangus* practised with some derae frinds of his, to saue *Antiphilus* out of prison: whose day because it was much nearer then *Eronas*, and that he well found, she had twisted her life vpon the same threed with his, he determined first to get him out of prison: and to that end hauing perpared all matters as well as in such case he could, where *Artaxia* had sent many of *Tiridates* old seruants to haue well marking eyes he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as (by the authority he had) he found meanes to do; & agreed with him of the time & maner, how he should by the death of some of his iaylors escape. But all being well ordered, and *Plangus* willingly putting himselfe into the greatest danger, *Antiphilus* (who, like a bladder, sweld ready to breake, while it was full of the wind of prosperity, that being out, was so abiected, as apt to be trod on by euery body) when it came to the point, that with some hazard, he might be in apparant likelihood to auoid the vttermost harme, his hart fainted, and (weake foole, neither hoping, nor fearing as he should) gat a conceipt, that with bewraying this practise, he might obtaine pardon: and therefore, euen a litle before *Plangus* should haue come vnto him, opened the whole practise to him that had the charge, with vn-pitied teares idelly protesting, he had rather die by *Artaxias* commandement, then against her wil escape: yet begging life vpon any the hardest, and wretchedest conditions that she would lay vpon him. His keeper prouided accordingly, so that when *Plangus* came, he was like, himselfe to haue bin entrapped: but that finding (with a luckie in-sight) that it was discovered, he retired; and (calling his friends about him) stood vpon his gard, as he had good cause. For, *Artaxia* (accounting him most vpratefull, considering that her brother and she had not only preserued him against the malice of his father, but euer vsed him much liker his birth, then his fortune) sent forces to apprehend him. But he among the martiall men had gotten so great loue, that he could not only keepe himselfe from her malice, but worke in their minds a compassion of *Eronas* aduersity.

But for the succour of *Antiphilus* he could get no body to ioine with him, the cōtempt of him hauing not bene able to qualifie the hatred; so that *Artaxia* might easilie

easily vpon him performe her will; which was (at the humble suite of all the women of that citie) to deliuer him to their censure, who mortally hating him for hauing made a law of *Polygamie*, after many tortures, forst him to throw himselfe from a high Pyramis, which was built ouer *Tiridates* tombe, and so to end his false-hearted life, which had planted no strong thought in him, but that he could be vnkinde.

But *Plangus* wel perceiuing that *Artaxia* stayed only for the appointed day, that the faire *Eronas* body (consumed to ashes shold make a notorious testimonie, how deeply her brothers death was engtauen in her breast, he assembled good numbers of friends, whom his vertue (though a stranger) had tied vnto him, by force to giue her liberty. Contrariwise, *Artaxia*, to whom Anger gaue more courage then her sex did feare, vsed her regall authority (the most she could) to suppress that sedition, and haue her wil: which (she thought) is the most princely thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed (as al men witnesse) is one of the best Capitaines (both for policie and valour) that are trained in the schoole of *Mars*, in a conflict ouerthrew *Artaxias* power, though of farre greater number: and there tooke prisoner a base sonne of her brothers, whom she dearly affected, & the sent her word that he should run the same race of fortune (whatsoeuer it was) that *Erona* did: and happy was that threatning for her; for else *Artaxia* had hastened the day of her death, in respect of those tumults.

But now (some principall Noblemen of that country interposing themselves) it was agreed, that all persons else fully pardoned, and all prisoners (except *Erona*) deliuered, she should be put into the hands of a principall Nobleman, who had a castle of great strength, vpon oath, that if by the day two yeare fro *Tiridates* death, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* did not in person combat, and ouercome two knights, who she appointed to maintaine her quarell against *Erona* & them, of hauing by treasō destroyed her brother, that then *Erona* shold be that same day burned to ashes: but if they came, and had the victorie, she should be deliuered; but vpon no occasion, neither freed, nor executed til that day. And hereto of both sides, al tooke solemne oath, and so the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus* partie forcing him to agree, though he himselfe the sootier condiscended, knowing the curtesie of those two excellent Princes, not to refuse so noble a quarrell, and their power such, as two more (like the other two) were not able to resist. But *Artaxia* was more, and vpon better ground, pleased with this action; for she had euen newly receiued newes fro *Plexirtus*, that vpon the sea he had caused them both to perish, & therefore she held her selfe sure of the match.

But poore *Plangus* knew not so much, and therefore seeing his party (as most times it falls out in like case) hungry of any conditions of peace, accepted them; and then obtained leaue of the lord, that indifferently kept her, to visite *Erona*, whom he found full of desperate sorow, not suffering neither his vnworthinesse, nor his wrongs, nor his death (which is the naturall conclusion of all worldlie acts) either to couer with forgetfulnesse, or diminish with consideration, the affection she had borne him: but euen glorying in affliction, & shunning all comfort, she seemed to haue no delight, but in making her selfe the picture of misery. So that whe *Plangus* came to her, she fell in deadly traunces, as if in him she had seene the death of *Antiphilus*, because he had not succoured him: and yet (her vertue struing) shee did at one time acknowledg her selfe bound, and professe her selfe injured; instead of allowing the conclusion they had made, or writing to the princes (as he wished her

her to do) craving nothing but some speedie death to follow her in spite of iust hate) beloued *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* hauing nothing but a rauisht kisse from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece*, whitherward he vnderstood the Princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*: wherein she signified her accepting him to her husband, whom she had euer fauoured, so much the rather, as he had persourmed the conditions of her marriage, in bringing to their deserued end her greatest enemies: withall, thanking the sea, in such tearmes as he might well perceiue it was by some treason wrought in *Plexirtus* ship. Where vpon (to make more diligent search) he tooke ship himselfe and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquirie finding, that such a ship was indeed with fight and fire perished, none (almost) escaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, it was assuredly determined that they were cast away: for the name of such Princes (especially in *Greece*) would quicklie else haue bene a large witnesse to the cōtrarie. Full of griefe with that, for the losse of such, who left the world poore of perfection: but more sorie for *Eronas* sake, who now by them could not be relieved. A new aduertisement from *Armenia* ouertooke him, which multiplied the force of his anguish. It was a message from the Nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, giuing him to vnderstād, that since his departure, *Artaxia* (vsing the benefit of time) had besieged him in his Castle, demanding present deliuerie of her, whom yet for his faith giuen, he would not, before the day appointed, if possiblie he could resist, which he foresaw, long he should not do for want of victuall, which he had not so wisely prouided, because he trusted vpon the generall oath taken for two yeares space: and therefore willed him to make haste to his succour, and come with no smale forces; for all they that were of his side in *Armenia* were consumed, and *Artaxia* had encreased her might by mariage of *Plexirtus*, who now crowned king there, stickt not to glorie in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, as hauing iust cause thereto, in respect of the deaths of his sister *Andromana*, her son his nephew, and his owne daughter *Zelmane*, all whose losse he vniustly charged them withall, and now openly stickt not to confesse, what a reuenge his wit had brought forth. *Plangus* much astonished herewith, bethought him selfe what to do: for to returne to *Armenia* was vaine, since his friends there were vtterly ouerthrowne. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had alreadie (euen since the death of his stepmother, and brother) attempted the recouering of his fauour, and all in vaine. For they that had before ioyned with *Andromana* to do him the wrong, thought now no life for them if he returned, and therefore kept him still (with new forged suspicions) odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reseruing that for a worke of longer time, then the sauing of *Erona* could beare, determined to go to the mightie and good king *Euarchus*: who lately hauing (to his eternall fame) fully, not onely conquered his enemies, but established (good gouernment in their countries, he hoped he might haue present succour of him, both for the iustnesse of the cause, and reuenge of his childrens death, by so hainous a treason murdered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (passing through my country) it was my hap to find him, the most ouerthrowne man with griefe, that euer I hope to see againe. For still it seemed he had *Erona* at a stake before his eyes; such an apprehension he had taken of her daunger; which in despite of all the comfort I could giue him, he powred out in such lamentatiōs, that I was moued not to let him passe till he had made full declaration, which by peeces my daughters & I haue deliuered

vnto



deliuered vnto you. Faine he would haue had succour of my selfe, but the course of my life being otherwise bent, I onely accompanied him with some that might safely guide him to the great *Euarchus*; for my part hauing had some of his speeches so feelingly in my memorie, that at an idle time (as I told you) I set them downe dialogue wise, in such maner as you haue seene. And thus excellent Lady, I haue obeyed you in this story, wherein if it well please you to consider what is the strange power of Loue, and what is due to his authority, you shall exercise therein the true noblenesse of your iudgement, and do the more right to the vnfortunate Historian *Zelmane* (fighing for *Eronas* sake, yet inwardly comforted in that she assured her selfe, *Euarchus* would not spare to take in hand the iust deliuering of her; ioyned with the iust reuenge of his childrens losse) hauing now what she desired of *Rafinus*, to auoyd his further discourses of affection, encouraged the shepheards to begin, whom she saw already ready for them.

### *The second Eclogues.*

**T**He rude tumult of the *Enispians* gaue occasion to the honest shepheards to begin their Pastorals this day with a daunce, which they called the skirmish betwixt Reason and Passion. For seauen shepheards (which were named the reasonable shepheards) ioyned themselues, foure of them making a square, and the other two going a litle wide of either side, like wings for the maine battell, & the seuenth man formost, like the forlorne hope, to begin the skirmish. In like order came out the seauen appassioned shepheards; all keeping the pace of their foote by their voice and sundry consoorted instruments they held in their armes. And first, the formost of the Reasonable side began to sing:

Reason. *Thou rebell vile, come, to thy maister yeeld.*

And the other that met with him answered:

Passion. *No, Tyrant, no; mine, mine shall be the field.*

R. *Can reason then a Tyrant counted be?*

P. *If Reason will, that Passions be not free.*

R. *But Reason will, that Reason gouerne most.*

P. *And Passion will, that Passion rule the rest.*

R. *Your will is will, but Reason reason is.*

P. *Will hath his will, when Reasons will doth misse.*

R. *Whom Passion leads vnto his death is bent.*

P. *Ana let him die, so that he die content.*

R. *By nature you to Reason faith haue sworne.*

P. *Not so, but fellow like together borne.*

R. *VVho Passion doth ensue, lues in annoy.*

P. *VVho Passion doth forsake, lues void of ioy.*

R. *Passion is blinde, and treads an unknowne trace.*

P. *Reason hath eyes to see his owne ill case.*

Then as they approched nearer, the two of Reasons side, as if they shot at the other, thus sang:

R. *Dare Passions then abide in Reasons light?*

P. *And is not Reason dim with Passions might?*

R. o

R. *O foolish thing which glory doth destroy.*

P. *O glorious title of a foolish toy.*

R. *Weaknesse you are, dare you with our strength fight?*

P. *Because our weaknesse weakeneth all your might.*

R. *O sacred Reason, helpe our vertuous toyles.*

P. *O Passon, passe on seebe Reason's spoiles.*

R. *We wish our selues abide a daylie strife.*

P. *We gladly vse the sweetnesse of our life.*

R. *But yet our strife sure peace in end doth breed.*

P. *We now haue peace, your peace we do not need.*

Then did the two square battailes meete, and instead of fighting embrace one another, singing thus:

R. *We are too strong: but Reason seekes no blood,*

P. *Who be too weake, do faine they be too good.*

R. *Though we cannot orecome, our cause is iust.*

P. *Let vs orecome, and let vs be vniust.*

R. *Yet passions yeeld as length to Reasons stroke.*

P. *What shall we win by taking Reasons yoke.*

R. *The ioyes you haue shall be made permanent.*

P. *But so we shall with griefe learne to repent.*

R. *Repent indeed, but that shall be your blisse.*

P. *How know we that, since present ioyes we misse?*

R. *You know it not: of Reason therefore know it.*

P. *No Reason yet had euer skill to shew it.*

R. *Then let vs both to heauenly rules giue place.*

P. *Which Passions kill, and Reason do deface.*

Then embraced they one another, and came to the king, who framed his prayes of them according to *Zelmanes* liking; whose vnrestrained parts, the mind & eye had their free course to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose looke was not short in well requiting it, although she knew it was a hatefull sight to her iecalous mother. But *Dicus* (that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus*, for the good parts he found about his age in him) had a delight to taste the fruits of his wit, though in a subiect which he himselfe most of all other despised: and so entred to speech with him in the maner of this following Eclogue.

Dicus. Dorus.

Dicus. Dorus, tell me, where is thy wonted motion,

To make these woods resound thy lamentation?

Thy Saint is dead, or dead is thy deuotion,

For who doth hold his loue in estimation,

To witnesse that he thinks his thoughts delicious,

Thinks to make each thing badge of his sweet passion.

Dorus. But what doth make thee Dicus, so suspicious.

*Of my due faith, which needs must be immutable,  
 VVho others vertue doubt, themselves are vicious,  
 Not so; although my mettals were most mutable,  
 Her beames haue wrought therein most faire impression,  
 To such a force some change were nothing sutable.*

Dicus. *The heart well set doth neuer shunne confession:  
 If noble be thy bands, make them notorious:  
 Silence doth seeme the maske of base oppression.  
 VVho glories in his loue, doth make loue glorious:  
 But who doth feare, or biddeth mute wilfully,  
 Shews guilty heart doth deeme his state opprobrious.  
 Thou then, that fram'st both words and voice most skilfully,  
 Teelde to our eares a sweet and sound relation:  
 If Loue tooke thee by force, or caught thee quikfully.*

Dorus. *If sunny beames shame beaunty habitation,  
 If three leaw'd grasse seeme to the sheepe vnsauory,  
 Then base and sowre is Loues most high vocation.  
 Or if sheepes cries can helpe the Sunnes owne brauery,  
 Then may I hope, my pipe may haue ability,  
 To helpe her praise, who decks me in her slavery.  
 No, no: no words ennoble selfe nobilitie,  
 As for your doubts, her voice was it deceiued me,  
 Her eye the force beyond all possibility.*

Dicus. *Thy words well voyc'd, well grac'd had almost heaued me,  
 Quite from my selfe to loue Loues contemplation;  
 Till of these thoughtis thy sodayne ende bereaued me,  
 Goe on therefore, and tell vs by what fashion  
 In thy owne prooue he gets so straunge possession,  
 And how possessest he strengthens his inuasion.*

Dorus. *Sight is his roote, in thought is his progression,  
 His childhood wonder, prentizeship attention,  
 His youth delight, his age the soules oppression,  
 Doubt is his sleepe, he waketh in inuention,  
 Fancy his foode, his clothing is of carefullnesse,  
 Beauty his booke, his play louer dissention:  
 His eyes are curious search, but vaild with warefullnesse  
 His wings desire oft clipt with desperation:  
 Largeesse his hands could neuer skill of sparefullnesse  
 But how he doth by might, or by perswasion  
 To conquire, and his conquest how to ratifie,  
 Experience doubts, and schooles hold disputation.*

Dicus. *But so thy sheepe may thy good wishes satisfie  
 VVith large encrease, and wooll of fine perfection,*

T

So



*So she thy loue, her eyes thy eies may gratifie,  
As thou wilt giue our soules a deare refection,  
By telling how she was, how now she framed is  
To helpe, or hurt in thee her owne infection.*

**Dorus.** *Blest be thy name, wherewith my mistres named is:  
Whose wounds are salues, whose yokes please more then pleasure doth:  
Her siaines are beames; vertue the fault she blamed is,  
The hart, eye, eare here onely find his treasure doth.  
All numbring arts her enaiesse graces number not:  
Time, place, life, wit, scarcely her rare gifts measure doth.  
Is she in rage? so is the Sunne in summer hot,  
Yet haruest brings. Doth she, alas! absent her selfe?  
The Sunne is hid; his kindly shadowes cumber not.  
But when to giue some grace she doth content her selfe,  
O then it shines, then are the heauens distributed,  
And Venus seemes, to make vp her, she spent her selfe.  
Thus then (I say) my mischiefs haue contributed  
A greater good by her diuine refection,  
My harmes to mee, my blisse to her attributed.  
Thus she is sam'd: her eyes are my direction,  
Her loue my life, her anger my destruction:  
Lastly what so she is, that's my protection.*

**Dicus.** *Thy safetie sure is wrapped in destruction,  
For that construction thine own words do beare.  
A man to feare a womans moodie eye,  
Makes Reason lie a slaue to seruile sense,  
A weake defence where weaknesse is thy force:  
So is remorse in folly dearly bought.*

**Dorus.** *If I had thought to heare blasphemous words,  
My breast to swords, my soule to hell haue sold  
I rather would, then thus mine eares defile  
With words so vile, which wiler breath doth breed.  
O heards take heed; for I a wolfe haue found,  
Who hunting round the strongest for to kill,  
His breast doth fill with earth of others woe,  
And ioden so pulls downe pull'd downe destroyes,  
O shepheards boyes, eschue these tongues of venome,  
Which do enueneome both the soule and senses.  
Our best defences are to fise these adders,  
O tongues like ladders made to ctime dishonour,  
Who iudge that honour, which hath scope to flaunder!*

**Dicus.** *Dorus you wander farre in great reproches,  
So loue enchroches on your charmed reason,  
But it is season for to end our singing.*

*Such*

*Such anger (bringing : as for me, my fancie  
In sicke-mans frenzie rather takes compassion,  
Then rage for rage : rather my wish I send to thee,  
Thou soone may haue some helpe, or chaunge of passion:  
She oft her lookes, the starres her fauour bend to thee,  
Fortune store, Nature health, Lone graunt perswasion.  
A quiet minde none but thy selfe can lend to thee,  
Thus I commend to thee all our former loue.*

*Dorus. VVell do I proue, error lies oft in Zeale,  
Yet it is zeale, though error, of true heart.  
Nought could impart such heats to friendly minde,  
But for to find thy words did her disgrace,  
Whose only face the little heauen is,  
VVhich who doth misse, his eyes are but delusions,  
Barr'd from their chiefeſt obieſt of delightfullneſſe,  
Throwne on this earth, the Chaos of confusions;  
As for thy wish, to my enraged ſpitefullneſſe,  
The louely blow, with rare reward, my praiſe is  
Thou maiſt loue her, that I may ſee thy ſightfullneſſe.  
The quiet mind (whereof my ſelfe empaier is,  
As thou doeſt thinke) ſhould moſt of all diſquiet me  
Without her loue, then any mind who fairer is,  
Her only cure from ſurfeit woes can diet me:  
She holds the ballance of my contentation:  
Her cleared eies, nought elſe in ſtormes can quiet me.  
Nay rather then my eaſe diſcontentation  
Should breed to her, let me for aye deieſted be  
From any ioy, which might her grieve occaſion.  
VVith ſo ſweet plagues my happy harmes infected be,  
Paine wils me die, yet will of death I mortifie:  
For though life irkes; in life my lones protected be,  
Thus for each change my changeleſſe heart I fortifie:*

When they had ended to the good pleaſing of the aſſiſtants, eſpecially of *Zelma-  
ne*, who neuer forgot to giue due commendations to her friend *Dorus*, *Baſilius* cal-  
led for *Lamon* to end his diſcourſe of *Strephon* & *Klaius*, wherwith the other day he  
marked *Zelma* to haue bene exceedingly delighted. But him ſickneſſe had ſtayed  
from that aſſembly: which gaue occaſion to *Hiſtor* & *Damon* two yong ſhepheards,  
taking vpon them the two friendly riuals names, to preſent *Baſilius* with ſome other  
of their complaints Eclogue-wiſe, and firſt with this double Seſtine.

*Strephon, Klaius.*

*Strephon. Ye Gote heard Gods, that lone the graſſie mountaines,  
Ye Nympts that haunt the ſprings in pleaſant vallies,  
Ye Satyrs ioy'd with free and quiet ferreſts,  
Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to plaining muſicke.*

T 2

*Which*

*Which to my woes giue still an early morning,  
And drawes the dolor on till weary euening.*

Klarius. *O Mercurie, foregoer to the euening,  
O heauenly huntresse of the sauage mountaines,  
O louely starre, entitled of the mornning,  
Vvhile that my voice doth fill these wofull vallies,  
Vouch, ase your silent eares to plaining musicke,  
Which oft hath Echo tyr'd in secret Forrests.*

Strephon. *I that was once free burgesse of the Forrests,  
Where shade from Sunne, and sports I sought at euening,  
I that was once esteem'd for pleasant musicke,  
Am banisht now among the monstrous mountrines  
Of huge d'spaire, and soule afflictions vallies,  
Am growne a shrich-owle to my selfe each morning.*

Klarius. *I that was once delighted euery morning,  
Hunting the wild inhabiteurs of Forrests:  
I that was once the musicke of these vallies,  
So darkened am, that all my day is euening,  
Hart broken so, that mole hills seeme high mountaines,  
And fill the vales with cries in steed of musicke.*

Strephon. *Long since alas, my deadly swannish musicke,  
Hath made it selfe a crier of the morning,  
And hath with wailing strength clim'd highest mountaines:  
Long since my thoughts more desert be then Forrests:  
Long since I see my ioyes come to their euening,  
And fate throwne downe to ouertreden vallies.*

Klarius. *Long since the happy dwellers of these vallies,  
Haue pray'd me leaue my straunge exclaiming musike,  
Vvhich troubles their dayes worke, and ioyes of euening:  
Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning:  
Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in Forrests,  
And make me wish my selfe laia vnder mountaines.*

Strephon. *Me seemes I see the high and stately mountaines,  
Transforme themselves to low dejected vallies:  
Me seemes I heare in these ill chaunged Forrests,  
The Nightingales do learne of Owles their musicke,  
Me seemes I feele the comfort of the morning,  
Turn'd to the mortall serene of an euening:*

Klarius. *Me seemes I see a filthy cloudy euening,  
As soone as Sunne begins to clime the mountaines:  
Me seemes I feele a noysome sent, the morning*

*when*



*When I doo smell the flowers of these vallies:  
Me seemes I heare, when I doo heare sweete musicke,  
The dreadfull cries of murdered men in Forrests,*

Strephon. *I wish to fire the trees of all those Forrests,  
I giue the Sunne a last farewell each euening,  
I curse the fidling finders out of musicke:  
With enuie I doo hate the lofty mountaines;  
And with dispite despise the humble vallies;  
I doo detest night, euening, day, and morning.*

Klaius. *Curse to my selfe my praier is, the morning;  
My fire is more then can be made with Forrests;  
My state more base, then are the basest vallies  
I wish no euening more to see, each euening;  
Shamed I hate my selfe in sight of mountaines,  
And stoppe mine eares, lest I grow mad with musicke.*

Strephon. *For she whose parts maintaine a perfect musicke,  
Whose beauty shin'de more then the blushing morning,  
Who much did passe in state the stately mountaines,  
In streightnesse past the Cedars of the Forrests,  
Hath cast me wretch into eternall euening,  
By taking her two Sunnes from these darke vallies.*

Klaius. *For she, to whom compar'd, the Alps are vallies,  
She whose least word brings from the spheres their musick,  
At whose approach the sunne rose in the euening,  
Who where she went bare in her forehead morning,  
Is gone, is gone, from these our spoyled Forrests,  
Turning to desarts our best pastur'd mountaines.*

Strephon. *These mountaines witnesse shall, so shall these vallies,  
These Forrests eke, made wretched by our musicke,*

Klaius. *Our morning hymne is this, and song at euening.*

But, as though all this had bin but the taking of a taste of their wailings, Strephon againe began this Dizaine, which was answered vnto him in that kind of verse which is called the crowne.

Strephon.      Klaius.

Strephon. *I loy in grieve, and doo detest all ioyes:  
Despise delight am tyr'd with thought of ease:  
I turne my minde to all formes of annoyes,  
And with the change of them my fancie please,  
I study that which may me most displease,  
And in despite of that displeasures might,*

*Embrace that most, that most my saule destroyes,  
Blinded with beames, fell darknesse is my sight:  
Dwell in my ruines, feede with sucking smart  
I thinke from me, not from my woes to part.*

**Klaius.** *It thinke from me, not from my woes to part,  
And loath this time, call'd life, nay thinke, that life  
Nature to me for torment did impart;  
Thinke, my hard haps haue blunted deaths sharpe knife,  
Not sparing me, in whom his workes be rise:  
And thinking this, thinke nature, life, and death  
Place Sorowes triumph on my conquerd heart,  
Whereto I yeeld, and seeke none other breath,  
But from the sent of some infectious grane:  
Nor of my fortune ought, but mischiefe craue.*

**Strephon.** *Nor of my fortune ought but mischiefe craue,  
And seeke to nourish that, which now containes  
All what I am: if I my selfe will saue,  
Then must I saue, what in me chiefly raines,  
Which is the hatefull web of sorowes paines.  
Sorrow then cherish me, for I am sorrow:  
No being now, but sorrow I can haue:  
Then decke me as thine owne; thy helpe I borrow,  
Since thou my riches art, and that thou haste  
Enough to make a fertill mind lie waste.*

**Klaius.** *Enough to make a fertill minde lie waste,  
Is that huge storme, which powres it selfe on me:  
Hailestones of teares, of sight a monstrous blast,  
Thunders of cries; lightnings my wilde lookes be,  
The darkened heaue my soule, which nought can see,  
The flying spirits which trees by rootes vptear,  
Be those despaires which haue my hopes quite wast.  
The difference is, all folkes those stormes forbear,  
But I cannot; who then my selfe should flie,  
So close vnto my selfe my wrackes do lie.*

**Strephon.** *So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doo lie,  
But cause, effect, beginning, and the ende  
Are all in me: what helpe then can I trie?  
My ship, my selfe, whose course to lone doth bende,  
Sore beaten doth her mast of comfort spend:  
Her cable, Reason, breakes from anchor, Hope:  
Fancie her tackling, torne away doth flie:  
Ruine, the winde, hath blowne her from her scope:  
Bruised with waues of Cares, but broken is  
On rocke, Despaire, the buriall of my blisse.*

Klarius. *On rocke, Despaire, the burial of my blisse,  
I long do plowe with plough of d. cpe desire:  
The seede Fast meaning is, no truth to misse:  
I harrow it with Thoughts, which all conspire  
Favour to make my chiefe and onely hire.  
But, wee is me, the yeare is gone about,  
And now I faine would reape, I reape but this  
Hateful; growne, Absence new sprong out.  
So that I see, although my sight empaire,  
Vaine is their paine, who labour in despaire.*

Strephon. *Vaine is their paine, who labour in despaire:  
For so did I, when with my angle Wilt,  
I sought to catch the fish I orpedo faire.  
Euen then Despaire did Hope already kill:  
Yet fancy would perforce employ his skill,  
And this hath got; the catcher now is caught,  
Lam'd with the angle, which it selfe did beare,  
And vnto death, quite drown'd in dolours, brought  
To death, as then disguised in her faire face.  
Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase.*

Klarius. *Thus, thus alas, I had my losse in chase,  
When first that crowned Basiliske I knewe,  
Whose footesteps I with kisses oft did trace,  
Till by such hap, as I must euer rue,  
Mine eyes did light vpon her shining hue,  
And hers on me, astonisht with that sight.  
Since then my hart did loose his wonted place,  
Infected so with her sweet poysons might,  
That, leauing me for dead, to her it went:  
But ah, her flight hath my dead reliques spent.*

Strephon. *But ah her flight hath my dead reliques spent,  
Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me,  
Yet liuing still in her, while her beames lent  
Such vitall sparke, that her mine eyes might see.  
But now these liuing lights absented be,  
Full dead before, I now to dust should fall,  
But that eternall paines my soule haue hent,  
And keepe it still within this body thrall:  
That thus I must, while in this death I dwell,  
In earthly fetters feele a lasting hell.*

Klarius. *In earthly fetters feele a lasting hell  
Alas I doo; from which to finde release,  
I would the earth, I would the beauens sell,  
But vaine it is to thinke these paines should cease,*



*Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.  
O faire, ô only faire, from thee alas,  
Thise foule, most foule, defastres to me sell;  
Since thou from me (ô me) O Sunne didst passe.  
Therefore esteeming all good blessings toyes,  
I ioy in grieve, and do detest all ioyes.*

Strephon. *Ioy in grieve, and do detest all ioyes,  
But now an end, (ô Klaius) now an end:  
For euen the hearbes our hatefull musicke stroyes,  
And from our burning breath the trees do bend.*

So wel were these waileful cōplaints accorded to the passions of al the princelie hearers, while euey one made what he heard of another the ballance of his own fortune, that they stood a long while stricken in a sad and silent consideration of them. Which the old *Geron* no more marking then condemning in them, desirous to let forth what counsels the wisdom of age had laid vp in store against such fancies (as he thought) follies of youth, yet so as it might not appeare that his words respected them, bending himselfe to a young shepheard named *Philicides*, (who neither had daunced nor sung with them, and had all this time laine vpon the ground at the foot of a *Cypresse* tree, leaning vpon his elbow with so deepe a melancholy that his senses caried to his mind no delight from any of their objects) he strake him vpon the shoulder with a right old mans grace, that will seeme liuelier then his age will afford him. And thus began vnto him his Eglogue.

*Geron. Philicides.*

*Geron. V**P, vpon Philicides, let sorowes go,  
Vvho yeelds to woe, doth but increase his smart,  
Do not thy heart, to plaintfull custome bring.  
But let vs sing, sweet tunes do passions ease,  
An old man heare, who would thy fancies raise.*

*Philicides. V**Who minds to please the mind drown'd in annoyes  
Vvith outward ioyes, which inlie cannot sinke,  
As well may thinke with oyle to coole the fire:  
Or with desire to make such foe a frend,  
Vvho doth his soule to endlesse malice bend.*

*Geron. Yet sure an end to each thing time doth giue,  
Though woes now liue, at length thy woes must dye:  
Then vertue trie, if she can worke in thee  
That which we see in many time hath wrought,  
And weakest hearts to constant temper brought.*

*Philicides. Who euer taught a skillese man to teach,  
Or stop a breach, that neuer Cannon saw?  
Sweet vertues law barrs not a cansefull mone.*

*Time*

*Time shall in one my life and sorrowes end,  
And me perchaunce your constant temper lend*

Geron. *What can amend where phisicke is refused?  
The wits abuse with will no counsaile take.  
Yet for my sake discouer vs thy grieve.  
Oft comes reliefe when most we seeme in trap.  
The starres thy state, fortune may change thy hap.*

Philifides. *If fortunes lappe became my dwelling place,  
And all the starres conspired to my good,  
Still were I one, this still should be my case,  
Ruines relique, cares web, and sorowes soode:  
Since she faire fierce to such a state me calles,  
Whose wit the starres, whose fortune fortune thralls.*

Geron. *Alas what fals are false vnto thy minde?  
That there where thou confest thy mischief lyes,  
Thy wit dost vse still still more harmes to finde.  
Whom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes,  
What counsell can preuaile, or light giue light?  
Since all his force against himselfe he tries.  
Then each conceit that enters in his sight,  
Is made, for sooth, a lurate of his woes,  
Earth, sea, ayre, fire, heau'n, hell, and gastly sprite,  
Then cries to sencelesse things, which neither knowes  
What ayleth thee, and if they knew thy minde  
Would scorne in man (their king) such feeble show's.  
Rebell, Rebell, in golden fetters binde  
This tyrant Loue; or rather do suppress  
Those rebell thoughts which are thy slaues by kinde.  
Let not a glittering name thy fancie dresse  
In painted clothes, because they call it loue.  
There is no hate that can thee more oppresse.  
Begin (and halfe the worke is done) to proue  
By rising vp, vpon thy seife to stand,  
And thinke she is a she, that doth thee meue.  
He water plowes, and soweth in the sand,  
And hopes the flickring winde with net to hold,  
Who hath his hopes laide vpon womans hand.  
What man is he that hath his freedome solde?  
Is he a manlike man, that doth not know man  
Hath power that Sex with bridle to withhold?  
A fickle Sex, and true in trust to no man,  
A seruant Sex, soone proud if they be coy'd:  
And to conclude, thy mistresse is a woman.*

Philifides. *O gods, how long this old foole hath annoy'd*

*My*

My wearied cares! O gods yet graunt me this,  
 That soone the world of his false tong be void,  
 O noble age who place their only blisse  
 In being heard untill the hearer dye  
 Vstring a serpents mind with serpents hisse.  
 Then who will heare a well autorisde lye,  
 (And patience hath) let him go learne of him  
 What swarmes of vertues aid in his youth flie  
 Such hartes of brasle, wise heads, and garments trim  
 Were in his daies: which heard, one nothing heares,  
 If from his words the falshood he do skim.  
 And herein most their jolly vaine appears,  
 That since they still alledge, When they were yong.  
 It shewes they fetch their wit from youthfull yeares  
 Like beast for sacrifice, where saue the tong  
 And belly nought is left, such sure is he,  
 This life-deadman in this old dungion flong.  
 Olde houses are throwne downe for new we see:  
 The oldest Rammes are culled from the flocke:  
 No man doth wish his horse should aged bee.  
 The ancient oke well makes a fired blocke:  
 Old men themselves, doe loue yong wiues to choose:  
 Only fond youth admires a rotten flocke.  
 Who once a white long beard, well handle does,  
 (As his beard him, not he his beard did beare)  
 Though cradle witted, must not honour loose.  
 Oh when will men leaue off to iudge by haire,  
 And thinke them olde, that haue the oldest mind,  
 With vertue fraught and full of koly feare!

Geron. If that thy face were hid, Or I were blind,  
 I yet should know a yong man speaketh now,  
 Such wandring reasons in that speech I find,  
 He is a beast, that beasts vse wil allow  
 For prooffe of man, who sprung of heau'n by fire  
 Hath strongest soule, when most his raines do bowe.  
 But fondlings fond, know not your owne desire  
 Loth to dye yong, and then you must be old,  
 Fondly blame that to which your selues aspire.  
 But this light choller that doth make you bold,  
 Rather to wrong then vnto iust defence,  
 Is past with me, my bloud is waxed cold.  
 Thy words, though full of malapert offence,  
 I way them not, but still will thee aduise  
 How thou from foolish loue maist purge thy sense.  
 First thinke they erre, that thinke them gaily wise,  
 Who well can set a passion out to shew:  
 Such sight haue they that see with goggling eyes.

Passion



*Passion beares high when puffing wit doth blow,  
 But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,  
 True cause of euils; and cause of causelesse woe.  
 If once thou maist that fancie glosse destroy  
 Within thy selfe, thou soone wilt be ashamed,  
 To be a player of thine owne annoy.  
 Then let thy minde with better bookes be tamed.  
 Seeke to espie her faults as well as praise,  
 And let thine eyes to other sportes be framed.  
 In hunting fearefull beasts, do spend some dayes,  
 Or catch the birds with pitfals, or with tyme,  
 Or traine the foxe that traines so crafty layes.  
 Lie but to sleepe, and in the early prime  
 Seeke skill of hearbs in hilles, haunt brookes neere night,  
 And trie with bayt how fish will bite sometime.  
 Go graze againe, and seeke to graft them right,  
 Those pleasant plants, those sweet and frutesfull trees,  
 Which both the pallate, and the eyes delight.  
 Cherish the hives of wisely painfull Bees:  
 Let speciall care vpon thy flocke be stayd,  
 Such attune mind but seldome passion sees.*

*Philifides. Hath any man heard what this old man said?  
 Truly not I, who did my thoughts engage,  
 Where ail my paines one looke of her hath paid.*

*Geron was euen out of countenance, finding the words he thought were so wise,  
 winne so little reputation at this young mans hands; & therefore sometimes loo-  
 king vpon an old acquaintance of his called Mastix, one of the repiningst fellows  
 in the world, and that beheld no body but with a mind of mislike (saying still the  
 world was amisse, but how it should be amended he knew not) sometimes casting  
 his eyes to the ground, euen ashamed to see his gray haire despised, at last he spied  
 his two dogges, whereof the elder was called Melampus, and the younger Lelaps,  
 (indeed the iewels he euer had with him) one brawling with another; which oc-  
 casion he tooke to restore himself to his countenance, and rating Melampus, he be-  
 gan to speake to his dogs, as if in them a man should find more obedience then in  
 vnbridled young men.*

Geron. Mastix.

*Geron. Downe, downe Melampus, what? your fellow bite?  
 I set you ore the flocke I dearely loue,  
 Them to defend, not with your selues to fight.  
 Do you not thinke this will the wolues remoue  
 From former feare, they had of your good minds,  
 When they shal such deuided weaknesse proue?  
 What if Lelaps a better morsell find  
 Then you earst knew? rather take part with him*

*Then*

Then iarle: lo, lo, euen these how enuy blindes,  
 And then Lælaps let not pride make thee brim;  
 Because thou hast thy fellow ouergone,  
 But thanke the cause, thou seest, where he is dim.  
 Here Lælaps, here, indeede against the foen  
 Of my good sheepe, thou neuer trew's time tooke:  
 Be as thou art, but be with mine at one.  
 For though Melampus like a wolfe do looke,  
 (For age doth make him of a woluish hew)  
 Yet haue I seene when well a wolfe he shooke.  
 Foole that I am, that with my dogges speake grewe.  
 Come neere good Mastix, tis now full tway score  
 Of yeares (alas) since I good Mastix knew.  
 Thou heardst euen now a yong man snub me sore,  
 Because I red him, as I would my sonne.  
 Youth will haue will: Age must to age therefore.  
 Mastix. What maruell if in youth such faults be done,  
 Since that we see our saddest Shepheards out  
 Who haue their lesson so long time begunne?  
 Quickly secure, and easily in doubt,  
 Either a-sleepe be alisf nought assaile,  
 Or all abroad if but a Cubb start out.  
 VVe shepheards are like them that vnder saile  
 Doe speake high words, when all the coast is cleare,  
 Yet to a passenger will bonnet vaile.  
 I can thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare,  
 But commonly like currs we them entreate,  
 Saue when great need of them perforce appeare.  
 Then him we kisse, whom late before we beatt  
 With such intemperance, that each way grows  
 Hate of the first, contempt of latter feate,  
 And such discord twixt greatest shepheards flowes,  
 That sport it is to see with how great arte,  
 By iustice worke they their owne faults disclose:  
 Like busie boyes, to win their tutors heart,  
 One saith, he mockes; the other saith he plaies,  
 The third his lesson mist, till all do smart.  
 As for the rest, how shepheards spend their dayes,  
 At blow-point, hot cocles, or else at keels,  
 While, Let vs passe our time each shepheards sayes.  
 So small account of time the shepheard feeles,  
 And doth not feele, that life is nought but time,  
 And when that time is past, death holdes his heeles,  
 To age thus do they draw their youthfull prime,  
 Knowing no more, then what poore tryall shoves,  
 As fish sure tryall hath of muddie slime.  
 This paterne good, vnto our children goes,  
 For what they see their parents loue or hate,

Their

*Their first caught sence prefers to teachers blows,  
These cocklings cockred we bewaile too late,  
When that we see our offspring gaily bent,  
Women man-wood, and men effeminate.*

*Geron. Fy man, fy man, what words hath thy tounge lent?  
Tet thou art mickle worse then ere was I,  
Thy too much zeale, I feare thy braine hath spent,  
We oft are angrier, with the feeble flie  
For businesse, where it pertaines him not,  
Then with the poisonous todes that quiet lie.  
I pray thee what hath ere the Parret got,  
And yet they say he talkes in great mens bowers?  
A Cage (guilded perchance) is all his lot,  
Who of his tongue the lickour gladly powrs,  
A good foole call'd with paine, perhaps may be,  
But euen for that shall suffer mighty Lowers.  
Let swannes example siker serue for thee,  
Who once all birds, in sweetly singing past,  
But now to silence turn'd his minstrelsie.  
For he would sing, but others were defastes,  
The peacockes pride, the pyes pild stattery,  
Cormorants glut, Kites spoile, king fishers waste.  
The Falcons fiercenesse, Sparrowes letchery,  
The Cockows shame, the Gooses good intent,  
Euen turtle taught he with hypocrisie.  
And worse of other more, till by assent  
Of all the birdes, but namly those were griened,  
Of fowles there called was a parliament.  
There was the swan of dignity deprived,  
And statute made he neuer should haue voice,  
Since when I thinke he hath in silence lined.  
I warne thee therefore (since thou maist haue choice)  
Let not thy tongue become a fiery match,  
No sword so bytes as that euill toole annoyes.  
Let our vnpartiall eyes a little watch  
Our owne demeanour, and soone we wonder shall,  
That hunting faults, our selues we did not catch.  
Into our mindes let vs a litle fall,  
And we shall find more spots then Leopards skin.  
Then who makes vs such indages ouer all?  
But farewell now, thy fault is no great sinne,  
Come, come my curre, tis late I will goe in.*

And away with his doggs straight he went, as if he would be sure to haue the last word: al the assembly laughing at the lustinesse of the old fellowe who departed muttering to himselfe he had scene more in his dayes then twenty of them. But



*Basilus*, whoneuer before had heard *Philisides* (though hauing seldome failed to be at these metings) desired him he would begin some Eclogue with some other of the shepheards according to the accustomed guise, *Philisides* though very vnwilling, at the Kings cōmaundement offred to sing with *Thyrsis*. But he directly refused him, seeing, he should within few dayes be married to the faire *Kala*, & since he had gotten his desire he would sing no more. Then the king willed *Philisides* to declare the discourse of his own fortunes vnknownen to them as being a stranger in that country; but he prayed the king to pardon him, the time being farre too ioyful to suffer the rehearfall of his miseries. But to satisfie *Basilus* some way, he began an Eclogue betwixt himselfe and the *Echo*, framing his voice so in those desert places as what wordes he would haue the *Echo* replie vnto, those he would sing higher then the rest; and so kindly framed a disputation betwixt himselfe and it, which with these hexameters in the following order he vttered.

*Philisides.*

*Echo.*

*Faire Rockes, goodly riuers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace? Peace.*  
*Peace: what barres me my tongue? who is it that comes me so ny? I.*  
*Oh! I do know what guest I haue met; it is Echo. 't is Echo.*  
*Well met Echo, approch: then tell me thy will too, I will too.*  
*Echo, what do I get yeelding my spirit to my grieues? Grienes.*  
*What medicine may I finde for a grieue that drawes me to death? Death.*  
*O poisonous medecin! what worse to me can be then it? It.*  
*In what state was I then, when I tooke this deadly disease? Ease.*  
*And what manner a minde which had to that humor a vaine? Vaine.*  
*Hath not Reason enough vehemence the desire to reprove? Proue.*  
*Oft proue I: but what salue, when Reason seekes to be gone? One.*  
*Oh! what is it? what is it that may be a salue to my loue? Loue?*  
*What do louers seeke for, long seeking for to enioy? Ioy.*  
*VVhat be the ioyes which for to enioy they went to the paines. Paines.*  
*Then to an earnest Loue what doth best victory lend? Ende.*  
*End but I can neuer end, loue will not giue me the leaue? Leau.*  
*How be the mindes dispos'd that cannot tast thy physick? Sick.*  
*Yet say againe thy aduise for th'eails that I told thee? Itold thee.*  
*Doth th'infected wretch, of his harme th'extremitie know? No.*  
*Eut if he know not his harmes what guides hath he whilst he be blind? Blind,*  
*VVhat blind guides can he haue that leanes to fancie? A fancie.*  
*Can fancies want eyes, or he fall that steppeth aloft? Oft.*  
*VVhat causes first made these torments on me to light? Light.*  
*Can then a cause be so light that forceth a man to go die? Tea.*  
*Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to die? Eye.*  
*Eysight made me to yeeld, but what first pierst to my eyes? Eies.*  
*Eies hurters, eies hurt: but what from them to me falles? Falles.*  
*But when I first did fall, what brought most fall to my hard? Art.*  
*Art? what can be that art that ihon dost meane by thy speche? Speche.*  
*VVhat be thy fruites of speaking art? what growes by the words? VVords.*  
*O much more then words: those wordes seru'd more me to blesse. Lesse.*

*Oh*

Oh when shall I be knowne, where most to be knowne I do long? Long.  
 Long be thy woes for such newes, but how reck's she my thoughts? Oughts.  
 Then then what do I gaine since vnto her will I do winde? Wine.  
 Winde, tempests & stormes, yet in ende what giues she desire? Ire.  
 Silly reward! yet among women hath she if vertue the most, Most.  
 What great name may I giue to so heau'nly a woman? A woe-man.  
 Wo, but seemes to me ioi, that agrees to my thought so. I thought so.  
 Thinke so, for of my desired blisse it is only the course. Curse.  
 Curse be thy selfe for cursing that which leads me to ioies. Tais.  
 What be the sweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard? Hard.  
 What makes them be unkind? Speake for th'ast narrowly cry'd? Pride.  
 Whence can pride come there, since springs of beautie be thence? Thence.  
 Horrible is this blasphemy vnto the most holy. O lie.  
 Thou ist false Echo; th'ir minds as vertue be iust, Iust.  
 Mock'st thou these? Diamonds which only be matcht by the gods? Ods.  
 Ods? what an ods is there since them to the heau'ns t'preferre? Erre.  
 Tell yet againe me the names of these faire form'd to do euils. Devils.  
 Devils? if in hell such deuils do abide, to the hells I do go. Go.

*Philisides* was commended for the placing of his Echo, but little did he regard their praises, who had let the foundation of his honour there, where he was most despised: and therefore returning againe to the traine of his desolate pensiueneffe, *Zelmane* seeing no body offer to fill the stage, as if her long restrained conceits did now burst out of prison: she thus desiring her voyce should be accorded to nothing, but to *Philoctetes* cares, threw downe the burden of her minde in *Anacreons* kinde of verses.

My muse what ailes this ardour  
 To blase my onely secrets?  
 Alas it is no glory  
 To sing mine owne decay'd state.  
 Alas it is no comfort,  
 To speake without an answer.  
 Alas it is no wisdom  
 To shew the wound without cure.

My muse what ailes this ardour?  
 Mine eyes be dim, my lims shake,  
 My voice is hoarse, my throat scercht,  
 My toung to this my roose cleaues,  
 My fancy amaze, my thought dul'd,  
 My hart doth ake, my life faints,  
 My soule begins to take leane.  
 So great a passion all feele,  
 To thinke a soare so deadly  
 I should so rashly rip up.

My muse what ailes this ardour?  
 If that to sing thou art bent,  
 Go sing the fall of old Thebes,  
 The warres of ougly Centaures,  
 The life, the death of Hector;  
 So may the song be famous,  
 Or if to loue thou art bent,  
 Recount the rape of Europe,  
 Adonis end, Venus net,  
 The sleepe kisse the Moone stale:  
 So may thy song be pleasant.

My muse what ailes this ardour?  
 To blase my onely secrets?  
 Wherin do only flourish  
 The sorie fruits of anguish:  
 The song thereof a last will,  
 The tunes be cries, the words plaints,  
 The singer is the songs theame,  
 V 2 Where

Wherein no eare can haue ioy,  
Nor eyerreceiue due obiekt  
Ne pleasure here, ne fame get.

My muse what ail's this ardour?  
Alas she saith I am shine,  
So are thy pains my pains too.  
Thy heated heart my seat is  
Wherein I burne thy breath is  
My voice, too hot to keepe in,  
Besides to heere the author  
Of all thy harmes: Lo here she,

That only can redresse thee,  
Of her wilt I demaund helpe.

My muse I yeeld, my muse sing,  
But all thy song herein knit,  
The life we lead is all lone:  
The loue we hold is all death,  
Nor ought I craue to feede life,  
Nor ought I seeke to shun death,  
But ouerly that my goddesse  
My life my death do counsels hers.

*Basilus* when shee had fully ended her song, fell prostrate vpon the ground, and thanked the Gods they had preferued his life so long, as to heare the very muticke they themselves vsed, in an earthly body. And the with like grace to *Zelmanc* neuer left intreating her, till she had (taking a *Lyra Basilus* helde for her) song these *Phaeniciakes*:

Reason, tell me thy mind, if here be reason  
In this strange violence, to make resistance.  
Where sweet graces erect the stateli banner  
Of vertues regiment, shining in harnesse  
Of fortunes Diademes, by beauty mustred,  
Say then Reason; I say, what is thy counsell?

Her loose haire be the shot, she brest the pikes be,  
S kowts each motion is, the hands be horsemens,  
Her lips are the riches she warres to maintaine,  
Where well couched abides a coffer of pearle  
Her legges carriage is of all the sweet campe:  
Say then Reason; I say, what is thy counsell?

Her cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,  
Which at first voly gaue too open entrie,  
Nor ramper did abide; my braine was vp blowne,  
Vndermin'd with a speech the piercer of thoughts.  
Thus weakned by my selfe, no helpe remaineth:  
Say then Reason; I say, what is thy counsell?

And now fame the herald of her true honour,  
Dosh proclaime with a sound made all by mens mouths,  
That nature soueraine of earthly dwelliers,  
Commands all creatures, to yeeld obeyfance  
Vnder this, this her owne, her only darling.  
Say then Reason; I say, what is thy counsell?

Reason sighes, but in end he thus dosh answer.

*Thought*



*Nought can reason anaine in heavenly matters.  
 Thus natures Diamond receiue thy conquest,  
 Thus pure pearle, I do yeeld my senses and soule.  
 Thus sweete paine, I do yeeld, what ere I can yeeld,  
 Reason looke to thy selfe, I serue a goddesse.*

*Dorus had long he thought kept silence from saying somwhat which might tend  
 to the glory of her in whom al glory to his seeming was included, but now he brake  
 it, singing these verses called As. lepiadikes.*

*O sweet woodes the delight of solitarinesse!  
 O how much I do like your solitarinesse!  
 Where mans mind hath a freed consideration  
 Of goodnesse, to receiue iouely direction.  
 Where senses do beholde th' order of heau'nly hoste,  
 And wis: thoughts do behold what the creator is:  
 Contemplation here holdeth his only seate:  
 Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope  
 Clymes euen vnto the starres, Nature is vnder it.  
 Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy service yeeldes,  
 Each sight draws on a thought, thought mother of science,  
 Sweet birds kindly do graunt harmony vnto thee,  
 Faire trees shade is enough fortification,  
 Ncr danger to thy selfe if be not in thy selfe.*

*O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!  
 O how much do I like your solitarinesse!  
 Here nor treason is hid, vailed in innocence,  
 Nor enuies snake eye, findes any harbour here,  
 Nor flatterers v:imous insinuations,  
 Nor comming humorists pulled opinions,  
 Nor curteous ruine of proffered vsury,  
 Nor time prated away, cradle of ignorance,  
 Nor causelesse duty, nor cumber of arrogance,  
 Nor tiffing title of v:anity dazzleth vs,  
 Nor golden manacles, stand for a paradise,  
 Here wrongs name is vn' heard: slander a monster is,  
 Keepe thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt.  
 Wha: man grafts in a tree dissimulation?*

*O sweete woods the delight of solitarinesse!  
 O how well I do like your solitarinesse  
 Tet deare soile, if a soule clos'd in a mansion  
 As sweet as violets, faire as a lilly is,  
 Streight as Cedar, a voice staines the Cannary birds,  
 Whose shade safety doth holde, danger annoydeth bers  
 Such wisdom, that in her lines speculation:*

Such goodnesse that in her simplicitie triumphs:  
 Where enuies snakie eye, winketh or els dyeth,  
 Slander wants a pretext, flattery gone beyond:  
 Oh! if such a one haue bent, to a louchy life,  
 Her steps glad we receiue, glad we receiue her eyes.  
 And thinke not she dosh hurt our solitarinesse,  
 For such company decks such solitarinesse.

The other Shepheards were offering themselues to haue continued the sports, but the night had so quietly spent the most part of her selfe among them, that the king for that time licēsed thē. And so bringing *Zelmaue* to her lodging, who would much rather haue done the same for *Philoclea*, of al sides they went to counterfet a sleepe in their bed, for a true one their agonies could not afford them. Yet there they lay (so might they be most solitary for the food of their thoughts) till it was neere noone the next day, after which *Basilins* was to continue his *Apollo* deuotiōs, and the other to meditate vpon their priuate desires.

*The end of the second Eclogues.*

THE





THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE  
COUNTESSSE OF PEMBROKES  
ARCADIA.

(:.)

**T**His last daies daunger, hauing made *Pamela's* loue discern what a losse it should haue suffered if *Dorus* had bene destroyed, bred such tenderesse of kindnesse in her roward him, that shee could no longer keep loue from looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words; whom before as a close prisoner she had to her heart onely committed; so as finding not onely by his speeches and letters, but by the pittfull oration of a languishing behauour, and the easly disciphered character of a sorrowfull face, that Despaire began now to threaten him destruction, shee grew content both to pitie him, and let him see she pitied him, as well by making her owne beautifull beames to thaw away the former ycinnesse of her behauour, as by entertaining his discourses (whensoeuer he did vse them) in the third person of *Musidorus*; to so farre a degree, that in the end she said, that if she had bene the Princeesse whom that disguised Prince had vertuously loued, she would haue requited his faith with faithfull affection: finding in her heart, that nothing could so hartly loue as vertue: with many mo' words to the same sence of noble fauour, and chaste plainnesse. Which when at the first it made that expected blisse shine vpon *Dorus*; he was like one frozen with extremitie of cold, ouer-hastily brought to a great fire, rather oppressed then reliued with such a lightning of felicity. But after the strength of nature had made him able to feele the sweetnesse of ioyfulnessse, that againe being a child of passion, and neuer acquainted with mediocrity, could not set bounds vpon his happinesse nor be content to giue desire a kingdome, but that it must be an vnlimited monarchie. So that the ground he stood vpon being ouer-high in happinesse, and slippery through affection, he could not hold himselfe from falling into such an error, which with sighes blew al comfort out of his breast, & washt away al chearfulness, of his cheare with teares. For this fauour filling him with hope, Hope encouraging his desire, and Desire considering nothing but oportunitie: one time (*Mopsa* being called away by her mother, and he left alone with *Pamela*) the sudden occasion called Loue, and that neuer staid to aske Reasons leaue, but made the too-much louing *Dorus* take her in his armes, offering to kisse her, and as it were, to establish a trophee of his victory. But shee, as if shee had bene ready to drinke a wine of excellent taste and colour, which sodainly shee perceiued had poyson in it, so did she put him away from her: looking first vp to heauen, as mazed to find her selfe so beguiled in him; then laying the cruell punishment vpon him of angrie Loue,



and lowring beauty, shewing disdain, and a despising disdain, Away (said she) unworthy man to loue, or to be loued. Assure thy selfe, I hate my selfe for being so deceived; iudge then what I do thee for deceiuing me. Let me see thee no more, the onely fall of my iudgement, and stain of my conscience. With that she called *Mopsa*, not staying for any answer (which was no other but a flood of teares) which she seemed not to marke (much lesse to pittie) and chid her for hauing so left her alone,

It was not a sorrow, but it was euen a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus*: which certainly at that instant wold haue killed him, but that the feare to tarry longer in her presence (contrary to her commaundement) gaue him life to cary himselfe away from her sight, and to run into the woods, where throwing himselfe downe at the foot of a tree, he did not fall to lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieving for himselfe (which he did no way) but to curses of his life, as one that detested himselfe. For finding himselfe not onely vnhappy, but vnhappy after being fallen frō all happinesse: & to be fallen frō all happinesse, not by any misconceiuing, but by his owne fault, & his fault to be done to no other but to *Pamela*; he did not tender his owne estate, but despised it; greedily drawing into his mind, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And so remained he two dayes in the woods, disdainig to giue his body food; or his mind comfort, louing in himselfe nothing, but the loue of her. And indeede that loue onely straued with the fury of his anguish, telling it, that if it destroyed *Dorus*, it should also destroy the image of her that liued in *Dorus*: and when the thought of that was crept in vnto him, it began to winne of him some compassion to the shrine of that image, & to bewaile not for himselfe (whō he hated) but that so notable a loue shold perish. Then began he onely so farre to wish his owne good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the punishment: and the vttermost height he aspired vnto, was, that after his death she might yet pity his errour, and know that it proceeded of loue, and not of boldnesse. That conceit found such friendship in his thoughts, that at last he yeelded since he was banished her presence, to seeke some meanes by writing to shew his sorrow and testifie his repentance. Therefore getting him the necessary instruments of writing, he thought best to counterfeit his hand (fearing that as already she knew his, she would cast it away as soone as she saw it) and to put it in verse, hoping that would draw her on to read the more, chusing the *Elegiac* as fittest for mourning. But neuer pen did more quakingly performe his office; neuer was paper more double moistened with inke and teares; neuer wordes more slowly married together, and neuer the Muses more tired then now with changes and rechanges of his deuises: feating how to end, before he had resolved how to begin, mistrusting each word, condemning each sentence. This word was not significant, that word was too plaine: this would not be conceiued, the other would be ill conceiued: her sorrow was not enough expressed, there he seemed too much for his owne sake to be sorry: this sentence rather shewed arte then passion, that sentence rather foolishly passionate, then forcibly mouing. At last, marring with mending, and putting out better then he left, he made an end of it; and being ended, was diuers times ready to teare it; til this reason assuring him, the more he studied, the worse it grew, he folded it vp, deuourly inuoking good acceptation vnto it: & watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner (sauiug *Mopsa*) to the other Lodge, stole vp into *Pamela*'s chamber, and in her standish (which first he kissed; and craued of it a safe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be seen at her next vsing her

her inke(himselfe returning againe to be true prisoner to desperate sorow)leaving her standish vpon her beds head,to giue her the more occasion to marke it: which also fell out.

For she finding it at her afternoone returne, in another place then she left it, opened it. But when she saw the letter, her heart gaue her from whence it came. And therefore clapping it too againe, she went away from it, as if it had bene a contagious garment of an infected person: and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had read it, though she were loth to reade it. Shall I (saide she) second his boldnesse so farre, as to reade his presumptuous letters? And yet (saith she) he sees me not now to grow the bolder therby: & how can I tell whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthy to be receiued: and yet the paper, she thought, was not guiltie. At last she concluded, it were not much amisse to looke it ouer: that she might out of his words picke some further quarell against him. Then she opened it, and threw it away, and tooke it vp againe, till (ere she were aware) her eyes would needs read it, containing this matter;

**V**Nto a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,  
and now fullie beleenes helpe to be quite perished;  
Grant yet, grant yet a looke, to the last monument of his anguish,  
O you (alas so I find) cause of his only ruine.  
Dread not a whit (O goodly cruell) that pittie may enter  
into thy heart by the sight of this Epistle I send:  
And so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the recitall,  
least it might th' allure home thy selfe to returne,  
(Vnto thy selfe I do meane those graces dwell so within thee,  
gracefullnesse, sweetnesse, holy loue, hartie regard)  
Such thing cannot I seeke (despaire hath giu'n me my answer:  
Despaire most tragicall clause to a deadly request)  
Such thing cannot he hope, that knowes thy determinate hardnesse;  
hard like a rich Marbell: hard, but a faire Diamond.  
Can those eyes that of eyes drown'd in most hartie flowing teares,  
(teares and teares of a man) had no returne to remorse;  
Can those eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a sorow,  
which inke only relates, but ne laments, ne replies?  
Ah, that, that I do I not conceiue (though that to my blisse were)  
More then Nestors yeares, more then a kings Diademe:  
Ah, that, that I do not conceiue, to the heauen when a mouse climes  
then may I hope to achieue grace of a heauenly Tiger.  
But, but alas, like a man condemn'd doth craue to be heard speake,  
Not that he hopes for amends of the desaster he feeles,  
But finding th' approach of death with an inly relenting,  
giues an adieu to the world, as to his only delight:  
Right so my boiling heart, enflam'd with fire of a faire eye,  
bubbling out doth breath signes of his huge dolours:  
Now that he finds to what end his life, and loue he reserued,  
and that he thence must part, where to liue only he liu'd.  
O faire, O fairest, are such thy triumphes to thy fairenesse?  
can death beatie become? must I be such monument?

*Must*

Must I be only the marke, shall prooue that vertue is angrie?  
 Shall prooue that fiercenesse can with a white Dove abide?  
 Shall to the world appeare that faith and loue be rewarded  
 with mortall disdain, bent to vnendly reuenge?  
 Vnto reuenge? O sweet, on a wretch wilt thou be reuenged  
 shall such high planet tend to the losse of a worme?  
 And to reuenge who do bend, would in that kind be reuenged,  
 as th' offence was done, and go beyond if he can.  
 All my offence was loue: with loue then must I be chastned:  
 and with more, by the lawes that to reuenge do belong.  
 If that loue be a fault, more faults in you to be louely:  
 Loue neuer had me oppress, but that I saw to be lou'd.  
 You be the cause that I lou'd: what Reason blameth a sl adow,  
 that with a body't goes? since by a body it is.  
 If that Loue you did hate, you should your beauty haue hidden:  
 you should haue those faire eyes haue with a wile coner'd.  
 But foole, foole that I am, those eyes would shine from a darke cane.  
 what verties then do preuaile, but to a more miracle?  
 Or those golden lockes, those locks which locke me to bondage,  
 torne you should disperse vnto the blasts of a wind.  
 But foole, foole that I am, tho I had but a haire of her head found  
 en'n as I am, so I should vnto that haire be a thrall.  
 Or with faire hand-nayls (o hand which nailes me to this death)  
 you should haue your face (since Loue is ill) blemished.  
 O wretch, what do I say? should that faire face be defaced?  
 should my too-much sight cause so true a Sun to be lost?  
 First let Cimmerian darknesse be my on't habitation.  
 first be mine eyes puld out, first be my braine perished;  
 Ere that I should consent to do so excesstue a damage  
 into the earth, by the hurt of this her heavenly ieuell.  
 O not, but such loue you say you could haue asoorded,  
 as might learne Temp'rance void of rages euents.  
 O sweete simplicitie. from whence should Loue be so learned?  
 vnto Cupid that boy shall a Pedant be found?  
 Well: but faultie I was: Reason to my passion yeelded,  
 passion vnto my rage. Rage to a hastie reuenge.  
 But what's this for a fault, for which such faith be abolisht,  
 such faith so stamelsse, inuiolate, violent?  
 Shall I not? o may I not thus yet refresh the remembrance,  
 what sweet ioyes I had once, and what a place I did hold?  
 Shall I not once obiect, that you, you graunted a fauour  
 vnto the man, whom now such miseries you award?  
 Bend your thoughts to the deare sweet words which then to me giu'n were:  
 thinke what a world is now, thinke who hath aliter'd her heart.  
 What was I then worthy such good, now worthy such euill?  
 now fled, then christe'd? then so nie, now so remote?  
 Did not a rosed breath, from lips more rosie proceeding,  
 say, that I well should finde in what a care I was lead?

VVish



*With much more: now what do I find, but Care to abhorre me,  
 Care that I sinke in grieve, Care that I line banished?  
 And banished do I line, nor now will seeke a recou'ry,  
 since so she will, whose will is to me more then a law.  
 If then a man in most ill case may giue you a farewell:  
 farewell, long farewell, all my wo, all my delight.*

What this would haue wrought in her, shee her selfe could not tell: for, before her reason could moderate the disputation betweene Fauour and Faultinesse, her sister, and *Miso*, called her downe to entertaine *Zelmae*, who was come to visite the two sisters; about whom, as about two Poles the skie of Beauty was turned: while *Gynecia* wearied her bed with her melancholy sicknesse, & made *Miso* shrewdnesse (who like a sprite, set to keepe a treasure, bard *Zelmae* from any further conference) to be the Lieutenant of her icalousie: both she and her husband driuing *Zelmae* to such a straight of resolution, either of impossible graunting, or daungerous refusing, as the best escape she had, was (as much as she could) to auoid their company. So as, this day, being the fourth day after the vprore (*Basilus* being with his sicke wife, conferring vpon such examinations, as *Philanax*, & other of his noblemen had made of this late sedition, all touching *Cecropia* with vehemēt suspicion of giuing either flame or fewell vnto it) *Zelmae* came with her body, to finde her minde, which was gone long before her, and had gotten his seat in *Philo-clea*: who now with a bashfull chearefulnesse (as though she were ashamed, that she could not choose but be glad) ioyned with her sister, in making much of *Zelmae*.

And so as they sate deuising how to giue more feathers to the winges of time, there came to the lodge dore sixe maids, all in one liuery of scarlet peticotes, which were tuckt vp almost to their knees, the peticotes themselues being in many places garnished with leaues, their legs naked, sauing that about the anckles they had litle blacke silke laces, vpon which did hang a few siluer bells: like which they had a litle about their elbowes vpon their bare arme. Vpon their haire they ware garlands of roses & gilliflowers; & the haire was so drest, as that came againe about the garlands, enterchāging a mutual couering: so as it was doubtful, whether the haire drest the garlands, or the garlands drest the haire. Their breasts liberal to the eye, the face of the foremost of the, in excellencie faire; & of the rest louely, if not beautifull: & beautiful might haue bene, if they had not suffered greedy *Phæbus*, ouer-often, & hard, to kille the. Their countenances full of a gracefull grauity; so as the gesture matcht with the apparell, it might seeme a wanton modestie, & an enticing sobernesse. Each of the had an instrumēt of musike in their hāds, which comforting their well pleasing tunes, did charge each eare with vnensiblenesse, that did not lend it selfe vnto them. The musike entring alone into the Lodge, the Ladies were al desirous to see frō whence so pleasant a guest was come. & therefore wēt out together; where before they coid take the paines to doubt, much lesse to aske the questiō of their quality, the fairest of them (with a gay, but yet discreet demeanor) in this sort spake vnto them. Most excellent Ladies, whose excellencies haue power to make cities enuy these woods, and solitarinesse to be accounted the sweetest company) vouchsafe our message your gracious hearing, which as it comes frō loue, so cōes it from louely persons. The Maides of all this coast of *Arcadia*, vnderstanding the often accesse that certaine shepheards of these quarters, are allowed to haue in this  
 forbid-

forbidden place; and that their rural sports are not disdained of you, haue bin stirred vp with emulation to the, & affection to you, to bring forth something, which might as well breed your contentment: and therefore hoping that the goodnesse of their intention, and the hurtlesse of their sex shal excuse the breach of the commandemēt in cōming to this place vsent for, they chose out vs, to inuite both your princely parents, and your selues, to a place in the woods about halfe a mile hence: where they haue prouided some such sports, as they trust your gracious acceptations will interpret to be delightfull. We haue bene at the other Lodge, but finding the there busied in waightier affaires, our trust is, that you yet wil not deny the shining of your eyes vpo vs. The Ladies stood in some doubt whether they shold go or not, least *Basilus* might be angry withall. But *Miso* (that had bene at none of the Pastorals, and had a great desire to lead her old fences abroad to some pleasure) told them plainly, they should nor wil nor choose, but go thither, & make the honest cōuntry people know, that they were not so squeamish as folkes thought of the. The Ladies glad to be warranted by her authority; with a smiling hūblenes obciēd her: *Pamela* only casting a seeking looke, whether she could see *Dorus* (who poore wretch, wandred half mad for sorow in the woods, crying for pardō of her, who could not heare him) but indeed was grieved for his absence, hauing giuen the wound to him through her own hart. But so the three Ladies & *Miso* wēt with those six *Nymphes*, conquering the length of the way with the force of musicke, leauing only *Mopsa* behind, who disgraced weeping with her countenance, because her mother would not suffer her to shew her new scoured face among the. But the place appointed (as they thought) met them halfe in their way, so well were they pleased with the sweet tunes & prety conuersation of their inuiters. There found they in the midst of the thickest part of the wood, a litle square place, not burthened with trees, but with a boord couered, & beautified with the pleasantest fruits, that sun-burnd *Autumne* could deliuer vnto the. The maids besought the Ladies to sit down & tast of the swelling grapes, which seemed great with childe of *Bacchus*: & of the diuerse coloured plums, which gaue the eie a pleasant tast before they came to the mouth. The Ladies would not shew to scorne their prouisiō, but eat & drāke a litle of their coole wine, which seemed to laugh for ioy to come to such lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the comming forth of such deuises as were prepared for them, there rusht out of the woods twentie armed men, who round about enuironed them, and laying hold of *Zelmane* before she could draw her sword, and taking it from her, put hoods ouer the heades of al foure, and so muffled, by force set them on horseback, & caried them away; the sisters in vaine crying for succour, while *Zelmanes* heart was rent in peeces with rage of iniury, and disdaine of her fortune. But when they had caried them a foure or fīue mile further, they left *Miso* with a gagge in her mouth, and bound hand and foot, so to take her fortune: and brought the three Ladies (by that time the night seemed with her silence to conspire to their treason) to a Castle about ten mile from the Lodges: where they were faine to take a boate which waited for them: for the Castle stood in the midst of a great lake vpon a high rocke, where partly by Arte, but principally by Nature, it was by all men esteemed impregnable. But at the Castle gate their faces were discovered, and there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the sisters knew their Aunt in law *Cecropia*. But that sight increased the deadly terrour of the princeesses, loking for nothing but death, since they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet cāe vnto the,

ma-

making curtesie the outside of mischiefe, & desiring them not to be discomforted: for they were in a place dedicated to their seruice, *Philoclea* (with a looke where loue shined through the mist of Feare) besought her to be good vnto them, hauing neuer deserued euill of her. But *Pamelas* high heart disdained humblenesse to injury, Aunt (said she) what you haue determined of vs I pray you do it speedily: for my part I looke for no seruice, where I find violence.

But *Cecropia* (vsing no more words with them) conueyed them all three to seuerall lodgings (*Zelmanes* heart so swelling with spite, that she could not bring forth a word) and so left them: first taking from them their kniues, because they should do themselves no hurt, before she had determined of them: and then giuing such order that they wanted nothing but liberty, and comfort, she went to her sonne, who yet kept his bed, because of his wound he had receiued of *Zelmana*, and told him, whom now he had in his power. *Amphialus* was but euen then returned from farre countries, where he had wonne immortall fame, both of courage & curtesie, when he met with the Princesses, and was hurt by *Zelmana*, so as he was vtterly ignorant of all his mothers wicked deuises, to which he would neuer haue consented, being (like a rose out of a brier) an excellent sonne of an euill mother: and now when he heard of this, was as much amazed, as if he had seene the Sunne fall to the earth. And therefore desired his mother that she would tell him the whole discourse, how all these matters had happened. Sonne (said she) I will do it willingly, and since all is done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And howsoeuer I might be ashamed to tell it strangers, who would thinke it wickednesse, yet what is done for your sake (how euill soeuer to others) to you is vertue. To begin then euen with the beginning, this doting foole *Basilus* that now raignes, hauing liued vnmarried till he was nigh threescore yeares old (and in all his speeches affirming, and in all his doings assuring, that he neuer would marrie) made all the eyes of this country to be bent vpon your father, his onely brother (but younger by thirtie yeares) as vpon the vndoubted successor: being indeed a man worthy to reigne, thinking nothing enough for himselfe: where this goose (you see) puts downe his head, before there be any thing neere to touch him. So that he holding place and estimation as heire of *Arcadia*, obtained me of my father the King of *Argos*, his brother helping to the conclusion, with protesting his bachelery intention: for else you may be sure the King of *Argos*, nor his daughter would haue suffered their Royall blood to be stained with the base name of subiection. So that I came into this country as apparant Princess thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of all the Ladies of this countie. My port and pompe did well become a King of *Argos* daughter: in my presence their tongues were turned into eares, and their eares were captiues vnto my tongue. Their eyes admired my Maiesty, & happy was he or she, on whom I would suffer the beames thereof to fall. Did I go to Church? it seemed the very Goddess waited for me, their deuotions not being solemnized till I was ready. Did I walke abroad to see any delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it selfe: for to it was the concourse, one thrusting vpon another, who might shew himselfe most diligent & seruiceable towards me: my sleepes were inquired after, and my wakings neuer vn-saluted: the very gate of my house full of principall persons, who were glad, if their presents had receiued a gratefull acceptation. And in this felicitie wert thou borne, the very earth submitting it selfe vnto thee to be trode on as by his Prince; & to that passe had my husbands vertue (by my good help) within short time brought it, with a plot we layd, as we should not haue needed to haue waited the tedious



worke of a naturall end of *Basilus*; when the heauens (I thinke enuying my great felicity) then stopt thy fathers breath, when he breathed nothing but power & souerainty. Yet did not thy orphanacy, or my widdowhood, depriue vs of the delightful prospect, which the hill of honour doth yeeld, while expectation of thy succession did bind dependencies vnto vs.

But before (my sonne) thou wert come to the age to feele the sweetnesse of authoritie, this beast (whom I can neuer name with patience) falsely and foolishly married this *Gynecia*, then a young girle, and brought her to sit aboue me in al seatts to turne her shoullder to me-ward in all our solemnitie. It is certaine, it is not so great a spite to be surmounted by strangers, as by ones owne allies. Thinke then what my mind was, since withall there is no question: The fall is greater from the first to the second, then from the second to the vndermost. The rage did swell in my heart, so much the more as it were faine to be suppressed in silence, and disguised with humbleness. But aboue all the rest, the griefe of grieues was, when with these two daughters (now thy prisoners) she cut off all hope of thy succession. It was a tedious thing to me, that my eyes should looke lower then any bodies, that (my selfe being by) anothers voice then mine, should be more respected. But it was insupportable vnto me, to thinke that not only I, but thou shouldst spend all thy time in such misery, & that the Sun should see my eldest sonne lesse then a Prince. And though I had bin a Sainct I could not choose, finding the change this change of fortune bred vnto me, for now from the multitude of followers, silence grew to be at my gate, & absence in my presence. The guesse of my mind cou'd preuaile more before, then now many of my earnest requests. And thou (my deare sonne) by the fickle multitude no more then an ordinary person (borne of the mud of the people) regarded. But I (remembering that in all miseries weeping becomes fooles, and practise wise folks) haue tried diuers means to pull vs out of the mire of subiection. And though many times fortune failed me, yet did I neuer faile my selfe. Wild beasts I kept in a caue hard by the lodges, which I caused by night to be fed in the place of their pastorals, I as then liuing in my house hard by the place, and against the houre they were to meet (hauing kept the beasts without meate) then let them loose, knowing that they would seeke their food there, and deuoure what they found. But blind Fortune hating sharpe-sighted inuentions, made them vnluckily to be kylled. After I vsed my seruant *Chinias* to stir a notable tumult of country people: but those loues were too grosse instruments for delicate conceits. Now lastly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quits; and with a sleight I vsed of my fine-witted wench *Artesia*, with other maides of mine, would haue sent these goodly inheritrices of *Arcadia*, to haue pleaded their cause before *Pluto*, but that ouer fortunatly for the, you made me know the last day how vehemently this childish passion of loue doth torment you. Therefore I haue brought them vnto you, yet wishing rather hate then loue in you. For hate often begetteth victory; Loue commonly is the instrument of subiection. It is true, that I would also by the same practise haue entrapped the parents, but my maides failed of it, not daring to tary long about it. But this sufficeth, since (these being taken away) you are the vndoubted inheritor, and *Basilus* will not long ouer-lieue this losse.

O mother (said *Amphialus*) speake not of doing them hurt, no more then to mine eyes, or my hart, or if I haue any thing more deare then eies, or hart vnto me. Let others find what sweetnesse they wil in euer fearing, because they are euer feared: for my part, I will thinke my selfe highly intituled, if I may be once by *Philocka* accepted for

for a seruant. Well (said *Cecropia*) I would I had borne you of my mind, as wel as of my body: then should you not haue suncke vnder these base weakneses. But since you haue tied your thoughts in so wilfull a knot, it is happy my policy hath brought matters to such a passe, as you may both enioy affection, and vpon that build your soueraignty. Alas (said *Amphialus*) my hart would faine yeeld you thanks for setting me in the way of felicity, but that feare kills the in me, before they are fully borne. For if *Philoclea* be displeased, how can I be pleased? if she count it vnkindnesse, shal I giue tokens of kindnesse? perchance she condemnes me of this action, & shal I triumph (perchance she drownes now the beauties I loue with sorrowfull teares, and where is then my reioycing? You haue reason (said *Cecropia* with a fained grauery) I wil therefore send her away presently, that her contentment may be recovered. No good mother (said *Amphialus*) since she is here, I would not for my life constrain presence, but rather would I die then consent to absence, Prety intricate follies (said *Cecropia*) but get you vp, and see how you can preuaile with her, while I go to the other sister. For after we shall haue our hands full to defend our selues, if *Basilus* hap to besiege vs. But remembring her selfe, she turned backe and asked him what hee would haue done with *Zelmane*, since now he might bee reuenged of his hurt. Nothing but honorably, answered *Amphialus*, hauing deserued no other of me, especially being (as I heare) greatly cherished of *Philoclea*: & therefore I cold wish they were lodged together. O no (said *Cecropia*) company confirms resolutions, & loneliness breeds a wearines of ones thoughts, & so a sooner consenting to reasonable profers

But *Amphialus* (taking off his mother *Philocleas* kniues, which he kept as a relique, since she had worne the) gat vp, and calling for his richest apparell, nothing seemed sumptuous inough for his mistresses eyes: and that which was costly, he feared were not dainty: and though the inuention were delicate, he misdoubted the making. As careful he was too of the colour, least if gay, he might seeme to glory in his iniury, & her wrong; if mourning, it might strike some euil preface vnto her of her fortune. At length he tooke a garment more rich then glating, the ground being black veluet, richly embordered with great pearle, & precions stones, but they set so among certaine tuffes of cipres, that the cipres was like black clouds, through which the stars might yeeld a darke luster. About his necke he ware a brode and gorgeous coller; wherof the peeces enterchangeably answering, the one was of diamonds & pearle, set with a white enamell, so as by the cunning of the workeman it seemed like a shining ice, and the other piece being of Rubies, and Opalles, had a fierie glistering, which he thought pictured the two passions of Feare and Desire, wherein he was enchained. His hurt (not yet fully well) made him a litle halt, but he straued to giue the best grace he could vnto his halting.

And in that sort he went to *Philocleas* chamber: whom hee found (because her Chamber was ouer-light some) sitting of that side of her bedde which was from the window; which did cast such a shadow vpon her, as a good Painter would bestow vpon *Venus*, when vnder the trees shee bewailed the murder of *Adonis*: her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her shoulder leaning to her beds head, and ouer her head a scarfe, which did eclipse almost halfe her eyes, which vnder it fixed their beames vpon the wall by, with so steddie a maner, as if in that place they might well change, but not mend their obiect: and so remained they a good while after his comming in, he not daring to trouble her, nor she perceiuing him, till that (a litle varying her thoughts something quickening her senses) shee heard him as he happed to stirre his vpper garment:

and perceiuing him, rose vp, with a demeanure, where in the booke of Beautie there was nothing to be read but Sorrow: for Kindnesse was blotted out, & Anger was neuer there.

But *Amphialus* that had entrusted his memory with long and forcible speeches, found it so locked vp in amazement, that he could pike nothing out of it, but the beseeching her to take what was done in good part, and to assure her selfe there was nothing but honour meant vnto her person. But shee making no other answer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were ioyned (with eyes something cast aside, and a silent sigh) gaue him to vnderstand, that considering his doings, she thought his speech as full of incongruity, as her answer would bee voide of purpose: wherevpon he kneeling downe, and kissing her hand (which shee suffered with a countenance witnessing captiuitie, but not kindnesse) hee besought her to haue pity of him, whose loue went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of vttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand; whereto the least motion of hers wold serue to determine, she being indeede the mistresse of his life, and he her eternall slaue; and with true vehemency besought her that he might heare her speake, whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to turne it selfe into these kind of words.

Alas cousin (said shee) what shall my tongue bee able to doo, which is inforced by the yeares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pittie, and vse cruelty; you say, you loue me, and yet doe the effects of enmity. You affirme your death is in my hands, but you haue brought mee to so neare a degree to death, as when you will, you may lay death vpon me: so that while you say, I am Mistresse of your life, I am not Mistresse of mine own. You entitle your selfe my slaue, but I am sure I am yours. If then violence, iniury, terror, and depriuing of that which is more deare then life it selfe, liberty, bee fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be easily perswaded. But if the nearnesse of our kined breede any remorse in you, or there be any such thinge in you, which you call loue toward me, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment: let not my heart waste it selfe by being vexed with feeling euill, and fearing worse. Let not mee be a cause of my parents wofull destruction; but restore mee to my selfe; and so doing I shall account I haue receiued my selfe of you. And what I say for my selfe, I say for my deare sister, and my friend *Zelmae*: for I desire no wel-being, without they may bee partakers. With that her teares rayned downe from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweete and beautifull flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poore woman, who louing a tame Doe she had, about all earthly things, hauing long played withall, and made it feede at her hand and lappe, is constrained at length by famine (all her focke being spent, and shee fallen into extreame pouerty) to kill the Deare, to sustaine her life. Many a pitifull looke doth she cast vpon it, and many a time doth shee draw backe her hand before she can giue the stroke. For euen so *Amphialus* by a hunger-starued affection, was compelled to offer this iniury, and yet the same affection made him with a tormenting grieffe, thinke vnkindnesse in himselfe, that hee could finde in his heart any way to restraine her freedome. But at length, neither able to graunt, nor deny, he thus answered her. Deare Lady (said he) I will not say vnto you (how iustly soeuer I may do it) that I am neither author, nor necessary vnto this your withholding. For since I do not redresse it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it. But this I protest



protest vnto you (and this protestation of mine, let the heaucens heare, and if I lie, let them answer me with a deadly thunderbolt) that in my soule I wish I had neuer seene the light, or rather, that I had neuer had a father to beget such a child, then that by my means those eyes shold ouerflow their own beauties, then by my means the skie of your vertue should be ouercrowded with sorrow. But woe is mee, most excellent Lady, I find my selfe most willing to obey you: neither truly do mine eares receaue the least word you speake, with any lesse reuerence, then as absolute, and vnresistable comandements. But alas, that tyrant Loue (which now possesseth the hold of all my life and reason) will no way suffer it. It is Loue, it is Loue, not I, which disobey you. What then shall I say? but that I, who am ready to lie vnder your feete, to venture, nay to loose my life at your least commandment: I am not the slay of your freedome, but Loue, Loue; which ties you in your owne knots. It is you your selfe, that imprison your selfe: it is your beauty which makes these castle walles embrace you: it is your own eyes, which reflect vpon themselves this iniury. Then is there no other remedy, but that you some-way vouchsafe to satisfie this Loues vehemencie; which (since it grew in your selfe) without question you shall find it (far more then I) tractable.

But with these words *Philoclea* fell to so extreme a quaking, and her liuely whitenesse did degenerate to such a deadly palenesse, that *Amphialus* feared some dangerous traunce: so that taking her hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to bee one of the chiefe firebrands of *Cupid*) had all the sence of it wrapt vp in coldenesse, he began humbly to beseech her to put away all feare, and to assure her selfe vpon the vow hee made thereof vnto God, and her selfe, that the vttermost forces hee would euer employe to conquer her affection, should bee Desire, and Desert. That promise brought *Philoclea* againe to her selfe, so that slowly lifting vp her eies vpon him, with a countenance euer curteous, but then languishing, she told him, that he should do well to doe so, if indeede he had euer tasted what true loue was. for that where now shee did beare him good will, she should (if he tooke any other way) hate, and abhorre the very thought of him: assuring him withall, that though his mother had taken away her kniues, yet the house of death had so many doores, as she would easily flie into it, if euer shee found her honour endangered.

*Amphialus*, hauing the cold ashes of care cast vpon the coales of Desire, leauing some of his mothers Gentlewomen to waite vpon *Philoclea*, himselfe indeed a prisoner to his prisoner, and making all his authority to bee but a footestool to Humblenesse, went from her to his mother. To whom with words which Affection endited, but Amazement vttered, hee deliuered what had passed betweene him and *Philoclea*: beseeching her to try what her perswasions could doo with her, while he gaue order for al such things as were necessary against such forces, as hee looked dayly *Basilus* would bring before his castle. His mother bad him quiet himselfe, for she doubted not to take fit times. But that the best way was first to let her owne Passion a little tire it selfe.

So they calling *Clinias*, and some other of their counsell, aduised vpon their present affaires. First, he dispatched priuate letters to al those principall Lords & gentlemen of the country, whom he thought either alliance, or friendship to himselfe might draw; with speciall motions from the generall consideration of duty: not omitting all such, whom either youthfull age, or youthlike mindes did fill with vnlimited desires: besides such, whom any discontentment made hungry of change,

or an ouer-spended want, made want a ciuill war: to each (according to the counsell of his mother) conforming himselfe after their humours. To his friends, friendliness; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the displeased, reuenge; to the greedy, spoile: wrapping their hopes with such cunning, as they rather seemed giuen ouer vnto them as partakers; then promises sprong of necessity. Then sent he to his mothers brother, the king of *Argos*: but he was as then so ouer-laid with war himselfe, as from thence he could attend small succour.

But because he knew how violently rumors do blow the sailes of popular iudgments, and how few there be that can discerne betweene truth and truthliknesse, betweene shewes and substance; he caused a iustification of this his action to be written, whereof were sowed abroad many copies, which with some glosses of probability, might hide indeede the foulnesse of his treason; and from true common-places, fetcht downe most false applications. For, beginning how much the duty which is owed to the countrye, goes beyond all other duties, since in it selfe it containes them all, and that for the respect thereof, not onely all tender respects of kinred, or whatsoener other friendshippes, are to be laid aside, but that euen long-held opinions (rather builded vpon a secret of gouernment, then any ground of truth) are to be forsaken. He fell by degrees to shew, that since the end wherto any thing is directed, is euer to be of more noble reckning, then the thing thereto directed: that therefore, the weale-publike was more to be regarded, then any person or magistrate that thereunto was ordained. The feeling consideration whereof, had moued him (though as neare of kinne to *Basilus* as could be, yet) to set principally before his eyes, the good estate of so many thousands, ouer whom *Basilus* reigned: rather then so to hoodwinke himselfe with affection, as to suffer the realme to runne to manifest ruine. The care whereof, did kindly appertaine to those who being subalterne magistrats and officers of the crowne, were to be employed as from the Prince, so for the people; and of all other, especially himselfe, who being descended of the Royall race, and next heire male. Nature had no sooner opened his eyes, but that the soile wherevpon they did looke, was to looke for at his hands a continuall carefulnesse: which as from his childhood he had euer caried; so now finding that his vncl had not only giuen ouer al care of gouernment, but had put it into the hands of *Philanax* (a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proude, and partiall dealing, liked of any) but beside, had set his daughters (in whom the whole estate, as next heires therunto, had no lesse interest then himselfe) in so vnfit and il-guarded a place, as it was not onely dangerous for their persons, but (if they should be conueyed to any forraine country) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therefore he had brought them into this strong castle of his, which way, if it might seeme strange, they were to consider, that new necessities require new remedies: but there they should be serued and honored as belonged to their greatnesse, vntill by the generall assembly of the estates, it should be determined how they should to their best (both priuate, and publike) aduantage be matched; vowing all faith & duty both to the father & children, neuer by him to be violated. But if in the meane time, before the estates could be assembled, he should be assailed, he wold then for his own defence take armes; desiring al, that either tendred the dangerous case of their country, or in their harts loued iustice, to defend him in this iust action. And if the Prince should command the otherwise, yet to know that therein he was no more to be obeyed, then if he should cal for poyson to hurt himselfe withall; since all that was done, was done for his seruice, howsoeuer he might  
(seduced

(seduced by *Philanax*) interprete of it: he protesting, that whatsoeuer he should do for his owne defence, should be against *Philanax*, and no way against *Basilus*.

To this effect, amplified with arguments and examples, and painted with rhetorical colours, did hee sow abroade many discourses: which as they preuailed with some of more quicke then sound conceipt, to run his fortune with him; so in many did it breed a coolenesse to deale violently against him, & a false minded neutrality to expect the issue. But besides the wayes he vsed to weaken the aduerser party, he omitted nothing for the strengthening of his owne. The chiefe trust whereof, because he wanted men to keepe the field, he reposed in the surety of his castile; which at least would win him much time, the mother of many mutations. To that therefore he bent both his outward and inward eies, struing to make Art strue with Nature, to whether of them two that fortification should be most beholding. The seat Nature bestowed, but Art gaue the building: which as his rockie hardnesse would not yeelde to vndermining force, so to open assaults he tooke counsell of skill, how to make al appoches, if not impossible, yet difficult; as well at the foot of the castle, as round about the lake, to giue vnquiet lodgings to them, whom only enmity wold make neighbours. Then omitted he nothing of defence, as well simple defence, as that which did defend by offending, fitting instruments of mischief to places, whence the mischief might be most liberally bestowed. Neither was his smallest care for victuals, as well for the providing that which should suffice, both in store & goodnesse, as in well preserving it, and wary distributing it, both in quantity & quality; spending that first which would keepe least.

But wherein he sharpened his wits to the piercingest point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, & maister spring (as it were) which makes all the rest to stut; & that therefore in the Art of man stood the quintessence, and ruling skill of all prosperous gouernment, either peaceably, or military) hee chose in number as many as without pestring (and so daunger of infection) his victuall would serue for two yeare to maintaine; all of able bodies, and some few of able mindes to direct, not seeking many commaunders, but contenting himselfe, that the multitude should haue obeying wittes, euery one knowing whom hee should commaund, and whom he should obey, the place where, and the matter wherein; distributing each office as neare as he could, to the disposition of the person that should exercise it. knowing no loue, daunger, nor discipline can suddenlye alter an habite in nature. Therefore would he not employ the still man to a shifting practise, nor the liberall man to be a despenser of his victuals, nor the kind-hearted man to be a punisher: but would exercise their vertues in sorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chiefe care to know them all particularly, and thoroughly, regarding also the constitution of their bodies; some being able better to abide watching, some hunger, some labour, making his benefit of each hability, & not forcing beyond power. Time to euery thing by iust proportion he allotted, and as well in that, as in euery thing else, no small error winkt at, least greater should be animated. Euen of vices he made his profit, making the cowardly *Clinias* to haue care of the watch, which he knew his own feare wold make him very wakefully performe. And before the siege began, he himselfe caused rumors to be sowed, and libels to be spread against himselfe, fuller of malice, then witty perswasion: partly to knowe those that would be apt to stumble at such motions, that he might cull them from the faithfuller band; but principally, because in necessity they should not know when any such things were in earnest attempted, whether it were, or not of his own



invention. But euen then before the enemies face came neare to breed any terror) did he exercise his men dayly in all their charges, as if Daunger had presently presented his most hidious presence: himselfe rather instructing by example, then precept; being neither more sparing in trauell, nor spending in diet, then the meanest souldier, his hand and body disdaining no bale matters, nor shrinking from the heauy.

The onely ods was, that when others tooke breath, he sighed; and when others rested, he crost his armes. For Loue passing thorow the pikes of Daunger, and tumbling it selfe in the dust of Labour, yet still made him remember his sweete desire, and beautifull image. Often when he had begun to commaund one, somewhat before halfe the sentence were ended, his inward guesst did so entertaine him, that hee would breake it off, and a pretty while after end it, when he had (to the maruell of the standers by) sent himselfe in to talke with his owne thoughts. Sometimes when his hand was lifted vp to do something, as if with the sight of *Gorgons* head he had bene suddenly turned into a stone, so would he there abide with his eyes planted, and hand lifted, till at length, comming to the vse of himselfe, he would looke about whether any had perceiued him; then would he accuse, and in himselfe condemne all those wits, that durst affirme Idelnesse to be the well-spring of Loue. O, would he say, all you that affect the title of wisdome, by vngratefull scorning the ornaments of Nature, am I now piping in a shadow? or doo slouthfull feathers now enwrap mee? Is not hate before mee, and doubt behind mee? is not daunger of the one side, and shame of the other? And doo I not stand vpon paine and trauell, and yet ouer all, my affection triumphes? The more I stirre about vrgent affaires, the more me thinkes the very stirring breedes a breath to blow the coales of my loue: the more I exercise my thoughts, the more they encrease the appetite of my desires. O sweete *Philoclea* (with that he would cast vp his eyes wherein some water did appeare, as if they would wash themselues against they should see her) thy heauenly face is my Astronomy; thy sweet vertue, my sweete Philosophy: let mee profit therein, and farewell all other cogitations. But alas, my mind misgiues me, for your planets beare a contrary aspect vnto me. Woe, woe is me, they threaten my destruction: and whom do they threaten this destruction? euen him that loues them; and by what meanes will they destroy, but by louing them? O deare (though killing) eyes, shall death head his darte with the gold of *Cupids* arrow? Shall death take his aime from the rest of Beauty? O beloued (though hating *Philoclea*, how if thou beest mercifull, hath cruelty stolne into thee? Or how if thou beest cruell, doth cruelty looke more beautifull then euer mercy did? Or alas, is it my destiny that makes mercy cruell: like an euill vessell which turnes sweet licour to sowernesse; so when thy grace falls vpon me, my wretched constitution makes it become fiercenesse. Thus would he exercise his elloquence, when she could not heare him, and be dumbe-stricken, when her presence gaue him fit occasion of speaking: so that his wit could finde out no other refuge, but the comfort and counsell of his mother, desiring her (whose thoughts were vnperplexed) to vse for his sake the most preuailling maners of intercession.

She seeing her sonnes safety depend thereon (though her pride much disdained the name of a desirer) tooke the charge vpon her, not doubting the easie conquest of an vnexpert virgin, who had already with subtilty and impudencie begun to vndermine a monarchy. Therefore, weighing *Philockas* resolutions by the counterpease of her owne youthfull thoughts, which shee then called to mind, shee doubted

doubted not at least to make *Philoclea* receiue the poyson distilled in sweet liquor, which she with little disguising had drunke vp thirstily. Therefore she went softly to *Philocleas* chamber, and peeping through the side of the doore, then being a little open, she saw *Philoclea* sitting lowe vpon a cushion, in such a giuen-ouer manner, that one would haue thought, silence, solitarinesse, and melancholie were come there, vnder the ensigne of mishap, to conquere delight, & driue him from his naturall seate of beautie: her teares came dropping downe like raine in Sun-shine, and she not taking heed to wipe the teares, they hong vpon her cheekes, & lips, as vpon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dressing of her haire & apparell, she might see neither a carefull art, nor an arte of carelesnesse, but euen left to a neglected chaunce, which yet could no more vnperfect her perfections, then a Die any way cast, could loose his squarenesse.

*Cecropia* (stirred with no other pitie, but for her sonne) came in, and haling kindnesse into her countenance, What ayles this sweet Lady, (said she) will you marre so good eyes with weeping? shall teares take away the beautie of that complexion, which the women of *Arcadia* wish for, and the men long after? Fie of this peeuish sadnesse; in sooth it is vntimely for your age. Looke vpon your owne bodie, and see whether it deserue to pine away with sorrow: see whether you will haue these hands (with that shee tooke one of her hands and kissing it, looked vpon it as if she were enamoured with it) fade from their whitenesse, which makes one desire to touch them; and their softnesse, which reboundes againe a desire to looke on them, and become drie, leane and yellow, and make every body wonder at the change, and say, that sure you had vsed some arte before, which now you had left? for if the beauties had bene naturall, they would neuer so soone haue bene blemished. Take a glasse, and see whether these teares become your eyes: although I must confesse, those eyes are able to make teares comely. Alas Madame (answered *Philoclea*) I know not whether my teares become mine eyes, but I am sure mine eyes thus beteared, become my fortune. Your fortune (said *Cecropia*) if she could see to attire her selfe, would put on her best raiments. For I see, and I see it with griefe, and (to tell you true) vnkindnesse: you misconster euery thing, that only for your sake is attempted. You thinke you are offended, and are indeed defended: you esteeme your selfe a prisoner, & are in truth a mistresse: you feare hate, and shall find loue. And truly, I had a thing to say to you, but it is no matter, since I find you are so obstinately melancholy, as that you woo his fellowship: I wil spare my paines, and hold my peace: and so stayed indeede, thinking *Philoclea* would haue had a female inquisitiuenesse of the matter. But she, who rather wished to vnknow what she knew, then to burthen her hart with more hopeles knowledge, only desired her to haue pity of her, and if indeed she did meane her no hurt, then to graunt her liberty: for else the very griefe and feare, would proue her vnappointed executioners. For that (said *Cecropia*) belecue me vpon the faith of a kings daughter, you shall be free, so soone as your freedome may be free of mortall danger, being brought hither for no other cause, but to preuent such mischiefes as you know not of. But if you thinke indeed to winne me to haue care of you, euen as of mine owne daughter, then lend your eares vnto me, and let not your mind atme it selfe with a wilfulnesse to be flexible to nothing. But if I speake reason, let Reason haue his due reward, perswasion. Then sweete neece (said she) I pray you presuppose, that now, euen in the midst of your agonies, which you paint vnto your selfe most horrible, wishing with sighes, & praying with vowes, for a soone and safe deliery. Imagine

necce

niece ( I say ) that some heauenly spirit should appeare vnto you, and bid you follow him through the doore, that goes into the garden, assuring you, that you should thereby returne to your deare mother, & what other delights soeuer your mind esteemes delights: would you (sweet niece) would you refuse to follow him, and say, that if he led you not through the chiefe gate, you would not enioy your ouer-desired liberty? Would you not drinke the wine you thirst for, without it were in such a glasse, as you especially fancied? tell me (deare niece) but I will answere for you, because I know your reason & wit is such as must needs conclude, that such nicenesse can no more be in you, to disgrace such a mind, then disgracefulnesse can haue any place in so faultles a beauty. Your wisdom would assuredly determin, how the mark were hit, not whether the bow were of Ewe or no, wherein you shot. If this be so, & thus sure (my deere niece) it is, then (I pray you) imagine, that I am that same good Angel, who grieuing in your griefe, and in truth not able to suffer, that bitter sighs should be sent forth with so sweete a breath, am come to lead you, not only to your desired, & imagined happinesse, but to a true & essentiall happinesse; not only to liberty, but to liberty with commandement. The way I will shew you (which if it be not the gate builded hitherto in your priuate choise, yet shall it be a doore to bring you through a garden of pleasures, as sweet as this life can bring forth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life: ( My sonne ) let it be no blemish to him that I name him my son, who was your fathers own nephew: for you know I am no small kings daughter ) my sonne ( I say ) farre passing the neernesse of his kinred, with neernesse of good-will, and struing to match your matchlesse beauty with a matchlesse affection, doth by me present vnto you the full enioying of your liberty, so as with this gift you will accept a greater, which is, this castell, with all the rest which you know he hath, in honourable quantitie; and wil confirm his gift and your receipt of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might say much both for the person and the matter, but who will crie out the Sun shines? It is so manifest a profit vnto you, as the meanest iudgement must straight apprehend it: so farre is it from the sharpnesse of yours, thereof to be ignorant. Therefore (sweet niece) let your gratefulnesse be my intercession, and your gentlenesse my eloquence, and let me cary comfort to a hart which greatly needs it. *Philoclea* looked vpon her, and cast downe her eye againe. Aunt (said she) I would I could be so much a mistresse of my owne mind, as to yeeld to my cousins vertuous request: for so I construe of it. But my hart is already set (& staying a while on that word, she brought forth afterwards ) to leade a virgins life to my death: for such a vow I haue in my selfe deuoutly made. The heauens preuent such a mischiefe ( sayd *Cecropia*. ) A vow, quoth you? no, no, my deare niece, Nature, when you were first borne, vowed you a woman, & as she made you child of a mother, so to doe your best to be mother of a child: she gaue you beautie to moue loue; she gaue you wit to know loue; she gaue you an excellent body to reward loue: which kind of liberall rewarding is crowned with an vnspeakable felicitie. For this, as it bindeth the receiuer, so it makes happy the bestower: this doth not impouerish, but enrich the giuer. O the sweet name of a mother: O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow vp, in whom you are ( as it were ) eternized: if you could conceiue what a hart-tickling ioy it is to see your owne little ones, with awfull loue come running to your lap, & like little models of your selfe, still cary you about the, you would thinke vnkindnesse in your own thoughts, that euer they did rebel against the mean vnto it. But perchance I set this blessednes before your eyes, as Captaines do victorie before their souldiers, to which they must come through

manic



many paines, grieues & dangers. No, I am cōtent you shrink from this my counsell, if the way to come vnto it, be not most of al pleasā. I know not (answered the sweet *Philoclea*, fearing least silence would offend for fullennesse) what contentment you speake of: but I am sure the best you can make of it (which is mariage) is a burdenous yoke. Ah, deare neece (said *Cecropia*) how much you are deceiued? A yoke indeed we al beare, laid vpō vs in our creation, which by mariage is not increased but thus far eased; that you haue a yokefellow to help to draw through the cloddy cūbers of this world. O widow-nights, beare wittnesse with me of the differēce. How oftē alas do I embrace the orphan side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my deare husband, and with teares acknowledge, that I now inioy such a liberty as the banished mā hath; who may, if he list, wāder ouer the world, but is for euer restrained frō his most delightful home: that I haue now such a liberty as the seeled doue hath, which being first deprivied of eyes, is then by the falconer cast off: For beleue me, neece, beleue me, mans experience is womans best eye-sight. Haire you euer scene a pure Rosewater kept in a christall glasse? how fine it lookes? how sweet it smells, while that beautifull glasse imprisons it? Breake the prison, & let the water take his own course, doth it not imbrace dust, & loose al his former sweetness, & fairenesse? Truly so are we, if we haue not the stay, rather then the restraint of Christalline marriage. My hart melts to thinke of the sweet comforts, I in that happy time receiued, when I had neuer cause to care, but the care was doubled: when I neuer reioyced, but that I saw my ioy shine in anothers eies. What shall I say of the free delight, which the hart might imbrace, without the accusing of the inward conscience, or feare of outward shame: and is a solitary life as good as this? then can one string make as good musick as a consort: thē can one colour set foorth a beauty. But it may be, the general consideratiō of marriage doth not so much mislike you as the applying of it to him. He is my son, I must confesse, I see him with a mothers eyes, which if they doo not much deceiue me, he is no such one, ouer whō contempt may make any iust challenge. He is comely, he is noble, he is rich, but that which in it selfe should cary all comelinesse, nobility, and riches, he loues you, & he loues you, who is beloued of others. Driue not away his affection (sweet Lady) and make no other lady hereafter proudly bragge, that she hath robbed you of so faithfull & notable a seruant. *Philoclea* heard some peeces of her speeches, no otherwise then one doth when a tedious prattler cūbers the hearing of a delightful musicke. For her thoughts had left her eares in that captiuitie, and conueied themselues to behold (with such eyes as imagination could lead them) the estate of her *Zelmane*: for whom how well she thought many of those sayings might haue bin vsed with a far more gratefull acceptation. Therefore listning not to dispute in a matter whereof her selfe was resolued, & desired not to enforme the other, she only told her, that whilest she was so captiued, she could not conceiue of any such perswasions (though neuer so reasonably; any otherwise, then as constraints: & as constraints must needs euen in nature abhorre them, which at her liberty, in their own force of reason, might more preuaile with her: & so faine wold haue returned the strength of *Cecropias* perswasions, to haue procured freedome.

But neither her witty words in an enemy, nor those words, made more then eloquent with passions through such lippes, could preuaile in *Cecropia*, no more then her perswasions could winne *Philoclea* to disauowe her former vow, or to leaue the prisoner *Zelmane*, for the commaunding *Amphialus*. So that both sides being desirous, and neither graunters, they brake off conference. *Cecropia* sucking vp more  
and

and more spite out of her denial, which yet for her sonnes sake, shee disguised with a viſard of kindneſſe, leauing no office vnperformed, which might either witneſſe, or endeare her ſonnes affection. Whatſoeuer could be imagined likely to pleaſe her, was with liberall diligence performed: Muſickes at her window, and eſpecially ſuch Muſickes, as might (with dolefull embaſſage) ſeal the mind to thinke of ſorrow, and thinke of it with ſweetneſſe; with ciuities ſo ſenſible expreſſing *Amphialus* caſe, that euery word ſeemed to be but a diuerſifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily preſents, as it were oblations, to pacifie an angrie Deitie, ſent vnto her: wherein, if the workemaſhip of the forme, had ſtriven with the ſumptuouſneſſe of the matter, as much did the inuention in the application, contend to haue the chiefe excellencie: for they were as ſo many ſtories of his diſgraces, and her perfections, where the richneſſe did inuite the eyes, the faſhion did entertaine the eyes, and the the deuice did teach the eyes, the preſent miſery of the preſenter himſelfe awfully ſeruiſeable: which was the more notable, as his authority was manifeſt. And for the bondage wherein ſhee liued, all meanes vſed to make knowne, that if it were a bondage, it was a bondage onely knit in loue-knots: but in hart already vnderſtanding no language but one. The Muſicke wrought indeede a dolefulneſſe, but it was a dolefulneſſe to be in his power: the dittie intended for *Amphialus*, ſhe tranſlated to *Zilmane*: the preſents ſeemed ſo many tedious clogs of a thrall'd obligation: and his ſeruiſe, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobrate (as ſhe thought) vnto her, her vnworthy eſtate: that euen he that did her ſeruiſe, had authority of commanding her, onely conſtruing her ſeruitude in his owne nature, eſteeming it a right, and a right better ſeruitude: ſo that all their ſhots (how well ſoeuer leuelled) being carried awry from the marke, by the ſtorme of her miſlike, the Prince *Amphialus* affectionately languished, and *Cecropia* ſpitefully cunning, diſdained at the barrenneſſe of their ſucceſſe.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would haue reuenged, but that ſhe ſaw her hurt could not be deuſed from her ſonnes miſchiefe: wherefore, ſhe bethought her ſelfe to attempt *Pamela*, whole beauty being equall, ſhe hoped, if ſhe might be won, that her ſons thoughts would rather reſt on a beautifull gratefulneſſe, then ſtill be tormented with a diſdaining beauty. Therefore, giuing new courage to her wicked inuentions, and vſing the more induſtry, becauſe ſhe had miſt in this, and taking euen precepts of preuailing in *Pamela*, by her failing in *Philoclea*, ſhe went to her chamber, and (according to her owne vngracious method of ſubtile proceeding) ſtood liſtning at the dore, becauſe that out of the circumſtance of her preſent behauiour, there might kindly ariſe a fit beginning of her intended diſcourſe.

And ſo ſhe might perceiue that *Pamela* did walke vp & downe, full of deepe (though patient) thoughts. For her looke & countenance was ſetled, her pace ſoft & almoſt ſtill of one meaſure, without any paſſionate geſture, or violent motion: till at length (as it were) awaking, & ſtrengthning her ſelfe, Well (ſaid ſhe) yet this is the beſt, and of this I am ſure, that how ſoeuer they wrong me, they cannot ouermaſter God. No darkneſſe blinds his eies, no gayle bars him out. To whom then elſe ſhould I flie, but to him for ſuccor? And therewith kneeling downe, euen where ſhe ſtood, ſhe thus ſaid. O al-ſeeing Light, & eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either ſo great, that it may reſiſt, or ſo ſmal, that it is contemned. Looke vpon my miſerie with thine eie of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchſafe to limite out ſome proportion of deliuerance vnto mee, as to thee ſhall ſeeme moſt conuenient. Let not iniury, O Lord, triumph ouer me, and let my faults by thy hand bee corrected, and make not mine

vniuſt

vnust enemy the minister of thy Iustice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdom, this be the aptest chastisement for my vnexcusable folly, if this low bondage bee fittest for my ouer-high desires; if the pride of my not inough humble hart, be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yeeld vnto thy will, and ioyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt haue me suffer. Onely thus much let me craue of thee (let my crauing, O Lord be accepted of thee, since euen that proceedes from thee) let me craue, euen by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may giue my selfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodnesse (which is thy selfe) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Maiesty so to shine into my minde, that it may stil depēd cōfidently vpon thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the ouerthrow of my vertue: let their power preuaile, but preuaile not to destruction: let my greatnes be their pray: let my pain be the sweetnes of their reuenge: let them (if so it seeme good vnto thee) vex me with more & more punishmēt. But, O Lord, let neuer their wickednes haue such a hand, but that I may cary a pure mind in a pure body. (And pausing a while) And O most gracious Lord (said she) what euer become of me, perserue the vertuous *Musidorus*.

The other part *Cecropia* might well heare, but this latter prayer for *Musidorus*, her hart held it, as so iewel-like a treasure, that it would scarce trust her owne lippes withal. But this prayer, sent to heauen, from so heauenly a creature, with such a feruent grace, as if Deuotion had borrowed her body, to make of it selfe a most beautifull representation; with her eyes so lifted to the skie-ward, that one would haue thought they hap begun to flie thitherward, to take their place among their fellow starres; her naked hands raising vp their whole length, & as it were kissing one another, as if the right had bene the picture of Zeale, and the left, of Humblenesse, which both vnited themselues to make their suites more acceptable. Lastly, all her senses being rather tokens then instruments of her inward motions, altogether had so strange a working power, that euen the hard-harted wickednesse of *Cecropia*, if it found not a loue of that goodnesse, yet it felt an abashment at that goodnesse, & if she had not a kindly remorse, yet had she an irkesome accusatiō of her own naughtinesse, so that she was put from the bias of her fore-intended lesson. For well shee found there was no way at that time to take that mind, but with some, at least, image of Vertue, and what the figure thereof was, her hart knew not.

Yet did she prodigally spend her vttermost eloquence, leauing no argument vn-proued, which might with any force inuade her excellent iudgement: the iustnes of the request being, but for marriage; the worthinesse of the suiter: then her owne present fortune, which should not only haue amendmēt, but felicitie: besides falsely making her bleeue, that her sister would thinke her selfe happy, if now she might haue his loue which before she contemned. and obliquely touching, what daunger it should be for her, if her sonne should accept *Philoclea* in marriage, and so match the next heire apparant, she being in his power: yet plentifully periuring how extremely her sonne loued her, and excusing the little shewes he made of it, with the duetifull respekt he bare vnto her, and taking vpon her selfe that she restrained him, since she found shee could set no limits to his passions. And as shee did to *Philoclea*, so did shee to her, with the tribute of gifts, seek to bring her minde into seruitude: and all other meanes, that might either establish a beholdingnes, or at least awake a kindnesse; doing it so as by reason of their imprisonment one sister knew not how the other was wooed, but each might thinke, that onely she was sought. But if *Philoclea* with sweet and humble dealing did auoide their assaults, she with the Maiesty of Vertue did beat them off.



But this day their speech was the sooner broken of, by reason that he, who stood as watch vpon the top of the keep, did not only see a great dust arise (which the earth sent vp, as if it would strue to haue clowdes as wel as the aire) but might spie sometimes, especially when the dust (wherein the naked wind did apparel it selfe) was carried a side from them, the shining of armour; like flashing of lightning, wherewith the clowdes did seeme to be with child; which the Sun guilding with his beames, it gaue a sight delightfull to any, but to them that were to abide the terrour. But the watch gaue a quicke Alarum to the soldiers within, whom practise already hauing prepared, began each, with vnabashed harts or at least countenances, to looke to their charge, or obedience, which was allotted vnto them.

Only *Clinias* and *Amphialus* did exceede the bounds of mediocrity: the one in his naturall coldnesse of cowardise, the other in heate of courage. For *Clinias* (who was bold only in busie whisperings, and euen in that whisperingnesse rather indeed confident in his cunning, that it should not bee bewraied, then any way bold, if euer it should bee bewrayed) now that the enemy gaue a dreadfull aspect vnto the castle, his eyes saw no terror, nor eare heard any martiall sound, but that they multiplied the hideousnesse of it to his mated mind. Before their comming he had many times felt a dreadfull expectation, but yet his mind (that was willing to ease it selfe of the burden of feare) did sometime taine vnto it selfe possibility of let, as the death of *Basilus*, the discord of the nobility, and (when other cause layled him) the nature of chaunce serued as a cause vnto him: and sometimes the hearing other men speake valiantly, and the quietnesse of his vnassailed senses, would make himselfe beleene, that hee durst doo something. But now, that present daunger did display it selfe vnto his eye, and that a dangerous dooing must be the onely meane to prevent the danger of suffering, one that had marked him would haue iudged, that his eyes would haue run into him, and his soule out of him; so vnkindly did either take a sent of danger. He thought the lake was too shallow, and the walles too thin: he misdoubted each mans treason, and coniectured euery possibility of misfortune, not only fore-casting likely perils, but such as all the planets together could scarcely haue conspired: and already began to arme himselfe, though it was determined he should tary within dores; and while he armed himselfe, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himselfe, if the enemies wonne the castle. Desirous he was, that euery body should do valiantly, but himselfe; & therefore was afraid to shew his feare, but for very feare would haue hid his feare; least it should discomfort others: but the more he sought to disguise it, the more the visurableness of a weake broken voice to high braue words, & of a pale shaking countenance to agesture of animating did discover him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who before the enemies came, was careful, providently diligent, & not sometimes with out doubting of the issue; now the neater danger approched (like the light of a glow-worme) the lesse still it seemed: and now his courage began to boile in choler, and with such impatience to desire to powre out both vpon the enemy, that he issued presently into certaine boates he had of purpose and carying with him some choise men, went to the fortresse he had vpon the edge of the lake, which hee thought would bee the first thing, that the enemy would attempt, because it was a passage, which commanding all that side of the country, & being lost would stop victual, or other supply, that might be brought into the castle, & in that fortresse hauing some force of horsemen, he issued out with two hundred horse, & siue hundred footmen, embushed his footmen in the falling of a hul, which

was

was ouer shadowed with a wood, he with his horsemen went a quarter of a mile further, aside hand of which he might perceiue the many troupes of the enemy, who came but to take view where best to encampe themselues.

But as if the sight of the enemy had bin a Magnes stone to his courage, he could not containe himselfe, but shewing his face to the enemy, and his backe to his souldiers, vsed that action, as his onely oration, both of denouncing warre to the one, and perswading helpe of the other. Who faithfully following an example of such authority, they made the earth to grone vnder their furious burden, and the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a young man, youngest brother to *Philanax*, whose face as yet did not bewray his sex, with so much as shew of haire; of a mind hauing no limits of hope, not knowing why to feare, full of iollity in conuersation, and lately growne a Louer. His name was *Agenor*, of all that army the most beautifull: who hauing ridden in sportfull couersation among the foremost, all armed sauing that his beauer was vp, to haue his breath in more freedome, seeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his company, neither staying the comandement of the Captaine, nor recking whether his face were armed, or no, set spurs to his horse, and with youthfull brauery casting his staffe about his head, put it then in his rest, as carefull of comely carying it, as if the marke had beene but a Ring, and the lookers on Ladies. But *Amphialus* launce was already come to the last of his descending line, & began to make the full point of death against the head of this young Gentleman, when *Amphialus* perceiuing his youth and beauty, Compassion so rebated the edge of Choller, that hee spared that faire nakednesse, & let his staffe fall to *Agenors* vampalt: so as both with braue breaking should hurtlesly haue performed that match, but that the pittilesse launce of *Amphialus* (angry with being broken) with an vn lucky counterbuffe full of vnsparring spinters, lighted vpon that face farre fitter for the combats of *Venus*, giuing not onely a sudden, but a fowle death, leauing scarcely any tokens of his former beauty: but his hands abandoning the raines, and his thighes the saddle, hee fell sideward from the horse. Which sight comming to *Leontius*, a deare friend of his, who in vaine had lamentably cried vnto him to stay, when hee sawe him begin his careere, it was hard to say, whether pitie of the one, or reuenge against the other, held as then the soueraignty in his passions. But while he directed his eye to his friend, and his hinderto his enemy, so wrongly consoorted a power could not resist the ready minded force of *Amphialus*: who perceiuing his il-directed direction against him, so payd him his debt before it was lent, that he also fell to the earth, onely happy that one place, and one time, did finish both their loues and liues together.

But by this time there had bene a furions meeting of either side: where after the terrible salutation of warlike noise, the shaking of handes was with sharpe weapon: some lances according to the mettall they met, and skill of the guider, did staine themselues in blood; some flew in peeces, as if they would threaten heauen, because they failed on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, either by (the Prince of weapons) the sword, or by some heavy mase, or biting axe; which hunting stil the weakest chafe, sought euer to light there, where smallest resistace might worse preuent mischiefe. The clashing of armour, and crushing of staues, the iustling of bodies, the resounding of blowes, was the first part of that ill agreeing musicke, which was beautified with the grislinesse of wounds, the rising of dust; the hideous falles and grones of the dying. The verye horses angry in their Masters

anger, with loue and obedience brought forth the effects of hate and resistance, and with minds offeruitude, did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead vnder their dead maisters, whom vnknighly wounds had vniustly punished for a faithfull duty. Some lay vpon their Lords by like accidents, and in death, had the honour to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne. Some hauing lost their commanding burthens, ranne scattered about the field, abashed with the madnesse of mankind. The earth it selfe (wont to be a buriall of men) was now (as it were) buried with men: so was the face therof hidden with dead bodies, to whom Death had come masked in diuerse manners. In one place lay disinherited heades, dispossessed of their naturall seignories: in another, whole bodies to see to, but that their harts wont to be bound all ouer so close, were now with deadly violence opened; in others, fowler deaths had ouglyly displayed their trayling guts. There lay armes, whose fingers yet moued, as if they would feele for him that made them teele: and legges, which contrary to common reason, by being discharged of their burden, were growne heauier. But no sword payed so large a tribute of soules to the eternall Kingdome, as that of *Amphialus*, who like a Tigre, from whom a company of Voolues did seeke to rauish a new gotten pray; so he (remembering they came to take away *Philoclea*) did labour to make valure, strength, choller and hatred, to answer the proportion of his loue, which was infinite.

There dyed of his hands the old knight *Æschylus*, who though by yeares might well haue bene allowed to vse rather the exercises of wisdome, then of courage; yet hauing a lusty body and a mery hart, he euer tooke the summons of Time in iest, or else it had so creepingly stolne vpon him, that he had heard scarcely the noise of his feete, and therefore was as fresh in apparell, and as forward in enterprises, as a farre yonger man: but nothing made him bolder, then a certaine prophetic had bene told him, that he should die in the armes of his sonne, and therefore feared the lesse the arme of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus* sword was passed through his throte, he thought himselfe abused; but that before he died, his sonne, indeede seeing his father begin to fall, held him vp in his armes, till a pitilesse souldier of the other side, with a mace brained him, making father and son become twinnes in the neuer againe dying birth. As for *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Nisus* and *Policrates*; the first had his eyes cut out so, as he could not see to bid the neare following death welcome: the second had met with the same Prophet that old *Æschylus* had, and hauing found many of his speeches true, beleued this to, that hee should neuer bee killed, but by his owne companions: and therefore no man was more valiant then he against an enemy, no man more suspicious of his friends: so as he seemed to sleep in security, when he went to a battell, and to enter into a battell, when he began to sleepe, such gards he would set about his person; yet mistrusting those very gards least they would murder him. But now *Amphialus* helped to vnridde his doubts; for he ouerthrowing him from his horse, his owne companions comming with a fresh supply, pressed him to death. *Nisus* grasping with *Amphialus*, was with a short dagger slaine. And for *Policrates*, while he shunned as much as he could, keeping only his place for feare of punishment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow strake off his head, where, with the conuulsions of death setting his spurs to his horse, he gaue so brane a charge vpon the enemy, as it grew a prouerbe, that *Policrates* was onely valiant after his head was off. But no man escaped so well his hands as *Philobius* did: for he hauing long loued *Philoclea*, though for the meannesse of his estate he neuer durst reueale it, now knowing *Amphialus*, setting the edge of a riuaill vpon the



the sword of an enemy, he held strong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the daungerouſest places diſarmed him, and was liſting vp his ſword to ſend him away from himſelfe, when he thinking indeede to die, ſaid he yet this ioyes mee, that I die for thy ſake. The name of *Philoctea* firſt ſtayed his ſword, and when he heard him out, though he abhord him much worſe then before, yet could he not vouchſafe him the honour of dying for *Philoctea*, but turned his ſword another way, doing him no hurt for ouer much hatred. But what good did that to poore *Phebilus*, if eſcaping valiant hand, he was ſlaine by baſe ſouldier, who ſeeing him ſo diſarmed, thruſt him through.

But thus with the well-followed valure of *Amphialus* were the other almoſt ouerthrowne, when *Philanax* (who was the marſhall of the armie) came in, with new force reuening the almoſt decayed courage of his ſouldiers, for crying to them (and asking them whether their backes or their armes were better fighters) he himſelfe thruſt into the preſſe, and making force and fury waite vpon diſcretion and gouernement, he might ſeeme a braue Lion, who taught his young Lioners, how in taking of a pray, to ioyne courage with cunning. Then Fortune (as if ſhe had made chales inough of the one ſide of that bloody Teniſcourt) went of the other ſide the liue, making as many fall downe of *Amphialus* followers, as before had done of *Philanax*, they looſing the ground, as faſt as before they had wonne it, onely leauing them to keepe it, who had loſt themſelues in keeping it. Then thoſe that had killed, inherited the lot of thoſe that had beene killed; and cruell deaths made them lie quietly together, who moſt in their liues had ſought to diſquiet each other; and many of thoſe firſt ouerthrowne, had the comfort to ſee the murtherers ouerrun them to *Charons ferry*.

*Codrus*, *Cteſiphon*, and *Milo*, loſt their liues vpon *Philanax* his ſword: but no bodies caſe was more pittied, then of a young eſquire of *Amphialus*, called *Iſmenus*, who neuer abandoning his Maſter, and making his tender age aſpire to actes of the ſtrongest manhood, in this time that his ſide was put to the worſt, and that *Amphialus* his valure was the onely ſtay of them from deliuering themſelues ouer to a ſhamefull flight, he ſawe his Maſters horſe killed vnder him. Wherevpon, asking no aduiſe of no thought, but of faithfullneſſe and courage, hee preſently lighted from his owne horſe, and with the helpe of ſome choiſe and faithfull ſeruants, gat his Maſter vp. But in the multitude that came of either ſide, ſome to ſuccour, ſome to ſaue *Amphialus*, hee came vnder the hand of *Philanax*: and the the youth perceiuing hee was the man that did moſt hurt to his partie (deſirous euen to chaunge his life for glory) ſtrake at him, as he rode by him, and gaue him a hurt vpon the legge, that made *Philanax* turne towards him; but ſeeing him ſo young, and of a moſt louely preſence, he rather tooke pittie of him; meaning to take him priſoner, and then to giue him to his brother *Agenor* to bee his companion, becauſe they were not much vnlike, neither in cares nor countenance. But as hee looked downe vpon him with that thought, he ſpied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Leontius* by him, euen almoſt vnder the Squiers feete. Then ſorrowing not onely his owne ſorrow, but the paſt-comfort ſorrow which he foreknew his mother would take (who with many teares, and miſgiuing ſighes had ſuffered him to go with his elder brother *Philanax*) blotted out all figures of pittie out of his minde, and putting forth his horſe (while *Iſmenus* doubled two or three more valiant, then well ſet bloues) ſaying to himſelfe. Let other mothers bewaile and vntimely death as well as mine: he thruſt him through. And the boy fierce,

though beautifull; and beautifull, though dying, not able to keepe his failing feete, fell downe to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as he could resisting death, which might seme vnwilling to; so long he was in taking away his young struggling soule.

*Philanax* himselfe could haue wished the blow vngiven, when he saw him fall like a faire apple, which some vncurtious body (breaking his bow) should throw downe before it were ripe. But the ease of his brother made him forget both that, and himselfe: so as ouerhastily pressing vpon the retiring enemies, he was (ere he was aware) further engaged then his owne souldiers could relieue him; where beeing overthrowne by *Amphialus*, *Amphialus* glad of him, kept head against his enemies while some of his men caried away *Philanax*.

But *Philanax*-his men as if with the losse of *Philanax* they had lost the fountaine of their valure, had their courages so dried vp in feare; that they began to set honour at their backs, and to vse the vertue of patience in an vntimely time: when into the presse comes (as hard as his horse, more affraide of the spurre, then the sword could cary him) a Knight in armour as darke as blacknesse could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing; so farre without authority that hee was without knowledge. But vertue quickly made him knowne, and admiration bred him such authority, that though they of whose side he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him: and while he was followed by the valiantest, he made way for the vilest. For, taking part with the besiegers, he made the *Amphialians* bloud serue for a caparison to his horse, and a decking to his armour. His arme no ofner gaue blowes, then the blowes gaue wounds, then the wounds gaue deaths: so terrible was his force, and yet was his quicknesse more forcible then his force, & his iudgment more quick then his quicknesse. For though his sword went faster then eye-sight could follow it, yet his owne iudgment went still before it. There dyed of his hand, *Sarpedon*, *Plistonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of great prooffe in wars; & who had that day vndertake the gard of *Amphialus*. But while they sought to saue him, they lost the fortresses that Nature had placed them in. Then slew hee *Megaius*, who was a litle before proude, to see himselfe stained in the blow of his enemies: but when his owne blood came to be married to theirs, he then felt, that cruelty doth neuer enioy a good cheape glory. After him sent he *Palémon* who had that day vowed (with foolish brauery) to be the death of ten: & nine already he had killed, and was carefull to performe his (almost performed) vow, when the black knight helpt him to make vp the tenth himselfe.

And now the often-changing Fortune beganne also to change the hew of the battels. For at the first, though it were terrible, yet Terror was deckt so brauelie with rich furniture, guilt swords, shining armours, pleasant pensils, that the eye with delight had scarce leasure to bee affraide: But now all vniuersally defiled with dust, blood, broken armour, mangled bodies, tooke away the maske, and sette forth Horror in his owne horrible manner. But neither could daunger be dreadful to *Amphialus* his vndismayable courage, nor yet seeme ougly to him, whose truly-affected minde, did still paint it ouer with the beauty of *Philoclea*. And therefore hee, rather enflamed then troubled with the increase of daungers, and glad to find a worthy subiect to exercise his courage, sought out this new knight, whom he might easily find: for he, like a wanton rich man, that throwes downe his neighbours houses, to make himselfe the better prospect, so had his sword made him so spacious a roome, that *Amphialus* had more cause to wonder at the

the finding, then labour for the seeking : which, if it stirred hate in him, to see how much harme he did to the one side, it prouoked as much emulation in him, to perceiue how much good he did to the other side. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautifull folkes, Loue naturally stirs a desire of ioyning, so in their two courages, Hate stirred a desire of triall. Then began there a combat betweene them, worthy to haue had more large liues, and more quiet beholders: for with the squire of Courage, and the bite of Respect, each to guided himselfe, that one might well see, the desire to ouercome, made them not forget how to ouercome: in such time and proportion they did employ their blowes, that none of *Ceres* seruants could more cunningly place his flail: while the left foote sputrefet forward his owne horse, the right set backward the contrary horse, euen sometimes by the aduantage of the enemies legge, while the left hand (like him that held the sterne) guided the horses obedient courage: All done in such order, that it might seeme, the minde was a right Prince indeede, who sent wise and diligent Lieutenants into each of those well gouerned parts. But the more they fought, the more they desired to fight; and the more they smarted, the lesse they felte the smart: and now were like to make a quicke prooue, to whom Fortune or Valour would seeme most friendly, when in comes an olde Gouvernour of *Amphialus*, alwaies a good Knight, and carefull of his charge; Who giuing a fore wound to the Blacke Knights thigh, while he thought not of him, with another blowe slewe his horse vnder him. *Amphialus* cried to him, that he dishonoured him: You say well (answered the olde Knight) to stand now like a priuate Souldier, setting your credit vpon particular fighting, while you may see *Basilus* with all his hoste, his getting betweene you and your towne. Hee looked that way, and found that true indeede, that the enemy was beginning to encompass him about, and stoppe his returne: and therfore causing the retreat to be sounded, his Gouvernour ledde his men homeward, while hee kept himselfe still hindmost, as if he had stood at the gate of a fluse, to let the streame goe, with such proportion, as should seeme good vnto him: and with so manfull discretion perfourmed it, that (though with losse of many of his men) he returned in himselfe safe, and content, that his enemies had felte, how sharpe the sworde could bite of *Philocleas* Louer. The other partie being sory for the losse of *Philanax*, was yet sorrier when the Blacke Knight could not bee found: For he hauing gotten a hoise, whom his dying maister had bequeathed to the world, finding himselfe sore hurt, and not desirous to be knowne, had in the time of the enemies retiring, retired away also: his thigh not bleeding bloud so fast, as his heart bledde reuenge. But *Basilus* hauing attempted in vaine to barre the safe returne of *Amphialus*, encamped himselfe as strongly as I could, while he (to his grieve) might heare the ioy was made in the towne by his owne subiect, that he had that day sped no better. For *Amphialus* (being well beloued of that people) when they saw him not vanquished, they esteemed him as victorious, his youth setting a flourishing shew vpon his worthinesse, and his great nobility ennobling his dangers.

But the first thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to visit *Philoclea*, and first presuming to cause his dreame to be song vnto her (which he had seen the night before he fell in loue with her) making a fine boy he had, accord the pretty dolefulness vnto it. The song was this:



**N**OW was our heau'nly vault deprived of the light  
 With Sunnes depart: and now the darknesse of the night  
 Did light those beamy starres which greater light did darke:  
 Now each thing that enioy'd that sry quickning sparke  
 (Which life is cald) were mou'd their spirits to repose,  
 And wanting vse of eyes, their eyes began to close:  
 A silence sweet each where with one consent embrace  
 (A musique sweet to one in carefull musing place)  
 And mother earth, now clad in mourning weedes, did breath  
 A dull desire to kisse the image of our death:  
 When I, disgraced wretch, not wretched then did giue  
 My senses such reliefe, as they which quiet lue,  
 Whose braines broile not in woes, nor breasts with beatings ake,  
 Which natures praise are wont in safest home to take.  
 Far from my thoughts was ought, where to their minds aspire,  
 Who vnder courtly pompes do hatch a base desire.  
 Free all my powers were from those captiuing snares,  
 Which heau'nly purest gifts defile the muddy cares.  
 Ne could my soule it selfe accuse of such a faulte,  
 As tender conscience might with furions pangs assault.  
 But like the feeble flower (whose stalke cannot sustaine  
 His weighty top) his top downward doth drooping leane:  
 Or as the silly bird in well acquainted nest  
 Doth hide his head with cares but onely how to rest:  
 So I in simple course, and vntangled mind  
 Did suffer drowsie lids mine eyes then cleare to blind;  
 And laying downe my head, did natures rule ob'srue,  
 Which senses vp doth shut the senses to pr'serue.  
 They first their vse forgot, then fancies lost their force,  
 Till deadly slepe at length possess my liuing coarſe.  
 A liuing coarſe I lay: but ah, my wakefull mind  
 (Which made of heau'nly stuffe no mortall change doth blind)  
 Flew vp with freer wings of fleshly bondage free;  
 And hauing plas'te my thoughts, my thoughts thus plac'd me.  
 Me thought, nay sure I was: I was in fayrest wood  
 Of Samothea land; a land which whilom stood,  
 An honour to the world, while Honour was their end,  
 And while their line of yeares they did in v'rtue spend.  
 But there I was, and there my calmy thoughts I fed  
 On Natures sweet repast, as healthfull senses led:  
 Her gifts my study was, her beauties were my sport:  
 My worke her workes to know, her dwelling my resort.  
 Those lamps of heau'nly fire to fixed motion bound,  
 The euer-turning spheres, the neuer-mouing ground;  
 What essence destinie hath; if fortune be or no;  
 Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth do flow:  
 What life it is, and how that all these lines do gather,  
 With outward makers force, or like an inward father.

Such thoughts, me thought, I thought, and straine my single mind.  
 Then void of neerer cares, the depth of things to find;  
 When lo with hugest noise (such noise a tower makes  
 When it blowne downe with wind a fall of ruine takes)  
 (Or such a noise it was, as highest thunder send,  
 Or cannons thunder-like, all shot together send)  
 The Moone a sunder rent; whereout with sudden fall  
 (More swift then falcone stoope to feeding Falconers call)  
 There came a chariot faire by doves and sparrows guided,  
 Whose stormelike course staid not till bid by me it bided.  
 I wretch all onist was, and thought the deathfull doome  
 Of heaven, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.  
 But straight there issued forth two Ladies (Ladies sure  
 They seemd to me) on whom did wait a virgin pure.  
 Strange were the Ladies weeds; yet more vnfit then strange.  
 The first with cloth's tuckt up as Nymphes in woods do ranges  
 Tuckt up euen with the knees, with bow and arrows prest;  
 Her right arme nakid was, discovered was her brest.  
 But heauy was her pace, and such a meagre cheere,  
 As little hunting mind (God knowes) did there appeere.  
 The other had with art (more then our women know,  
 As stiffe meant for the sale set out to glaring show)  
 A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twin'd  
 Her haire, which by the helpe of painters cunning shin'd.  
 When I such guests did see come out of such a house,  
 The mountaines great with child I thought, brought forth a mouse.  
 But walking forth, the first thus to the second said,  
 Venus come on: said she, Diane you are obeyd.  
 Those names abasht me much, when those great names I heard:  
 Although their fame (me seemd) from truth had greatly iard.  
 As I thus musing stood, Diana calld to her  
 The waiting Nymph, a Nymph that did excell as farre  
 All things that earst I saw, as orient pearles exceede  
 That which their mother bight, or else their silly seede.  
 Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a sweet consent  
 Of all those Graces gifts the heauens haue euer lent.  
 And so she was attir'd, as one that did not prize  
 Too much her peerlesse parts, nor yet could them despise.  
 But calld, she came apace; a pace wherein did moue  
 The band of beauties all, the little world of loue.  
 And bending humbled eyes (o eyes the Sunne of sight)  
 She waited mistresse will: who thus disclos'd her spright,  
 Sweet Mita mine (quoth she) the pleasure of my mind,  
 In whom of all my rules the perfect prooffe I find,  
 To only thee thou seest we graunt this specrall grace  
 For to attend, in this most priuate time and place.  
 Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still  
 Of that thou seest: close vp in secret knot thy will.

She

She answer'd was with looke, and well perform'd behest.  
 And Mira I admire: her shape sonke in my brest.  
 But thus with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with spite  
 Diana dis begin. What mou'd me to inuite  
 Your presence (sister deare) first to my Moony speare,  
 And hither now, vouchsafe to take with willing eare.  
 I know full well you know, what discord long hath raig'n'd  
 Betwixt vs two; how much that discord foule hath stain'd  
 Both our estates, while each the other did deprave,  
 Prooue speakes too much to vs that feeling triall haue.  
 Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd.  
 Our offrings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are displac'd.  
 Is this the fruite of strife? those thousand Churches hee,  
 Those thousand altars faire now in the dust to lie?  
 In mortall minds our mind; but planets names preserue.  
 No knees once bowed, for sooth, for them they say we serue.  
 Are we their seruants growne? no doubt a noble stay:  
 Celestiall powers to wormes, Ioues children serue to clay.  
 But such they say we be: this praise our discord breed,  
 While we for mutuell spite, a strining passion feed.  
 But let vs wiser be; and what foule discord brake,  
 So much more strong againe let fastest concord make.  
 Our yeares do it require: you see we both do feele  
 The weakning worke of times for euer whirling-wheele.  
 Although we be diuine, our graundfire Saturne is  
 With ages force decay'd, yet once the heauen was his.  
 And now before we seeke by wise Apollos skill,  
 Our young yeares to renew (for so he saith he will)  
 Let vs a perfect peace betweene vs two resolu:  
 Which least the ruinous want of gouernment dissolu:  
 Let one the Princeesse be, to her the other yeeld:  
 For vaine equality is but Contentions field.  
 And let her haue the gifts that should in both remaine:  
 In her let beauty both, and chastnesse fully raigne.  
 So as if I preuaile, you giue your gifts to me:  
 If you, on you I lay what in my office be.  
 Now resteth only this, which of vs two is she,  
 To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.  
 For that (so that you like) hereby doth lie a youth  
 (She beckned vnto me) as yet of spotlesse truth,  
 Who may this doubt discerne: for better, wit, then lot  
 Becommeth vs: in vs fortune determines not.  
 This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne she held)  
 To worthiest let him giue, when both he hath beheld:  
 And be it as he saith. Venus was glad to heare  
 Such proffer made, which she well shew'd with smiling cheere.  
 As though she were the same, as when by Paris doome  
 She had chiefe Goddesses in beauty overcome.

And



And smirkeſly thus gan ſay, I neuer ſought debate  
 Diana deare; my mind to loue and not to hate  
 Was euer apt: but you my paſtimes did deſpiſe.  
 I neuer ſpied you, but thought you ouerwiſe.  
 Now kindnes pro'ed is, none kinder is then I  
 And ſo moſt ready am this meane of peace to try.  
 And let him be our iudge: the lad doth pleaſe me well.  
 Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell  
 (For both together ſpeake, each loth to be behinde)  
 That they by ſolemne oath their Dieties would binde,  
 To ſtand vnto my will: their will they made me know.  
 That was firſt agaiſt, when firſt I ſaw their ſhow,  
 Now bolder waxt, waxt proud, that I ſuch ſway muſt bear  
 For neare acquaintance doth diminiſh reuerent feare.  
 And hauing bound them faſt by Styx, they ſhould obey  
 To all what I decreede, did thus my verdict ſay.  
 How ill both you can rule, well hath your diſcord taught:  
 Ne yet for ought I ſee, your beauties merit ought.  
 To yonder Nymph therefore (to Mira I did point)  
 The crowne above you both for euer I appoint.  
 I would haue ſpoken out: but out they both did crie,  
 Fie, fie, what haue we done? vngodly rebell fie.  
 But now we needs muſt yeeld, ſo that our oathes require.  
 Yet thou ſhalt not go free (quoth Venus) ſuch a fire.  
 Her beautie kindle ſhall within thy fooliſh mind,  
 That thou full oft ſhall wiſh thy iudging eyes were blind.  
 Nay then (Diana ſaid) the chaſtneſſe I will gine,  
 In aſhes of deſpaire (though burnt) ſhall make thee line.  
 Nay thou (ſaid both) ſhalt ſee ſuch beames ſhine in her face,  
 That thou ſhalt neuer dare ſecke helpe of wretched caſe.  
 And wiſh that curſed curſe away to heauen they fled,  
 Firſt hauing all their gifts vpon faire Mira ſpred.  
 The reſt I cannot tell; for therewithall I wak'd,  
 And found with deadly feare that all my ſinewes ſhak'd.  
 Was it a dreame? O dreame, how haſt thou wrought in me,  
 That I things erſt vnſeene ſhould firſt in dreaming ſee?  
 And thou O traytour Sleepe, made for to be our reſt,  
 How haſt thou framde the paine wherewith I am oppreſt?  
 O coward Cupid thus dooſt thou thy honour keepe,  
 Vnarmde (alas) vnwarn'd to take a man aſleepe?

Laying not only the conqueſts, but the heart of the conquerour at her feete. \*\*\*  
 But ſhee receiuing him after her wonted ſorrowfull (but otherwiſe vnmo-  
 ued) manner, it made him thinke, his good ſucceſſe was but as a pleaſant monument of a  
 dolefull buriall: Ioy it ſelfe ſeeming bitter vnto him, ſince it agreed not to her  
 taſte.

Therefore, ſtill crauing his mothers helpe to perſwade her, he himſelfe ſent for  
*Philanax* vnto him; whom hee had not onely long hated, but now had his hate  
 greatly

greatly encreased by the death of his Squire *Ismenus*. Besides he had made him as one of the chiefe causes that mooued him to this rebellion, and therefore was inclined (to colour the better his action, and the more to embrew the handes of his accomplices by making them guilty of such a trespasse) in some formal sort to cause him to be executed. being also greatly egged thereunto by his mother and some other, who long had hated *Philanax*, onely because he was mote worthy, then they to beloued.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour then the reason of each speaker, *Philoclea* comming to knowledge of the hard plight wherein *Philanax* stood, she desired one of the gentlewomen appointed to waite vpon her, to go in her name, and beseech *Amphialus*, that if the loue of her had any power of perswation in his mind, he would lay no further punishment, then imprisonment vpon *Philanax*. This message was deliuered euen as *Philanax* was entring to the presence of *Amphialus*, comming (according to the warning was giuen him) to receaue a iudgement of death. But when he with manful resolution attended the fruite of such a tyrannicall sentence, thinking it wrong, but no harme to him that should die in so good a cause; *Amphialus* turned quite the fourme of his pretended speech, and yelded him humble thankes, that by his meanes he had come to that happinesse, as to receiue a commaundement of his Lady: and therfore he willingly gaue him liberty to returne in safety whither he would, quitting him; not only of all former grudge, but assuring him that he would be willing to do him any friendship and seruice: onely desiring thus much of him, that he would let him knowe the discourse and intent of *Basilus* his proceeding.

Truely my Lord (answered *Philanax*) if there were any such knowne to me, seceret in my maisters counsell, as that the reuealing thereof might hinder his good succeffe, I should loath the keeping of the bloud, with the losse of my faith, and would thinke the iust name of a traytor a hard purchase of a few yeares liuing. But since it is so, that my maister hath indeed no way of priuie practise, but meanes openly and forcibly to deale against you, I will not sticke in few words to make your required declaration. Then told he him in what a maze of a mazemēt, both *Basilus* and *Gynecia* were, when they mist their children and *Zelmane*. Sometimes apt to suspect some practise of *Zelmane*, because she was a stranger, sometimes doubting some reliques of the late mutinie, which doubt was rather increased, then any way satisfied, by *Miso*: who (being found, almost dead for hunger, by certaine contry people) brought home word, with what cunning they were trayned out, & with what violence they were caried away. But that within a few dayes they came to knowledge where they were, by *Amphialus* his own letters sent abroad to procure confederats in his attempts. That *Basilus* his purpose was neuer to leaue the siege of this town, till he had taken it, and reuenged the iniury done vnto him. That he meant rather to win it by time, & famine, then by force of assault: knowing how valiant men he had to deale withall in the towne: that he had sent order, that supplies of souldiers, pioneers, and all things else necessary, should dayly be brought vnto him: so as, my Lord (said *Philanax*) let me now, hauing receiued my life by your grace, let me giue you your life and honour by my counsell; protesting vnto you, that I cannot chuse but loue you, being my maister his nephew; and that I wish you well in all causes but this. You know his nature is as apt to forgiue, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault passed is excusable, in that loue perswaded, and youth was perswaded, Do not venge the effects of angry victory, but rather seeke to obtaine that constantly by

curtesie

curtesie, which you can neuer assuredly enioy by violence. One might easily haue seene in the cheare of *Amphialus*, that disdainful choller wold faine haue made the answer for him, but the remembrance of *Philoclea* serued for forcible barriers betweene anger, and angry effects: so as he said no more, but that he would not put him to the trouble to giue him to any further counsell: but that he might returne, if he list, presently. *Philanax* glad to receiue an vn corrupted liberty, humbly accepted his fauourable conuoy out of the towne; and so departed, not visiting the Princesses, thinking it might be offensiue to *Amphialus*, & no way fruitfull to them who were no way but by force to be reskued.

The poore Ladies indeede, not suffered either to meete together, or to haue conference with any other, but such as *Cecropia* had already framed to sing al their songs to her tune, she herselfe omitting no day, and catching hold of euery occasion to moue forward her sonnes desire, and remoue their owne resolutions: vsing the same arguments to the one sister, as to the other; determining that whom she could winne first, the other should (without her sonnes knowledge) by poyson be made away. But though the reasons were the same to both, yet the handling was diuerse, according as she saw their humors to prepare a more or lesse aptnesse of apprehension. This day hauing vsed long speech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a litle the great dutifulnesse her sonne had shewed in deliuering *Philanax*: of whom shee could get no answer, but a silence sealed vp in vertue, and so sweetly graced, as that in one instar it caried with it both resistance, & humblenesse: *Cecropia* threatening in her selfe to run a more rugged race with her, went to her sister *Pamela* who that day hauing wearied her selfe with reading, & with the height of her hart disdainning to keepe cōpany with any of the Gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whō shee accounted her iaylors, was working vpon a purse certaine roses and lillies, as by the finenesse of the worke, one might see she had borrowed her wits of the sorrow that the owed the, and lent them wholly to that exercise. For the flowers she had wrought, carried such life in the, that the cunningest painter might haue learned of her needle: which with so pretie a maner made his careers to & fro through the cloth, as if the needle it selfe would haue bin loth to haue gone froward such a mistresse, but that it hoped to returne thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes vpon her, and louingly embracing the wounds shee gaue it: the sheares also were at hand to behead the silke, that was growne too short. And if at any time she put her mouth to bite it off, it seemed, that where shee had bin long in making of a rose with her hands, she wold in an instar make roses with her lips; as the lillies seemed to haue their whitenes, rather of the hād that made the, the of the matter whereof they were made; & that they grew therby the Suns of her eyes, & were refreshed by the most indiscofort comfortable ayre, which an vnwares sigh might bestow vpo them. But the colours for the ground were so well chosen, neither fullenly darke, nor glaringly lightsome, & so well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to serue for an ornament of the principal worke, that it was not without maruell to see, how a minde which could cast a carelesse semblant vpo the greatest conflicts of Fortune, could command it selfe to take care for so small matters. Neither had shee neglected the dainty dressing of her selfe: but as if it had bin her marriage time to affliction, she rather seemed, to remember her owne worthinesse then the vnworthines of her husband. For well one might perceiue shee had not reiected the counsell of a glasse, & that her hands had pleased themselves, in paying the tribute of vndeceiuing skill, to so high perfections of nature.



The sight whereof so diuerse from her sister ( who rather suffered sorrow to dresse it selfe in her beauty, then that she would bestow any entertainment of so vnwelcome a guest, made *Cecropia* take a sudden assurednesse of hope, that she should obtaine somewhat of *Pamela*. thinking ( according to the squaring out of her owne good nature ) that beautie, carefully set forth, would soone proue a signe of an vnrefusing harborough. Animated wherewith, she sate downe by *Pamela*, and taking the pulse, and with affected curiositie looking vpon the worke, Full happie is he ( sayd she ) at least if hee knew his owne happinesse, to whom a pulse in this manner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he shall haue cause to account it, not as a pulse for treasure, but as a treasure it selfe, worthie to bee pursed vp in the purse of his owne hart. And thinke you so indeed ( sayd *Pamela* halfe smiling ) I promise you I wrought it, but to make some tedious houres belecue, that I thought not of them: for else I valued it, but euen as a verie pulse. It is the right nature ( sayd *Cecropia* ) of Beauty, to worke vnwitting effects of wonder. Truly ( sayd *Pamela* ) I neuer thought till now, that this outward glasse, intitled Beautie, which it pleaseth you to lay to my ( as I thinke ) vnguiltie charge, was but a pleasant mixture of naturall colours, delightfull to the eye, as musicke is to the eare, without any further consequence: since it is a thing, which not onely beastes haue; but euen stones and trees many of them do greatly excell in it. That other things ( answered *Cecropia* ) haue some portion of it, takes not away the excellencie of it, whereindeede it doth excell: since we see, that euen those beastes, trees, & stones, are in the name of Beauty only highly praised. But that the beauty of humaine persons be beyond al other things, there is great likelihood of reason, since to them onely is given the iudgement to discern Beautie; and among reasonable wights, as it seemes, that our sexe hath the preheminance, so that in that preheminece, Nature counteruailes al other liberalities, wherein shee may bee thought to haue dealte more fauourably toward mankind. How do men crowne ( thinke you ) themselves with glorie, for hauing either by force brought others to yeeld to their minde, or with long studie, and premeditated orations, perswaded what they would haue perswaded? & see a faire woman shall not only commaund without authority, but perswade without speaking. She shall not neede to procure attention, for their owne eyes will chaine their cares vnto it. Men venture liues to conquer; she conquers liues without venturing. She is serued, and obeyed, which is the most notable, not because the lawes so commaund it, but because they become lawes themselves to obey her; not for her parents sake, but for her owne sake. She need not dispute, whether to gouerne by Feare or Loue, since without her thinking thereof, their loue will bring forth feare, and their feare will fortifie their loue: and shee neede not seeke offensiue, or defensiue force, since her onely lippes may stand for ten thousand shields, and ten thousand vneuitable shot goe from her eyes. Beautie, Beautie ( deere Neece ) is the crowne of the feminine greatnesse; which gift, on whom soeuer the heauens ( therein most niggardly ) do bestow, without question, shee is bound to vse it to the noble purpose, for which it is created: not onely winning but preseruing; since that indeed is the right happinesse, which is not onely in it selfe happy, but can also deriue the happines to another. Certainly Aunt ( sayd *Pamela* ) I feare me you will make me not only think my selfe fairer then euer I did, but think my fairenes a matter of greater valew then heretofore I could imagine it. For I euer ( till now ) conceiued these conquests you speake of, rather to proceed from the weakenesse of the conquered, then from the strength of the conquering power: as they say, the Cranes overthrow whole

whole battels of *Pygmies*, not so much of their *Cranish* courage, as because the other are *Pygmies*, and that we see, yong babes thinke babies of wonderful excellency, and yet the babies are but babies. But since your elder yeres, & abler iudgement, find Beauty to be worthy of so incomparable estimation, certainly me thinkes it ought to be held in deareneesse, according to the excellency, and (no more then wee would do of things which we account precious) euer to suffer it to be defiled.

Defiled? (sayd *Cecropia*) Mary God forbid that my speech should tend to any such purpose, as should deserue so foule a title. My meaning is to ioine your beauty to loue; your youth to delight. For truly, as colours should be as good as nothing if there were no eyes to behold them: so is Beauty nothing, without the eye of Loue behold it: and therefore, so far is it from defiling it, that it is the only honoring of it, the only preseruing of it: for Beauty goes away, deuoured by Time, but where remains it euer flourishing, but in the hart of a true louer? And such a one (if euer there were any) is my son: whose loue is so subiected vnto you, that rather then breed any offence vnto you, it will not delight it selfe in beholding you. There is no effect of his loue (answered *Pamela*) better pleaseth me then that: but as I haue often answered you, so, resolutely I say vnto you, that he must get my parents consent, & then he shal know further of my mind; for, without that, I know I shold offend God. O sweet youth (sayd *Cecropia*) how vntimely subiect it is to deuotion? No, no sweete neece, let vs old folks thinke of such precise consideratiōs, do you enioy the heauen of your age, whereof you are sure. and like good housholders; which spend those things that will not be kept, so do you pleasantly enioy that, which else wil bring an ouer-late repentance, when your glasse shal accuse you to your face, what a change there is in you. Do you see how the spring-time is ful of flowers, decking it self with them, & not aspiring to the fruits of *Autumn*? what lesson is that vnto you but that in the April of your age, you shold be like *April*? Let not some of the for whom already the graue gapeth, and perhaps enuy the felicity in you, which themselfes cannot enioy, perswade you to loose the hold of occasion; while it may not only be taken, but offers, nay sues to be taken: which if it be not now takē, will neuer hereafter be ouertaken. Your selfe know, how your father hath refused all offers made by the greatest Princes about you, & will you suffer your beauty to be hidden in the wrinkles of his peuisht thoughts? If he be peeuish (said *Pamela*) yet is he my father, & how beautiful so euer I be, I am his daughter: so as God claimes at my hands obedience, and makes me no iudge of his imperfections.

These often replies vpon conscience in *Pamela*; made *Cecropia* thinke, that there was no righter way for her, then as shee had (in her opinion) set her in liking of Beauty, with perswasion not to suffer it to be voide of purpose, so if she could make her lesse feeling of those heauenly concepts, that then she might easily wind her to her crooked bias. Therefore, employing the vttermost of her mischieuous wit, and speaking the more earnestly, because she spake as she thought, she thus dealt with her. Deare neece, or rather, deare daughter, if my affection and wish might preuaile therein, how much doth it increase (trow you) the earnest desire I haue of this blessed match, to see these vertues of yours knit fast with such zeale of Deuotion (indeede the best bond) which the most politicke wits haue found, to hold mans wit in wel doing? For, as children must first by feare be induced to know that, which after (when they do know) they are most glad of: So are these bug-beares of opinions brought by great Cleraks into the world, to serue as shewelles to keepe them from those faults, whereto else the vanitie of the world, and weakenesse of

senses might pull them. But in you (Neece) whose excellency is such, as it neede not to be held vp by the staffe of vulgar opinions, I would not you should loue Vertue seruilly, for feare of I know not what, which you see not. but euen for the good effects of vertue which you see. Feare, and indeede, foolish feare, and fearefull ignorance, was the first inuenter of those conceits. For, whē they heard it thunder, not knowing the naturall cause, they thought there was some angry body aboue, that spake so loude: and euer the lesse they did perceiue, the more they did conceiue. Whereof they knew no cause that grew straight a miracle: foolish folkes, not marking that the alterations be but vpon particular accidents, the vniuersality being alwayes one. Yesterday was but as to day, & to morrow will tread the same footsteps of his foregoers. so as it is manifest inough, that all things follow but the course of their owne nature, sauing onely Man, who while by the pregnancie of his imagination he struiues to things supernaturall, meane-while he looseth his owne natural felicity. Be wise, and that wildome shall be a God vnto thee; be contented, and that is thy heauen: for else to thinke that those powers (if there be any such) aboue are moued either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chate at the folly of our actions; caries asmuch reason as if flies should think, that men take great care which of them hums sweetest, and which of them flies nimblest.

She would haue spoken further to haue enlarged and confirmed her discourse: when *Pamela* (whose cheekes were died in the beautifullest graine of vertuous anger, with eyes which glistered forth beames of disdain) thus interrupted her. Peace (wicked womā) peace, vnworthy to breath, that doest not acknowledg the breath-giuer, most vnworthy to haue a tongue, which speakest against him, through whom thou speakest: keepe your affection to your selfe, which like a bemired dog, would defile with fauning. You say yesterday was as to day. O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish, since wit makes you foolish, What doth that argue, but that there is a constancie in the euerlasting gouernour? Would you haue an inconstant God, since we count a man foolish that is inconstant? He is not seene you say, and would you thinke him a God, who might bee seene by so wicked eyes, as yours? which yet might see enough if they were not like such, who for sport sake willingly hood-winke themselves to receiue blowes the easier. But though I speake to you without any hope of fruite in so rotten a heart, and there bee no body else here to iudge of my speeches, yet be thou my witnesse, & captiuitie, that my eares shall not be willingly guiltie of my Creators blasphemy. You say, because we know not the causes of things; therfore feare was the mother of superstition: nay, because we know that each effect hath a cause, that hath engendred a true & liuely deuotion. For this goodly worke of which we are, & in which we liue, hath not his being by Chance; on which opinion it is beyond meruaile by what chance any braine could stumble. For if it be eternall (as you would seeme to conceiue of it,) Eternity and Chance are things vn-sufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; & if it happen, there was a time before it happened, when it might haue not happened; or else it did not happen; & so if chanceable, not eternal. And as absurd it is to thinke that if it had a beginning, his beginning was deriued from Chaunce: for Chaunce could neuer make all thinges of nothing. and if ther ewere substances before, which by chaunce should meete to make vp this worke, thereon followes another bottomlesse pitte of absurdities. For then those substances must needs haue bin from euer, and so eternall: and that eternall causes should bring forth chanceable effects, is as sensible, as that the Sunne should be the the author of darkenesse. Againe if it were chance-



chanceable, then was it not necessary; whereby you take away all consequents. But we see in all things, in some respect or other, necessity of consequence: therefore in reason we must needs know that the causes were necessary.

Lastly Chaunce is variable, or else it is not to be called Chaunce: but we see this worke is steady and permanent. If nothing but Chaunce had glewed those peeces of this All, the heauy parts would haue gone infinitely downward, the light infinitely vpward, and so neuer haue met to haue made vp his goodly body. For before there was a heauen, or a earth, there was neither a heauen to stay the height of the ring, nor an earth, which (in respect of the round walles of heauen) should become a center. Lastly, perfect order, perfect beauty, perfect constancy, if these be the children of chaunce, let wisdom be counted the roote of wickednesse. But you will say it is so by nature, as much as if you said, it is so, because it is so: if you meane of many natures cōspiring together, as in a popular gouernment to establish this faire estate; as if the Elementish and ethereall parts should in their towne-house set downe the bounds of each ones office; then consider what followes: that there must needs haue bene a wisdom which made them concur: for their natures being absolute contrary, in nature rather would haue sought each others ruine, then haue serued as wel consorted parts to such an vnexpressable harmony. For that contrary thinges should meete to make vp a perfection without a force & Wisdom about their powers, is absolutely impossible; vnlesse you wil flie to that hissed-out opiniō of Chaunce againe. But you may perhaps affirme, that one vniuersal Nature (which hath bene for euer) is the knitting together of these many parts to such an excellent vnity. If you meane a Nature of wisdom, goodnesse, and prouidence, which knows what it doth, then say you that, which I seeke of you, and cannot conclude those blasphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, & mine eares. But if you meane a Nature, as we speake of the fire, which goeth vpward, it knowes not why: and of the name of the sea which in ebbing & flowing seemes to obserue so iust a dancke and yet vnderstands no musicke, it is but still the same absurdity superscribed with another title. For this word, one, being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a lesse matter, when we say one kingdome which containes many cities; or one city which containes many persons, wherein the vnder ones (if there be not a superiour power and wisdom) cannot by nature regard to any preferuation but of themselves: no more we see they do, since the water willingly quenches the fire, and drownes the earth; so farre are they from a conspired vnity: but that a right heauenly Nature indeede, as it were vnnaturing them, doth so bridle them.

Againe, it is as absurd in nature, that from an vnity many contraries should proceed still kept in an vnity: as that from the number of contrarieties an vnity should arise. I say still, if you banish both a singularity, and plurality of iudgement from among them; then (if so earthly a mind can lift it selfe vp so high) doe but conceiue, how a thing whereto you giue the highest, and most excellent kind of being (which is eternity) can be of a base & vilest degree of being, and next to a not being; which is so to be as not to enioy his owne being: I will not here call al your senses to witness which can heare, nor see nothing, which yeelds not most euident euidence of the vnspakeablenesse of that wisdom: each thing being directed to an ende, and an end of preferuation: so proper effects of iudgement, as speaking and laughing are of mankind.

But what mad fury can euer so inueagle any conceipt, as to see our mortall and

corruptible selues to haue a reason, and that this vniuersality (whereof we are but the least peeces) should be viterly deuoyde thereof? as if one should say, that ones foote may be wise, and himselfe foolish. This heard I once alleaged against such a godlesse mind as yours, who being driuen to acknowledge this beastly absurdity, that our bodies should be better then the whole world, if it had the knowledge, whereof the other were voide; he sought (not able to answer directly) to shitt it off in this sort: that if that reason were true, then must it fellow also, that the world must haue in it a spirit, that could write and read too, and be learned; since that was in vs commendable. wretched foole, not considering that Bookes be but supplies of defects; and so are praised, because they helpe our want, & therefore cannot bee incident to the eternall intelligence, which needes no recording of opinions to confirme his knowledge, no more then the Sunne wants waxe to bee the fewell of his glorious lightfulness. This world therefore cannot otherwise consist but by a mind of Wisedome, which gouerns it, which whether you wil allowe to be the Creator thereof, as vndoubtedly he is, or the soule and gouernour thereof, most certaine it is that whether he gouerne all, or make all, his power is aboue either his creatures, or his gouernment. And if his power bee aboue all things, then consequently it must needs be infinite, since there is nothing aboue it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, must needs be boundlesse; and infinite: if his power bee infinite, then likewise must his knowledge bee infinite: for else there should be an infinite proportion of power which hee should not know how to vse; the vsensibleness whereof I thinke euen you can conceiue: and if infinite, then must nothing, no not the estate of flies (which you with so vsauory scorne did iest at) be vknowne vnto him. For if it were, then there were his knowledge bounded, and so not infinite: if knowledge and power bee infinite, then must needs his goodnesse & iustice march in the same ranke: for infinitenesse of power, & knowledge, without like measure of goodnesse, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruine, and not ornament and preservation. Since then there is a GOD, and an all-knowing GOD, so as hee sees into the darkest of all naturall secretes, which is the heart of Man: and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts, nay sees the thoughts before they be thought: since he is iust to exercise his might, and mighty to performe his iustice, assure thy selfe, most wicked woman (that hast so plaguily a corrupted minde, as thou canst not keepe thy sicknesse to thy selfe, but must most wickedly infect others) assure thy selfe, I say (for what I say dependes of euerlasting and vnremouable causes) that the time will come, when thou shalt know that power by feeling it, when thou shalt see his wisdom in the manifesting thy ougly shamefulnesse, and shalt only perceiue him to haue bene a Creator in thy destruction.

Thus she said, thus shee ended, with so faire a maiesty of vnconquered vertue, that captiuitie might seeme to haue authority ouer tyranny: so fowly was the filthinesse of impiety discouered by the shining of her vnstayed goodnesse, so farre, as either *Cecropia* saw indeed, or else the guilty amazement of a selfe-accusing conscience, made her eyes vntrue iudges of their naturall obiect, that there was a light more then humane, which gaue a lustre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a Batte (which though it haue eyes to discern that there is a Sunne, yet hath so euill eyes, that it cannot delight in the Sunne) found a trueth, but could not loue it. But as great persons are wont to make the wrong they haue done, to be a cause to doo the more wrong, her knowledge rose to no higher point, but to enuie a worthier,

worthier, and her will was no otherwise bent, but the more to hate, the more shee found her enemy prouided against her. Yet all the while shee spake (though with eyes cast like a holic that would strike at the stirrop, and with colour which blushed through yellownesse) shee sate rather still then quiet, and after her speech rather muttered, then replyed: for the warre of wickednesse in her selfe, brought forth disdainfull pride to resist cunning dissimulation; so as, saying little more vnto her, but that she should haue leasure inough better to bethinke her selfe, shee went away repining, but not repenting: condemning greatly as she thought her sons ouer-feeble humblenesse, and purposing to egge him forward to a course of violence. For her selfe, determining to deale with neither of them both any more in maner of a suter; for what maiesty of vertue did in the one, that did filer humblenes in the other. But finding her sonne ouer-apt to lay both condemnation, and execution of sorrow vpon himselfe, she sought to mitigate his mind with fained delayes of comfort, who (hauing this inward ouerthrow in himselfe) was the more vexed, that he could not vtter the rage thereof vpon his outward enemies.

For *Basilus* taught by the last dayes trial, what dangerous effects chosen courages can bring forth, rather vsed the spade, then the sword; or the sword, but to defend the spade; girding about the whole towne, with trenches; which beginning a good way off from the towne, with a number of well directed Pioners, he still caried before him till they came to a neere distance, where hee builded Fortes, one answering the other, in such sort, as it was a prety consideration in the discipline of warre, to see building vsed for the instrument of ruine, and the assayler entrenched as if he were besieged. But many fallies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exercising more melancholy, then choller in their resolution) made him find, that if by the aduantage of the place, few are able to defend themselves from many, that many must needs haue power (making themselves strong in seate) to repell few, referring the reuenge rather to the end, then a present requitall. Yet oftentimes they dealt some blowes in light skirmishes, each side hauing a strong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarums, to vexe the enemy, then for any hope of great successe.

Which euery way was a tedious comber to the impacient courage of *Amphialus*: till the same of this warre, bringing thither diuerse, both straungers, and subiects, as well of Princely, as noble houses, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his sportfull delights as then, to serue *Basilus* (whom he honoured for receiued honors) when he had spent some time in considering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping, and fighting, and had learned in what points of gouernment, and obedience their discipline differed from others, & so had satisfied his mind in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helpes, and furnishing ones selfe, which *Basilus* orders could deliuer vnto him, his young spirits (weary of wanting cause to be weary) desired to keepe his valure in knowledge, by some priuate acte, since the publike policy restrained him; the rather, because his old mistresse *Artesia* might see, whom she had so lightly forsaken: and therefore demaunding and obtaining leaue of *Basilus*; he caused a Herald to be furnished with apparell of his office, and tokens of a peaceable message, and so sent him to the gate of the towne to demaund audience of *Amphialus*: who vnderstanding thereof, caused him both safely and courteously to be brought into his presence: who making lowly reuerence vnto him, presented his Letters, desiring *Amphialus*, that whatsoeuer they contained, hee would consider that hee was onely the bearer, and not the



inditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentlenes assured him both by honorable speeches, and a demeanure which answered for him, that his reuenge, whensoever, should sort vnto it selfe a higher subiect. But opening the letters, he found them to speake in this manner.

**P***halantus* of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, sendeth the greeting of a hatelesse enemy. The liking of martiall matters without any mislike of your person, hath brought mee rather to the company, then to the mind of your besiegers: where languishing in idlenesse, I desire to refresh my minde with some exercise of armes, which might make knowne the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore, if there be any Gentleman in your Towne, that either for the loue of Honour, or honour of his Loue, well armed on horseback, with Launce, and sword, winne another, or loose himselfe, to be a prisoner at discretion of the Conquerour, I will to morrow morning by Sunne-rising, with a trumpeter and a Squire onely, attend him in like order furnished. The place I thinke fittest, the Island within the Lake, because it stands so well in the view of your Castell, as that the Ladies may haue the pleasure of seeing the combat, which though it be within the commandement of your Castell, I desire no better security, then the promise I make to my selfe of your vertue. I attend your answer, and wish you such successe as may be to your honour, rather in yeelding to that which is iust, then in maintaining wrong by violence.

**A***mphialus* read it with cheereful countenance, & thinking but a little with himselfe, called for inke and paper, and wrote this answer.

**A***mphialus* of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, wisheth all his owne wishes, sauing those which may be hurtfull to another. The matter of your letters so fit for a worthy mind, and the maner so futable to the noblenesse of the matter giue me cause to think how happie I might accompt my selfe, if I could get such a friend, who esteeme it no small happinesse to haue met with so noble an enemy. Your challenge shall be answered, and both time, place, and weapon accepted. For your security from any treachery (hauinge no hostage worthieto counteruaile you) take my word, which I esteeme aboute all respects. Prepare therefore your armes to fight, but not your hart to malice; since true valure needes no other whetstone, then desire of honour.

**H**auing writte and sealed his letter, he deliuered it to the Herauld, and withall tooke a faire chaine from off his owne necke, and gaue it him. And so with safe conuoy sent him away from out his city: and he being gone, *Amphialus* shewed vnto his mother, and some other of his chiefe Counsellours, what hee had receiued, and how he had answered: telling them withall, that hee was determined to answere the challenge in his owne person. His mother with prayers authorized by motherly commaundement, his olde gouernour with perswasions mingled with reprehensions (that hee would rather affect the glory of a priuate fighter, then of a wise Generall) *Clinias* with falling downe at his feete, and beseeching him to remember, that all their liues depended vpon his safety, sought all to dissuade him. But *Amphialus* (whose heart was enflamed with courage, and courage enflamed with affection) made an imperious resolution cutte off  
the

the tediousnesse of replies, giuing them in charge, what they shold do vpon al occasions, and particularly to deliuer the Ladies, if otherwise then well happened vnto him: onely desiring his mother, that shee would bring *Philoclea* to a window, whence she might with ease perfectly discern the combat. And so, as soone as the morning began to draw dew from the fairest greenes to wash her face withall, against the approach of the burning Sunne, hee went to his stable, where himselfe chose out a horse, whom (though hee was neere twentie yeare old) he preferred for a peece of sure seruice, before a great number of yonger. His colour was of a browne bay, dapled thicke with blacke spots; his forehead marked with a white star, to which, in all his bodie there was no part sutable, but the left foote before, his mane and taile blacke, and thicke, of goodly, and well proportioned greatnesse. He caused him to be trimmed with a sumptuous saddle of tawnie, and gold ennamell, enriched with precious stones: his furniture was made into the fashion of the branches of a tree, from which the leaues were falling: and so artificially were the leaues made, that as the horse moued, it seemed indeed that the leaues wagged, as when the wind plaies with them; and being made of a pale cloath of gold, they did beare the straw-coloured liuerie of ruine. His armour was also of tawny and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkened, as when they newly brake the prison of a smokie furnace. In his shield hee had painted the *Torpedo* fish. And so appointed, he caused himselfe, with his trumpeter and squire (whom hee had taken since the death of *Ismenus*) to bee ferried ouer into the Island: a place well chosen for such a purpose. For, it was so plaine, as there was scarcely any bush, or hillocke, either to vnleuell, or shadow it: of length and breadth enough, to trie the vtermost both of Launce and sword, and the one end of it facing the Castle, the other extending it selfe toward the campe, and no acceffe to it, but by water: there could no secret treachery be wrought, and for manifest violence, either side might haue time inough to succour their party.

But there he found *Phalantus*, already waiting for him vpon a horse, milke white, but that vpon his shoulder and withers, he was freckned with red staines, as when a few strawberries are scattered into a dish of creame. He had caused his mane and taile to be died in carnation; his reynes were vine branches, which ingendring one with the other, at the end, whe it came to the bit, there, for the bosse, brought forth a cluster of grapes, by the workeman made so liuely, that it seemed, as the horse champed on his bit, he chopped for them, and that it did make his mouth water, to see the grapes so neere him. His furniture behind was of vines, so artificially made, as it seemed the horse stood in the shadow of the vine, so pretily were clusters of rubie grapes dispersed among the trappers which embraced his sides. His armour was blew, like the heauen, which a Sun did with his rayes (proportionately deliuered) guild in most places. His shield was beautified with this deuice: A greyhound, which ouerrunning his fellow, and taking the hare, yet hurts is not when it takes it. The word was, *The glory, not the pray.*

But as soone as *Amphialus* landed, he sent his squire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the Knight, ready to know whether he had any thing to say to him. *Phalantus* answered, that his answer now must bee in the language of launces; and so each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to sound at the appointmēt of foure iudges, who with consideration of the same, had deuided the ground. *Phalantus*-his horse young, and feeling the youth of his maister, stood coruetting, which being well gouerned by *Phalantus*, gaue such a glittering grace, as when the Sunne

Sunne in a cleare day shines vpon a wauiing water. *Amphialus*-horse stood pawing vpon the ground, with his further foote before, as if he would for his maisters cause begin to make himselfe angry: till the trumpet sounding together, Together they set spurres to their horses, together tooke their Launces from their thighs, conueyed them vp into their rests together, together let them sinke downward; so as it was a delectable sight, in a dangerous effect; and a pleasant consideration, that there was so perfect agreement, in so mortall disagreement: like a musicke made of cuaning discords. But their horses keeping an euen line their maisters had skilfully allotted vnto them, passed on by another without encountring, although either might feelee the angry breath of other. But the staues being come to a iust descent, but euen when the marke was ready to meet them, *Amphialus* was runne through the vamplate, and vnder the arme: so as the staffe appearing behind him, it seemed to the beholders he had bene in danger. But he strake *Phalantus*, iust vpon the gorget, so as he battred the lammes thereof, and made his head almost touch the backe of his horse. But either side hauing stayed the spur, and vsed the bit to stop their horses fury, casting away the toncheons of their staues, & drawing their swords, they attended the second summons of the death-threatning trumpet, which quickly followed; and they assoone making their horses aunswere their hands, with a gentle gallop, set on toward the other, til being come in the nearenesse of litle more then a staues length. *Amphialus* trusting more to the strength, then to the nimblenesse of his horse, put him forth with speedie violence, and making his head ioyne to the others flanke, guiding his blow with discretion, and strengthning it with the course of his horse, strake *Phalantus* vpon the head, in such sort, that his feeling sense did both dazell his sight, and astonish his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not accustomed to be vngratefull to such benefits) strake him vpon the side of his face, with such force, that he thought his iaw had bene cut asunder: though the faithfulnessse of his armour indeede garded him from further damage. And so remained they awhile, rather angry with fighting, then fighting for anger, till *Amphialus*-his horse, leaning hard vpon the other, and winning ground, the other horse feeling himselfe prest, began to rise a litle before, as hee was wont to do in his coruer: which aduantage *Amphialus* taking, set forward his owne horse with the further spur, so as *Phalantus* his horse came ouer with his maister vnder him. Which *Amphialus* seeing, lighted, with intention to helpe *Phalantus*. But his horse that had faulted, rather with vntimely art, then want of force, gat vp from burdning his burden, so as *Phalantus* (in the fall hauing gotten his feet free off the stirop) could (though something bruised) arise, & seeing *Amphialus* neere him, he asked him, Whether he had giuen him any helpe in remouing his horse. *Amphialus* sayd No. Truly said *Phalantus*, I asked it, because I wold not willingly haue fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now (sayd *Phalantus*) before we proceede further, let me know who you are, because neuer yet did any man bring me to the like fortune. *Amphialus* listing to keepe himselfe vnknowne, told him he was a Gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had giuen armour and horse to trie his valour, hauing neuer before bene in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah (sayd *Phalantus* in a rage) And must I be the exercise of your prentis-age? and with that, choler tooke away either the bruse, or the feeling of the bruse, so as he entred afresh into the combat, & boiling into his armes the disdain of his hart, strake so thicke vpon *Amphialus*, as if every blow would faine haue bene foremost. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, great spending to leaue small remnants) let passe the storme with strong wards, and nimble auoydings



dings: till seeing his time fit, both for distance and nakednesse, he strake him so cruel a blow on the knee, that the poore Gentleman fell downe withall in a fowne.

But *Amphialus*, pittying approued valour, made precious by naturall curtesie, went to him, & taking off his head-peece to giue him aire, the yong Knight (disdaining to buy life with yeelding) bad him vse his fortune: for he was resolu'd neuer to yeeld. No more you shall (sayd *Amphialus*): if it be not to my request, that you will account your selfe to haue great interest in me. *Phalantus* more ouercome by his kindnesse, then by his fortune, desired yet once againe to know his name, who in his first beginning had shewed such furie in his force, and yet such stay in his furie. *Amphialus*, then named himselfe, telling him with al, he wold thinke his name much bettred, if it might be honored by the title of his friend. But no Baulme could bee more comfortable to his wound, then the knowledge therof was to his mind, when he knew his mishap should be excused by the renowned valour of the other. And so promising each to other assurednesse of good wil, *Phalantus* (of whom *Amphialus* would haue no other raunsome, but his word of friendship) was conueyed into the campe, where he wold but litle remaine among the enemies of *Amphialus*: but went to seeke his aduentures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, he was receiued with triumph into the Castle; although one might see by his eys (humbly lifted vpto the window where *Philoclea* stood) that he was rather suppliant, then victorious which occasion *Cecropia* taking (who as then stood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another roome, whence also shee might see the combat) Sweet Lady (sayd she) now you may see, whether you haue cause to loue my son, who then lies vnder your feete, when he stands vpon the neck of his brauest enemies. Alas sayd *Philoclea*, a simple seruice to me, me thinks it is, to haue those, who come to succour me, destroyed: If it be my duty to call it loue, be it so: but the effects it brings forth, I confesse I account hatefull. *Cecropia* grew so angry with this vnkind answer, that she could not abtaine from telling her, that shee was like them that could not sleepe, when they were softly layed: but that if her son would follow her counsell, he should take another course with her: and so flang away from her.

Yet (knowing the desperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like cases) framed to him a very thankfull message, powdring it with some hope-giuing phrases; which were of such ioy to *Amphialus*, that he (though against publike respect, and importunity of disswaders) presently caused it to be made knowne to the campe, that whatsoeuer Knight would trie the like fortune as *Phalantus* did; hee should in like sort be answered: so as diuers of the valiantest, partly of themselues, partly at the instigation of *Basilius*, attempted the combat with him: and according to euery ones humour, so were the causes of the challenge grounded: one laying treason to his charge; another preferring himselfe in the worthinesse to serue *Philoclea*, a third, exalting some Ladies beautie beyond either of the sisters; a fourth, laying disgraces to loue it selfe, naming it the bewitcher of the witte, the rebell to Reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the underminer of magnanimities, the flatterer of vice, the slaue to weakenesse, the infection of youth, the madnesse of age, the curse of life, and reproch of death; a fifth, disdaining to cast at lesse then at all, would make the cause of his quarrell the causers of loue, and proclaime his blasphemies against womankind; that namely that sexe was the ouersight of Nature, the disgrace of reasonablenesse, the obstinate cowards, the slaue-borne tyrants, the shops of vanities, the guilded wether-cocks, in whom

conscience

conscience is but puculhnesse, chastity waywardnesse, and gratefullnesse a miracle. But all these challenges (how well so euer indited) were so wel answered, that some by death taught others, though past learning themselves; & some by yeelding gaue themselves the lie for hating blasphemed; to the great griefe of *Basilus*, so to see his Rebell preuaile, and in his owne sight to crowne himselfe with deserued honour.

Whereupon thirsting for reuenge, and else not hoping to preuaile, the best of his campe being already ouerthrowne; he sent a messenger to *Argalus* in whose approved courage and force, he had (and had cause) to haue great confidence, with a letter; requiring him to take this quarrell in hand, from which hee had hitherto spared him in respect of his late mariage. But now his honour, and (as he esteemed it) felicity standing vpon it, hee could no longer forbear to challenge of him his faithfull seruice.

The messenger made speede and found *Argalus* at a castle of his owne, sitting in a parler with the faire *Parthenia*, he reading in a booke the stories of *Hercules*, she by him as to heare him reade, but while his eyes looked on the booke, shee looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him, with some pretie question, not so much to bee resolved of the doubt; as to giue him occasion to looke vpon her. A happy couple, he ioying in her, shee ioying in her selfe, but in her selfe, because shee enioyed him: both increased their riches by giuing to each other; each making one life double, because they made a double life ones; where desire neuer wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction euer bred satiety; he ruling, because she would obey: or rather because she would obey, she therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand, & haste in his countenance, though she knew not what to feare, yet she feared, because she knew not, but she rose, and went aside, while he deliuered his letters and message; yet a far off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband. the same feare, which made her loth to haue cause of feare, yet making her seeke cause to nourish her feare. And well she found there was some serious matter; for her husbands countenance figured some resolution betweene lothnesse and necessity: and once his eye cast vpon her, and finding hers vpon him, he blushed; and she blushed, because hee blushed, and yet streight grew pale, because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read, and heard, and dispatched away the messenger (like a man in whom Honour could not be rocked asleepe by affection) with promise quickly to follow; hee came to *Parthenia*, and as sory as might be for parting, and yet more sory for her sorrow, he gaue her the letter to reade. She with fearefull slownesse tooke it, & with fearefull quicknesse read it; and hauing read it, *Alas my Argalus* (said she) and haue you made such haste to answer? and are you so soone resolved to leaue me? But he discoursing vnto her, how much it imported his honour (which since it was deare to him, he knew it would be deare vnto her) her reason ouercrowded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to teares, and sighes, which he not able to beare, left her alone, and went to giue order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed & ready to go, she had recovered a litle strength of spirit againe, and comming out, and seeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, she ran to him, tooke him by the arme, and kneeling down without regard, who either heard her speech, or saw her demeanour, *My Argalus, my Argalus* (said she) do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas, Remember that I haue interest in you, which I wil neuer yeeld shalbe thus aduentured. Your valour is already

already sufficiently knowne: sufficiently haue you already done for your country. ennow, ennow there are besides you to loose lesse worthy liues. Woe is me, what shall become of me, if you thus abandon mee? Then was it time for you to follow these aduentures, when you aduentured no body but your selfe, and were no bodies but your owne. But now pardon me, that now, or neuer, I claime mine owne; mine you are, and without me you can vndertake no danger: and will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* shall be in the battell of your fight: *Parthenia* shall smart in your paine and your blood must be bled by *Parthenia*. Deare *Parthenia* (sayd he) this is the first time, that euer you resisted my wil: I thake you for it; but perseuer not in it, and let not the teares of those most beloued eyes be a presage vnto me of that, which you wold not shold happē. I shall liue doubt not: for so great a blessing, as you are was not giuen vnto me, so soone to be depriued of it. Looke for me therefore shortly, and victorious; and prepare a ioyfull welcome, and I wil wish for no other triumph. She answered not, but stood as it were thunder-stricken with amazement: for true Loue made obedience stand vp against all other passions. But whē he took her in his armes, and sought to print his heart in her sweet lippes, she fell in a sound, so as he was faine to leaue her to her Gentlewomen: and caried away by the tyrannie of Honour, though with many a backe-cast looke, and hartie grone, went to the campe. Where vnderstanding the notable victories of *Amphialus*, he thought to giue him some daies respite of rest, because he would not haue his victory disgraced by the others wearinesse. In which dayes, he sought by all meanes (hauiing leaue to parley with him) to dissuade him from his enterprize: and then imparting his mind to *Basilius*, because he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his desie vnto him in this manner.

**R**ight famous *Amphialus*, if my perswasion in reason, or prayer in good will, might preuaile with you, you should by better meanes beelike to obtaine your desier. You should make many braue enemies become your faithfull seruants, and make your honour flie vp to heauen, being caried vp by both the wings of valure and iustice; whereof now it wants the latter. But since my suite, nor counsell can get no place in you disdaine not to receiue a mortall challenge, from a man so far inferior vnto you in vertue, as that I do not so much mislike of the deede, as I haue the doer in admiration. Prepare therefore your selfe, according to the noble manner you haue vsed, and thinke not lightly of neuer so weake an arme, which strikes with the sword of iustice,

To this he quickly receiued this answer.

**M**uch wore famous *Argalus*, I whom neuer threatnings could make afraide, am now terrified by your noble curtesie. For well I knowe, from what height of vertue it doth proceed, & what cause I haue to doubt such vertue bent to my ruine: but Loue, which iustifieth the vniustice you lay vnto me, doth also animate me against al dangers, since I come full of him by whom your selfe haue bin (if I be not deceiued) sometimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in the Ile, carying this aduantage with me, that as it shall be a singular honour if I get the victorie, so there can be no dishonour in being ouercome by *Argalus*.

The challenge thus denounced, and accepted, *Argalus* was armed in a white armour, which was al guided ouer with knots of womans haire, which came downe from the crest of his head-peece, & spread it selfe in rich quantity ouer all his armor,



his furniture was cut out into the fashion of an Eagle, whereof the beake (made into a rich iewell) was fastened to the saddle, the taile couered the crooper of the horse, & the wings serued for trappers; which falling of each side, as the horse stirred, the bird seemed to flie. His petrell and raines, were embrodered with feathers futable vnto it: vpon his right arme he ware a sleeue, which his deare *Parthenia* had made for him, to be worne in a iustes in the time that successe was vngratefull to their well-deferued loue: it was full of bleeding harts, though neuer inteded to any bloody enterprise. In his shield (as his own deuice) he had two Palme-trees, neere one another, with a word signifying, *In that sort flourishing*. His horse was of a fire correll, with blacke feete, & backe list on his back, who with open nostrils breathed war, before he could see an enemy: and now vp with on leg, and then with another, seemed to complaine of Nature, that she had made him any whit earthie.

But he had scarcely vewed the ground of the Iland, and considered the aduantages (if any were) thereof, before the Castell boate had deliuered *Amphialus*, in all points provided to giue a hard entertainment. And then sending each to other their Squires in honorable manner, to know whether they should attend any further ceremonie; the trumpets sounding, the horses with smooth running, the staues with vnshaked motion, obediently performed there cholericke comandements. But when they drew neere, *Argalus* horse being hot, prest in with his head: which *Amphialus* perceuing, knowing if he gaue him his side, it should be to his disaduantage, prest in also with him, so as both the horses and men met shoulder to shoulder, so as the horses (hurt as much with the striking, as being stricken) tumbled downe to the earth, dangerously to their maisters, but that they by strength nimble, and by vse skilfull, in the falling shunned the harme of the fall, and without more respite, drew out their swords with a gallant brauery, each struing to shew himself the lesse endangered, and to make knowne that they were glad, they had now nothing else to trust to, but their owne vertue. True it is, that *Amphialus* was the sooner vp, but *Argalus* had his sword out the sooner: and then fell they to the cruellest combat, that any persect eie had seene. Their swords first, like Canons, battering downe the wals of their armour, making breaches almost in euery place for troupes of wounds to enter. Among the rest, *Argalus* gaue a great wound to *Amphialus* disarmed face; though part of the force of it *Amphialus* warded vpon his shield, and withall (first casting his eye vp to *Phylocleas* Window, as if he had fetched his courage thence) fayning to entend the same sort of blow, turned his sword, and with a mightie reuerse, gaue a cruell wound to the right arme of *Argalus*, the vnfaithfull armour yeelding to the swords strong guided sharpnesse. But though the blood accused the hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his confesse it: but keeping himselfe in a lower ward, stood watching with timely thrustes to repaire his losse, which quickly he did. For *Amphialus* (following his fawning fortune) layd on so thicke vpon *Argalus*, that his shield had almost fallen peece-meale to the earth, when *Argalus* comming in with his right foot, and somthing stowping to come vnder his armour, thrust him into the belly daungerously, and mortally it would haue beene, but that with the blow before, *Amphialus* had ouer stricken himselfe so, as he fell side-ward downe, and with falling saued himselfe from ruine. The sword by that meanes slipping aside, and not piercing more deeply. *Argalus* seeing him fall, threatening with voyce and sword, bad him yeeld. But he struing without aunswere to rise, *Argalus* strake with all his might vpon his head: But his hurt arme not able to maister so sound a force, let the sword fall so, as *Amphialus*, though astonished with the

the blow, could arise which *Argalus* considering, ranne in to grasp with him, & so closed together; falling so to the ground, now one getting aboue, and then the other; at length, both wearie of so vnlovely embracements, with a descending consent gate vp, and went to their swords: but happened each of his enemies: where *Argalus* finding his foes sword garnished in his bloud, his hart rase with the same sword to reuenge it and on that blade to allie their bloods together. But his mind was euill wayted-on by his lamed force, so as he receiued stil more & more wounds which made all his armour seeme to blush, that it had defended his maister no better. But *Amphialus* perceiuing it, and waying the small hatefullnesse of their quarrell, with the worthinesse of the Knight, desired him to take pittie of himselfe. But *Argalus*, the more repining, the more he found himselfe in disaduantage, filling his veines with spite in stead of bloud, and making courage arise against faintnesse (like a Candel, which a little before it goes out, giues then the greatest blaze) so did he vnite all his force, that casting away the little remnant of his shield, and taking his sword in both hands, he stroke such a notable blow, that he cleft his shield, armour, and arme almost to the bone.

But the *Amphialus* forgot all ceremonies, & with cruell blowes made more of his best bloud succeed the rest; til his hand being stayed by his eare, his eare filled with a pitifull erie, the erie guided his sight to an excellent faire Lady, who came running as fast as she could, and yet because she could not as fast as she would, she sent her lamentable voyce before her: and being come, and being knowne to them both, to be the beautifull *Parthenia* (who had that night dreamed she saw her husband in such estate, as she then found him, which made her make such hast thither) they both maruailed. But *Parthenia* ran betweene them (feare of loue making her forget the feare of Nature) and then fell downe at their feete, determining so to part them, till she could get breath to sigh out her dolefull speeches: and when her breath (which running had spent, & dismayednesse made slow to returne) had by sobbes gotten into her sorrow-closed breast, for a while she could say nothing, but, ô wretched eyes of mine, ô waileful sight, O day of darkenesse: at length turning her eyes (wherein sorrow swamme) to *Amphialus*, My Lord (sayd she) it is sayd you loue; in the power of that loue, I beseech you to leaue off this combat, as euer your heart may find comfort in his affection, euen for her sake, I craue it: or if you be mortally determined, be so pitifull ynto me, as first to kill me, that I may not see the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to haue answered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his Fortune, but most vexed that she should see him in that fortune. Ah *Parthenia* (sayd he) neuer till now vnwelcome to me, do you come to get my life by request? And cannot *Argalus* liue but by request? Is that a life? With that he wet a side, for feare of hurting her, & would haue begun the combat afresh. But *Amphialus* not only cōiured by that which held the Monarchie of his mind, but euen in his noble hart melting with cōpassion at so passionate asight, desired him to withhold his hāds, for that he shold strike one, who sought his fauour, & would not make resistāce. A notable example of the wonderfull effect of Vertue, where the conquerour sought for friendship of the conquered, and the conquered would not pardon the conquerour: both indeed being of that mind to loue each other for accepting, but not for giuing mercy, and neither affected to over-lie a dishonour: so that *Argalus* not so much struiuing with *Amphialus* (for if he had had him in the like sort, in like sort he would haue dealt with him) as labouring against his owne power (which he chiefly disped) set himselfe forward, stretching his strength to the vttermost. But the fire of that strife,

blowne with his inward rage, boyled out his blood in such abundance, that hee was driuen to rest him vpon the pommel of his sword: and then each thing beginning to turne round in the daunce of Death before his eyes, his sight both dazzled and dimmed, til (thinking to sit downe) he fell in a sound, *Parthenia*, and *Amphialus* both hastily went vnto him. *Amphialus* tooke off his helmet, and *Parthenia* laid his head in her lap, teating off her linnen sleeues and partlet, to serue about his wounds: to bind which, she tooke off her hair-lace, and would haue cut of her faire haire her selfe, but that the squires and iudges came in with fitter things for the purpose: while she bewayled her selfe with so lamentable sweetnesse, as was enough to haue taught sorrow to the gladdest thoughts, and haue engraued it in the minds of hardest mettall.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia* (sayd she) What art thou? what seest thou? how is thy blisse in a moment fallen? how art thou, euen now before all Ladies the example of perfect happinesse, and now the gasping stocke of endlesse miserie? O God, what hath bene my desert to be thus punished? or if such haue bene my desert, why was I not in my selfe punished? O wandering life, to what wildernesse wouldst thou lead me? But Sorrow, I hope thou art sharp enough to saue my labour from other remedies, *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his sound, and lifting vp his languishing eyes (which a painefull rest, and iron sleepe did seeke to locke vp) seeing her, in whom (euen dying) hee liued, and himselfe seated in so beeloued a place, it seemed a little cheerefull blood came vp to his cheekes, like a burning cole, almost dead, if some breath a little reuine it: and forcing vp (the best he could) his feeble voyce, My deare, my better halfe (sayd hee) I find I must now leaue thee: and by that sweete hand, and faire eyes of thine I sweare, that Death brings nothing with it to grieue me, but that I must leaue thee, & cannot remaine to answere part of thy infinit desires, with being some comfort vnto thee. But since so it pleaseth him, whose wisdom and goodnesse guideth all, put they confidence in him, and one day we shall blessedly meet againe, neuer to depart: meane while liue happily, deare *Parthenia*, and I perswade my selfe, it will encrease the blessednesse of my soule, so to see thee. Loue well the remembrance of thy louing, and truly louing, *Argalus*. and let not (with that word hee sighed) this disgrace of mine, make thee one day thinke, thou hadst an vnworthy husband. They could scarcely vnderstand the last words. for Death began to seaze himself of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make answer, so full was her breast of anguish. But while the other sought to stanch his remedlesse wounds, she with her kisses made him happie: for his last breath was deliuered into her mouth.

But when indeede she found his ghost was gone, then Sorrow lost the witte of vtterance, and grew ragefull, and madde, so that shee tare her beautifull face, and rent her haire, as though they could serue for nothing, since *Argalus* was gone; till *Amphialus* (so moued with pittie of that sight, as that he honoured his aduersaries death with teares) caused her (with the helpe of her women that came with her partly by force, to be conueyed into the boat, with the dead body of *Argalus*, from which she would not depart. And being come of the other side, there she was receiued by *Basilus* himselfe, with all the funerall pompe of militarie discipline, trayling all their Ensignes vpon the ground, making these warlike instruments sound dolefull notes, and *Basilus* (with comfort in his mouth, and woe in his face) sought to perswade some ease into *Parthenias* mind: but all was as easefull to her, as the hand-



handling of sore wounds: all the honour done, being to her but the triumph of her ruine, she finding no comfort, but in desperate yeelding to Sorrow: and rather determined to hate her selfe, if euer shee should find ease thereof. And well might she heare as she past through the campe, the great praises spoken of her husband, which all were recordes of her losse. But the more excellent he was (being indeede accounted second to none in all Greece) the more did the breath of those praises, beare vp the wings of *Amphialus*-his fame: to whom yet (such was his case) that Trophe vpon Trophe, still did but build vp the monument of his thraldome; hee euer finding himselfe in such fauour of *Philoclea*, that she was most absent, whē he was present with her; and euer soriest, when hee had best successe: which would haue made him renounce all comfort, but that his mother, with diuersity of deuises, kept vp his heart.

But while he allayed thus his outward glory, with inward discomfort, he was like to haue bin ouertaken with a notable treason, the beginning wherof (though meere-ly ridiculous) had like to haue brought forth vnto him a weeping effect.

Among other that attended *Basilus* in this expeditiō, *Dametas* was one; whether to be present with him, or absent from *Miso*: once, certaine it was without any mind to make his sword curfed by any widow. Now being in the campe, while each talke seemed iniurious, which did not acknowledge some duetie to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out somtimes in cōmunitation, that as the speech of heauen doth often beget the mention of hell, so the admirable prowesse of *Amphialus* (by a contrary) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardise of *Clinias*: in so much, as it grew almost to a prouerbe, *As very a coward as Clinias*. Describing him in such sort, that in the end, *Dametas* began to thinke with himselfe, that if he made a challenge vnto him, he would neuer answere it; and that then he should greatly encrease the fauourable conceit of *Basilus*. This fancie of his he vttered to a yong Gentleman, that waited vpon *Philanax*, in whose friendship he had especiall confidence, because he haunted his company, laughing often merily at his speeches, and not a little extolling the goodly dotes of *Mopsa*. The yong Gentleman as glad as if he had found a Hare sitting, egd him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then (for feare the humour should quail in him) wrote a challenge himself for *Dametas*, & brought it to him. But when *Dametas* read it, putting his head on his shoulder, & somewhat smiling; he said, it was pretty indeed; but that it had not a lofty stile enough: and so would needs indite it in this sort.

**O** *Clinias*, thou *Clinias*, the wickedest worme that euer went vpon two legs; the verie fritter of fraud, and seething pot of iniquity: I *Dametas*, chiefe gouernour of all the royall cattel, and also of *Pamela* (whom thy Maister most perniciously hath suggested out of my dominion) do dese thee, in a mortall affray from the bodkin to the pike upward. Which if thou doost presume to take in hand, I will out of that superfluous body of thine make thy soule: to be euacuated.

The young Gentleman seemed dumbe-stricken with admiration, and presently tooke vpon him to bee the bearer thereof, while the heate of the fit lasted, and hauing gotten leaue of *Basilus* (euery body helping on, to ease his minde ouercharged with melancholy) hee went into the towne according to the manner before time vsed, and in the presence of *Amphialus* deliuered this letter to *Clinias*; desiring to haue an answere, which might be fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, read

*Sonnet*

*Le*

*Heaven 11 9 9*

it; and in the reading, his bloud not daring to be in so daungerous a place, went out of his face, and hid it selfe more inwardly: and his verie words (as if they were a-fraide of blowes) came very slowly out of his mouth: but, as well as his panting breath would utter it, he bad him tell the lowte that sent him, that hee disdained to haue any thing to do with him. But *Amphialus*, percciuing the matter, tooke him aside, and very earnestly dealt with him not to shame himselfe; *Amphialus* only desirous to bring it to passe to make some sport to *Philoclea*, but not being able to perswade with him, *Amphialus* licenced the Gentleman, telling him, that by next morning he should haue answere.

The yong Gentleman, (sory he had sped no better) returned to *Dametas*, who had fetcht many a sower-breathed sigh, for feare *Clinias* would accept the challenge. But when he perceiued by his trusty messenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no disposition in him to accept it; then lo, *Dametas* began to speake his lowd voice, to looke big, to march vp & down, & in his march to lift his legges higher then he was wont, swearing by no meane deuotions: that the walles should not keepe the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his cunniberry: & then was hotter then euer to prouide himselfe of horse & armour, saying he would go to the Iland brauely addoubed, & shew himselfe to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpose many willing hands were about him, letting him haue reines, pettrell, with the rest of the furniture, & very braue bates, but all coming from diuerse houles, neither in colour nor fashion, shewing any kindred one with another; but that liked *Dametas* the better. for that he thought would argue, that he was maister of many braue furnitures. Then gaue he order to a painter for his deuise; which was, a plowe with the oxen lewsed from it, a sword with a great number of armes and legges cut off; and lastly a great armie of pen and inke-hornes and bookes. Neither did he sticke to tell the secret of his intent, which was, that hee had left off the plough, to do such bloody deedes with his sword, as many inke-hornes and bookes should be employed about the historifying of them: and being asked; why he set no word vnto it, he said, that was indeed like the painter, that saith in his picture, Here is the dog, & there is the Hare: & with that he laughed so perfectly, as was great consolation to the beholders. Yet remembering, that *Miso* would not take it well at his returne, if he forgot his duty to her, he caused in a border about to be written:

*Miso mine owne pigsnie, thou shalt heare newes of Dametas.*

Thus all things being condignely ordered, with an ill fauoured impatiencie he waited, vntill the next morning, that he might make a muster of himselfe in the Iland: often asking them that very diligently wayted vpon him, whether it were not pittie, that such a coward as *Clinias*, should set his runaway feet vpon the face of the earth?

But as he was by diuerse principall yong Gentlemen, to his no small glory, lifted vpon horse backe, comes me a page of *Amphialus*, who with humble smiling reuerence deliuered a letter vnto him from *Clinias*: whom *Amphialus* had brought to this, first with perswatiōs (that for certain, if he he did accept the combat, *Dametas* would neuer dare to appeare, and that then the honour should be his) but principally threatning him, that if he refused it, he wold turne him out of the town to be put to death for a traytor by *Basilus*: so as the present feare (euer to a coward most

most terrible) of being turned out of the towne, made him, though full vnwillingly, vndertake the other feare, wherein he had some shew of hope, that *Dametas* might hap either to be sicke, or not to haue the courage to performe the matter. But whē *Dametas* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly suspecting what the matter might be, he bad the page carry backe his letter, like a naughty boy as he was: for he was in no humour, he told him, of reading letters. But *Dametas*-is friend, first perswading him that for certaine it was some submission, tooke vpon him so much boldnesse, as to open his letter, and to read it alowd in this sort.

**F**ilthy drinell, unworthy to haue thy name set in any letter by a souldiers hand written: could thy wretched heart thinke it was timorousnesse, that made *Clinias* suspend a while his answer? No caitiffe, no: it was but as a Ram, which goes backe to returne with the greater force. Know therefore that thou shalt no sooner appeare (appeare now if thou darest) I say thou shalt no sooner appeare in the Iland (ō happy thou, if thou do not appeare) but that I will come vpon thee with all my force, and cut thee in peeces (marke, what I say) ioynt after ioynt, to the eternall terrour of all presumptuous villaines. Therefore looke what thou doost: for I tell thee, horrible smart, and paine shall be thy lo:; if thou wilt needs be so foolish (I hauing giuen thee no such cause) as to meete with me.

The terrible words *Clinias* vsed, hoping they would greeue a cooling to the heate of *Dametas*-is courage: and so indeed they did, that he did grone to heare the thūdring of those threatnings. And when the gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* told them, that in his opinion he thought this answer came too late, and that therefore he might very wel go, and disarme himselfe: especially considering, the other had in curteous maner warned him not to come. But they (hauing him now on horsebacke) led him vnto the ferry, and so into the Iland; the clashing of his owne armour striking miserable feare into him, and in his mind thinking great vnkindnesse in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter so contrary to his complection. There stayed he but a little (the Gentlemen that came with him teaching him how to vse his sword and Launce, while he cast his eye about to see which way he might run away, cursing all Ilands for being euil situated (whē *Clinias* with a braue sound of trumpets landed at the other end. who came all the way debating with himselfe, what he had deserued of *Amphialus* to driue him to those inconueniences. Sometimes his wit made him bethinke himselfe what was best to be done. but feare did so corrupt his witte, that whatsoeuer he thought was best, he still found daunger therein; fearefullnesse (contrary to all other vices) making him thinke the better of another, the worse he found himselfe, rather imagining in himselfe, what words he would vse (if he were ouercome,) to get his life of *Dametas*, then how to ouercome, whereof hee could thinke with no patience. But oftentimes looking to the earth pitifully complaining, that a man of such sufficiency (as he thought himselfe) should in his best yeares be swallowed vp by so base an element. Faine he would haue prayed, but he had not heart inough to haue confidence in prayer, the glittering of the armour, and sounding of the trumpets giuing such an assault to the weake-breach of his false senses, that hee grew from the degree of feare to an amazement, not almost to know what he did, till two iudges (chosen for the purpose) making the trumpets cease, and taking the oath of those champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, set them at wonted distance, one from the other.



Then the trumpets sounding, *Dametas* horse (vsed to such causes) when hee thought least of the matter, started out so lustily, that *Dametas* was iogd blacke with head and body, and pulling withall his bridle-hand, the horse (that was tender of mouth) made halfe a stop, and fell to bounding, so that *Dametas* threw away his Launce, and with both his hands held by the pummell: the horse, halfe running, halfe leaping, till he met with *Clinias*: who fearing he should misse his rest, had put his staffe therein before he began his careere: neither would he then haue begun, but that at the trumpets warning, one (that stood behind) strake on his horse, who running swiftly, the wind tooke such hold of his staffe, that it crost quite ouer his breast, and in that sort gaue a flat bastonado to *Dametas*: who, halfe out of his saddle, went neere to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the crest of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was past him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing least *Dametas* were at his backe turned with a wide turne; and seeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or neuer, to tread him vnder his horses feete; & withal (if he could hurt him with his Launce, which had not broken, the encounter was so easie. But putting forth his horse, what with the falling of the staffe too low before the legs of the horse, & the coming vpon *Dametas*, who was then scrābling vp, the horse fell ouer and ouer, and lay vpon *Clinias*. Which *Dametas* (who was gotten vp) perceiuing, drew out his sword, prying which way he might best come to kill *Clinias* behind. But the horse that lay vpon him, kept such a pawing with his feete, that *Dametas* durst not approach, but very leysurely; so as the horse (being lusty) gat vp, & withal fel to strike, & leape, that *Dametas* started backe a good way, & gaue *Clinias* time to rise, but so bruised in body, and broken in heart, that he meēt to yeeld himselfe to mercie: & with that intent drew out his sword, intending whē he came nearer, to present the pommell of it to *Dametas*. But *Dametas*, when he saw him come with his sword drawne, nothing conceiuing of any such intēr, went back as fast as his backe and heeles could leade him. But as *Clinias* found that, he began to thinke a possibilitie in the victory, and therefore followed with the cruel hast of a preuailing coward; laying vpon *Dametas*, who did nothing but cry out to him to hold his hand: sometimes that he was dead, sometimes that he would complaine to *Basilus*: but still bare the blowes vngratefully, going backe, til at length he came into the water with one of his feete.

But then a new feare of drowning tooke him, so that not daring to go backe, nor to deliberate (the blowes still solighted on him) nor to yeeld (because of the cruell threatnings of *Clinias*) feare being come to the extremity, fell to a madnesse of despair: so that (winking as hard as euer he could) he began to deale some blowes, and his arme (being vsed to a flaile in his youth) layd them on so thicke, that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to see his owne bloud come out in many places, and before he had lost halfe an ounce, finding in himselfe that he fainted, cried out aloud to *Dametas*, that he yeelded. Throw away thy sword then (sayd *Dametas*) & I will saue thee; but still laying on, as fast as he could. *Clinias* straight obeyed & humbly craued mercie, telling him, his sword was gone. Then *Dametas* first opened his eyes, and seeing him indeede vnweaponed, made him stand a good way off from it; and then willed him to lye downe vpon the earth as flat as he could. *Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametas* (who neuer could thinke himselfe safe, till *Clinias* were dead) began to thinke with himselfe, that if he strake at him with his sword, if he did not kill him at the first blow, that then *Clinias* might happe to arise, and reuenge himselfe. Therefore he thought best to kneele downe vpon him, and with a great whittle hee had  
(hauling

hauing disarmed his head) to cut his throate, which he had vsed so with Calues, as he had no small dexteritie in it. But while he sought for his knife, which vnder his armour he could not wel find out, and that *Clinias* lay with so sleepish a quietnesse, as if he would haue beene glad to haue his throate cut for feare of more paine, the Indges came in, and tooke *Dametas* from off him, telling him he did against the law of Armes, hauing promised life, if he threw away his sword. *Dametas* was loath to consent, till they sware, they would not suffer him to fight any more, whē he was vp: and then more forced, then perswaded, he let him rise, crowing ouer him, and warning him to take heed how he dealt any more with any that came of his fathers kinred. But thus this combat of cowards being finished, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melody receiued into the campe as victorious, neuer a Page there failing to waite vpon this Triumph.

But *Clinias* though he wanted hart to preuent shame, yet he wanted not wit to feele shame, not so much repining at it for the abhorring of shame, as for the discomforts, that to them that are shamed, ensue. For well he deemed, it would be a great barre to his practise, and a pulling on of iniuries, when men needed not care, how they vsed him. Insomuch, that *Clinias* (finding himselfe the scorning-stock of euey companie) fell with repining to hate the cause thereof; and hate in a cowards hart, could set it selfe no other limites, but death. Which purpose was well egged on by representing vnto himselfe, what danger he lately was in; which still kept no lesse ougly figure in his mind, then when it was present: and quickly (euen in his dissembling countenance) might be discerned a concealed grudge. For though he forced in himselfe a farre more diligēt officiousnesse toward *Amphialus*, thē cuer before, yet a leering eye vpon the one side at him, a countenance still framed to smiling before him (how little cause soeuer there was of smiling) and grombling behind him, at any of his commandements, with an vncertaine manner of behauiour: his words comming out, though full of flatterie, yet slowly, and hoarsely pronounced, might well haue blazed, what armes his false hart bare. But despised: because of his cowardlinesse, and not marked, because despised, he had the freer scope of practise. Which he did the more desperately enter into, because the daily dangers *Amphialus* did submitte himselfe vnto, made *Clinias* assuredly looke for his ouerthrow, and for his owne consequently, if he did not redeeme his former treason to *Pasilius*, with a more treasonable falshood toward *Amphialus*. His chiefe care therefore was, to find out among all sorts of the *Amphialians*, whom either like feare, tediousnesse of the siege, or discontentment of some vnsatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the same mine that he did: and some already of welthy weary folkes, and vnconstant youths (who had not found such sudden successe as they had promised themselves) he had made stoupe to his lure. But of none he made so good accout as of *Artesia*, sister to the late slaine *Ismenus*, & the chiefe of the sixe maides, who had trained out the Princesses to their bāker of miserie: so much did the sharpnes of her wit counteruaile (as he thought) any other defects of her sex. for she had vndertaken that dangerous practise by the perswasion of *Cecropia*, who assured her that the two Princesses should be made away; and then *Amphialus* would marry her. which she was the apter to beleue, by some false perswasion her glasse had giuen her of her owne incomparable excellencies, and by the great fauour she knew he bare to her brother *Ismenus*, which (like a self-flattering woman) she conceiued was done for her sake. But when she had atchieued her attempt, & that she found the Princesses were so far from their intended death, as that the one of thē was like to be her soueraigne, and

and that neither her seruice had won of *Amphialus* much more then ordinary fauor, nor her ouer large offering her selfe to a mind otherwise owed, had obtained a looked-for acceptation, disdain to be disdaind spite of a frustrat hope, and perchance vnquenched lust-growne rage, made her vnquiet thoughts find no other rest, but malice: which was increased by the death of her brother, whom she iudged neither succoured against *Philanax*, nor reuenged vpon *Philanax*. But all these coles were well blowne by the company she especially kept with *Zelmane* all this time of her imprisonment. For finding her presence vncheerfull to the mourning *Philoclea*, and condemned of the hie harted *Pamela*, she spent her time most with *Zelmane*. Who though at the first hardly brooking the instrument of their miserie, learning cunning in the schoole of aduetsitie, in time framed her selfe to yeeld her acceptable intertainment. For *Zelmane*, when shee had by that vnexpected mischiete her body imprisoned, her valure ouer maistred, her wit beguiled, her desires barred, her loue eclipsed; assured of euil, fearing worfe, able to know *Philocleas* misfortune, & not able to succour her, she was a great while, before the greatnes of her hart could descend to sorow, but rather roseboyling vp in spite and disdain; Season hardly making Courage belecue, that it was distressed: but as if the walles would be afraied of her, so would her lookes shoote out threatening vpon them. But the fetters of seruitude (growing heauier with wearing) made her feele her case, and the litle preuailing of repining: & then grieve gat a seate in her softned mind, making sweetnesse of passed comfort by due title claime teares of present discomforts: and since her fortune made her able to helpe as little as any body, yet to be able to waile as much as any body; solitary Sorrow, with a continuall circle in her selfe, going out at her owne mouth, to come in againe at her owne eares. Then was the name of *Philoclea* graued in the glasse windowes, and by the foolish idolatrie of affection, no looner written, then adored; and no looner adored, then pitied: all the wonted praises (she was wont to giue vnto her) being now but figures of rhetorike to amplifie the iniuries of misfortune; against which being alone, she would often make inuectiue declamations, methodized only by raging sorrow.

But when *Artesia* did insinuate her selfe into her acquaintance, she gaue the government of her courage to wit, and was content to familiarize her selfe with her: so much the rather, as that she perceiued in her certaine flawes of ill-concealed discontentment. Infomuch that whē *Zelmane* wold sweeten her mouth with the praise of the sisters, especially setting forth their noble gratefulnes in neuer forgetting wel intended seruices, & inuoking the iustice of the gods, not to suffer such treasures to be wrongfully hidde, & somtimes with a kind vnkindnes, charging *Artesia* that she had bin abused to abuse so worthy persons: *Artesia* (though falsly) wold protest, that she had bin beguiled in it; neuer meaning other matter then creation & yet withal (by alleaging how vngratfully she was dealt with) it was easy to be seene, it was the vnrewarding and not the euill employing her seruice, which greiued her. But *Zelmane* (vsing her own bias to bowle neer the mistresse of her own thoughts) was content to lend her beleefe, and withall to magnifie her desert, if willingly she would deliuer whom vnwillingly shee had imprisoned; leauing no argument which might tickle ambition, or flatter reuenge. So that *Artesia* (pusht forward by *Clinias* and drawne onward by *Zelmane*) bound her selfe to that practise; wherein *Zelmane* (for her part) desired no more, but to haue armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to performe any thing, how impossible soeuer, which longing Loue can perswade, and inuincible Valour dare promise.

But



But *Clinias* (whose faith could neuer comprehend the misteries of courage) perswaded *Artesia* while hee by corruption had drawne the guard of one gate, to open it (when hee would appoint the time) to the enemy: that she should impoyson *Amphialus*, which shee might the easier do, because she herselfe had vsed to make the broaths, when *Amphialus* (either wearied or wounded) did vse such dyet. And all things already were ready to bee put in execution, when they thought best to breake the matter with the two excellent sisters, not doubting of their consent in a thing so behoofeful to themselves: their reasons being, that the Princesses knowing their seruice, might bee sure to preserue them from the fury of the entring souldiers. whereof *Clinias* (euen so) could scarcely bee sufficiently certainer: and withal, making them priue to their action, to bind them afterwarde to a promised gratefulnesse towards them. They went therefore at one time, when they knew them to bee alone, *Clinias* to *Philoclea*, and *Artesia* to *Pamela*: and *Clinias*, with no few words, did set forth what an exploit was intended for her seruice. But *Philoclea* (in whose clere mind treason could find no hiding place) told him, that she would be glad, if he could perswade her cosin to deliuer her, and that she would neuer forget his seruice therein: but that she desired him to lay downe any such way of mischief, for that (for her part) shee would rather yeeld to perpetuall imprisonment, then consent to the destroying her cosin, who (she knew) loued her, though wronged her. This vnlooked for answer amazed *Clinias*, so that he had no other remedy in his mind, but to kneele downe to *Philoclea*, and beseech her to keepe it secret, considering that the intencion was for her seruice: and vowing (since shee misliked it) to proceed no further therein, shee comforted him with promise of silence, which she perfourmed.

But that little auayled: for *Artesia* hauing in like sort opened this deuice to *Pamela*, she (in whose mind Vertue gouerned with the scepter of Knowledge) hating so horrible a wickednesse, and streight iudging what was fit to doo; Wicked woman (sayd shee) whose vnrepenting heart can find no way to amend treason, but by treason: now the time is come, that thy wretched wiles haue caught thy selfe in thine owne nette: as for me, let the Gods dispose of me as shall please them; but sure it shall be no such way, nor way-leader, by which I will come to liberty. This she spake something with a lowder voyce then she was wont to vse, so as *Cecropia* heard the noyse; who was (sooner then *Artesia* imagined shee would) come vp, to bring *Pamela* to a window, where she might see a notable skirmish happened in the Campe, as she thought, among themselves: and being a cunning fisher in troubled waters streight found by their voyces and gestures, there was some matter of consequence, which she desired *Pamela* to tell her. Aske of her (sayd *Pamela*) and learne to know, that who do falshood to their superiours, teach falshood to their inferiours. More she would not say. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Artesia*, with feare of torture, gat of her the whole practise: so as *Zelmane* was the more closely imprisoned, and *Clinias* (with the rest of his corrupted mates, according to their merites) executed: For, as for *Artesia*, she was but lockt vp in her chamber, *Amphialus* not consenting (for the loue he bare to *Jsmenus*) that further punishment should be layd vpon her.

But the noyse they heard in the campe, was occasiō of the famous Prince *Anaxius*, nephew to the Gyant *Euardes* whom *Phyrcles* slue: A Prince, of body exceedingly strong; in armes so skilfull and fortunate, as no man was thought to excell him; of courage that knew not howe to feare: parts worthy praise, if they had not bene guided

guided by pride, and followed by vniustice. For by a strange composition of mind, there was no man more tenderly sensible in any thing offered to himselfe, which in the farthest-fet construction, might be wrested to the name of wrong; no man, that in his owne actions could worse distinguish betweene Valour and Violence: So proud, as he could not abstaine from a *Thrase*-like boasting, and yet (so vnluckie a lodging his vertues had gotten) he would neuer boast more then he would accomplish: falsly accounting an vnflexible anger, a couragious constancie: esteeming feare, and astonishment, righter causes of admiration, then Loue and Honour. This man had foure sundrie times fought with *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had bene so vnpartiall an arbiter, that neither side gatte aduantage of the other. But in the end it happened, that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus* (vnknowne) in a great danger, and saued his life: whereupon (louing his owne benefit) began to fauour him, so much the more as thinking so well of himselfe, he could not choose but like him, whom he found a match for himselfe: which at last grew to as much friendship towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceiued. So as in this trauell (seeking *Pyrocles* to be reuenged of his vncles death) hearing of this siege, neuer taking paines to examine the quarrell (like a man whose will was his God, and his hand his lawe, taking with him his two brothers (men accounted little inferiour to himselfe in marciall matters) and two hundred chosen horsemen (with whom hee thought himselfe able to conquere the world) yet commaunding the rest of his forces to follow, he himselfe vpon such an vnexpected suddennesse entred in vpon the backe of *Basilus*, that many with great vnkindnesse tooke their death, not knowing why, nor how they were so mured. There, if euer, did hee make knowe the wonderfulnesse of his force. But the valiant, and faithfull *Philanax*, with well gouerned speed made such head against him, as would haue shewed, how soone Courage fallies in the ditch which hath not the eye of Wisedom: but that *Amphialus* at the same time issued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the sconses, which *Basilus* had bilded, made way for his friend *Anaxius* with great losse of both sides, but especially of the *Basilians*, such notable monuments had those two swords especially left of their Maisters redoubted worthinesse.

There with the respect fit to his estate, the honour due to his worthinesse, and the kindnesse which accompanies friendship (made fast by enterchaunged benefits) did *Amphialus* enforce himselfe (as much as in a besieged towne he could) to make *Anaxius* know, that his succour was not so needefull, as his presence gratefull. For causing the streetes & houses of the towne to witnesse his welcome (making both souldiers and Magistrates in their countenances to shew their gladnesse of him) hee led him to his mother, whom he besought to entertaine him with no lesse loue and kindnesse, then as one, who once had saued her sonnes life, and now came to saue both life and honour. Tush (sayd *Anaxius*, speaking alowde, looking vpon his brothers) I am onely sorie there are not halfe a dozen Kings more about you: that what *Anaxius* can do, might be the better manifested. His brothers smiled, as though he had ouer-modestly spoken far vnderneath the pitch of his power. Then was he disarmed at the earnest request of *Amphialus*: for *Anaxius* boiled with desire to issue out vpon the enemies, perswading himselfe, that the Sun should not be set, before he had ouerthrowne them. And hauing reposed himself, *Amphialus* asked him, whether he would visite the yong Princesses. But *Anaxius* whispered him in the eare: In trueth (sayd hee) deare friend *Amphialus*, though I am none of those, that loue to speake of themselves, I neuer came yet in companie of Ladies, but that they fell in loue

love with me. And I that in my heart scorne them as a peeuishe paltrie sexe, not worthy to communicate with my vertues, would not doo you the wrong: since (as I heare) you do debase your selfe so much as to affect them. The courteous *Amphialus* could haue beene angrie with him for those words; but knowing his humour, suffered him to daunce to his owne musicke: and gaue himselfe to entertaine both him and his brothers, with as cheerefull a manner, as could issue from a minde, whom vn-luckie love had filled with melancholy. For to *Anaxius* he yeelded the direction of all. He gaue the watch-word, and if any grace were graunted, the meanes were to be made to *Anaxius*. And that night when supper was ended, wherein *Amphialus* would needes himselfe waite vpon him, he caused in Boates vpon the Lake an excellent musicke to be ordered: which, though *Anaxius* might conceiue was for his honour: yet, indeede he was but the Bricke wall to conuey it to the eares of the beloued *Philoclea*.

The musicke was of Cornets, whereof one aunswering the other with a sweete emulation, struing for the glorie of musicke, and striking vpon the smooth face of the quiet Lake, was then deliuered vp to the Castle walles, which with a proude reuerberation, spreading it into the aire; it seemed before the harmonie came to the eare, that it had enriched it selfe in trauaile, the nature of those places adding melodie to that melodious instrument. And when a while that instrument had made a braue proclamation to all possessed mindes of attention, an excellent consort straight followed off fine Violles, and as many voyces; which all being but Oratours of their maisters passions, bestowed this song vpon her, that thought vpon another matter.

**T**He Fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth:  
 The Ayre in raine for my affliction weepeth:  
 The Sea to ebbe (for grieve) his flowing turneth:  
 The Earth with pittie dul his center keepeth:  
     Fame is with wonder blazed:  
     Time runnes away for sorrow:  
     Place standeth stil amazed,  
 To see my night of euils, which hath no morrow.  
     Alas all only (he no pittie taketh  
 To know my miseries, but chaste and cruell  
     My fall her glorie maketh:  
 Yet stil her eyes giue to my flames their fuell,  
 Fire, burne me quite, til sence of burning leaue me:  
 Aire, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish:  
 Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereaue me:  
 Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish.  
     Fame, say I was not borne:  
     Time, hast my dying hower:  
     Place, see my graue vptorne:  
 Fire, Aire, Sea, Earth, fame, time, place shew your power.  
 (Alas) from all their helpe I am exiled:  
 For hers am I, and Death feares her displeasure.  
 Fie Death thou art beguiled:  
 Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.



But *Anaxius* (seeming a wearie before it was ended) told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no musicke, but the neighing of horses, the sound of trumpets, and the cries of yeelding persons: and therefore desired, that the next morning they should issue vpon the same place, where they had entred that day, not doubting to make them quickly a wearie of being the besiedgers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit lesse courage, though nothing blowne vp with pride, willingly condiscended: & so the next morning (giuing false alarum to the other side of the campe) *Amphialus* at *Anaxius* earnest request, staying within the towne to see it guarded. *Anaxius* and his brethren, *Licurgus*, and *Zolus*, sailed out with the best chosen men: But *Basilus* (hauing bin the last day somewhat vnprovided) now had better fortified the overthrowne sconse; and so well had prepared euerie thing for defence, that it was impossible for any valour from within, to preuaile. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credite of the credulous. For thrise (valiantly followed by his brothers) did he set vp his banner vpon the rampire of the enemie: though thrise againe by the multitude, and aduantage of the place, but especially by the comming of three valiant Knights, hee were driuen downe againe. Numbers there were that day, whole deathes and ouerthrowes were excused by the well knowne sword of *Anaxius*: but the rest by the length of time and iniurie of Historians, haue bin wrapped vp in darke forgetfulnesse: only *Tressennius* is spoken of, because when all abandoned the place, he only made head to *Anaxius*; till hauing lost one of his legs, yet not lost the hart of fighting, *Licurgus* (second brother to *Anaxius*) cruelly murdered him; *Anaxius* himselfe disdayning any further to deale with him.

But so far had *Anaxius* at the third time preuailed, that now the *Basilians* began to let their courage descend to their feet: *Basilus* & *Philanax* in vaine struing with reuerence of authoritie to bridle the flight of astonishment, and to teach Feare discretion: so that *Amphialus* (seeing Victorie shew such a flattering countenance to him) came out with all his force; hoping that day to end the siege.

But that fancie altered quickly by the sudden comming to the other side of three Knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in Greene, and the thirde by his blacke armour and deuice streight knowne to bee the notable Knight, who the first day had giuen Fortune so short a stoppe with his notable deedes and fighting hand to hand with the deemed inuincible *Amphialus*. For the verie cowards no looner saw him, but as borrowing some of his spirit, they went like young Eagles to the prey, vnder the wing of their damme. For the three aduenturers, nor content to keepe them from their rampire, leapt downe among them, and entered into a braue combate with the three valiant brothers. But to whether side Fortune would haue beene partiall, could not be determined. For the *Basilians*, lightened with the beames of these strangers valure, followed so thicke, that the *Amphialians* were glad with some hast to retire to the walles-ward: though *Anaxius* (neither reason, feare nor examples) could make him allwage the furie of his fight: vntill one of the *Basilians* (vnworthie to haue his name registred, since hee did it cowardly, sideward, when he least looked that way) almost cut off one of his legges: so as he fell downe, blaspheming heauen; that all the influences thereof had power to ouerthrow him, and there death would haue seized of his proud heart, but that *Amphialus* tooke in hand the blake knight, while some of his souldiers conueied away *Anaxius*, so requiting life for life vnto him.

And for the loue and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a newe fire of heate: when *Basilus* (that thought inough to bee done for that day) caused

retraite

retraite to be sounded, fearing least his men following ouer-earnestly, might be the losse of those excellent Knights whom he desired to know. The knights as soone as they heard the retraite (though they were eagerly set, knowing that courage without discipline is nearer beastlinesse then manhood) drue backe their swordes, though hungrie of more blood: especially the blacke knight, who knowing *Amphialus*, could not refrain to tell him, that this was the second time hee escaped out of his hands, but that he would shortly bring him a bill of all the former accounts. *Amphialus*, seeing it fit to retire also (most of his people being hurt, both in bodies and hearts) withdrew himselfe, with so well feared a resolution, that it was as far from anger, as from dismayednesse; answering no other to the blacke knights threats; but that when hee brought him his account, he should find a good pay-maister.

The fight being ceased, and each side withdrawne within their strengths, *Basilus* sent *Philanax* to enterraine the strange knights, and to bring them vnto him, that he might acknowledge what honour was due to their vertue. But they excused themselves, desiring to be knowne first by their deeds, before their names should accuse their vnworthinesse: and though the other replied according as they deserved, yet (finding that vnwelcome cutesie is a degree of iniurie) he suffered them to retire themselves to a tent of their owne without the campe, where they kept themselves secrets: *Philanax* himselfe being called away to another strange knight, strange not only by the vnlooked-fornesse of his comming, but by the strange manner of his comming.

For he had before him foure damosels, & so many behind him, all vpon palfrayes, and all apparelled in mourning weeds; each of them a seruant of each side, with like liveryes of sorrow. Himselfe in an armour, all painted ouer with such a cunninge of shadow, that it represented a gaping sepulcher, the furniture of his horse was all of Cypresse braunches: wherewith in olde time they were wont to dresse graues: His Bales (which he ware so long, as they came almost to his ankle) were embrodered only with blacke wormes, which seemed to crawle vp and downe, as readie to deuoure him. In his shield for *Impresa*, hee had a beautifull child, but hauing two heads; whereon the one shewed, that it was alreadie dead: the other aliuie, but in that case, necessarily looking for death. The word was, *No way to be rid from death, but by death.*

This Knight of the tombe (for so the souldiers termed him) sent to *Basilus* to demand leaue to send in a damosell into the Towne, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time some others had done. Which being graunted (as glad any would vndertake the charge, which no bodie else in that Campe was knowne willing to do) the damosell went in, & hauing with teares sobbed out a braue challenge to *Amphialus*, from the knight of the Tombe: *Amphialus* honourably entertaining the Gentlewoman, and desiring to knowe the Knights name (which the dolefull Gentlewoman would not discouer) accepted the challenge, only desiring the Gentlewoman to say thus much to the strange Knight from him; that if his minde were like to his title, there were more cause of affinitie, then enmitie betweene them. And therefore presently (according as hee was wont) as soone as he perceiued the Knight of the Tombe, with his Damosels and Iudge, was come into the Iland, hee also went ouer in accustomed manner: and yet for the cutesie of his nature, desired to speake with him.

But the Knight of the Tombe, with silence, and drawing his horse backe, shewed no will to heare, nor speake: but with Launce on thigh, made him knowe; it was fitt for him to go to the other end of the Career, whence wayting the start of the

vnknowne Knight, he likewise made his spurres claime haste of his horse. But when his staffe was in his rest, comming downe to meete with the Knight, now very neere him, he perceiued the Knight had mist his rest: wherefore the curteous *Amphialus* would not let his Launce descende, but with a gallant grace, ranne ouer the head of his therein friended enemy: and hauing stopped his horse, and with the turning of him, blessed his sight with the Windowe where hee thought *Philactea* might stand, hee perceiued the Knight had lighted from his horse, and throwne away his staffe, angrie with his misfortune, as of hauing mist his rest, and drawne his sword to make that supplie his fellowes fault. He also lighted, and drew his sword, esteeming victory with aduantage, rather robbed then purchased: and so the other comming eagerly toward him; hee with his shield out, and sworde aloft, with more brauerie then anger, drew vnto him; and straight made their swords speake for them a pretie while with equall fiercenesse. But *Amphialus* (to whome the earth brought forth few matches) hauing both much more skill to choose the places, and more force to worke vpon the chosen, had alreadie made many windowes in his armour for death to come in at; when in the noblenesse of his nature abhorring to make the punishment ouer-goe the offence, he stept a litle backe, and withall, Sir knight (sayd he) you may easily see, that it please God to fauour my cause; employ your valour against them that wish you hurt: for my part, I haue not deserued hate of you. Thou lye'st false traytor, sayd the other, with an angrie, but weake voyce. But *Amphialus*, in whom abused kindnesse became spitefull rage, Ah barbarous wretch (said hee) onely couragious in discurtisie; thou shalt soone see whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart or no: and with that re-doubling his blowes, gaue him a great wounde vpon his necke, and closing with him, ouerthrew him, and in the fall thrust him mortally into the body: and with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to make him giue himselfe the lie, for hauing so said, or to cut off his head.

But the head-piece was no sooner off, but that there fell about the shoulders of the ouercome Knight the treasure of faire golden hayre, which with the face (soone knowne by the badge of excellency) witnessed that it was *Parthenia*, the vnfortunatly vertuous wife of *Argalus*: her beautie then euen in despight of the passed sorrowe, or comming death, assuring all behoulders, that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes, hauing with continuall weeping gotten a litle rednesse about them; her roundy sweetly swelling lips a litle trembling, as though they kissed their neighbor death; in her cheekes the whitenesse struiuing by litle & litle to get vp to the rosinesse of them, her necke (a necke indeede of Alabaster) displaying the wound which with most daintie bloud laboured to drowne his owne beauties; so as here was a riuier of purest red, there an Island of perfitest white, each giuing lustre to the other; with the sweete countenance (God knowes) full of an vnaffected languishing; though these things to a grossly conceiuing sense might seeme disgraces, yet indeede were they but apparelling beautie in a new fashion, which all looked vpon thorough the spectacles of pittie, did euen encrease the lines of her naturall fairenes, so as *Amphialus* was astonished with grieve, compassion, and shame; detesting his fortune, that made him vnfortunate in victorie.

Therefore, putting off his headpeece and gauntler, kneeling downe vnto her, and with reares testifying his sorrow, he offered his (by himselfe accursed) hands to helpe her: protesting his life and power to be readie to doe her honour. But *Parthenia* (who had inward messengers of the desired deathes approach) looking vpon him, and streight turning away her feeble sight, as from a delightlesse object, drawing out



out her words, which her breast (loath to depart from so sweete a body) did faintly deliuer, Sir (said she) I pray you (if prayers haue place in enemies) to let my maydes take my bodie vntouched by you: the only honour I now desire by your meanes, is, that I haue no honor of you. *Argalus* made no such bargain with you, that the hands which killed him, should helpe me. I haue of them (and I do not only pardon you, but thanke you for it) the seruice which I desired. There rests nothing now, but that I go liue with him, since whose death I haue done nothing but: die. Then pawfing, and a little fainting, & againe comming to her selfe, O sweete life, welcome (said she) now feele I the bands vntied of the cruell death, which so long hath held me. And O life, O death, answere for mee, that my thoughts haue not so much as in a dreame tasted any comfort; since they were deprived of *Argalus*. I come (my *Argalus*, I come) And, O God hide my faults in thy mercies, and graunt (as I feele thou dost graunt) that in thy eternall loue, wee may loue each other eternally. And this O Lord: But there *Atropos* cut off her sentence; for with that, casting vp her eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soule departed (one might well assure himselfe) to heauen, which left the bodie in so heauenly a demeanure.

But *Amphialus* (with a heart oppressed with griefe, because of her request) withdrew himselfe, but the Iudges, as full of pittie, had been all this while disarming her; and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries, labouring to stanch the remedlesse wounds: and a while she was dead before they perceiued it; death being able to diuide the soule, but not the beautie from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death assured them of their losse, one of the women would haue killed her selfe, but that the squire of *Amphialus* perceiuing, by force held her. Others that had as strong passion, though weaker resolution, fell to cast dust vpon their heades, to teare their garments: all falling vpon the earth, and crying vpon their sweete mistres; as if their cries could perswade the soule to leaue the celestially happinesse, to come againe into the elements of sorrow: one time calling to remembrance her vertue, chastities, sweetnesse, goodnes to them: another time accursing themselves, that they had obeyed her, they hauing been deceiued by her words, who assured them, that it was reuealed vnto her, that shee should haue her hearts desire in the battell against *Amphialus*, which they wrongely vnderstood. Then kissing her cold hands & feete, wearie of the world, since she was gone, who was their world, the verie heauens seemed with a cloudie countenance, to loure at the losse: and Fame it selfe (though by nature glad to tell such rare accidents) yet could not choose but deliuer it in lamentable accents, and in such sort went it quickly all ouer the Campe: & as if the ayre had been infected with sorrow, no heart was so hard, but was as subiect to that contagion; the rarenesse of the accident, matching together (the rarely matched together) pittie with admiration, *Basilus* himselfe came forth, and brought the faire *Gynecia* with him, who was come into the Campe vnder colour of visiting her husband, & hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmane* was the Sainct, to which her pilgrimage was intended: cursing, enuying, blessing, and in her heart kissing the wailes which imprisoned her, but both they with *Philanax*, and the rest of the princially Nobilitie, went out to make Honour triumph ouer Death, conueying that excellent bodie (whereto *Basilus* himselfe would needs lend his shoulder) to a Church a mile from the Campe, where the valiant *Argalus* lay intombed; recommending to that sepulcher the blessed reliques of faithfull and vertuous Loue, giuing order for the making of the marble images, to represent them, and each way enriching the tombe, vpon which, *Basilus* himselfe caused this Epitaph to be written.

## The Epitaph.

**H**is Being was in her alone:  
And he not Being, she was none.

*They joy'd one ioy, one grieve they grien'd,  
One loue they lov'd, one life they liv'd.  
The hand was one, one was the sword  
That did his death, her death afford.*

*As all the rest, so now the stone  
That tombes the two, is iustly one.*

## ARGALVS &amp; PARTHENIA.

Then with eyes full of teares, and mouthes full of her praises, returned they to the campe, with more and more hate against *Amphialus*: who (poore Gentleman) had therefore greater portion of woe then any of them. For that courteous heart, which would haue grieued but to haue heard the like aduenture, was rent with remembring himselfe to be the author: so that his wisdom could not so far temper his passion, but that he tooke his sword, counted the best in the worlde (which with much bloud hee had once conquered of a mightie Giant) and brake it into many peeces (which afterwards he had good cause to repent) saying, that neither it was worthie to serue the noble exercise of Chiuallrie, nor any other worthy to feele that sword, which had stroken so excellent a Lady: and with all, banishing all cheerefulness of his countenance, he returned home. Where he gate him to his bed, not so much to rest his restless minde, as to auoyd all company, the sight whereof was tedious vnto him. And the melancholy (only rich in vnfortunate remembrances) brought before him all his mishaps, with which his life had wrestled: taking this, not onely as a confirming of the former, but a preface of following miserie; and to his heart (alreadie overcome by sorrowfulness) even trifling misfortunes came, to fill vp the rolle of a grieued memorie, labouring only his wits to pierce farther & farther into his owne wretchednesse. So as all that night (in dispite of darkenesse) he held his eyes open; and in the morning when the delight began to restore to each boy his colour, then with curtaines bard he himselfe from the enioying of it: neither willing to feele the comfort of the day, nor the ease of the night: vntill his mother (who neuer knew what loue meant, but onely to him ward) came to his bed side, and beginning with louing earnestnesse to lay a kind chiding vpon him, because he would suffer the weakness of sorrow, to conquer the strength of his vertues; he did with a broken piece-meale speech (as if the tempest of passion vnaorderly blew out his wordes) remember the

the mishaps of his youth, the euils he had been cause of, his rebelling with shame, and that shame increased with shamefull accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* & *Parthenia*, wherein he found himselfe hated of the euer-ruling powers, but especially (and so especially, as the rest seemed nothing when he came to that) his fatall loue to *Philoclea*: to whom he had so gouerned himselfe, as one that could neither conquer, nor yeeld; being of the one side a slaue, and of the other a iaylor: and withall, almost vpbraiding vnto his mother the little successe of her large hoping promises, he in effect finding *Philoclea* nothing mollified, and now himselfe so cast downe, as he thought him vnworthy of better. But his mother (as she had plentifull cause) making him see, that of his other griefes there was little or no fault in himselfe; and therefore there ought to be little or no griefe in him; when she came to the head of the sore, indeed seeing that she could no longer patch vp her former promises (he taking a desperate deafnesse to all dealyng hopes) she confest plainely, that she could preuaile nothing: but the fault was his own, who had marred the young girle by seeking to haue that by praier, which he should haue taken by authoritie. That as it were an absurd cunning to make high ladders to goe in a plaine way; so was it an vntimely and foolish flatterie, there to be seech, where one might command, puffing them vp by being besought, with such a selfe-pride of superiority, that it was not (forsooth) to be held out, but by a deniall. O God (sayd *Amphialus*) how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labors? assure your selfe, mother, I will sooner pull out these eyes, then they shall look vpon the heauenly *Philoclea*, but as vpon a heauen, whence they haue their light, and to which they are subiect, if they will powre downe any influences of comfort, O happy I: but if by the sacrifice of a faithfull heart, they will not be called vnto me, let me languish, and wither with languishing, and grieue with withering, but neuer so much as repine with neuet so much grieuing. Mother, O Mother, lust may well be a tyrant, but true loue where it is indeed, it is a seruant. Accursed more then I am, may I be, if euer I did approach her, but that I freezed as much in a fearefull reuerence, as I burned in a vehement desire. Did euer mans eye looke through loue vpon the maiesty of vertue, shining through beautie, but that he became (as it well became him) a captiue; and is it the stile of a captiue to write, *Our will and pleasure*?

Tush, tush sonne (sayd *Cecropia*) if you say you loue, but withal you feare; you feare least you should offend: Offend? and how know you, that you should offend? because she doth deny; Deny? now by my truth, if your sadnesse would let me laugh, I could laugh hartily, to see that yet you are ignorant, that No, is no negatiue in a Womans mouth. My sonne, belieue me, a Woman, speaking of Women: a louers modesty among vs is much more praised, then liked: or if we like it, so well wee like it, that for marring of his modesty, he shall neuer proceed further. Each vertue hath his time: if you command your souldier to march formost, and he for courtesie puts other before him, would you praise his modesty? loue is your generall: he bids you dare: and will *Amphialus* be a dastard? Let examples serue: do you thinke *Theseus* should euer haue gotten *Antiope* with sighing and crossing his armes? he rauished her, and rauished her that was an *Amazon*, and therefore had gotten an habite of stoutnesse about the nature of a woman; but hauing rauished her, he got a child of her. And I say no more, but that (they say) is not gotten without consent of both sides. *Iole* had her owne father killed by *Hercules*, and her selfe rauished, by force rauished, and yet ere long, this rauished, and vnfathered lady could sportfully put on the Lyons skin vpon her owne faire shoulders and play with the club with her owne delicate hands: so easily had she pardoned the rauisher, that she could not but delight in those weapons of rauishing.



But above all, marke *Helen* daughter to *Jupiter*, who could neuer brooke her manerly wooing *Menelaus*, but disdained his humbleness, and lothed his softness. But so well shee could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him shee could abide what might be abidden. But what? *Menealus* takes hart, he recouers her by force, by force carries her home, by force inioyes her; and she, who would neuer like him for seruicableness, euer after loued him for violence. For what can be more agreeable, then vpon force to lay the fault of desire, and in one instant to ioyne a deare delight with a iust excvse, or rather the true cause is (pardo me O woman-kind for reuealing to mine owne son the truth of this Mistry) we thinke there wants fire, where we finde no sparkles at least of fury. Truly I haue known a great Lady, long sought by most great, most wife, most beautifull, most valiant persons; neuer won, because they did ouer-superstitiously sollicit her: the same Lady brought vnder by another, inferiour to all them in all those qualities, only because he could vse that imperious masterfulness, which nature giues to men aboue women. For indeed (son, I confesse vnto you) in our very creation we are seruants: and who praiseth his seruants shall neuer be well obeyed: but as a ready horse straight yeelds, when hee findes one that will haue him yeeld, the same fals to bounds when he feels a feareful horsman. Awake thy spirits (good *Amphialus*) and assure thy selfe, that though shee refuseth, shee refuseth but to indeere the obtraiuing. If she weepe, and chide, and protest, before it be gotten, she can but weepe, and chide, and protest, when it is gotten. Thinke, she would not strue, but that she means to try thy force: and my *Amphialus*, know thy selfe a man, and shew thy selfe a mans and (belceue me vpon my word) a woman is a woman.

*Amphialus* was about to answer her, when a Gentleman of his made him vnderstand; that there was a messenger come, who had brought a letter vnto him from out of the campe: whome he presently calling for, tooke, opened, and read the letter, importing this:

**T**O thee *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, the forsaken Knight wisheth health, and courage, that by my hand thou maiest receiue punishment for thy treason, according to thine owne offer, which wickedly occasioned, thou hast proudly begunne, and accursedly maintained. I will presently (if thy mind faint thee not for his owne guiltinesse) meet thee in thy Island in such order, as hath by the former been vsed: or if thou likest not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thine owne reasonable choise in any of them; so as thou do performe the substance. Make me such answer as may shew that thou hast some tast of honour: and so I leaue thee, to line till I meete thee.

*Amphialus* read it, and with a deepe sigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) seemed euen to condemne himselfe, as though indeed his reproches were true. But howsoeuer the dulnesse of Melancholy would haue languishingly yeelded therunto, his Courage (vnused to such iniuries) desired helpe of Anger to make him this answer.

**F**orsaken Knight, though your namelesse challenge might carry in it selfe excuse for a man of my birth & estate, yet herin set your hart at rest, you shal not be forsaken. I will without stay answer you in the wonted manner, and come both armed in your foolish threatnings, and yet the more fearlesse, expecting weak blows, where I find so strong words. You shall not therefore long attend me in the Island, before prooffe teach you, that of my life you haue made your selfe too large a promise. In the meane time, Farewell.

This

This being written, and deliuered, the messenger told him that his Lord would (if he liked the same) bring two Knights with him to be his Patrons. VVhich *Amphialus* accepted, and withall shaking off (with resolution) his mothers importunate dissuasions, he furnished himselfe for the fight, but not in his wonted furniture. For now (as if he would turne his inside outward) he would needes appeare all in blacke; his decking both for himselfe, and horse, being cut out into the fashion of very rags: yet also daintily ioyned together with pretious stones, as it was a braue raggednesse, and a rich pouerty: and so cunningly had a workeman followed his humour in his armour, that he had giuen it a rustie shew, and yet so, as any man might perceiue was by art, & not negligence, carrying at one instant a disgraced handsonnes, and a new oldnesse. In his shield he bare for his deuise, a Night, by an excellent painter excellently painted, with a Sunne with a shadow, and vpon the shadow with a speech signifying, that it *only was barrd from inioying that, whereof it had his life; or, From whose I am, banished*. In his crest he caried *Philoctetes* kniues, the only token of his forced fauour.

So past he ouer into the Iland, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxinus*; where he found the forsaken Knight, attired in his owne livery, as blacke as sorrow it selfe could see it selfe in the blackest glasse: his ornaments of the same hew, but formed into the figure of *Rauens*, which seemed to gape for carrion: onely his raynes were snakes, which finely wrapping themselues one within the other; their heades came together to the cheekes and bosses of the bitte, where they might seeme to bite at the horse, and the horse (as hee champ't the bitte) to bite at them, and that the white foame was ingendered by the poysonous fury of the combat. His *Impresa* was a *Catoblepta* which so long lyes dead, as the Moone (where to it hath so naturall a sympathie) wants her light. The word signified that *The Moone wanted not the light, but the poore beast wanted the Moones light*. Hee had in his head-peece, a whippe, to witnesse a selfe-punishing repentance. Their very horses were cole-blacke too, not hauing so much as one star to giue light to their night of blacknesse: so as one would haue thought they had beene the two sonnes of Sorrow, and were come thither to fight for their birth-right in that sortie inheritance.

VVhich alliance of passions so mooued *Amphialus* (already tender minded by the afflictions of Loue) that without staffe or sword drawne, hee trotted fairely to the forsake Knight, willing to haue put off this combat, to which his melancholy hart did (more then euer in like occasion) misgiue him: and therefore saluting him: Good Knight (sayd he) because we are men, & should know reason why we do things; tel me the cause, that makes you thus eager to fight with me. Becaul I affirme (answered the forsaken Knight) that thou dost most rebellious iniurie to those Ladyes, to whom all men owe seruice. You shall not fight with me (sayd *Amphialus*) vpon the quarrell: for I confesse the same too; but it proceedes from their owne beautie, to inforce Loue to offer this force. I maintaine then (sayd the forsaken Knight) that thou art not worthie so to loue. And that confesse I too (sayd *Amphialus*) since the world is not so richly blessed, as to bring forth any thing worthy thereof. But no more vnworthy then any other, since in none can be a more worthie loue. Yes, more vnworthy then my selfe (sayd the forsaken Knight) for though I deserue contempt, thou deseruest both contempt, and hatred.

But *Amphialus* by that thinking (though wrongly, each indeede mistaking other) that he was his riual, forgot all minde of reconciliation, and hauing all his thoughts bound

bound vp in choller, neuer staying either iudge, trumpet, or his owne launce, drewe out his sword, and saying: Thou lvest false villaine vnto him; his wordes and blowes came so quicke together, as the one seemed a lighning of the others thunder. But he found no barren ground of such seede: for it yeelded him his owne with such increase, that though reason and Amazement goe rarely together, yet the most reasonable eyes that saw it, found reason to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Neuer game of death better played; neuer fury set it selfe forth in greater bravery. The courteous *Valeant*, when he wrought at his more courteous wiues request *Aeneas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater sounde, then the swords of those noble Knights did; they needed not fire to their forge, for they made the fire to shine at the meeting of their swords, and armours, each side fetching still new spirit from the castle window, and carefull of keeping their sight that way as a matter of greater consideration in their combate, then either the aduantage of Sunne or wind: which Sunne and wind (if the astonished eyes of the beholders were not by the astonishment deceiued) did both stand still to bee beholders of this rare match. For, neither could their amazed eyes discern motion in the Sunne, and no breath of wind stirred, as if either for feare it would not come among such blowes, or with delight had his eyes so busie, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruell, since both Loue and Hatred conspired to sharpen their humours, that hard it was to say, whether Loue with one Trumpet, or hatred with an other, gaue the lower a-larum to their courages. Spite, rage, disdain, shame, reuenge, came waiting vpon Hatred: of the other side came with loue, longing Desire, both inuincible Hope, and searelesse Despaire, with riuallike ieaalousie, which (although brought vp within doores in the schoole of *Cupid*) should shew themselves no lesse forward, then the other dustie band of *Mars*, to make themselves notable in the notablenesse of this combate. Of either side Confidence, vnacquainted with Losse, but assuring trust to overcome, and good experience how to overcome: now seconding their terrible blowes with cunning labouring the horses, to winne ground of the enemy; now vnlooked-for parting one from the other, to winne aduantage by an aduantageous returne. But force against force, skill against skill, so enterchangeably encountred, that it was not ealie to determine, whether enterprising, or preventing came former: both (sometimes) at one instant, doing and suffering wrong, and choller no lesse rising of the doing, then of the suffering. But as the fire, the more fuell is put to it, the more hungerie still it is to deuoure more: so the more they strake, the more vnsatisfied they were with striking. Their very armour by peecemeale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse sensible of smart, then the sencelesse armour: their blood in most places staining their blacke colour, as if it would giue a more liuely colour of mourning, then blacke can doe. And so a long space they fought, while neither vertue nor fortune seemed partiall of either side: which so tormented the vnquiet heart of *Amphialus*, that hee resolved to see a quicke end: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding strength to his blow, hee strake in such wise vpon the side of the others head, that his remembrance left that battred lodging: so as he was quite from himselfe, casting his armes abroad, and readie to fall downe; his sword likewise went out of his hand; but that being fast by a chaine to his arme, hee could not loose. And *Amphialus* vsed the fauour of occasion, redoubling his blowes: but the horse (weary to be bearen, as well as the maister) carried his master away, till he came vnto himselfe. But then who could haue seene him,

might



might well haue discerned shame in his cheekes, and reuenge in his eyes: so as setting his teeth together with rage, he came running vpon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arme, which had gathered vp the sword, meaning with that blow to haue cleaued *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* seeing the blow comming, shunned it with nimble turning his horse aside; wherewith the forsaken Knight ouer-strake himselfe so, as almost hee came downe with his owne strength. But the more hungrie of his purpose, the more he was bard the food of it: disdaining the resistance, both of force and fortune, hee returned vpon the spurre againe, and ranne with such violence vpon *Amphialus*, that his horse with the force of the shooke rose vp before, almost ouerturned: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, with raine and spurre put forth his horse; and withall gaue a mightie blowe in the descent of his horse, vpon the shoulder of the forsaken Knight; from whence sliding, it fell vpon the necke of his horse; so as horse and man fell to the ground: but he was scarce downe before hee was vp on his feete againe, with braue gesture shewing rising of courage, in the falling of fortune. But the courteous *Amphialus* excused himselfe, for hauing (against his wil) kild his horse. Excuse thy selfe for viler faulces (answered the forsaken Knight) and vse this poore aduanrage the best thou canst; for thou shalt quickly find thou hast neede of more. Thy folly (sayd *Amphialus*) shall not make me forget my selfe: and therewith (trotting a little aside) alighted from his horse, because hee would not haue fortune come to claime any part of the victory. VVhich courteous act would haue mollified the noble heart of the forsaken Knight, if any other had done it, besides the laylour of his mistresse: but that was a sufficient defeazaunce for the firmest bond of good nature; and therefore hee was no sooner alighted, but that he ranne vnto him; reentring into as cruell a fight, as eye did euer see, or thought could reasonably imagine; farre beyond the reach of weake words to bee able to expresse it. For what they had done on horse-backe, was but a morsell to keepe their stomackes in appetite, in comparison of that, which now (beeing themselves) they did. Nor euer glutton by the change of dainrie dyet could bee brought to fresh feeding (when he might haue been satisfied before) with more earnestnesse, then those (by the change of their manner of fight) fell cleane to a newe fight, though any else would haue thought they had had their fill already. *Amphialus* being the taller Man, for the most part stood with his right legge before; his shield at the vtermost length of his arme; his sword hie, but with the point toward his enemy. But when he strake, which came so thicke, as if euery blow would striue to be foremost, his arme seemed still a postillion of death. The forsaken Knight shewed with like skill, vnlike gesture, keeping himselfe in continuall motion, proportioning the distance betweene them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted, his eye guided his foote, and his foote conueighed his hand; and since nature had made him something the lower of the two; he made art follow, and not striue with nature: shunning rather then warding his blowes; like a cunning mastiffe, who knowes the sharpenesse of the horne & strength of the Bull; fights low to get his proper aduanrage; answering mightinesse with nimblenesse, and yet at times imploying his wonderfull force, wherein he was second to none. In summe, the blows were strong, the thrustes thicke, and the auoydings cunning. But the forsaken Knight (that thought it a degree of beeing conquered to be long in conquering) strake him so mightie a blow, that he made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humblenesse. But when hee felt himselfe stricken downe, and saw himselfe stricken downe by his riual, then shame seemed one arme, and disdaine another; fury in his eyes, and reuenge in his heart; skill and force gaue place,

place, and they tooke the place of skil and force: with so vn-wearable a manner, that the forsaken Knight was driuen also to leaue the sterne of cunning, and giue himselfe wholly to be guided by the storme of fury: there being in both (because hate would not suffer admiration) extreame dildaine to finde themselves so matched.

What (sayd *Amphialus* to himselfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom so many monsters and Gyants haue falne dead, when Lonely fought causelesse aduentures? And can one Knight now withstand mee in the presence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*? or since I lost my libertie, haue I lost my courage? haue I gotten the heart of a slaue as well as the fortune? If an army were against mee in the sight of *Philoclea*, could it resist me? O beast, one man resists thee, thy riual resist thee: or am I indeed *Amphialus*? haue not passions kild him, and wretched I (I know not how) succeeded into his place? Of the other side, the forsaken Knight with no lesse spight, fell out with himselfe: Hast thou broken (sayde he to himselfe) the commandement of thy onely Princeesse, to come now into her presence, and in her presence to prooue thy selfe a coward? Doth *Assia* and *Egypt* let vp Trophies vnto thee, to be matched here by a traitor? O noble *Barsanes*, how shamed will thy soule be, that hee that slewe thee, should be resisted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieved wilt thou bee with thy friends shame, then with thy owne imprisonment, when thou shalt know how little I haue beene able to doe for the deliuey of thee, and those heavenly Princeesses. Am I worthy to be friend to the most valerous Prince that euer was entitled valerous, and shew myselfe so weake a wretch? No, shamed *Musidorus*, worthy for nothing, but to keepe sheep, get thee a sheep-hooke againe, since thou canst vie a sword no better.

Thus at times did they (now with one thought then with an other) sharpen their ouer-sharpe humours; like the Lyon that beates himselfe with his owne taile, to make himselfe the more angry. These thoughts indeede not staying, but whetting their angry swords, which now had put on the apparrell of cruelty: they bleeding so abundantly, that euery body that saw them, fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themselves: their smart being more sensible to others eyes, then to their owne feeling. Wrath and courage barring the common sense from bringing any message of their case to the mind: Paine, Wearinesse and Weaknesse, not daring to make knowne their case (though already in the limmits of death) in the presence of so violent fury; which filling the veines with rage, in steede of bloud, and making the mind minister spirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow shot vpward by the force of the bow, though by his owne nature he would goe downward. The forsaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the forer; which the other (watching time and place) had cunningly giuen vnto him. VWho euer saw a well-mand Galley fight with a tall ship, might make vnto himselfe some kind of comparison of the difference of these two Knights; a better couple then which the VVorld could not bragge of: *Amphialus* seemed to excell in strength, the forsaken Knight in nimblenesse; and yet did the ones strength excell in nimblenesse, and the others nimblenesse excell in strength: but now, strength & nimblenesse were both gone, and excesse of courage onely maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mighty blowes driuen the forsaken Knight to goe staggering backward, but euery one of those times he requited paine with smart, and shame with repulse. And now, whether he had cause, or that ouer-much confidence (an ouer-forward scholler of vnconquered Courage) made him thinke hee had cause, he began to perswade himselfe he had the aduantage of the combate, though the

the aduantage he tooke himselfe to haue, was only that he should be the later to die: which hope, Hate (as vnsecret as Loue) could not conceale, but drawing himselfe a little backe from him, brake out in these manner of words.

Ah *Amphialus* (said the forsaken Knight) this third-time thou shalt not escape me, but thy death shall satisfie thy iniurie and my malice, and pay for the crueltie thou shewedst in killing the noble *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia*. In troth (said *Amphialus*) thou art the best Knight that euer I fought withall, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage (that besides other follies) layest that to my charge, which most against my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee; and vpon the word wayted a blow, which parted his shield into two pieces, and despising the weake resistance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart side, as if he would make a passage for his loue to get out at.

But paine rather seemed to increase life, then to weaken life in those Champions. For the forsaken knight comming in with his right leg, and making it guide the force of the blow, strake *Amphialus* vpon the bellie so horrible a wound, that his guts came out withall. Which *Amphialus* perceiuing (fearing death, onely because it should come with ouerthrow) hee seemed to coniuere all his strength for one moments seruice; and so, lifting vp his sword with both hands, hit the forsaken knight vpon the head, a blow, wherewith his sword brake. But (as if it would do a notable seruice before it died) it preuailed so, euen in the instant of breaking, that the forsaken knight fell to the ground, quite for that instant forgetting both loue and hatred: and *Amphialus* (finding himselfe also in such weakenesse, as he looked for speedy death) glad of the victorie, though little hoping to enioy it, puld vp his visor, meaning with his dagger to giue him death: but in stead of death, he gaue him life: for, the aire so reuiued his spirits, that comming to himselfe, and seeing his present danger, with a life conquering death, he tooke *Amphialus* by the thigh, and together rose himselfe and ouerturned him. But *Amphialus* scrambled vp againe, both now so weake indeed, as their motions rather seemed the after drops to a storm, then any matter of great fury.

But *Amphialus* might repent himselfe of his wilfull breaking his good sword: for, the forsaken knight (hauing with the extremitie of iustlie-conceiued hate, and the vnprofitfulnesse of his owne neare-threatening death, blotted out all complements of cutesse) let flie at him so cruelly, that though the blowes were weake, yet weakenesse vpon a weakned subiect, proued such strength, that *Amphialus* hauing attempted in vaine, once or twice to close with him, receiuing wound vpon wound, sent his whole burthen to strike the earth with falling, since he could strike his foe no better in standing: giuing no other tokens of himselfe, then as of a man euen ready to take his oath to be deaths true seruant.

Which when the hardie brothers of *Anaxius* perceiued, not recking lawe of armes, nor vse of chiuallrie, they flew in to defend their friend, or reuenge their losse of him: But they were forthwith encountred with the two braue companions of the forsaken Knight, whereof the one being all in greene, both armour and furniture, it seemed a pleasant garden, wherein grew Orange trees; which with their golden fruites, cunningly beaten in and embroydered, greatly intriched the eye-pleasing colour of greene. In his shield was a sheepe feeding in a pleasant field, with this word *Without feare or enuie*. And therefore was called the Knight of the sheepe. The other Knight was all in milkewhite, his attiringe all cut in stars, which made of cloth of siluer, and siluer spangles, each way seemed to cast many aspects. His deuice was the



the very Pole it selfe, about which many starres stirring, but the place it selfe left void. The word was, *The best place yet reserved.* But these foure knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a most fierce combat: the forsaken Knight himselfe not able to helpe his side, but was driven to sit him downe, with the extreame faintnesse of his more and more fainting body. But those valiant couples seeking honor by dishonouring, and to build safetie vpon ruine, gaue newe appetites to the almost glatted eyes of the beholders: and now bloud began to put sweat from the full possession of their outsidcs, no aduantage being yet to be seene: onely the Knight of the sheepe seeming most deliuer, and affecting most all that viewed him, when a company of souldiers sent by *Cecropia*, came out in boates to the Island; and all came running to the destruction of the three Knights, whereof the one was vtterlie vnable to defend himselfe.

But then did the other two Knights shew their wonderfull courage and fidelitie. For turning backe to backe, and both bestriding the blacke forsaken Knight (who had fainted so long til he had lost the feeling of faintnesse) they held play against the rest, though the two brothers vnknighly helped them; till *Philanax* (who watchfully attended such traytorous practises) sent likewise ouer, both by boat and swimming, so choice a number as did put most of the other to the sword: Onely the two brothers with some of the brauest of them, carying away the body of *Amphilalus*, which they would rather haue died, then haue left behind them.

So was the forsaken Knight (layd vpon clokes) caried home to the campe. But his two friends knowing his earnest desire not to bee knowne, couering him from any bodies eyes, conueyed him to their owne tent: *Basilus* himselfe conquering his earnest desire to see him, with feare to displease him, who had fought so notablie in his quarell. But Fame set the honor vpon his backe, which hee would not suffer to shine in his face: no mans mouth being barraine of praises to the noble knight, that had battered the most esteemed Knight in the world: euerie body praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themselves. But he himselfe, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applyed cunning of Surgeons, hee came to renew againe the league betweene his mind and bodie; then fell hee to a fresh warre with his owne thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardise to himselfe, whome the impudentest backebiter would not so haue wronged. For his courage (vsed to vse victory as an inheritance) could brooke no resistance at any time: but now that he had promised himselfe not only the conquest of him, but the scaling of the walles, and deliuerie of *Pamela*, though he had done beyond all others expectation, yet so short was he of his owne, that he hated to looke vpon the Sunne, that had seene him do so weakely: and so much abhorred all visitation or honour, whereof he thought himselfe vnworthie, that hee besought his two noble friends to carrie him away to a Castle not far off, where he might cure his wounds, & neuer be knowne till he made successe excuse this (as he thought) want in him. They louingly obeyed him, leauing *Basilus* and all the campe verie sorie for the parting of these three vnknowne Knights, in whose prowesse they had reposed greatesst trust of victorie.

But they being gone, *Basilus* and *Philanax* gaue good order to the strengthening of the siege, fortifying themselves, so as they feared no more any such sodaine on-set, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reason of *Anaxius* hurt, but especially of *Amphilalus*-s) gaue themselves only to diligent watch and ward, making no fallies out, but committing the principall trust to *Zoilus* and *Lycorgus*. For *Anaxius* was yet forced

forced to keepe his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his bodie had such wounds, and he gaue such wounds to his mind, as easily it could not bee determined, whether death or he made the greater haste one to the other: for when the diligent care of cunning Chirurgians had brought life to the possession of his owne right, Sorrowe and Shame (like two corrupted seruants) came waiting of it, perswading nothing but the giuing ouer of it selfe to destructiō. They laid before his eyes his presēt case, painting euery peece of it in most vgly colours: they shewed him his loue wrapped in despaire, his fame blotted by ouerthrowe; so that if before he languished, because he could not obtaine his desiring, he now lamented, because he durst not desire the obtaining. Recreant *Amphialus* (would he say to himselfe) how darest thou entitle thy selfe the louer of *Philoclea*; that hast neither shewed thy selfe a faithfull coward, nor a valiant rebell, but both rebellious, and cowardly, which no lawe canne quite, nor grace haue pitie of? Alas life, what litle pleasure thou doest me, to giue me nothing but sense of reproach and exercise of ruine? I would (sweete *Philoclea*) I had died, before thy eyes had seene my weakenesse: and then perchance with some sigh thou wouldest haue confessed, thou hadst lost a worthie seruant. But now, caytife that I am, what euer I haue done, serues but to builde vp my riuals glorie. To these speeches hee would couple such gestures of vexation, and would fortifie the gestures with such effects of furie, as sometimes offering to teare vp his wounds, sometimes to refuse the sustenance of meat, and counsell of Physicians, that his perplexed mother was driuen to make him by force to be tended, with extreame corseley to her selfe and annoyance to him: till in the end he was contented to promise her, hee would attempt no violence vpon himselfe, vpon condition hee might be troubled by no body but only his Physicians: his melancholy detesting all company, so as not the verie Chirurgians nor seruants durst speake vnto him in doing him seruice: only he had prayed his mother, as she tendred his life, she would procure him grace, and that without that, she would neuer come at him more.

His mother, who had confined all her loue only to him, set only such about him, as were absolutely at her commandement, whom she forbad to let him know any thing that passed in the castle, til his woundes were cured, but as she from time to time should instruct them, she (for her selfe) being resoluēd; now she had the gouernment of all things in her owne hands, to satisfie her sonnes loue by their yeelding, or satisfie her owne reuenge in their punishment. Yet first, because she would be the freer from outward force, shee sent a messenger to the campe to derounce vnto *Basilus*, that if he did not presently rayse his siege, she would cause the heads of the three Ladies, prisoners, to be cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more feare a presant performance, she caused his two daughters and *Zelmant* to be led vnto the walles where she had made a scaffold, easie to be seene by *Basilus*: and there caused them to be kept, as ready for the slaughter, till answer came from *Basilus*. A sight ful of pittie it was, to see those three (all excelling in al those excellencies, wherewith Nature can beautifie any bodie: *Pamela* giuing sweetnesse to maifestie, *Philoclea* entiching noblenesse with humblenesse, *Zelmant* setting in womanly beautie manlike valour) to be thus subiected to the basest iniurie of vniust fortune. One might see in *Pamela* a willingnesse to die, rather then to haue life at others discretion, though sometimes a Princely disdain would sparkle out of her Princelie eyes, that it should be in others power to force her to die. In *Philoclea* a prettie feare came vp to endamaske her rosie cheekes: but it was such a feare, as rather seemed a kindly child to her innate humblenesse, then any other dismayednesse, or if she

were dismayed, it was more for *Zelmae*, then for her selfe; or if more for her selfe, it was because *Zelmae* should lose her. As for *Zelmae*, as shee went with her hands bound (for they durst not adventure on her well knowne valour, especially amonge a people, which perchance might bee moued by such a spectacle to some reuolt) she was the true image of ouermaystered courage, and of spite, that sees no remedy. For her breast swelled withall, the blood burst out of her nose, and she looked paler then accustomed, with her eyes cast on the ground, with such a grace, as if she were fallen out with the heauens, for suffering such an iniurie. The lookers on were so moued withall, as they misliked what themselves did, and yet still did what themselves misliked. For some glad to rid themselves of the dangerous annoyance of this siege, some willing to shorten the way to *Amphialus* his succession (whereon they were dependants) some and the greatest some, doing because others did, and suffering because none durst begin to hinder, did in this sort set their hands to this (in their owne conscience) wicked enterprife.

But when this message was brought to *Basilus*, and that this pittifull preparation was a sufficient letter of credit for him to beleue it, hee called vnto him the chiefe Councillours: among which, those he chiefly trusted were *Philanax* and *Kalander* lately come to the campe at *Basilus* commandement, and in himselfe wearie of his solitarie life, wanting his sonnës presence, and neuer hauing heard from his beloued guests since they parted from him. Now in this doubt what he should do; hee willed *Kalander* to giue him his aduise: who spake much to this purpose. You command me sir (said he) to speake, rather because you will keepe your wounded graue and noble maner, to do nothing of importance without counsell, the that in this cause (which indeed hath but one way) your minde needs to haue any counsell: so as my speech shal rather be to confirme what you haue already determined, then to argue against any possibilitie of other determination. For what sophistical scoller can find any question in this, whether you will haue your incomparable daughters live, or die? whether since you be here to cause their deliuerance, you will make your being here the cause of their destruction? for nothing can be more vn sensible, then to thinke what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Do therefore as I am sure you, meane to do, remoue the siege, and after seeke by practise, or other gentle meanes, to recouer that which by force you cannot: and therof is indeed (when it please you) more counsell to be taken. Once, in extremities the winning of time is the purchase of life, and worse by no meanes then their deaths can befall vnto you. A man might vse more words, if it were to any purpose to guild gold; or that I had any cause to doubt of your mind: but you are wise, and are a father. He said no more, for he durst not attempt to perswade the marrying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another consultation. But *Basilus* made signe to *Philanax*, who standing a while in a maze as inwardly perplexed, at last thus, deliuered his opinion.

If euer I could with my faith vntried, and my counsell vntested, it should be at this time, when in truth I must confesse I wold be content to purchase silence with discre- dite. But since you command, I obey: only let me say thus much, that I obey not to these excellent Ladies father, but to my Prince: & a Prince it is to whom I giue counsell. Therefore as to a Prince I say, that the graue and (I well know) true-minded counsell of my Lord *Kalander* had come in good time when you first tooke armes, before all your subiects gate notice of your intencion, before so much blood was spent, and before they were driuen to seeke this shift for their last remedie. But if now, this force you away, why did you take armes? since you might be sure when euer they were in

extre-



extremities they would have recourse to this threatening? And for a wise man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word overthrow, hath in my conceits great incongruity, & as great, not to fore-think what his enemy in reason will do. But they threaten they will kill your daughters. What if they promised you if you removed your siege, they would honorably send home your daughters? would you be angled by their promises? truly no more ought you be terrified by their threatenings, For yet of the two, promise binds faith more then threatening. But indeed a Prince of judgement ought not to consider what his enemies promise, or threaten, but what the promisers & threatners in reason will do: and the nearest coniecture thereunto, is what is best for their owne behoofe to do. They threaten, if you remove not, they will kill your daughters, and if you do remove, what suretie have you but that they will kill them, since if the purpose bee to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus* his ambition, the same cause will continue, when you are away; and so much the more encouraged, as the reuenging power is absent, and they haue the more oportunitie to draw their factious friends about them: but if it be for their securitie onely, the same cause will bring forth the same effect: and for their securitie, they will preserve them. But it may be said, no man knowes what desperate folks will do: it is true, & as true that no reason nor policie can prevent what desperate folks will do: and therefore they are among those dangers, which wisdom is not to reckon. Only let it suffice to take away their despaire, which may be by granting pardon for what is past; so as the Ladies may be freely deliuered. And let them that are your subiects trust you that are their Prince; do not you subiect your selfe to trust them, who are so vntrustie as to be manifest Traitors. For if they finde you so base-minded, as by their threatening to remove your force, what indignitie is it, that they would not bring you vnto still by the same threatening? since then if loue stir them, loue will keepe them from murdering what they loue; and if ambition prouoke them, ambitious they will be when they are away, as well as while you are here: take not away your force, which bars not the one, & bridles the other. For as for their shewes and wordes, they are but feare-babes, not worthy once to moue a worthie mans conceit, which must still consider what in reason they are like to do. Their despaire I graunt you shall do well to prevent, which as it is the last of all resolutions, so no man falls into it while so good a way as you may offer, is open vnto them. In summe, you are a Prince, and a father of a people; who ought with the eye of wisdom, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of iustice, to set downe all priuate conceits, in comparison of what for the publike is profitable.

Hee would haue proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmene*: and falling at *Basilus* feet, besought him to make no delay; vsing such gestures of compassion in steed of stopped words, that *Basilus*, otherwise enough tender minded, easily granted to raise the siege, which he saw dangerous to his daughters; but indeede more carefull for *Zelmene*, by whose besieged person, the poore old man was straightly besieged: so as to rid him of the famine of his mind, he went in speed away, discharging his souldiers: only leauing the authoritie, as before, in *Philanax* hands. hee himselfe went with *Gynecia* to a strong Castle of his, where he tooke counsell how first to deliuer *Zelmene*, whom he called the poore stranger, as though only Law of hospitalitie moued him, & for that purpose sent diuerse messengers to traffike with *Cecropia*.

But she by this meanes rid of the present danger of the siege (desiring *Zelus* and *Lyongus* to take the care, till their brother recovered, of reuicualling & furnishing

the citie, both with men, and what else wanted, against any new occasion should vrge them, she her selfe disdayning to hearken to *Basilius*, without he would grant his daughter in mariage to her sonne (which by no means he would be brought vnto) bent all her sharpnesse of her malitious wit, how to bring a comfortable grant to her sonne, whereupon she well found no lesse then his life depended. Therefore, for a while she attempted all means of eloquent praying, and flattering perswasion, mingling sometimes gifts, sometimes threatnings, as she had cause to hope, that either open force, or vndermining, would best win the castle of their resolutiō. And euer as much as she did to *Philoclea*, so much did shee to *Pamela*, though in maner sometimes differing, as she found fit to leuell at the ones noble heigt, and the others sweete holinesse. For though she knew her sonnes heart had wholly giuen it selfe to *Philoclea*, yet seeing the equall gifts in *Pamela*, she hoped, a faire grant wold recover the sorrow of a faire refusall: cruelly intending the present impoysoning the one, as soone as the others affection were purchased.

But in vaine was all her vaine oratorie employed. *Pamelas* determination was built vpon so braue a rocke, that no shot of hers could reach vnto it: and *Philoclea* (thogh humbly seate) was so iniured with sweet riuers of cleare vertue, as could neither be battered, nor vndermined: her wittie perswasions had wife answeres; her eloquence recompenced with sweetnesse; her threatnings repelled with disdain in the one, and patience in the other, her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to binde. So as *Cecropia* in nature violent, cruell, because ambitious; hatefull, for old rooted grudge to their mother, & now spiteful, because she could not preuaile with girles, as she counted them; lastly, drawne on by her loue to her sonne, and held vp by a tyrannicall authoritie, forthwith followed the byas of her owne crooked disposition, and doubling & redoubling her threatnings, fell to confirme some of her threatned effects: first withdrawing all comfort, both of seruants and seruice from them. But that those excellent Ladies had been vsed vnto, euen at home, and then found in themselves how much good the hardnesse of education doth to the resistance of miserie. Then dishonourably vsing them both in diet, and lodging, by a contempt to pull down their thoughts to yeelding. But as before, the consideration of a prison had disgraced all ornaments, so now the consideration made them attend all diseasefulnesse. Then still as she found those not preuaile, would she go forward with giuing them tertours, sometimes with noises of horror, sometimes with sodaine frightings in the night, when the solitary darknes thereof might easer astonish the disarmed sences. But to all Vertue and Loue resisted, strengthened one by other, when each found it selfe ouer-vehemently assaulted. *Cecropia* still sweetning her fiercenesses with faire promises, if they would promise faire; that feeling euill, and seeing away farre better, there mindes might the sooner be mollified. But they could not taste her behauiour, when it was pleasing indeed, could worse now, when they had lost all taste by her iniuries.

She resoluing all extremities, rather then faile of conquest, pursued on her rugged way: letting no day passe, without new and new perplexing the poore Ladies minds, and troubling their bodies; and still swelling, the more shee was stopped, and growing hot with her owne doings: at length abhominable rage caried her to absolute tyrannies, so that taking with her certaine old women (of wicked dispositions, and apt for enuie-sake to be cruell to youth and beautie) with a countenance impoysoned with malice, flew to the sweete *Philoclea*, as if so many Kites should come about a white Doue, & matching violent gestures, with mischieuous threat-

threatnings, she hauing a rod in her hand (like a furie that should carie wood to the burning of *Dianas* temple) fell to scourge that most beautifull body: Loue in vaine holding the shield of Beautie against her blind crueltie. The Sunne drew clouds vp to hide his face from so pitifull a sight; and the verie stone walls 'did yeeld drops of sweat for agonie of such a mischiefe: each sencelesse thing had sence of pitie; only they that had sence, were sencelesse. Vertus rarely found her worldly weakenesse more, then by the oppression of that day: and weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he was sorie he was not deafe, as wel as blind, that he might neuer know so lamentable a worke. *Philoclea*, with tearefull eyes, and sobbing breast (as soone as her wearinesse rather then compassion, gaue her respite) kneeled down to *Cecropia*, and making pittie in her face honourable, and torment delightfull, besought her, since she hated her (for what cause she tooke God to witnesse she knew not) that she would at once take away her life, and not please her selfe with the tormenting of a poore Gentlewoman. If (said she) the common course of humanity cannot moue you, nor the hauing me in your own walls, cannot claime pitie: nor womanly mercie, nor neere aliance, nor remembrance (how miserable so euer now) that I am a Princes daughter, yet let the loue (you haue often told me) your sonne beares me, so much procure, that for his sake, one death may be thought inough for me: I haue not liued so many yeares, but that one death may be able to conclude them: neither haue my faults (I hope) been so many but that one death may satisfie them. It is no great suite to an enemy, when but death is desired. I craue but that, and as for the graunting your request, know for certaine you lose your labours, being every day further off-minded from becomming his wife, who vseth me like a slaue. But that in stead of getting grace, renewed againe *Cecropias* furie: so that (excellent creature) she was newly againe tormented by those hellish Monsters: *Cecropia* vsing no other words, but that she was a proud and vngratefull wench: and that she would teach her to know her own good, since of her self she would not conceiue it. So that with silence and patience (like a faire gorgeous armour, hammered vpon by an ilfaured Smith) shee abode their pittilesse dealing with her: till, rather reseruing her for more, then meaning to end, they left her to an vncomfortable leisure, to consider with her self her fortune; both helpelesse her self, being a prisoner, & hopelesse, since *Zelmene* was a prisoner: who therein onely was short of the bottome of miserie, that she knew not how vnworthily her Angel, by these deuils was abused: but wanted (God wot) no stings of grieffe, when those words did but strike vpon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a Captiue, & she not able to succour her. For wel she knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, and wel she knew, *Philoclea* had cause to haue confidence: and all troden vnder foot by the wheele of sencelesse Fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the soule, as it can deliuer knowledge to another, without bodily organs; so vehement were the workings of their spirits, as one met with other, though themselves perceiued it not, but only thought it to be the doubling of their owne louing fancies. And that was the only worldly thing whereon *Philoclea* rested her mind, that she knew she should die beloued of *Zelmene*, and should die, rather then be false to *Zelmene*. And so this most dainty Nymph, easing the paine of her mind with thinking of anothers paine; and almost forgetting the paine of her body, through the paine of her minde, she wasted, euen longing for the conclusion of her tedious tragedie.

But for a while she was vnuisited, *Cecropia* employing her time in vsing the like crueltie vpon *Pamela*, her heart growing not onely to desire the fruit of punishing



them, but euen to delight in the punishing them. But if euer the beames of perfection shined through the clouds of affliction, if euer vertue tooke a bodie to shew his (els vnconceivable) beauty, it was in *Pamela*. For when Reason taught her there was no resistance (for to iust resistance first her heart was enclined) then with so heauenly a quietnesse, and so gracefull a calmnesse, did she suffer the diuers kindes of torments they vsed to her, that while they vexed her faire body, it seemed, that she rather directed, then obeyed the vexation. And when *Cecropia* ended, and asked whether her heart would yeeld: she a little smiled, but such a smiling as shewed no loue, and yet could not but be louely. And then, beastly woman (said shee) follow on, do what thou wilt, and canst vpon me: for I know thy power is not vnlimited. Thou mayst well wracke this silly bodie, but me thou canst neuer ouerthrow. For my part, I will not do thee the pleasure to desire death of thee: but assure thy selfe both my life and death shall triumph with honour, laying shame vpon thy detestable tyrannie.

And so, in effect, conquering their doing with her suffering, while *Cecropia* tried as many sorts of paines, as might rather vexe them, then spoyle them (for that shee would not do while she were in any hope to winne either of them for her sonne): *Pamela* remained almost as much content with tryall in her selfe, what vertue could do, as grieved with the misery wherein she found her selfe plunged, onely sometimes her thoughts softned in her, when in open wings they flew to *Musidorus*. For then she would thinke with her selfe, how grievously *Musidorus* would take this her miserie: and she, that wept not for her selfe, wept yet *Musidorus* teares, which he would weepe for her. For gentle Loue did easlier yeeld to lamentation, then the constancie of vertue would els admitte. Then would she remember the ease wherein she had left her poore shepheard, and she that wished death for her selfe, feared death for him: and she that condemned in her selfe the feblenesse of sorrow, yet thought it great reason to be sorie for his sorrow: and she that long had prayed for the vertuous ioyning themselves together, now thinking to die her selfe, hartely prayed, that long time their fortunes might be seperated. Live long my *Musidorus* (would she say) and let my name liue in thy mouth, in thy heart my memory. Live long, that thou mayst loue long the chaste loue of thy dead *Pamela*. Then would she wish to her selfe, that no other woman might euer possesse his heart: & yet scarcely the wish was made a wish, when her selfe would finde fault with it, as being too vniust, that so excellent a man should be banished from the comfort of life. Then would she fortifie her resolution, with bethinking the worst, taking the counsell of vertue, and comfort of loue.

So these Diamonds of the world whom Nature had made to be preciously set in the eyes of men, to be the chiefe workes of her workmanship, the chiefe ornaments of the world, and Princesses of felicitie, by rebellious iniurie were brought to the vttermost distresse that an enemies hart cold wish, or a womans spite inuent: *Cecropia* daily in one or other sort punishing them, still with her euill torments giuing them feare of worse, making the feare it selfe the foremost torment of all: that in the end wearie of their bodies, they should be content to bestowe them at her appointment. But as in labour, the more one doth exercise it, the more by the doing one is enabled to do: strength growing vpon the worke, so as what at first would haue seemed impossible, after growes easie: so these Princesses second to none, & far from any second, only to be matched by themselves, with the use of suffering their mindes, gate the habit of suffering, so as all feares & terrors were to them but summons

summons to a battaile, whereof they knew before-hand they would be victorious, and which in the suffering was painfull, being suffered, was a trophy to it selfe: whereby *Cecropia* found her selfe still further off: for where at first she might perchance haue perswaded them to haue visited her son, & haue giuen him some cōfort in his sicknes, drawing neere to the cōfines of deaths kingdome, now they protested, that they would neuer otherwise speake to him, then as to the enemy of most vniust cruelty towards them, that any time or place could euer make them know.

This made the poyson swell in her cankred breast, perceiuing that (as in water) the more she grasped, the lesse she held: but yet now hauing run so long the way of rigor, it was too late in reason, & too contrary to her passion, to returne to a course of meeknes. And therefore (taking counsell of one of her old associates who so far excelled in wickednesse, as that she had not only lost al feeling of conscience, but had gotten a verie glory in euill) in the end they determind, that beating, and other such sharpe dealing did not so much pull down a womans harr, as it bred anger, and that nothing was more enemy to yeelding, then anger; making their tender hearts take on the armour of obstinacie: (for thus did their wicked mindes blind to the light of vertue, and owly eied in the night of wickednesse interpret of it) & that therfore that was no more to be tryed. And for feare of death (which no question would doe most with them) they had been so often threatned, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it; and learned to esteeme threatning words to be but words, Therefore the last, but best way now was, that the one seeing indeed the others death, should perceiue, there was no dallying meant: and then there was no doubt, that a womans soule would doe much, rather then leaue so beautifull a body.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philoclea*, and told her, that now she was to come to the last part of the play: for her part, though she found her hard-hearted obstinacie such, that neither the sweetnesse of louing meanes, nor the force of hard meanes could preuaile with her, yet before she would passe to a further degree of extremity, she had sought to win her sister; in hope that her sonne might bee with time satisfied with the loue of so faire a Lady; but finding her also rather more then lesse wilfull, she was now minded that one of their deathes should serue for an example to the other, that despising worthy folkes was more hurtfull to the despi-fer, then the despised: that yet because her sonne especially affected her, and that in her owne selfe shee was more inclinable to pittie her, then she had deserued, she would begin with her sister; who that afternone should haue her head cut off before her face; if in the meane time one of them, did not pull out their il-vvrought stiches of vnkindnesse, she bad her looke for no other, nor longer time then she told her. There was no assault giuen to the sweete *Philocleas* mind, that entred so farre, as this: for where to all paines and dangers of her selfe, fore-sight (with his Lieutenant Resolution) had made ready defence, now with the loue she bare her sister, she was driven to a stay, before she determind: but long she stayed not, before this reason did shine vnto her, that since in herselfe shee preferred death before such a base seruittude, loue did teach her to wish the same to her sister. Therefore crossing her armes, and looking aside-ward vpon the ground. Do what you will (sayd she) with vs: for my part, heauen shall melt before I be remoued. But if you will follow my counsell, for your owne sake (for as for prayers for my sake I haue felt how little they preuaile) let my death first serue for example to winne her, who perchance is not so resolued against *Amphialus*, and so shall you not onely iustly punish me, (who indeede doe hate both you and your sonne) but, if that may moue you,

you

you shall doe more vertuously in preserving one most worthy of life, and killing another most desirous of death : lastly in winning her, in steede of a peevish unhappie creature that I am, you shall blesse your sonne with the most excellent woman in all praise worthy things, that the world holdeth. But *Cecropia*, (who had already set downe to her selfe what she would do) with bitter both tearmes, and countenance, told her, that she should not neede to woo death ouer-eagerly : for if her sister going before her did not reach her wit, her selfe should quickly follow. For since they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her sonnes quiet, but to know that they were past getting. And so since no intreating, nor threatening might preuaile, she had her prepare her eyes for a new play, which she should see within few houres in the hall of that castle.

A place indeede ouer fit for so vnfit a matter : for being so stately made, that the bottome of it beeing euen with the ground, the roofo reached as hie as any part of the Castle, at either end it had conuenient lodgings. In the one end was (one storie from the ground) *Philocleas* abode, in the other of euen height, *Pamela*, & *Zelmanes* in a chamber aboue her : but all so vaulted of strong and thickly built stone, as one could no way heare the other : each of these chambers had a little window to looke into the hall, but because the sisters should not haue so much comfort, as to looke one to another, there was (of the outsid) curtaines drawne, which they could not reach with their hands, so barring the reach of their sight. But when the houre came that the Tragedie should beginne, and curtaines were withdrawne from before the windowes of *Zelmanes*, and of *Philoclea* : a sufficient challenge to call their eyes to defende themselves in such an incounter. And by and by came in at one end of the hall, with about a dozen armed souldiers a Ladie, led by a couple, with her handes bounde before her : from aboue her eyes to her lippes muffled with a faire kerchiefe, but from her mouth to the shoulders all bare : and so was ledde on to a scaffold raised a good deale from the floore, and all couered with crimsin veluet. But neither *Zelmanes*, nor *Philoclea* needed to bee told who she was : for the apparell shee ware, made them too well assured, that it was the admirable *Pamela*. Whereunto the rare whitenesse of her naked necke gaue sufficient testimonie to their astonished senses. But the faire Lady being come to the scaffold, and then made to kneele down, and so left by her vnkinde supporters, as it seemed that shee was about to speake somewhat (whereunto *Philoclea* (poore soule) earnestly listened, according to her speech euen minding to frame her minde, her heart neuer till then almost wauering to saue her sisters life) before the vnfortunate Lady could pronounce three wordes, the executioner cut off the ones speech, and the others attention, with making his sworde doe his cruell office vpon that beautifull necke. Yet the pittifull sworde had such pittie of so pretious an obiect, that at first it did but hit flatlong : But little auailed that, since the Lady falling downe astonished withall, the cruell villaine forced the sworde with another blowe to diuorce the faire mariage of the head and body.

And this was done so in an instant, that the very act did ouerrun *Philocleas* sorrow (sorrow not beeing able so quickly to thunder-bolt her heart through her senses, but first onely opprest her with a storme of amazement) but when her eyes sawe that they did see, as condemning themselves to haue seene it, they became wearie of their owne power of seeing : and her soule then drinking vppon woe with great draughts, shee fell downe to deadly traunces : but her wayting laylours with cruell pittie brought lothed life vnto her, which yet many times tooke his leaue as though



though he would indeed depart: but when it was stayed by force, he kept with him deadly Sorrow, which thus exercised her mourning speech: *Pamela* my sister, my sister *Pamela*, woe is me for thee, I would I had dyed for thee: *Pamela*, never more shall I see thee: never more shall I enjoy thy sweete companie, and wise counsel. Alas, thou art gone to beautifie heauen; and hast left me here, who haue nothing good in me, but that I did euer loue thee, and euer did lament thee. Let this day be noted of all vertuous folkes for most vnfortunate: Let it neuer be mentioned, but among curses; and cursed bee they that did this mischiese, and most accursed be mine eyes that beheld it. Sweet *Pamela*; that head is stricken off, where only wisdom might be spoken withall: that bodie is destroyed, which was the liuing booke of vertue. Deare *Pamela* how hast thou left me to all wretchednesse and miserie? Yet while thou liuedst, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellencie honour thee more then my mother, and loue thee more then my selfe? Neuer more shall I lye with thee: never more shall we bathe in the pleasant riuer together: never more shall I see thee in thy shepheards apparell. But thou art gone, and where am I? *Pamela* is dead; and liue I? O my God, and with that she fell againe in a sowne, so as it was a great while before they could bring her to her selfe againe; but beeing come to her selfe, Alas (sayd she) vnkind women; since you haue giuen me so many deathes, torment me not now with life: for Gods sake let mee goe, and excuse your hands of more blood. Let me follow my *Pamela*, whom euer I sought to follow. Alas *Pamela*, they will not let me come to thee: But if they keepe promise, I shall treade thine owne steps after thee. For to what am I borne (miserable soule) but to be most happie in my selfe, and yet more unhappie in others? But O that a thousand more miseries had chanced vnto me, so thou hadst not dyed; *Pamela* my sister *Pamela*. And so like lametable *Philomela* complained she the horrible wrong done to her sister, which if it stird not in the wickedly elosed minds of her tormentors, a pittie of her sorow, yet bred it a wearinesse of her sorrow: so as only leauing one to preuent any harme shee should do her selfe, the rest went away, consulting againe with *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloudie act.

In the end, that woman that vied most to keepe companie with *Zelmane*, told *Cecropia*, that she found by many most sensible proofes in *Zelmane*, that there was neuer woman so loued another as she loued *Philoclea*: which was the cause that she (further then the commandement of *Cecropia*) had caused *Zelmanes* curtaines to be also drawne because, hauing the same spectacle that *Philoclea* had, she might stand in the greater feare for her, whom she loued so well: and that indeed she had hit the needle in that deuise: for neuer saw she creature so astonished as *Zelmane* exceeding sory for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingnesse in feare for *Philoclea*. Therefore her aduice was, she should cause *Zelmane* to come & speake to *Philoclea*. For there being such vehemencie of friendship between them, it was most likely both to moue *Zelmane*, to perswade, and *Philoclea* to bee perswaded, *Cecropia* liked well of the counsell and gaue order to the same woman to go deale therein with *Zelmane*, and to assure her with oth, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* should passe the same way that *Pamela* had done, without she did yeeld to satisfie the extremitie of her sons affectio: which the woman did, adding therunto many (as she thought) good reasons to make *Zelmane* thinke *Amphialus*, a fit match for *Philoclea*.

But *Zelmane* (who had from time to time vnderstood that cruell dealing they had vsed to the sisters, & now had her owne eyes wounded with the sight of ones death) was so confused withall (her courage still rebelling against her wit, desiring still with force

force to doe impossible matters) that as her desire was stopped with power, so her conceit was darkened with a mist of desire. For blinde Loue; and invincible valoure still would cry out, that it could not be, *Philoclea* should bee in so miserable estate, and she not relieue her: and so while she haled her wit to her courage, she drew it from his owne limits. But now *Philocleas* death (a word able to marshall all his thoughts in order) being come to so short a point either with small delay to be suffered, or by the giuing her selfe to an other to be preuented, she was driuen to thinke, and to desire some leasure of thinking: which the woman granted for that night vnto her. A night that was not halfe so blacke, as her minde; nor halfe so silent, as was fit for her musing thoughts. At last, he that would faine haue desperately lost a thousand liues for her sake, could not finde in his heart, that she should lose any life for her owne sake, and he that despised his owne death in respect of honour, yet could well giue dispence with honour it selfe in respect of *Philocleas* death: for once the thought could not enter into his heart, nor the breath issue out of his mouth, which could consent to *Philocleas* death for any bargain. Then how to preuent the next degree to death (which was her being possesst by an other) was the point of his minde labour: and in that he found no other way, but that *Philoclea* should pretend a yeelding vnto *Cecropias* request; and so by speaking with *Amphilus*, and making faire (but delaying) promises, procure libertie for *Zelmene*, who onely wisht but to come by a sword, not doubting then to destroy them all, and deliuer *Philoclea*: so little did both the men, and their forces seeme in her eyes, looking downe vpon them from the high top of affections tower.

VVith that minde therefore (but first well bound) shee was brought to *Philoclea*, hauing already plotted out in her conceipt, how she would deale with her: and so came she with heart and eyes, which did each sacrifice either to Loue vpon the altar of Sorrow: and there had she the pleasing displeasing sight of *Philoclea*: *Philoclea*, whom already the extreame sence of sorow had brought to a dullnesse therin, her face not without tokens, that beautie had been by many miseries cruelly battered, and yet shewed it most the perfection of that beautie, which could remaine vnouerthrowne by such enemies. But when *Zelmene* was set downe by her, and the women gone away (because she might be the better perswaded when nobody was by, that had heard her say she would not be perswaded) then began first the eyes to speake, and the hearts to crye out: Sorrow a while would needs speake his owne language without vsing their tongues to be their interpreters. At last *Zelmene* brake silence, but spake with the onely eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited onely by such kinde of speeches. Deare Ladie, in extreame necessities we must not. But alas vnfortunate wretch that I am, that I liue to see this day. And I take heauen and earth to witness, that nothing: and with that her brest swelled so with spire and grieve, that her breath had not leasure to turne it selfe into words. But the sweet *Philoclea* that had already dyed in *Pamela*, and of the other side had the heaviness of the heart something quickned in the most beloued sight of *Zelmene*, guessed somewhat at *Zelmenes* mind; and therefore spake vnto her in this sort: My *Piracles* (sayde shee) I knowe this exceeding comfort of your presence, is not brought vnto mee for any good-will that is owed vnto mee: but (as I suppose) to make you perswade mee to saue my life with the rancome of mine honour: although no bodie should bee so vnfit a pleader in that cause as your selfe, yet perchance you would haue mee liue. Your honour? God forbid (said *Zelmene*) that euer, for any cause, I should yeeld to any touch of it. But a while to pretend some affection,

till

till time or my libertie might worke something for your seruice: this; if my astonish'd senses would giue me leaue, I would faine haue perswaded you.

To what purpose my *Pyrocles*? (said *Philoclea*) of a miserable time what gaine is there? Hath *Pamelas* example wrought no more in me? is a captiue life so much worth? can euer it goe out of these lips, that I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? shall my tongue be so false a traytor to my heart, as to say I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? And why should I do all this? to liue? O *Pamela*, sister *Pamela*, why should I liue? onely for thy sake *Pyrocles* I would liue; but to thee I know too well I shal not liue; and if not to thee, hath thy loue so base allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wish me to liue? for dissimulation, my *Pyrocles*, my simplicitie is such that I haue hardly bene able to keep a straight way, what shal I do in a crooked? But in this case there is no meane of dissimulation, not for the cunningest: present answer is required, and present performance vpon the answere. Art thou so terrible O death? No my *Pyrocles*; and for that I do thanke thee, and in my soule thanke thee; for I confesse the loue of thee is herein my chiefeft vertue. Trouble me not therefore deare *Pyrocles*, nor double not my death by tormenting my resolution; since I cannot liue with thee, I will die for thee. Only remember me, deare *Pyrocles*, and loue the remembrance of me: and if I may craue so much of thee, let me be thy last loue, for though I be not worthie of thee (who indeed art the worthiest creature liuing) yet remember that my loue was a worthy loue. But *Pyrocles* was so ouertome with sorrow (which wisdom & vertue made iust in so excellent a Ladies case, full of so excellent kindnesse) that words were ashamed to come forth, knowing how weake they were to expresse his minde, and her merit: and therefore so stayed in a deadly silence, forsaken of hope, and forsaking comfort; till the appointed guardians came in, to see the fruites of *Zelmans* labour: and then *Zelmans* warn'd by their presence, fel againe to perswade, though scarcely her selfe could tel what; but in summe, desirous of delayes. But *Philoclea*, sweetly continuing constant, and in the end punishing her importunitie with silence, *Zelmans* was faine to end. Yet crauing another times conference, she obtained it, & diuerse others; til at the last *Cecropia* found it was to no purpose, & therefore determin'd to follow her owne way. *Zelmans* yet still desirous to win (by any means) respite, euen wast'd with sorrow, & vncertaine, whether in worse case in her presence, or absence, being able to do nothing for *Philocleas* succour, but by submitting the greatest courage of the earth to fall at the feet of *Cecropia*, and craue stay of their sentence till the vttermost was seene, what her perswasions might do.

*Cecropia* seem'd much to be moued by her importunitie, so as diuers daies were wonne of painefull life to the excellent *Philoclea*: while *Zelmans* suffered some hope to cherish her mind, especially trusting vpon the helpe of *Musidorus*, who (she knew) would not be idle in this matter, till one morning a noyse awak'd *Zelmans*, from whose over-watchfull minde, the tired body had stolne a little sleep: & straight with the first opening of her eyes, Care taking his wonted place, she ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noyse guided her). & there might she see (the curtaine being left open euer since the last execution) tenen or eight persons in a cluster vpon the scaffold: who by and by rotting themselues, nothing was to be seene thereupon, but a basen of gold pittifully enamell'd with bloud, and in the midst of it, the head of the most beautiful *Philoclea*. The horriblenesse of the mischiefe was such, as *Pyrocles* could not at first beleue his owne senses, but bent his woful eyes to discerne it better: where too wel hee might see it was *Philocleas* selfe, hauing no veile, but beaurie ouer her face, which still appeared to be alive;



so did thole eyes shine, euen as they were wont, and they were wont more then any other : and sometimes as they moued, it might well make the beholder thinke, that death therein had borrowed her beautie, and not they any way disgraced by death, so sweet and piercing a grace they caried with them.

It was not a pitie, it was not amazement, it was not a sorow which then layde hold on *Pyrocles*, but a wilde furie of desperate agony, so that he cried out, O tyrant heauen, traytor earth, blind prouidence, no iustice, how is this done? how is this suffered? hath this world a gouernment? If it haue, let it powre out all his mischiefes vpon me, and see whether it haue power to make me more wretched then I am. Did she excell for this? haue I prayed for this? abhominable hand that did it, detestable deuill that commanded it; cursed light that beheld it: and if the light be cursed, what are then mine eyes that haue scene it? And haue I scene *Philoclea* dead, and do I liue? and haue I liued, not to helpe her, but to talke of her? and stand I still talking? And with that (caried with the madnesse of anguish, not hauing a readier way to kill himselfe) he ran as hard as euer he could with his head against the wall, with intention to braine himselfe: but the haste to do it made the doing the slower. For as he came to giue the blow, his foote tript, so as it came not with the full force, yet forcible enough to strike him downe; and withall to deprive him of his sence, so that he lay a while comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his discomfort.

And when he came againe to himselfe, he heard, or he thought he heard a voyce which cried, Reuenge, Reuenge vnto him: whether indeede it were his good Angell, which vsed that voyce to stay him from vnnaturall murdering of himselfe? or that his wandering spirits lighted vpon that conceit, and by their weakenesse subiect to apprehensions supposed they heard it. But that indeede, helped with Vertue, and her valiant seruant Anger stopped him from present destroying himselfe: yeelding in reason & manhood, first to destroy man, woman and child, that were any way of kinne to them that were accessarie to this crueltie; then to raze the Castle, and to build a sumptuous monument for her sister, and a most sumptuous for her selfe, and then himselfe to die vpon her tombe. This determining in himselfe to do, and to seeke all meanes how (for that purpose) to get out of prison: he was content a while to beare the thirst of death: & yet went againe to the windowe, to kisse the beloued head with his eyes, but there saw he nothing but the scaffold, all couered ouer with scarlet, and nothing but solitarie silence to mourne this mischiefe. But then, Sorow hauing disperst it selfe from his heart, into his noble parts, it proclaimed his authoritie, in cries and teares, & with a more gentle dolefulnesse could powre out his inward euill.

Alas (said he) and is that head taken away too, so soone from mine eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they enuie the excellencie of your sorrow? indeede, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankind, but teares: and woe bee to me, if any exceede me in wofulnesse. I do coniure you all my senses, to accept no object but of sorrow, be ashamed, nay, abhorre to thinke of comfort. Vnhappie eyes you haue scene too much, that euer the light should be welcome to you: unhappie eares, you shall neuer heare the musike of musike in her voyce: unhappie heart that hath liued to feele these pangs. Thou hast done thy worst, world, & cursed be thou, and cursed art thou, since to thy owne selfe thou hast done the worst thou couldest do. Exiled beautie, let onely now thy beautie bee blubberted faces, Widowed Musike, let now thy tunes be rorings, and lamentions. Orphane Vertue get thee wings, and flie after her into Heauen, here is no dwelling place for thee

thee. Why liued I, alas? Alas why loued I? to die wretched, and to be the example of the heauens hate? And hate and spare not, for your worst blow is striken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, and hast carried with thee my loue; and hast left thy loue in me, and I wretched man do liue; I liue, to die continually, till thy reuenge do giue me leaue to die: and die I will, my *Philoclea*, my heart willingly makes this promise to it selfe. Surely he did not looke vpon thee, that gaue the cruell blow: for no eye could haue abidden to see such beautie ouerthrowne by such mischiese. Alas, why should they deuide such a head from such a body? no other body is worthy of that head; no other head is worthy of that bodie: O yet, If I had taken my last leaue, if I might haue taken a holy kisse from that dying mouth. Where art thou Hope, which promist neuer to leaue a man while he liueth? tell me, what canst thou hope for? nay tell me, what is there which I would willingly hope after? Wishing power (which is accounted infinite) what now is left to wish for? She is gone, and gone with her is al my hope, al my wishing. loue, be ashamed to be called Loue: cruel hate, vnspcakable Hate is victorious ouer thee. Who is there now left, that can iustice thy tyranny, and giue reason to thy passion? O cruel diuorce of the sweetest marriage that euer was in Nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead is with her al goodnesse, all sweetnesse, al excellencie. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not ashamed to continue vpon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: O deadly word, which containeth in it selfe the vttermost of al my misfortunes. But happie word when thou shalt be said of me, & long it shall not be, before it be said.

Then stopping his words with sighes, drowning his sighes in teares, and drying againe his teares in rage, he would sit a-while in a wandering muse, which represented nothing but vexations vnto him: then throwing himselfe sometime vpon the floore, and sometimes vpon the bed: then vp againe, till walking was wearisome & rest loathsome: and so neither suffering food, nor sleepe to help his afflicted nature, all that day and night he did nothing but weepe *Philoclea*, sigh *Philoclea*, and crie out *Philoclea*; till as it happened (at that time vpon his bed) toward the dawning of the day, he heard one stirre in his Chamber, by the motion of garments; and with an angrie voice asked, Who was there? A poore Gentlewoman (answered the partie) that wish long life vnto you. And I soone death to you (said he) for the horrible curse you haue giuen me. Certainly (said she) an vnkind answer, and far vnworthy the excellencie of your mind, but not vsutable to the rest of your behaviour: For most part of this night I haue heard you (being let into your chamber, you neuer perceiuing it, so was your mind estranged from your senses) and haue heard nothing of *Zelmane*, in *Zelmane*, nothing but weake wailings, fitter for some nurse of a village, then so famous a creature as you are. O God (cried out *Pyrocles*) that thou wert a man that vnest these words vnto me. I tell thee I am forie, I tel thee I will be sory in dispire of thee, and all them that would haue me ioyfull. And yet (replied she) perchance *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you so much bemoane: I would wee were both dead on that condition, said *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your passion (said she) as though you should be nearer to her, you being dead, and shee alieue: then shee being dead, and you alieue: and if she be dead, was she not borne to die? what then do you crie out for? not for her, who must haue died one time or other, but for some fewe yeares, so as it is time and this world, that seeme so louely things, & not *Philoclea* vnto you. O noble sisters (cried *Pyrocles*) now you be gone (who were the onely exalters of all womankind) what is left in that sex, but babling and businesse? And truely (said she) I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I pray you do (said

*Pyrocles*) for I wish for nothing in my short life but mischiefs, & cumber: & I am content you shall be one of them. In truth (said she) you would thinke your selfe a greatly priuiledged person, if since the strongest building, & lastingest monarchies are subiect to end, only your *Philoclea* (because she is yours) should bee exempted. but indeed you bemone your selfe, who haue lost a friend: you cannot her, who hath in one act both preferued her honour, and lest the miseries of this world. O womans philosophie, childish follie (said *Pyrocles*) as though if I do bemone my selfe, I haue not reason to do so, hauing lost more then any monarchie, nay then my life can be worth vnto me. Alas (said she) comfort your selfe, Nature did not forget her skill, when she had made them: you shal find many their superiours, and perchance such, as (when your eyes shal looke abroad) your selfe will like better.

But that speech put al good maners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*: in so much that leaping out of his bed, he ran to haue striken her, but comming neare her (the morning then winning the field of darkenesse) he saw, or he thought he saw, indeed, the veary face of *Philoclea*; the same sweetnesse, the same grace, the same beautie: with which caried into a diuine astonishment, he fell downe at her feet. Most blessed Angell (said he) well hast thou done to take that shape, since thou wouldest submit thy selfe to mortall sence; for a more Angelicall forme cou'd not haue bin created for thee. Alas, euen by that excellent beautie, so beloued of me, let it be lawfull for me to aske for thee, what is the cause that she, that heauenly creature; whose forme you haue taken, should by the heauens be destined to so vnripe an end? Why should vniustice so preuaile? Why was she seene to the world so soone to bee rauished from vs? Why was she not suffered to liue, to teach the world perfection? Do not deceiue thy selfe (answered she) I am no Angell; I am *Philoclea*, the same *Philoclea*, so truely louing you, so truely beloued of you. If it be so (said he) that you are indeed the soule of *Philoclea*, you haue done well to keepe your owne figure, for no heauen could haue given you a better. Then alas, why haue you taken the paines to leaue your blissefull seate to come to this place most wretched, to mee, who am wretchednes it selfe, & not rather obtained for me, that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold, and eternally to loue your beauties? You knowe (I know) that I desire nothing but death, which I onely stay, to be iustly reuenged of your vniust murderers. Deare *Pyrocles* (said she) I am thy *Philoclea*, & as yet liuing, not murdered, as you supposed, and therefore be comforted. And with that gaue him her hand. But the sweet touch of that hand seemed to his astrayed powers so heauenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former beleefe: till she with vehement protestations (and desire that it might be so, helping to perswade that it was so) brought him to yeeld (yet doubtfully to yeelde) to this height of all comfort, that *Philoclea* liued: which witnessing with teares of ioy, Alas (said hee) how shall I beleue mine eyes any more? or do you yet but appeare thus vnto me, to staie me from some desperate end? For alas I saw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded: I saw your head (the head indeede, and chiefe part indeed of al Natures workes) standing in a dish of gold, too meane a shrine (God wor) for such a relike: How can this be, my onely deare, and you liue? or if this be not so, how can I beleue mine owne senses? and if I cannot beleue them, why should I now beleue these blessed tidings they bring me?

The truth is (said she) my *Pyrocles*, that neither I (as you find) nor yet my deare sister is dead: although the mischieuously fittle *Cecropia* vied sleights to make either of vs thinke so of other. For, hauing in vaine attempted the farthest of her wicked eloquence



eloquence, to make either of vs yeeld to her sonne, & seeing that neither it, (accompanied with great flatteries, and rich presents) could get any ground of vs, nor yet the violent way, she fell into of cruelly tormenting our bodies, could preuaile with vs, at last, she made either of vs thinke the other dead, and so hoped to haue wrested our mindes to the forgetting of vertue, and first she gaue to mine eyes the miserable spectacle of my sisters (as I thought) death: but indeed it was not my sister: it was onely *Artesia*, she who so cunningly brought vs to this miserie. Truly I am sorry for the poore Gentlewoman, though iustly she be punished for her double falshood: but *Artesia* musted so, as you could not easily discern her: and in my sisters apparel (which they had taken from her vnder colour of giuing her other) did they execute: And when I (for thy sake especially deare *Pyrocles*) could by no force, nor feare be won, they assayed the like with my sister, by bringing me down vnder the scaffold, and (making me thrust my head vp through a hole they had made therein) they did put about my poore necke a dish of gold, wherout they had beaten the bottom, so as hauing set blood in it, you sawe how I played the part of death (God knowes euen willing to haue done it in earnest) and so had they set me, that I reached but on tip-toes to the ground, so as scarcely I could breathe, much lesse speake: And truly if they had kept me there any whit longer, they had strangled mee in stead of beheading me: but then they tooke me away, & seeking to see their issue of this practise they found my noble sister (for the deare loue she vouchsafeth to beare me) so grieved withall, that shee willed them to do their vttermoost crueltie vnto her: for she vowed neuer to receiue sustenance of them that had beene the causers of my murder: and finding both of vs, euen giuing ouer, not like to liue manie houres longer, and my sister *Pamela*, rather worse then my selfe, (the strength of her heart worse bearing those indignities) the good woman *Cecropia* (with the same pittie as folkes keepe foule, when they are not fatte enough for their eating) made vs knowe her deceit, and let vs come one to another; with what ioy you can well imagine, who I know feele the like, sauing that we only thought our selues reserued to miseries, & therefore fitter for condoling, then congratulating. For my part, I am fully perswaded, it is but with a little respite, to haue a more feeling sense of the torments shee prepares for vs. True it is, that one of my guardians would haue mee to beleue, that this proceeds of my gentle cousin *Amphialus*: who hauing heard some inkling that we were euil entreated, had called his mother to his bedside, from whence hee neuer rose since his last combate, and besought, and charged her vpon all the loue she bare him, to vse vs with al kindnesse: vowing, with al the imprecation he could imagine, that if euer he vnderstood for his sake, that I receiued further hurt then the want of libertie, hee would not liue an houre longer. And the good woman sware to me that hee would kill his mother, if he knewe how I had bene dealt with; but that *Cecropia* keepe him from vnderstanding things how they passe, enely hauing heard a whispering, and my selfe named, he had (of a abundance, forsooth, of honourable loue) giuen this charge for vs. Whereupon this enlargement of mine was growne: for my part I know too well their cunning (who leaue no money vnoffered that may buy mine honor) to beleue any word they say, but (my deare *Pyrocles*) euen looke for the worst, and prepare my selfe for the same. Yet I must confesse, I was content to robbe from death, and borrow of my miserie the sweete comfort of seeing my sweete sister, and most sweete comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*. And so hauing leaue, I came stealing into your chamber: where (O Lord) what a ioy it was vnto me, to heare you solemnise the funerals of the poore *Philoclea*. That

I my selfe might liue to heare my death bewailed? and by whome? by my deere *Pyrocles*; That I saw death was not stronge enough to diuide thy loue from me? O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well payde for my paines I haue suffered: ioyfull is my woe for so noble a cause: and welcome bee all miseries, since to thee I am so welcome. Alas how I pittie to heare thy pittie of me: and yet a great while I could not finde in mine heart to interrupt thee, but often had euen pleasure to weepe with thee: and so kindly came forth thy lamentations, that they inforced mee to lament too, as if indeede I had bene a looker on, to see poore *Philoclea* dye. Till at last I spake with you, to trie whether I could remoue thee from sorrow, till I had almost procured my selfe a beating. And with that she pretily smiled, which mingled with her teares, one could not tell whether it were a morning pleasure, or a delightfull sorrow: but like when a fewe Aprill drops are scattered by a gentle *Zephirus* among fine coloured flowers: But *Pyrocles*, who had felt (with so small distance of time) in himselfe the ouerthrow both of hope and despaire, knew not to what key he should tune his minde, either of ioy or sorrow, But finding perfitt reason in neither, suffred himselfe to be carried by the tyde of his imagination, and his imaginations to bee rayfed euen by the sway, which hearing or seeing, might giue vnto them: he saw her aliue, he was glad to see her aliue: he saw her weepe, he was sorrie to see her weepe: he heard her comfortable speeches, nothirg more glad some: he heard her prognosticating her owne destruction, nothing more dolefull. But when he had a little taken breath frō the panting motion of such cōtrarietie in passions, he fell to consider with her of her present estate, both comforting her, that certainly the worst of this storme was past, since already they had done the worst, which mans wit could imagine; and that if they had determined to haue killed her, now they would haue done it: and also earnestly counselling her, and enabling his counselles with vehement prayers, that she would so farre second the hopes of *Amphialus*, as that she might but procure him libertie; promising then as much to her, as the liberalitie of louing courage durst promise to himselfe.

But who could liuely describe the manner of these speeches, should paint out the light some colours of affection, shaded with the deepest shadowes of sorrow, finding then betweene hope and feare, a kinde of sweetnesse in teares: till *Philoclea* content to receiue a kisse, and but a kisse of *Pyrocles*, sealed vp his moning lips, and closed them vp in comfort: and her selfe (for the passage was left betweene them open) went to her sister: with whome she had stayed but a while, fortifying one another (while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamelas* iust disdain, and *Pamela* ennobled *Philocleas* sweete humblenesse) when *Amphialus* came vnto them: who neuer (since he had heard *Philoclea* named) could be quiet in himselfe, although none of them about him (feare more his mothers violence then his power) would discouer what had passed: and many messages he sent to know her estate, which brought answers backe, according as it pleased *Cecropia* to indite them, till his heart full of vnfortunate affection, more and more misgiuing him, hauing impatiently borne the delay of the nights vnfitnessse, this morning he gat vp, and though full of wounds (which not without danger could suffer such exercise) he apparelled himselfe, and with a countenance, that shewed strength in nothing but in griefe, he came where the sisters were; and weakely kneeling downe, he besought them to pardon him, if they had not bene vsed in that Castle according to their worthinesse, and his duty beginning to excuse small matters: poore Gentleman, not knowing in what sort they had bene handled.

But

But *Pamela* high heart (having conceived mortall hatred for the iniurie offered to her and her sister (could scarcely abide his sight, much lesse heare out his excuses; but interrupted him with these words. Traitor (said she) to thine owne blood, and falle to the profession of so much loue as thou hast vowed, doe not defile our eares with thy excuses; but pursue on thy crueltie, that thou and thy godly mother haue vsed toward vs: for my part assure thy selfe, and so do I answer for my sister (whose mind I know) I do not more desire mine owne safetie then thy destruction. Amazed with this speech, he turned his eye, full of humble sorrowfulnesse, to *Philoclea*. And is this (most excellent Ladie) your doome of me also? She, sweet Ladie, late weeping: for as her noble kinsman shee had euer fauoured him, and loued his loue, though shee could not be in loue with his person, and now partly vkindnesse of his wrong, partly pittie of his case, made her sweet mind yeeld some teares, before she could answer; and her answer was no other, but that she had the same cause as her sister had. He replied no further, but deliuering from his heart two or three (vntaught) sighes, rose, and with most low teuerence, went out of their chamber: and straight by threatening torture, learned of one of the women, in what terrible manner those Princesses had been vied. But when he heard it, crying out, O God; and then not able to say any more (for his spech went backe to rebound woe vpon his heart) he needed no iudge to go vpon him: for no man could euer thinke any other worthy of greater punishment, then hee thought himselfe. Full therefore of the horriblest despaire, which a most guiltie conscience could breed, with wild looks promising some terrible issue, vnderstanding his mother was vpon the top of the leads, hee caught one of his seruants swordes from him, and none of them daring to stay him, hee went vp, caried by furie, in steed of strength; where she was at that time, musing how to goe thorough with this matter, and resolving to make much of her Nieces in shew, and secretly to impoison them; thinking since they were not to be wonne, her sonnes loue would no otherwise be mitigated.

But when shee saw him come in with a sword drawne, and a looke more terrible then the sword, she streight was stricken with the guiltinesse of her own conscience, yet the well knowne humblenesse of her sonne somewhat animated her, till he, coming nearer her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, onely fit to bring forth such a monster of unhappinesse as I am; she fearing he would haue stricken her (though indeed he meant it not, but onely intended to kill himselfe in her presence) went backe so farre, till ere she were aware, she ouerthrew her selfe from ouer the Leads, to receiue her deaths kisse at the ground: and yet was she not so happie as presently to dye, but that she had time with hellish agonie to see her sonnes mischiefe (whom she loued so well) before her end; whē she confest (with most desperate, but not repenting mind) the purpose she had to imployson the Princesses, and would then haue had them murdered, But every body seeing, & glad to see her end, had left obedience to her tyranny.

And (if it could be) her ruine increased woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*, who when he saw her fall, had his owne rage stayed a little with the sodainnesse of her destruction. And was I not inough miserable before (said he) but that before my end I must be the death of my mother? who how wickedly soeuer, yet I would she had receiued her punishment by some other. O *Amphialus*, wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast liued to see the death of thy most deare companion and friend *Philoxenus*, and of his father, thy most carefull foster-father. Thou hast liued to kill a Lady with



thine owne hands, and so excellent and vertuous a Lady as the faire *Parthenia* was; thou hast liued to se thy faithfull *Ismenus* slaine in succouring thee, and thou not able to defend him: thou hast liued to shew thy selfe such a coward, as that one vnknown knight could ouercome thee in thy Ladies presence: thou hast liued to beare armes against the rightfull Prince, thine own vnkle: thou hast liued to be accounted, & iustly accounted a traitor, by the most excellent persons that this world holdeth: thou hast liued to be the death of her, that gaue thee life. But ah wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast liued for thy sake, and by thy authority, to haue *Philoclea* tormented. O heauens, in *Amphialus* castle, where *Amphialus* commanded: tormented, tormented? Torment of my soule, *Philoclea* tormented, and thou hast had such comfort in thy life, as to liue all this while. Perchance this hand (vsed onely to milchieuous acts) thinks it were too good a deed to kill me; or else filthy hand, only worthy to kill women, thou art afraid to strike a man. Feare not cowardly hand, for thou shalt kill but a cowardly traitor; and do it gladly; for thou shalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiously he tare open his doublet, and setting the pommel of the sword to the ground, and the point to his breast, he fell vpon it. But the sword more mercifull then he to himself, with the slipping of the pommel, the point swarued, and razed him but vpon the side: yet with the fall, his other wounds opened so, as hee bled in such extremitie, that *Charons* boat might very well be caried in that floud: which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet & fell, there fell out *Philocleas* kniues, which *Cecropia* at the first had taken from her, & deliuered to her sonne; and he had euer worne them next his heart, as the only relike he had of his Saint: now seeing them by him (his sword being so, as weakenesse could not well draw it out from his doublet) he tooke the kniues, and pulling one of them out, and many times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindnesse and vnkindnes melting in teares: O deare kniues, you are come in a good time, to reuenge the wrong I haue done you all this while, in keeping you from her blessed side, and wearing you without your mistresse leaue. Alas, be witnesse with me yet before I dy (and well you may, for you haue laine next my heart) that by my consent, your excellent mistresse should haue had as much honour as this poore place could haue brought forth for so high an excellencie; and now I am condemned to dye by her mouth. Alas, other, farre other hope would my desire often haue giuen me; but other euent it hath pleased her to lay vpon me. Ah *Philoclea* (with that his teares gushed out, as though they would striue to ouerflow his blood) I would yet thou knewest how I loue thee. Vnworthy I am, vnhappy I am, false I am; but to thee (alas) I am not false. But what a traitor am I, any waie to excuse him, whom she cōdemneth? Since there is nothing left me, wherein I may do her seruice, but in punishing him, who hath so offended her. Deare knife, then doe your noble mistresses commandement. With that, he stabbed himselfe into diuerse places of his breast and throate, vntill those wounds (with the olde freshly bleeding) brought him to the fencelesse gate of death. By which time, his seruants hauing (with feare of his fury) abstained a while from comming vnto him, one of them (preferring dutifull affection before fearefull dutie, came in, and there found him swimming in his owne blood, giuing a pitifull spectacle, where the conquest was the conquerours ouerthrow, and selfe-ruine the onely triumph of a battaile, fought betweene him and himselfe. The time full of danger, the person full of worthinesse, the manner full of horror, did greatly astonish all the beholders: so as by and by, all the towne was full of it, and then of all ages came running vp to see the beloued body; euery body thinking their

their safetie bled in his wounds, and their honour dyed in their destruction.

But when it came (& quickly it came, to the eares of his proud friend *Anaxius*, who by that time was growen well of his wound, but neuer had come abroad, disdainig to abase himselfe to the companie of any other but of *Amphialus*) he was exceedingly vexed, either with kindnesse, or (if a proud heart be not capable thereof) with disdain, that he, who had the honour to be called the friend of *Anaxius*, should come to such an vnexpected ruine. Therefore, then comming abroad, with a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with lids raised, and eyes leuelling frō top to toe of them that met him, treading, as though he thought to make the earth shake vnder him, with his hand vpon his sword; short speeches, & disdainfull answers, giuing streit order to his two brothers, to goe take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the louldiers, and Citizens in the towne: and withall, to sweare them to reuenge the death of *Amphialus*, vpon *Basilus*. He himselfe went to see him, calling for all the surgeons and physitions there; spending sometime in viewing the body, and threatening them all to be hanged, if they did not heale him. But they (taking view of his woundes, and falling downe at *Anaxius* feete) assured him, that they were mortall, and no possible meanes to keep him about two dayes aliue: and he stood partly in doubt, to kill, or saue them, betweene his owne fury, and their humblenesse. But vowing, with his owne hands to kill the two sisters, as causers of his friends death: when his brothers came to him, and told him they had done his commandement, in hauing receiued the oath of alleageance, with no great difficultie: the most part terrified by their valure, and force of their seruants, and many that had been forward actors in the rebellion, willing to do any thing, rather then come vnder the subiection of *Basilus* againe; and such few as durst gainsay, beeing cut off by present slaughter.

But withall (as the chiefe matter of their comming to him) they told *Anaxius* that the faire Queene *Helen* was come, with an honorable retinue, to the towne: humbly desiring leaue to see *Amphialus*, whome shee had sought in many places of the world; & lastly, being returned into her own countrey, she heard together of the late siege, and of his combate with the strange Knight, who had dangerously hurt him. Whereupon, full of louing care (which she was content euen to publish to the world, how vngratefull soeuer he dealt with her) she had gotten leaue of *Basilus*, to come by his frontiers, to carry away *Amphialus*, with her, to the excellentest surgeon then known, whom she had in her countrey, but so old, as not able to trauaile: but had giuen her soueraigne annointments, to preserve his body withall, till hee might bee brought vnto him: and that *Basilus* had granted leaue: either naturall kindnesse preuailing ouer all the offences done, or rather glad to make any passage, which might leade him out of his countrey, and from his daughters. This discourse *Lycurgus* vnderstanding of *Helen*, deliuered to his brother, with her vehement desire to see the body, and take her last farewell of him. *Anaxius*, though hee were fallen out with all womankind (in respect of the hate he bare the sisters, whom he accounted murderers of *Amphialus*) yet at his brothers request, granted her leaue. And she (poore Lady) with grievous expectation, and languishing desire, caried her faint legges to the place where he lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which piteous plight when shee saw him, though Sorow had set before her mind the pitifullest conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the present sight went beyond all former apprehensions: so that beginning to kneele by the bodie, her  
fight

fight ranne from her seruice, rather then abide such a sight; and she fell in a fowne vpon him, as if she could not choose but dye of his wounds. But when her breath (awearie to be closed vppe in woe) broke the prison of her faire lippes, and brought memorie (with his seruant senses) to his naturall office, shee yet made the breath conuey these dolefull words with it. Alas (sayd she) *Amphialus*, what strange disasters be these, that hauing sought thee so long, I should be now forie to finde thee? that these eyes should looke vpon *Amphialus*, and be grieved withall: that I should haue thee in my power without glory, and embrace thee without comfort? How often haue I blest the meanes that might bring mee neere thee? Now, woe worth the cause that brings me so neere thee. Often, alas, often thou hast disdained my teares: but now, my deare *Amphialus*, receiue them: these eyes can serue for nothing else, but to weepe for thee; since thou wouldest neuer vouchsafe them thy comfort, yet disdaine not them thy sorrow. I would they had been more deare vnto thee; for then hadst thou liued. Woe is me that thy noble heart could loue who hated thee, and hate who loued thee. Alas, why should not my faith to thee couer my other defects, who only sought to make my Crowne thy foot-stoole, my selfe thy seruant? that was all my ambition; and alas thou disdainedst it to serue them, by whome thy incomparable selfe wert disdained. Yet (*O Philoclea*) where-fouer you are, pardon me, if I speake in the bitterness of my soule, excellent may you bee in all other things (and excellent sure you are since he loued you) your want of pittie (where the fault only was infinitesse of desert) cannot be excused. I would, O God, I would that you had granted his deserued suite of marrying you, and that I had bene your seruing maide, to haue made my estate the toile of your felicitie, so he had liued. How many weary steps haue I trodden after thee, while my onely complaint was, that thou wert vnkinde? Alas I would now thou wert to be vnkind. Alas why wouldest thou not commaund my seruice, in perswading *Philoclea* to loue thee? Who could, or (if euery one could) who would haue recounted thy perfections so well as I? who with such kindly passions could haue stirred pittie for thee as I? who should haue deliuered not only the words, but the teares I had of thee: and so shouldest thou haue exercised thy disdain in me, and yet vsed my seruice for thee.

VVith that the body mouing somewhat, & giuing a grone full of deaths musicke, she fell vpon his face, and kist him, and with all cryed out. O miserable I, that haue onely fauour by misery: and then would shee haue returned to a fresh careere of complaints, when an aged and wise Gentleman came to her, and besought her, to remember what was fit for her greatnesse, wisdom, and honour: and withall, that it was fitter to shew her loue, in carrying the body to her excellent Surgeon, first applying such excellent medicines as she had receiued of him for that purpose, rather then onely shew her selfe a woman-louer in fruitlesse lamentations. She was straight warned with the obedience of an ouerthrowne minde, and therefore leauing some surgeons of her owne to dresse the body, went her selfe to *Anaxius*, and humbling her selfe to him, as low as his owne pride could wish, besought him, that since the surgeons there had vtterly giuen him ouer, that he would let her carie him away in her litter with her, since the worst he could haue should be to dye, and to dye in her armes that loued him aboue all things; and where he should haue such monuments erected ouer him, as were fit for her loue, and his worthinesse: beseeching him withall since she was in a countrey of enemies (where shee trusted more to *Anaxius* valour, then *Basilus* promise) that he would conuey them safely out of those territories.

Her



Her reasons something moued him, but nothing thoroughly perswaded him, but the last request of his help: which he streight promised, warranting all securitie, as long as that sword had his master alieue. She as happy therein as unhappinesse could bee (hauing receiued as small comfort of her own surgeons as of the others) caused yet the body to be easily conueyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roare and crye as though neuer till then they had lost their Lord. And if the terror of *Anaxius* had not kept them vnder, they would haue mutinied, rather then suffered his body to be caried away.

But *Anaxius* himselte riding before the litter, with the choice men of that place, they were affraid euen to crie, though they were ready to cry for feare; but (because that they might do) euery body forced (euen with harming themselues) to do honor to him: some throwing themselues vpon the ground, some tearing their clothes & casting dust vpon their heads, and some euen wounding themselues, and sprinkling their owne blood in the aire.

The generall confort of whose mourning, performed to the natvral tunes of sorrowe; that euen to them (if any such were) that felt not the losse, yet others grieft taught them grief; hauing before their compassionate sense so passionate a spectacle of a young man, of great beautie, beautified with great honor, honored by great valure, made of inestimable value, by the noble vsing of it, to lye there languishing vnder the arrest of death, & a death, where the maner could be no comfort to the discomfortableness of the matter. But when the body was carried through the gate, & the people (sauing such as were appointed) not suffred to goe further, then was such an vniuersall crie, as if they had all had but one life, and all receiued but one blow.

Which so moued *Anaxius* to consider the losse of his friend, that (his mind apter to reuenge, then tendernes) he presently giuing order to his brother to keep the prisoners safe, & vniuersited till his returne from conueying *Helen*, he sent a messenger to the sisters, to tell them this curteous message: that at his returne with his owne hands; he would cut off their heads, and send them for tokens to their father.

This message was brought vnto the sisters, as they sate at that time together with *Zelmane*, conferring how to carrie themselues, hauing heard of the death of *Amphialus*. And as no expectation of death is so painfull, as where the resolution is hindered by the intermixing of hopes, so did this new alarm, though not remoue, yet moue somewhat the constancy of their minds, which were so vnconstantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Pamela* had brought her minde againe to his old acquaintance: and then as carefull for her sister (whom most dearly she loued.) Sister (sayd she) you see how many acts our Tragedie hath: Fortune is not yet aweary of vexing vs: but what? A ship is not counted strong for biding one storme: It is but the same trumpet of death, which now perhaps giues the last sound: and let vs make that profit of our former miseries, that in them wee learned to dye willingly. Truly sayd *Philoclea*, deare sister, I was so beaten with the euils of life, that though I had not vertue inough to despise the sweetnesse of it, yet my weakenesse bredde that strength to be wearie of the paines of it: onely I must confesse, that little hope, which by these late accidents was awaked in me, was at the first angrie withall. But euen in the darknesse of that horror, I see a light of comfort appeare; and how can I tread a misse, that see *Pamelas* steppes? I would onely (O that my wish might take place) that my schoole-Mistresse might liue, to see me say my lesson truly. Were that a life, my *Philoclea*? sayd *Pamela*. No, no (sayd she) let it come, and put on his worst face: for at the worst it is but a bug beare: Ioy is it to me to see you so well  
resolved

resolved, and since the world would not haue vs, let it lose vs, Onely (with that she stayed a little, and sighed) onely my *Philoclea*, (then she bowed downe, and whispered in her eare) onely *Musidorus*, my shepheard, comes betweene me & death, and makes me think I should not dye, because I know he would not I should dye. With that *Philoclea* sighed also, saying no more, but looking vpon *Zelmene*: who was walking vp and downe the chamber, hauing heard this message from *Anaxius*, and hauing in time past heard of his nature, thought him like enough to performe it, which winded her again into the former maze of perplexity. Yet debating with her selfe of the maner how to preuent it, she continued her musing humour, little saying, or indeed, litle finding in her heart to say, in a case of such extremitie, where peremptorily death was threatned: and so stayed they; hauing yet that comfort, that they might tarie together. *Pamela* nobly, *Philoclea* sweetely, and *Zelmene* sadly, & desperately none of them entertaining sleepe, which they thought should shortly begin neuer to awake

But *Anaxius* came home, hauing safely conducted *Helen*, and safely hee might well do it: For though many of *Basilus* Knights would haue attempted something vpon *Anaxius*, by that meanes to deliuer the Ladies; yet *Philanax*, hauing receiued his Masters commandement, and knowing his word was giuen, would not consent vnto it. And the black-Knight (who by them was able to carrie abroad his woundes) did not knowe thereof; but was bringing force, by force to deliuer his Lady. So as *Anaxius*, interpreting it rather feare, then faith, and making euen chance an argument of his vertue, returned: and as soon as he was returned, with a felon hart calling his brother vp with him, he went into the chamber, where they were all three together; with full inrention to kill the sisters with his owne hands, and send their heads for tokens to their father: Though his brothers (who were otherwise enclined) dissuaded him: but his reuerence stayed their perswasions. But when hee was come into the chamber, with the very words of cholerike threatening climbing vp his throat, his eyes first lighted vpon *Pamela*; who hearing he was comming, and looking for death, thought she would keepe her owne maiestie in welcomming it; but the beames thereof so strake his eyes, with such a counter buffe vnto his pride, that if his anger could not so quickly loue, nor his pride so easily honour, yet both were forced to find a worthinesse.

VVhich while it bred a pause in him, *Zelmene* (who had readie in her mind both what and how to say) stept out vnto him; and with a resolute stayednesse (void either of anger, kindnesse, disdain, or humblenesse) spake in this sort, *Anaxius* (said she) if *Fame* haue not beene ouerpartiall to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee euen before that vertue, and will make it the iudge between vs. And now I do affirme, that to the eternall blot of all the faire actes that thou hast done, thou doest weakely, in seeking without danger to reuenge his death, whose life with danger thou mightest perhaps haue prelerued: thou doost cowardely in going about by the death of these excellent Ladyes, to preuent the iust punishment that hereafter they by the powers, which they better then their father, or any other could make: might lay vpon thee and doost most basely, in once presenting thy selfe as an executioner; a vile office vpon men, and in a iust cause: beyond the degree of any vile word, in so vniust a cause, and vpon Ladyes, and such Ladyes. And therefore, as a hangman. I say, thou art vnworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the companie of Knights. Neither for what, I say, will I alleadge other reasons of wisedome, or iustice, to prove my speech, because I know thou doost disdain

glorieſt) I wil make my tryall: and therefore deſie thee, by the death of one of vs two to proue or diſproue theſe reproches. Chuse thee what armes thou likeſt, I only demand, that theſe Ladies (whom I defend) may in libertie ſee the combat.

When *Zelmane* began her ſpeech, the excellencie of her beauty & grace, made him a litle content to heare. Beſides that, a new leſſon he had read in *Pamela* had already taught him ſome regard. But when ſhe entred into brauerie of ſpeech, hee thought at firſt, a mad & rayling humor poſſeſt her; till, finding the ſpeeches hold well together, & at length come to flat challenge of combat, he ſtood leaning back with his body & head, ſometimes with bent browes looking vpon the one ſide of her, ſometimes of the other, beyond maruell maruelling, that he, who had neuer heard ſuch ſpeeches from any knight, ſhould be thus rebuffed by a woman; & that maruell made him heare out her ſpeech: which ended, he turned his head to his brother *Zoilus*, & ſaid nothing, but only liſting vp his eyes, ſmiled. But *Zelmane* finding his mind, *Anaxius* (ſaid ſhe) perchance thou diſdaineſt to anſwere me, becauſe (as a woman) thou thinkeſt me not fit to be fought withall. But I tell thee, that I haue bin trayned vp in martial matters, with ſo good ſucceſſe, that I haue many times overcome brauer Knights then thy ſelfe: and am wel knowne to be equal in ſeates of armes, to the famous *Pyrocles*: who ſlue thy valiant Vncle, the Giant *Euardes*. The remembrance of his Vncles death ſomething netled him, ſo as he answered thus.

Indeede (ſayde hee) any woman may be as valiant as that coward, and trayterly boy, who ſlue my Vncle trayterouſly, and after ranne from me in the plaine field. Five thouſand ſuch could not haue overcome *Euardes*, but by falſhood. But I fought him all ouer *Aſia*, following him ſtil from one of his cony holes to another, til coming into this Country, I heard of my friends being beſieged, and ſo came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But whereſoeuer the miſerable boy fle, heauen, nor hell, ſhal keepe his heart from being torne by theſe hands. Thou lyeſt in thy throat (ſaid *Zelmane*) that boy, where euer he went, did ſo noble acts, as thy heart (as proud as it is) dares not thinke of, much leſſe performe. But to pleaſe thee the better with my preſence, I tell thee, no creature can be neerer of kinne to him, then my ſelfe: and ſo wel we loue, that hee would not be ſorier for his owne death then for mine: I being begotten by his father, of an Amazon Lady. And therefore, thou canſt not deuife to reuenge thy ſelf more vpon him, then by killing me: which if thou dareſt doe, manfully doe it, otherwiſe, if thou harme theſe incomparable Ladies, or my ſelfe without daring to fight with me, I proteſt before theſe Knights, and before heauen and earth (that wil reueale thy ſhame) that thou art the beggarlyeſt daſtardly villaine, that diſhonoureth the earth with his ſteps: and if thou letteſt me ouerline them ſo wil I blaze thee. But al this could not moue *Anaxius*, but that he only ſaid, Euill ſhould it become the terrour of the world to fight, much worſe to ſcold with thee.

But (ſaid he) for the death of theſe ſame (pointing to the Princeſſes) of my grace I giue them life. And withall, going to *Pamela*, and offering to take her by the chin, And as for you, Minion (ſaid he) yeeld but gently to my will, and you ſhal not one-lie liue, but liue ſo happily, He would haue ſaide further, when *Pamela*, diſpleaſed both with words, matter and maner, putting him away with her faire hand, Proud beaſt (ſaid ſhee) yet thou playeſt worſe thy Comedie, then thy Tragedie. For my part, aſſure thy ſelfe, ſince my deſtinie is ſuch, that at each moment my life and death ſtand in equall ballance, I had rather haue thee, and thinke thee far fitter to be



my hangman, then my husband. Pride and anger would faine haue cruelly reuenged so bitter an answer, but already *Cupid* had begun to make it his sport, to pul his plumes: so that, vnused to a way of curtesie, and put out of his byas of pride, he hastily went away, grumbling to himselfe; betweene threatening & wishing; leauing his brothers with them: the elder of whome *Lycurgus*, liked *Philoclea*, & *Zoilus* wold needs loue *Zelmaue*, or at least, entertain themselves with making them beleue so. *Lycurgus* more bragged, and neere his brothers humor, began, with setting forth their bloud, their deeds, how many they had despised of most excellēt women; how much they were bound to them, that would seeke that of them. In summe, in al his speeches, more like the bestower then the desier of felicitie. Whō it was an excellent pastime (to those that would delight in the play of vertue) to see with what a witty ignorance she would not vnderstand. & how, acknowledging his perfectiōs, she would make that one of his perfectiōs, not to be iniurious to Ladies. But whē he knew not how to repleie, then would he fall to touching and toying, stil viewing his graces in no glasse but self-liking. To which *Philocleas* shamefastnesse and humblenessse, were as strong resisters as choller & disdaine: for though she yeelded not, he thought she was to be ouercome: and that thought a while stayed him from further violence. But *Zelmaue* had eyes to his behauiour, and set it in her memory vpon the score of reuenge, while she her selfe was no lesse attempted by *Zoilus*, who lesse full of brags was forwardest in offring (indeed) dishonorable violence.

But when after their fruitlesse labours they had gone away called by their brother (who began to be perplexed between new conceiued desires, and disdaine to be disdained) *Zelmaue* (who with most assured quietnes of iudgement looked into their present estate) earnestly perswaded the two sisters, that to auoide the mischiefs of proud outrage, they would onely so farre sute their behauiour to their estates, as they might winne time; which as it could not bring them to worse case then they were, so it might bring forth unexpected reliefe. And why (said *Pamela*) shall we any longer flatter aduersitie? Why should we delight to make our selues any longer balles to iniurious Fortune, since our owne parents are content to bee tyrants ouer vs, since our own kinne are content trayterously to abuse vs? Certainly in mishap it may be some comfort to vs that we are lighted in these fellows hands, who yet will keepe vs from hauing cause of being miserable by our friends means. Nothing grieues me more, then that you, noble Lady *Zelmaue* (to whō the world might haue made vs able to do honour) should receiue onely hurt by the contagion of our miserie. As for mee and my sister, vndoubtedly it becomes our birth to thinke of dying noblie, while we haue done or suffered nothing, which might mak our soules ashamed at the parture from these bodies. Hope is the fawning traytor of the mind, while vnder colour of friendship, it robs it of his chiefe force of resolution. Vertuous and faire Ladie (said *Zelmaue*) what you say is true, and that truth may well make vp a part in the harmonic of your noble thoughts. But yet the time (which ought alwayes to be one) is not tuned for it; while that may bring forth any good, do not bar your selfe therof: for then wil be the time to die noblie, when you cannot liue noblie. Then so earnestly shee perswaded with thē both, to referre them-selues to their fathers consent (in obtaining whereof they knew some while would be spent) and by that meanes to temper the mindes of their proud woers; that in the end *Pamela* yeelded to her, because shee spake reason; and *Philoclea* yeelded to her reason because she spake it.

And

And so when they were againe solicited in that little pleasing petition, *Pamela* forced her selfe to make answer to *Anaxius*, that if her Father gaue his consent she would make her selfe beleue, that such was the heauenly determination, since she had no meanes to auoide it. *Anaxius* (who was the most franke promiser to himselfe of successe) nothing doubted of *Basilus* consent, but rather assured himselfe, he would be his Orator in that matter: and therefore he chose out an officious seruant (whom he esteemed very wise, because hee neuer found him but iust of his opinion) and willed him to be his Embassadour to *Basilus*, and to make him knowe, that if he meant to haue his daughter both safe and happie, and desired himselfe to haue such a sonne in Law, as would not onely protect him in his quiet course, but (if he list to accept it) would giue him the monarchie of the world, that then hee shoud receiue *Anaxius*, who neuer before knewe what it was to pray any thing. That if he did not, he would make him know, that the power of *Anaxius* was in euerie thing beyond his wil, and yet his wil not to be resisted by any other power. His seruant with smiling and cast-vp looke, desired God to make his memorie able to containe the treasure of that wise speech; and therefore besought him to repeate it againe, that by the oftener hearing it, his minde might be the better acquainted with the diuinesse thereof, and that being graciously graunted, he then doubted not by carying with him in his conceite, the grace wherewith *Anaxius* spake it, to perswade rockie minds to their owne harme: so litle doubted he to win *Basilus* to that, which he thought would make him thinke the heauens opened, when he heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* grauely allowed the probability of his coniecture, and therefore sent him away, promising him he should haue the bringing vp of his second sonne by *Pamela*.

The messenger with speede performed his Lords commaundement to *Basilus*, who by nature quiet, and by superstition made doubtfull, was leth to take any matter of armes in hand, wherein already he had found so slowe successe; though *Philanax* vehemently vrged him thereunto, making him see that his retiring backe did encourage iniuries. But *Basilus* betwixt the feare of *Anaxius* might, the passion of his loue, and ieaulouse of his estate, was so perplexed, that not able to determine, hee tooke the common course of men, to flie onely then to deuotion, when they want resolution: therefore detaining the messenger with delayes, he deferred the directing of his course to the counsell of *Apollo*, which because himselfe at that time could not wel goe to require, he entrusted the matter to his best trusted *Philanax*: who (as one in whom obedience was a sufficient reason vnto him) went with diligence to *Delphos*, where being entred into the secret place of the Temple, & hauing perfourmed the sacrifices vsuall, the spirit that posselt the prophecying woman, with a sacred fury attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulitie, tolde him, not in darke wonted speeches, but plainly to be vnderstood, what he came for, and that hee should returne to *Basilus*, and will him to denie his daughters to *Anaxius* and his brothers, for that they were referued for such as were better beloued of the Gods. That he should not doubt, for they should returne vnto him safely and speedily. And that he should keepe on his solitary course, till both *Philanax* and *Basilus* fully agreed in the vnderstanding of the former prophecie: withall cōmanding *Philanax* from thenceforward to giue tribute, but not oblation to humane wisdom.

*Philanax* then finding that reason cannot shew it selfe more reasonable, then to leaue reasoning in things about reason, returnes to his Lord, and like one that pre-

ferred truth before the maintayning of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durst any more dissuade him from that which he found by the celestiall providence directed; but he himself looking to repaire the gouernment as much as in so broken an estate by ciuill dissention he might, and fortifying with notable Art, both the Lodges, so as they were almost made vnapproachable, hee left *Basilus* to bemoane the absence of his daughters, and to bewaile the imprisonment of *Zelma*: yet wholly giuen holily to obey the Oracle, he gaue a resolute negatiue vnto the messenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had waited for it, yet in good terms desiring him to shew himselfe, in respect of his birth and profession, so princely a Knight, as without forcing him to seeke the way of force, to deliuer in noble sort those Ladies vnto him, and so should the iniurie haue been in *Amphialus*, and the benefit in him.

The messenger went back with this answere, yet hauing euer vsed to suger any thing which his Maister was to receiue, he tolde him, that when *Basilus* first vnderstood his desires, he did ouer-reach so farre all his most hopefull expectations, that he thought it were too great a boldnes to hearken to such a man, in whom the heauens had such interest, without asking the Gods counsell, and therefore had sent his principall Counceller to *Delphos*, who although he kept the matter neuer so secret, yet his diligence, inspired by *Anaxius* priuiledge ouer all worldly things, had found out the secret, which was, that hee should not presume to marie his daughters to one, who already was enrolled among the Demie-gods, & yet much lesse he should dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

*Anaxius*, who till then had made Fortune his Creator, and force his God, now began to finde another wisdom to be aboute, that iudged so rightly of him: and where in this time of his seruants wayting for *Basilus* resolution, he & his brothers had courted their Ladies, as whom they vouchsafed to haue for their wiues, hee resolved now to dally no longer in delayes, but to make violence his Orator, since he had found perswasions had gotten nothing but answers. Which intention he opened to his brothers, who hauing all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authoritie, gaue spurres to his running; and (vnworthy men) neither feeling vertue in themselves, nor tendering it in others, they were headlong to make that euill consort of loue and force, when *Anaxius* had word, that from the Tower there were descried some companies of armed men, marching towards the towne; wherefore he gaue present order to his Seruants and Souldiers, to goe to the gates and walls, leauing none within but himselfe and his brothers: his thoughts then so full of their intended pray, that *Mars* his lowdest trumpet could scarcely haue awaked him.

But while he was directing what hee would haue done, his youngest brother *Zoilus* glad that he had the comission, went in the name of *Anaxius*, to tell the sisters, that since he had answere from their Father, that he and his brother *Lycurgus* should haue them in what sort it pleased them, that they would now graunt them no longer time, but presently to determine, whether they thought it more honorable comfort to be compelled, or perswaded. *Pamela* made him answere, that in a matter whereon the whole state of her life depended, and wherein she had euer answered, she would not lead, but follow her parents pleasure; she thought it reason she should, either by letter, or particular messenger vnderstand something from themselves, & not haue their beleefe bound to the report of their partiall seruant, & therefore as to their words, she & her sister had euer a simple & true resolution, so against their



their vniust force, God they hoped, would either arme their liues, or take away their liues. Well Ladies (said he) I will leaue my brothers, who by and by will come vnto you, to be their owne embassadours, for my part, I must now do my selfe seruice. And with that turning vp his mustachoes, and marching as he would begin a pauen, he went toward *Zelmene*. But *Zelmene* (hauing had all this while of the messengers being with *Basilus*, much to doe to keepe these excellent Ladies from seeking by the passport of death, to escape those base dangers whereunto they found themselves subiect) still hoping that *Musidorus* would find some meanes to deliuer them; and therefore had often both by her owne example, and comfortable reasons, perswaded the to ouerpasse many insolēt indignities of their proud suters, who thought it was a sufficient fauour not to doe the vttermoſt iniurie, now come againe to the streight she most feared for them, either for death or dishonour, if heroically courage would haue let her, she had been beyond her selfe amazed: but that yet held vp her wit, to attend the vttermoſt occasion, which euen then brought his hairy forehead vnto her: for *Zoilus* smacking his lips, as for the Prologue of a kisse, and something aduaneing himselfe, Darling (said he) let thy heart be full of ioy, and let thy faire eyes be of counsell with it, for this day thou shalt haue *Zoilus*, whom many haue longed for; but none shall haue him but *Zelmene*. And oh, how much glory I haue to thinke what a race will be betweene vs. The World by the Heauens, the world will bee too little for them: And with that, he would haue put his arme about her necke, but shee withdrawing her selfe from him, My Lord (said shee) much good may your thoughts do you, but that I may not dissemble with you, my natiuitie being cast by one that neuer failed in any of his prognostications, I haue been assured, that I should neuer be apt to beare children. But since you will honour mee with so hie fauour, I must only desire that I may performe a vow which I made among my councitwomen, the famous *Amazons*, that I would neuer mary none, but such a one as was able to withstand mee in Armes: therefore, before I make mine owne desire seruiceable to yours, you must vouchsafe to lend me armour and weapons, that at least with a blow or two of the sword, I may not find my selfe periured to my selfe: But *Zoilus* (but laughing with a hartie lowdaesse) went by force to imbrace her; making no other answer, but since she had a mind to trie his Knighthood, shee should quickly know what a man of armes he was: and so, without reuerence to the Ladies, began to struggle with her.

But in *Zelmene* then Disdaine became wisdom, and Anger gaue occasion. For abiding no longer abroad in the matter, she that had not put off, though she had disguised *Pyrocles*, being farre fuller of strong nimblenesse, tript vp his feete, so that hee fell downe at hers. And withall (meaning to pursue what she had begun) puld out his sword which he ware about him: but before shee could strike him withall, hee gat vp, and ranne to a faire chamber where he had left his two brethren, preparing themselves to come downe to their mistresse. But she followed at his heeles, and euen as he came to throw himselfe into their armes for succor, she hit him with his owne sword, such a blow vpon the waste, that she almost cut him a sunder: once shee sundred his soule from his bodie, sending it to *Proserpina*, an angrie Goddesse against rauishers. But *Anaxius*, seeing before his eyes the miserable end of his brother, fuller of despite then wrath, and yet fuller of wrath then sorrow, looking with a wofull eye vpon his brother *Lycurgus*, Brother said he, chastise this vile creature, while I go downe, and take order least further mischief arise: and so went downe to the Ladies, whom he visited, doubting there had been some further practise then yet hee

conceined: But finding them onely strong in patience, hee went and lockt a great Iron gate, by which onely any body might mount to that part of the Castle, rather to conceale the shame of his brother, slaine by a woman, then for doubt of any other anoyance, and then went vp to receiue some comfort of the execution, he was sure his brother had done of *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* no sooner sawe those brothers, of whom Reason assured her she was to expect reuenge, but that shee leapt to a target, as one that wel knew the first marke of valure to be defence. And then accepting the oportunitie of *Anaxius* going away, shee waited not the pleasure of *Lycurgus*, but without any words (which she euer thought vaine, when resolution tooke the place of perswasion) gaue her owne hart the contentment to be the assailer. *Lycurgus*, who was in the disposition of his nature hazardouse, and by the lucky passing through many dangers, growne confident in himselfe, went toward her, rather as to a spoile, then to fight, so farre from feare, that his assurednesse disdained to hope. But when her sword made demonstrations aboue all flatterie of arguments, and that hee found shee prest so vpon him, as shewed that her courage sprang not from blinde despaire, but was guarded both with cunning and strength: selfe-loue then first in him diuided it selfe from vaine-glory, and made him finde that the world of worthinesse had not his whole globe comprised in his brest, but that it was necessarie to haue strong resistance against so strong assailing. And so betweene them, for a few blowes, *Mars* himselfe might haue beene delighted to looke on. But *Zelmane*, who knew that in her case, slownesse of victorie was little better then ruine, with the bellowes of hate, blew the fire of courage, and he striking a maine blow at her head, she warded it with the shield, but so warded, that the shield was cut in two peeces, while it protected her, & withall she ran in to him, and thrusting at his brest, which he put by with his target, as he was lifting vp his sword to strike againe, shee let fall the peece of her shilde, and with her left hand catching his sword of the inside of the pommell, with nimble and strong sleight, shee had gotten his sword out of his hand before his sence could conuey to his imagination, what was to be doubted. And hauing now two swords against one shield, meaning not foolishly to be vngratefull to good fortune, while hee was no more amazed with his being vnweaponed, then with the suddainnesse thereof, she gaue him such a wound vpon his head, in despite of the shields ouer-weake resistance, that withall hee fell to the ground, astonished with the paine, & agast with feare. But seeing *Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing vp his head to her, with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough excellent Lady, said he, the honor is yours: Whereof you shal want the best witnesse, if you kil me. As you haue taken from men the glory of manhood, returne so now againe to your own sex, for mercy. I wil redeeme my life of you with no small seruices, for I wil vndertake to make my brother obey all your comandements. Grant life I beseech you, for your own honor, and for the persons sake that you loue best. *Zelmane* repress awhile her great hart, either disdaining to be cruel, or pitiful, & therefore not cruel: & now the image of humane condition, began to be an Orator vnto her of compassion, when she saw, as he lifted vp his armes with a suppliants grace, about one of the vnhappy tied, a garter with a Iewel, which (giuen to *Pyrocles* by his Aunt of *Theffalia*, & greatly esteemed by him) he had presented to *Philoclea*, & with inward rage promising extreame hatred, had seene *Lycurgus* with a proud force, & not without some hurt vnto her, pul away from *Philoclea*, because at entreatie she would not giue it him. But the sight of that was like a cyphar, signifying all the iniuries which *Philoclea* had of him suffred, & that remembrance feeding  
vpon

vpon wrath, trod downe all conceits of mercie. And therefore saying no more, but No villaine, die: it is *Philoclea* that sends thee this token for thy loue. With that she made her sword drinke the bloud of his heart, though he wresting his body, & with a countenance prepared to excuse, wold faine haue delayed the receiuing of deaths Ambassadours. But neither that stayed *Zelmanes* hand, nor yet *Anaxius* cry vnto her, who hauing made fast the iron gate, euen then came to the top of the staires, when, contrarie to all his imaginations, he sawe his brother lie at *Zelmanes* mercy. Therefore crying, promising, and threatning to her to hold her hand: the last grone of his brother was the only answer he could get to his vnrespected eloquence. But then Pitié would faine haue drawne teares, which Furie in their spring dried, and Anger would faine haue spoken, but that Disdaine sealed vp his lippes; but in his heart he blasphemed heauen, that it could haue such a power ouer him; no lesse ashamed of the victorie he should haue of her, then of his brothers ouerthrow: and no more spited, that it was yet vnreunged, then that the reuenge shold be no greater then a womans destruction. Therefore with no speach, but such a groning crie, as often is the language of sorrowful anger, he came running at *Zelma*, vse of fighting then seruing in stead of patient consideration what to do. Guided wherewith, though hee did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, pressing vpon *Zelma* in such a wel defended maner, that in all the combats that euer shee had fought, she had neuer more need of quick senses, and readie vertue. For being one of the greatest men of stature then liuing, as hee did fully answer that stature in greatnesse of might, so did he exceed both in greatnesse of courage, which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his minde and body, to an almost horrible fiercenesse, was able to haue caried feare to any minde, that was not priuie to it selfe of a true and constant worthinesse. But *Pyrocles*, whose soule might wel be separated from his body, but neuer alienated from the remembring of what was comely, if at the first he did a little apprehend the dangerousnesse of his aduersarie, whom once before hee had something tried, and now perfectly sawe, as the verie picture of forcible furie: yet was that apprehension quickly stayed in him, rather strengthening then weakning his vertue by that wrestling; like wine, growing the stronger by being moued. So that they both, prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour solitarinesse there with such a combat, as might haue demaunded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the trumpet, and satisfaction did whet as much as glorie. There was strength against nimblenesse; rage, against resolution; fury, against vertue; confidence, against courage; pride, against noblenesse: loue in both, breeding mutuall hatred, and desire of reuenging the iniurie of his brothers slaughter; to *Anaxius*, being like *Philocleas* captiuitie to *Pyrocles*. Who had seene the one, would haue thought nothing could haue resisted; who had marked the other, wold haue maruelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrary tides, either of which are able to carie worlds of ships, and men vpon them, with such swiftnesse, as nothing seemes able to withstand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watry forces, & struggling together, it is long to say whether streame gets the victorie: So betweene these if *Pallas* had beene there, shee could scarce lie haue told, whether she had nursed better in the feates of armes. The Irish Grayhound, against the English Mastiffe: the Sword-fish, against the Whale; the Rhinoceros against the Elephant, might be models, and but models of this combat. *Anaxius* was better armed defensiuely: for (beside a strong caske brauely couered,



wherewith he couered his head) he had a huge shield such (perchance) as *Achilles* shewed to the pale walles of Troy. wherewithall that great bodie was couered. But *Pyrocles*, vtterly vnarmed for defence, to offend had the aduantage: for, in either hand he had a sword, & with both hands nimble performed that office, And according as they were diuersly furnished, so did they differ in the maner of fighting. For *Anaxius* most by warding, and *Pyrocles* oftnest by auoyding, resisted the aduersaries assault. Both hastie to end, yet both often staying for aduantage. Time, distance, and motion, custome made them so perfect in, that as if they had been fellow Counselers, and not enemies, each knew the others mind, and knew how to prevent it. So as their strength failed the sooner then their skill, and yet their breath failed them sooner then their strength. And breathlesse indeed they grew, before either could complaine of any losse of bloud.

So that consenting by the mediation of necessitie, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawne a litle one from the other, *Anaxius* stood leaning vpon his sword, with his grim eye so settled vpon *Zelmene*, as is wont to be the looke of an earnest thought. Which *Zelmene* marking, and according to the *Pyroclean* nature, fuller of gay brauerie in the midst, then in the beginning of danger. What is it (said she) *Anaxius*, that thou so deeply muest on? Doth thy brothers example make thee thinke of thy fault past, or of thy comming punishment? I think (said he) what spitefull God it should be, who enuying my glorie, hath brought me to such a wayward case, that neither thy death can be a reuenge, nor thy ouerthrow a victorie. Thou doest well indeed (said *Zelmene*) to impute thy case to the heauenly prouidence, which will haue thy pride finde it selfe (euen in that whereof thou art most proude) punished by the weake sexe which thou most contemnest.

But then, hauing sufficiently rested themselues, they renewed againe their combat, far more terrible then before: like nimble vaulters, who at the first & second leape doe but stirre, and (as it were) awake the fierie and ayrie parts, which after in the other leapes they do with more excellencie exercise. For in this pausing, each had brought to his thoughts the maner of the others fighting, and the aduantages, which by that, and by the qualitie of their weapons they might worke themselues; and so againe repeated the lesson they had sayd before, more perfectly, by the vsing of it. *Anaxius* oftner vsed blowes, his huge force (as it were) more delighting therein, and the large protection of his shield animating him vnto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine and deliuer strength, watching his time when to giue fit thrusts; as, with the quicke obeying of his bodie, to his eyes quicke commandement; he shunned any harm *Anaxius* could do to him: so wold he soon haue made an end of *Anaxius*, if he had not found him a man of wonderful, & almost matchlesse excellency in matters of armes. *Pyrocles* vsed diuerse sayings to bring *Anaxius* on into some inconuenience: but *Anaxius* keeping a sound maner of fighting, neuer offered but seeing faire cause, and then followed it with well gouerned violence. Thus spent they a great time, struiuing to do, and with struiuing to doe, wearying themselues more then with the wearie doing, *Anaxius* finding *Zelmene* so neare vnto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his strength together, at that time mainly foyned at her face. But *Zelmene* strongly putting it by with her right hand sward, comming in with her left foote and hand, would haue giuen a sharpe visitation to his right side, but that he was faine to leape away. Whereat ashamed, (as hauing neuer done so much before in his life.)

*How this combate ended, how the Ladies by the comming of the discouered forces were delineated, and restored to Basilius, and how Dorus againe returned to his olde maister Dametas is altogether vnknewne. What afterward chaunced, out of the Authors owne writings and conceits hath beene supplied, as followeth.*

**A**fter that *Basilius* (according to the oracles promise) had receiued home his daughters, and setled himselfe againe in his solitarie course and accustomed companie, there passed not many daies ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus* hauing waited a time of *Zelmanes* walking alone towards her litle Arbor, took leaue of his maister *Dametas* husbandry to follow her. Neere whereunto ouertaking her, and sitting downe together among the sweet flowers whereof that place was very plentifull, vnder the pleasant shade of a broad-leaued *Sycamor*, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which the open harted friendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to communicate both ioyes & sorowes, for indeed there is no sweeter tast of friendship, thē the coupling of soules in this mutuality either of condoling or comforting: where the oppressed minde findes it selfe not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorie for his misery: & the ioyfull spends not his ioy, either alone, or there where it may be enuiet: but may freely send it to such a well grounded obiect, from whence he shall be sure to receiue a sweete reflection of the same ioy, and, as in a cleere mirror of sincere good will, see a liuely picture of his own gladnes. But after much discourse on either part, *Dorus* (his heart scarce seruing him to come to the point, whereunto his then comming had beene wholly directed, as loth in the kindest sort to discouer to his friend his owne vnkindnesse) at length, one word emboldening another made knowne to *Zelmae*, how *Pamela* vpon his vehement oath to offer no force vnto her, till he had inuested her in the Dutchie of *Thessalia*, had condiscended to his stealing her away to the next sea port. That besides the strange humors she saw her Father more and more falling into, and vnreasonable restraint of her libertie, whereof shee knew no cause but light grounded ieaiousies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence she had in his vertue, the chiefest reason had wonne her to this, was the late danger she stode in of loosing him, the like whereof (not vnlike to fall if this course were continued) she chose rather to die then againe to vndergoe. That now they waited for nothing else, but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three lothsom companions, in whom folly ingendred suspicion. And therefore now, said *Dorus*, my deere Cousin, to whom nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, here haue I discouered the very foundation whereupon my life is built: be you the Iudge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of loue is not vnknewne to you: And I know my case shall neuer want pittie in your consideration. How all the ioyes of my heart doe leaue me, in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternall trueth is witnesse vnto mee, I know I should not so sensibly feeble the pangs of my last departure. But this enchauntment of my restless desire hath such authoritie in my selfe about my selfe, that I am become a slaue vnto it, I haue no more freedome in mine owne determinations. My thoughts are now all bent how to carrie away my burdenous blisse. Yet, most beloued Cousin, rather then you should thinke I doe heerein violate that holy bande of true friendship, wherein I vnworthie am knit vnto you, commaund mee stay. Perchance the force of your commaundement may worke such impression into my heart,

heart, that no reason of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the foule word of abādoning *Pyrocles*, might euer be obiected to the faithful *Musidorus*. But if you can spare my presence, whose presence no way serues you, and by the diuision of these two Lodges is not oft with you: nay, if you can thinke my absence may (as it shall) stand you in stead, by bringing such an armie hither, as shall make *Basilus*, willing or vnwilling, to knowe his owne happe in graunting you *Philoclea*: then I wil cheerefully goe about this my most desired, enterprise, and shal thinke the better halfe of it alreadie atchieued, being begun in the fortunate houre of my friends contentment. These words, as they were not knit together with such a constant course of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to vse: so was his voice interrupted with sighes, & his countenance with enterchanging colour dismayed. So much his owne heart did finde him faultie to vnbind any way the continuall vse of their deare friendship. But *Zelmane*, who had all this while gladly harkened to the other tydings of her friends happy successe, when this last determination of *Dorus* strake her attentiu eares, she stayed a great while oppressed with a dead amazement. There came streight before her minde, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune. Her tedious longings, her causes to despaire, the comber some folly of *Basilus*, the enraged iealousie of *Gynecia*, her selfe a Prince without retinue; a man annoyed with the troubles of woman-kind; lothsomly loued, and dangerously louing; And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himselfe, to make the losse the greater by the vnkindnesse. But within a while she resolutely passed ouer all inward obiections, and preferring her friends profit to her own desire, with a quiet (but hartie) looke, shee thus answered him. If I bare thee this Loue vertuous *Musidorus*, for mine owne sake, and that our friendship grew because I for my part, might reioyce to enioy such a friend, I shold now so thoroughly feele mine owne losse, that I should call the heauens and earth to witnesse, how cruelly ye rob me of my greatest comfort, measuring the breach of friendship by mine owne passion. But because indeede I loue thee for thy selfe, and in my iudgement iudge of thy worthinesse to be loued, I am content to build my pleasure vpon thy comfort: And then wil I deeme my hap in friendship great, when I shall see thee (whom I loue) happy. Let me be onely sure, thou louest me still, the onely price of true affection: goe therefore on, worthy *Musidorus*, with the guide of vertue, and seruice of fortune. Let thy loue be loued, thy desires prosperous, thy escape safe, and thy iourney easie. Let every thing yeeld his help to thy desert, for my part absence shal not take thee from mine eyes, nor afflictions shall barre me from gladding in thy good, nor a possessed hart shal keepe thee from the place it hath for euer allotted vnto thee. *Dorus* would faine haue replied againe, to haue made a liberall confession that *Zelmane* had of her side the aduantage of wel performing friendship: but partly his owne grieue of parting from one he loued so dearely, partly the kind care in what state he should leaue *Zelmane*, bred such a conflict in his minde, that many times he wished, he had either neuer attempted, or neuer reuealed this secret enterprise. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the vttermost of it, and established her minde vpon an assured determination, My onely friend (said she) since to so good towardnesse, your courteous destinies haue conducted you, let not a ceremoniall consideration of our mutuall loue, be a barre vnto it. I ioy in your presence, but I ioy more in your good, that friendship brings forth the fruits of enmitie, which preferres his owne tendernesse before his friends damage. For my part, my greatest grieue heerein shal be, I can be no further seruiceable vnto you.



O *Zelmane* saide *Dorus* with his eyes euen couered with water, I did not thinke so soone to haue displayed my determination vnto you, but to haue made my way first in your louing iudgement. But alas as your sweet disposition drew me so farre: so doth it now strengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due cōmendation giuen, who can conquer me in Loue, and Loue in wisdom. As for me, then shal goodnes turne to euill, and vngratefulnes be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrocles* shall not possesse a principall seat in my soule, when the name of *Pyrocles* shal not be held of me in deuout reuerence.

They would neuer haue come to the cruell instant of parting, nor to the il-faring word offarewel, had not *Zelmane* seene a farre off the olde *Basilus*, who hauing performed a sacrifice to *Apollo*, for his daughters, but principally for his mistresse happy returne, had since been euery where to seeke her. And now being come within compasse of discerning her, he began to frame the loueliest countenance he could, stroking vp his legges, setting his beard in due order, and standing bolt vpright. Alas said *Zelmane*, behold an euill fore-token of your sorrowfull departure. Yonder see I one of my furies, which doth daily vexee mee, farewel, farewel my *Musidorus*, the Gods make fortune to waite on thy vertues, and make mee wade through this lake of wretchednes. *Dorus* burst out into a floud of teares, wringing her fast by the hand. No, no, said he, I goe blindfold, whither the course of my ill hap carries me: for now too late my heart giues me this our separating can neuer be prosperous. But if I liue, attend me here shortly with an army. Thus both appalled with the greuous renting of their long Combination (hauing first resolved with thēselues, that whatsoeuer fell vnto them, they should neuer vpon no occasion vtter their names for the conseruing the honour of their Royall parentage, but keep the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as before had been agreed betweene them) they tooke diuerse waies: *Dorus* to the lodge-ward, where his heauie eyes might be something refreshed; *Zelmane* towards *Basilus*: saying to her selfe with a scornfull smiling: Yet hath not my friendly fortune deprived me of a pleasant companion. But he hauing with much search come to her presence, *Doubt* and *Desire* bred a great quarell in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt: and true feeling of Loue made doubts dangerous, but the working of his desire had ere long wonne the field. And therefore with the most submissiue maner his behauiour could yeelde: O Goddesse (said he) towards whom I haue the greatest feeling of Religion, be not displeased at some shew of deuotion I haue made to *Apollo*: since he (if he know any thing) knowes that my heart beares farre more awfull reuerence to your selfe then to his, or any other the like *Deitie*. You wil euer be deceiued in me, answered *Zelmane*: I wil make my selfe no competitor with *Apollo*, neither can blasphemies to him be duties to me. With that *Basilus* tooke out of his bosome certaine verses he had written, and kneeling downe, presented them to her. They contained this:

**P**hoebus farewell, a sweeter Saint I serue,  
The high conceits thy heau'nly wisdomes breed,  
My thoughts forget: my thoughts which neuer serue us  
From her, in whom is sowne their freedomes seede,  
And in whose eyes my daily doome I reade.

Phoebus farewell, a sweeter Saint I serue,  
Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is aboue:

*She heau'n on earth with beauties doth preferue.  
Thy beames I like, but her cleare rayes I loue:  
Thy force I feare, her force I still do proue.*

*Phœbus yeeld up thy title in my mind:  
She doth possesse, thy Image is defaste,  
But if thy rage son. ~~of~~ gave reuenge will find  
On her, who hath in me thy temple raste,  
Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste.  
And how much more her worth surmounteth thee,  
Make her as much more base by louing me.*

This is my Hymne to you, said he, not left me by my ancestors, but begun in my selfe. The temple wherein it is daily sung, is my soule: & the sacrifice I offer to you withall, is all whatsoeuer I am. *Zelmane*, who euer thought she found in his speeches the ill tast of a medicine, & the operation of a poyson, would haue suffred a disdainful looke to haue beene the only witnesse of her good acceptation; but that *Basilus* began a fresh to lay before her many pitiful praiers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was only the vnfortunatenesse of that place that hindred the prosperous course of his desires. And therefore since the hateful influence which made him embrace this solitary life, was now past ouer him (as he doubted not the iudgement of *Philanax* would agree with his) and his late mishaps had taught him how perillous it was to commit a Princes state to a place so weakly guarded: he was now inclined to returne to his pallace in *Mantinea*, and there he hoped he shold be better able to shew how much he desired to make all he had hers: with many other such honey words which my pen growes almost weary to set downe: This indeed neerely pierced *Zelmane*. For the good beginning she had there obtained of *Philelea* made her desire to continue the same trade, till vnto the more perfecting of her desires: & to come to any publike place she did deadly feare, lest her mask by many eyes might the sooner be discouered, and so her hopes stopped, and the state of her ioyes endangered. Therefore a while she rested, musing at the daily changing labyrinth of her owne fortune, but in her self determined it was her only best to keep him there: and with fauours to make him loue the place, where the fauours were receiued, as disgraces had made him apt to change the soyle.

Therefore casting a kinde of corner looke vpon him, It is truly saide (said shee) that age cooleth the blood. How soone good-man you are terrified before you receiue any hurt? Doo you not knowe that daintinesse is kindly vnto vs? And that hard obtaining, is the excuse of womans graunting? Yet speake I not as though you were like to obtaine, or I to grant. But because I would not haue you imagin, I am to be wonne by courtly vanities, or esteeme a man the more, because he hath handsome men to wait of him; when he is afraid to liue without them. You might haue seene *Basilus* humbly swel, and with a lowly looke, stand vpon his tiptoes; such diuerfitie her words deliuered vnto him. O *Hercules* answered he, *Basilus* afraid? Or his blood cold, that boyles in such a fornace? Care I who is with mee, while I enjoy your presence: Or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaseth you to blesse or curse it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I desie whatsoeuer there is or can be against me. No no, your loue is forcible, and my age is not without vigour. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his stomach, to receiue a surfet of too much fauour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keepe him from any

fodaine

Iodaine remouing, with a certaine gracious bowing downe of her head toward him, she turned away, saying, she would leaue him at this time to see how temperately he could vse so bountifull a measure of her kindnes. *Basilius* that thought euery drop a flood that bred any refreshmēt, durst not further presse her, but with an ancient modesty left her to the sweet repast of her owne fancies. *Zelmene* as soone as he was departed, went toward *Pamelas* lodge, in hope to haue seen her friende *Dorus*, to haue pleased her self with another painefull farwell, and further to haue taken some aduise with him touching her own estate, whereof before sorow had not suffered her to thinke. But being come euen neere the Lodge, she saw the mouth of a caue, made as it should seeme by nature in despite of Art: so fitly did the rich-growing marble, to beautifie the valt of the first entrie; vnder foot the ground seemed minerall, yeelding such a glistering shew of gold in it, as they say the riuer *Tagus* caries in his sandy bed. The caue framed out into many goodly spacious romes, such as the self-liking men, haue with long and learned delicacy found out the most easful. Ther ran through it a litle sweet riuer, which had left the face of the earth to drown her selfe for a small way in this darke, but pleasant mansiō. The very first shew of the place entised the melancholy mind of *Zelmene* to yeeld her selfe ouer there to the flood of her own thoughts. And therefore sitting down in the first entrie of the Caues mouth, with a song she had lately made, she gaue a dole full way to her bitter affects, she sung to this effect:

*Since that the Stormier age of passions darke*  
*(of passions darke, made darke by beauties light)*  
*With rebell force, hath closde in dungeon darke*  
*My mind, ere now led forth by reasons light:*

*Since all the things which giue mine eyes their light,*  
*Do foster still the fruites of fancies darke:*  
*So that the windowes of my inward light*  
*Do serue, to make my inward powers darke:*

*Since (as I say) both mind and senses darke*  
*Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light:*  
*While that the light may shew the horrors darke,*  
*But cannot make resolu'd darkenesse light:*  
*I like this place, where at the least the darke,*  
*May keepe my thoughts from thought of wonted light.*

In steed of an instrument, her song was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the closing of her wearie eyes, and euen sometimes cut off with the swelling of her sightes, which did not suffer the voyce to haue free & natie passage. But as she was a while musing vpon her song, raising vp her spirits, which were something false into the weakenesse of lamentation, considering solitarie complaints do no good to him whose helpe stands without himself, she might a farre off, first heare a wispering sound, which seemed to come from the inmost part of the caue, and being kept together with the close hollownes of the place, had as in a truncke the more liberall acceffe to her eares, and by and by shee might perceiue the same voice deliuer it selfe into muscally tunes, & with a base *Lyra* giue forth this song:



**H**Arke plaintfull ghosts, infermall furies harke  
Vnto my woes the hatefull heauens do send,  
The heauens conspi<sup>r</sup>d, to make my vitall sparke  
A wretched wracke, a glasse of Ruines end.

Seeing (Alas) so mightie powers bend  
Their irefull shot against so weake a marke,  
Come caue, become my graue, come death and lend  
Receipt to me, within thy bosome darke.

For what is life to dayly dying mind,  
Where (drawing breath) I sucke the ayre of woe:  
Where too much sight makes all the body blind,  
And highest thoughts downeward most headlong throw?  
Thus then my forme, and thus my state I find,  
Death wrapt in flesh, so liuing graue as sign'd.

And pawling but litle, with monefull melodie it continued this octaue:

Like those sicke folkes, in whom strange humours flowe,  
Can taste no sweets, the sower only please:  
So to my minde, while passions dayly grow,  
Whose fierie chaines, vpon his freedome seaze,  
Joyes strangers seeme, I cannot bide their show,  
Nor brooke ought else but well acquainted woe.  
Bitter grieve tastes me best, paine is my ease,  
Sicke to the death, still louing my disease.

O Venus, said Zelmane, who is this so well acquainted with me, that can make so liuely a portraiture of my miseries? It is surely the spirit appointed to haue care of me, which doth now in this dark place beare part with the cōplaints of his vnhappie charge. For if it be so, that the heauens haue at all times a measure of their wrathfull harmes, surely so many haue come to my billesse lor, that the rest of the world hath too small a portion, to make with cause so waileful a lamentation. But (said she) what soeuer thou be, I will seeke thee out, for my musicke well assures me we are (at least hand) fellow prentises to one vngracious master. So raise she & went guiding herselfe by the still playning voice, til she saw vpon a stone a little waxe light set, and vnder it a peece of paper with these verses verie lately (as it should seeme) written in it:

**H**ow is my Sunne (whose beames are shining bright)  
Become the cause of my darke ougly night?  
Or how do I (captin'd in this darke plight)  
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight?

My mangled mind huge horrors still do fright,  
With sense possest, and claim'd by reason right:  
Betwixt which two in me I haue this fight,  
VWhere who so winnes, I put my selfe to flight.

Come

*Come claudie feares close up my daseled sight,  
Sorrow sucke up the maxow of my might,  
Due sighes blowe out all sparks of ioyfull light,  
Tyre on despaire vpon my tyred sprite.  
An end, an end, my dull dpen cannot write,  
Nor maz'd head th nk, nor faulttring tongue recite*

And hard vnderneath the Sonnet, were these words written

*This Canse is darke, but it had neuer light:  
This waxe doth wast it selfe, yet painelesse dies:  
These words are full of woes, yet feelee they none.*

*I darkened am, who once had clearest sight.  
I waste my heart, which still new torment tries:  
I plaine with cause, my woes are all mine owne.*

*No Cause, no wasting waxe, no words of grieve  
Can hold shew, tell my paines without reliefe.*

She did not long stay to reade the words, for not farre off from the stone shee might discern in a darke corner a Ladie lying with her face so prostrate vpon the ground, as she could neither know nor be knowne. But (as the generall nature of man is desirous of knowledge, and sorow especially glad to find fellowes) she went as softly as she could conuey her foot, neare vnto her, where she heard these words come with vehement sobbings from her. O darkenesse (said she) which doest lightly (me thinkes) make me see the picture of my inward darknesse: since I haue chosen thee to be the secrete witnesse of my sorrowes, let me receiue a safe receipt in thee and esteeme them not tedious, but if it be possible, let the vttering them bee some discharge to my ouerloden breast. Alas sorrow, now thou hast the full sacke of my conquered spirits, rest thy selfe a while, and set not still new fire to thy owne spoyles: O accursed reason, how many eyes thou hast to see thy euils, and how dim, (nay blinde) thou art in preuenting them? Forlone creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, since wickednesse doth preuaile, but the footsteps of my ouer-troden vertue lie still as bitter accusations vnto me: I am deuided in my selfe, how can I stand? I am ouerthrowne in my selfe, who shall raise mee? Vice is but a nurse of new agonies, and the vertue I am diuorced from, makes the hatefull comparison the more manifest. No no, vertue, either I neuer had but a shadow of thee, or thou thy selfe art but a shadow. For how is my soule abandoned? How are al my powers layd waste? My desire is pained, because it cannot hope, and if hope came, his best should be but mischiefe. O strange mixture of humane mindes; onely so much good left, as to make vs languish in our owne euils. Ye infernall furies (for it is too late for me to awake my dead vertue, or to place my comfort in the angry Gods) ye infernall furies I say, ayde one that dedicates her selfe vnto you, let my rage be satisfied, since the effect of it is fitte for your seruice. Neither be afraide to make me too hapie, since nothing can come to appease the smart of my guilty conscience. I desire but to assuage the sweltring of my hellish longing, delected *Gynecia*. 2. *Imane* no sooner heard the name of *Gynecia*, but that with a cold sweat al ouer

her, as if she had bene ready to tread vpon a deadly stinging Adder, she would haue withdrawne her selfe, but her owne passion made her yeeld more vnquiet motions, then she had done in comming. So that she was perceiued, and *Gynecia* sodainely risen vp, for indeede it was *Gynecia*, gotten into this Caue (the same Caue, wherein *Dametas* had safely kept *Pamela* in the late vprore) to passe her pangs, which chang of places. And as her mind ran stil vpon *Zelmene*, her piercing louers eye had soone found it was she. And seeing in her a countenance to flie away, she fell downe at her feete, and catching fast hold of her: Alas (said she) whither, or from whom dost thou flie away? The sauagest beasts are wonne with seruice, and there is no flint but may be mollified: How is *Gynecia* so vnworthie in thine eyes? or whom cannot abundance of loue make worthy? O thinke not that cruelty, or vngratefulnesse, can flow from a good mind! O weigh, Alas! weigh with thy selfe the new effects of this mightie passion, that I visit for my state, vncomely for my sexe, must become a suppliant at thy feete! By the happie woman that bare thee, by all the ioyes of thy heart, and successe of thy desire, I beseech thee turne thy selfe to some consideration of me, and rather shew pittie in now helping me, then in too late repenting my death, which hourelly threatens me. *Zelmene* imputing it to one of her continuall mishaps, thus to haue met with this Ladie, with a full weary countenance; Without doubt Madame, said she, where the desire is such, as may be obtained, and the party well deseruing as your selfe. it must be a great excuse that may well colour a denial; but when the first motion carries with it a direct impossibility, then must the only answer be, comfort without help, & sorrow to both parties: to you not obtaining, to me not able to graunt. O said *Gynecia*, how good leasure you haue to frame these scornfull answers? Is *Gynecia* thus to be despised? Am I so vile a worne in your sight? no, no, trust to it hard harted Tygre, I will not be the only Actor of this Tragedy: since I must full, I will presse downe some others with my ruines: since I must burne, my spitefull neighbours shall feele of my fire. Dost thou not perceiue that my diligent eyes haue pierced through the clowdie maske of thy disguisement? Haue I not told thee, O foole (if I were not much more foole) that I know thou wouldest abuse vs with thy outward shew? Wilt thou still attend the rage of loue in a womans hart? the gyrl thy well chosen mistresse, perchance shall defend thee, when *Basilus* shall know how thou hast sotted his mind with falsehood, and falsely sought the dishonour of his house. Beleeue it, beleeue it vnkind creature, I will end my miseries with a notable examples of reuenge, & that accursed cradle of mine shall feele the smart of my wound, thou of thy tyranny, and lastly (I confesse) my selfe of mine own worke, *Zelmene* that had long before doubted her self to be discovered by her, and now plainly finding it, was as the prouerbe faith, like them that hold the wolfe by the eares, bitten while they hold, and flaine if they loose. If she held her off in these wonted termes, she saw rage would make her loue worke the effectes of hate; to grant vnto her, her heart was so bound vpon *Philoclea*, it had bene worse the a thousand deaths. Yet found she it was necessary for her to come to a resolution, for *Gynecia*s sore could bide no leasure, & once discovered, besids the danger of *Philoclea*, her desires should be for euer vtterly stopped. She remembred withall the words of *Basilus*, how hapt he was to leaue this life & return to his court, a great bar to her hopes. Lastly she considered *Dorus* enterprise might bring some strange alteration of this thetr well liked fellowship. So that encompassed with these instant difficulties, she bent her spirits to thinke of a remedy, which might at once but saue her from them, & serue her to the accomplishment

of



of her only pursuite. Lastly, she determined thus, that there was no way but to yeeld to the violence of their desires, since struing did the more chase them. And that following their owne current, at length of it selfe it would bring her to the other side of her burning desires.

Now in the meane while the diuided *Dorus*, long diuided betweene loue and friendship, and now for his loue diuided frō his friend, though indeed without prejudice of friendships loyaltie, which doth neuer barre the mind from his free satisfaction: yet still a cruell iudge ouer himself, though he was some waies faultie, and applied his minde how to amend it, with a speedie and behouefull returne. But then was his first studie, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamela*s consent, confirmed and concluded vnder the name of *Mopsa* in her own presence, *Dorus* taking this way, that whatsoeuer he would haue of *Pamela*, he would aske her, whether in such a case it were not best for *Mopsa* so to behaue her selfe, in that sort making *Mopsa*s enuie, a n instrument of that she did enuie. So hauing passed ouer his first and most feared difficulty, he busied his spirits how to come to the harvest of his desires, w hereof he had so faire a shew. And thereunto (hauing gotten leaue for some dayes of his maister *Dametas*, who now accompted him as his sonne in lawe) he romed round about the desert, to finde some vnknowne way, that might bringe him to the next Sea port, as much as might be out of all course of other passengers: which al verie well succeeding him, & he hauing hired a Barke for his liues traffick, and provided horses to carrie her thither, returned homeward, nowe come to the last point of his care, how to go beyond the loathsome watchfulnes of these three vncomely companions, and therein did wisely consider, how they were to be taken with whom he had to deale, remembring that in the particularities o' euery bodies mind & fortune, there are particular aduantages, by which they are to be held. The muddie mind of *Dametas*, he found most easily stirred with couetousnes. The curst mischieuous heart of *Misa*, most apt to be tickled with ielousie, as whose rotten braine could thinke well of no body. But yong mistresse *Mopsa*, who could open her eyes vpon nothing, that did not all to bewonder her, he thought curiositie the fittest baite for her. And first for *Dametas*, *Dorus* hauing imployed a whole dayes worke, about a ten mile off from his Lodge (quite contrarie way to that hee meant to take with *Pamela*) in digging and opening the ground, vnder an ancient oke that stood there, in such sort as he might longest hold *Dametas* greedy hopes, in some shew of comfort, he came to his maister, with a countenance mixt between chearfulnesse and haste, & taking him by the right hand, as if he had a great matter of secrecie to reueale vnto him: Maister (said he) I did neuer think that the Gods had appointed my mind frely brought vp, to haue so löging a desire to serue you, but that they minded thereby to bring some extraordinarie fruit to one so beloued of them as your honestie makes me think you are. This binds me euen in conscience, to disclose that which I perswade my selfe is allotted vnto you, that your fortune may be of equall ballance with your deserts. He said no further, because he would let *Dametas* play vpon the bit a while, who not vnderstanding what his words intended, yet well finding they caried no euil newes, was so much the more desirous to know the matter, as he had free scope to imagine what measure of good hap himselfe would. Therefore putting of his cap to him, which he had neuer done before and assuring him he shold haue *Mopsa*, though she had bin al made of cloth of gold, he besought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that he found it a thing his hart was not able to beare. Master, answered *Dorus* you haue so satisfied me, with promising mee

the vttermoſt of my deſired bliſſe, that if my dutie bound me not, I were in it ſufficiently rewarded. To you therefore ſhall my good hap be conuerted, and the fruite of all my labor dedicated. Therewith he told him how vnder an anciēt oke (the place he made him eaſily vnderſtand, by ſufficient marks he gaue vnto him) he had found digging but a litle depth, ſcatteringly lying a great number of rich Medailes, and that piercing further into the ground, he had met with a great ſtone, which by the hollow ſound it yeilded, ſeemed to be the couer of ſome greater vault, & vpon it a boxe of Cypreſſe, with the name of the valiant *Ariſtomenes* grauen vpon it & that within the boxe, he found certaine verſes, which ſignified that ſome depth againe vnder that, all his treaſures lay hidden, what time for the diſcord fell out in *Arcadia* he liued baniſhed. Therewith he gaue *Dametas* certaine Medailes of gold hee had long kept about him, and asked him becauſe it was a thing much to be kept ſecret, and a matter one man in twentie howers might eaſily performe, whether he would haue him go & ſeeke the bottom of it, which he had refrained to do til he knew his mind, promiſing he would faithfully bring him what he found, or elſe that hee himſelfe would do it, and be the firſt beholder of that comfortable ſpectacle. No man need doubt which part *Dametas* would chooſe, whole fancie had already deuoured all this great riches, and euen now began to grudge at a partner, before he ſaw his owne ſhare. Therefore taking a ſtrong iade, loden with ſpades and mattockes, which he ment to bring backe otherwiſe laden, he went in all ſpeed thitherwarde, taking leaue of no bodie, only deſiring *Dorus* he would looke wel to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, promiſing him mountaines of his owne labour, which neuertheleſſe he litle meant to perform, like a foole, not conſidering that no man is to be moued with part, that neglects the whole. Thus away went *Dametas*, hauing alreadie made an image in his fancy, what pallaces he would build, how ſumptuouſly he would fare, & among all other things imagined what mony to employ in making coſſers to keep his mony: his ten mile ſeemed twiſe ſo many leagues, and yet contrarie to the nature of it, though it ſeemed longe, it was not wearifome. Many times he curſed his horſes want of conſideration, that in ſo important a matter would make no greater ſpeed: many times he wiſhed hiwſelfe the backe of an aſſe, to helpe to carie away the new ſought riches (an vnfortunate wiſher, for if he had aſwell wiſhed the head, it had bene granted him). At length being come to the tree, which he hoped ſhould beare ſo golden Acornes, downe went all his inſtruments, & forthwith to the renting vp of the hurtleſſe earth, where by & by he was caught with the lime of a few promiſed Medailes, which was ſo perfect a pawne vnto him of his further expectation, that he deemed a great number of howers well employed in groping further into it, which with logs and great ſtones was made as cumbersome as might be, til at length with ſweatie browes he came to the great ſtone. A ſtone (God knowes) ſul vnlike to the couer of a Monument, but yet there was the Cipreſſe box with *Ariſtomenes* grauen vpon it, and theſe verſes written in it.

**A** Baniſht man long bard from his deſire  
By inward lets of them his ſtate poſſeſſe,  
Hid here his hopes, by which he might aſpire  
To haue his harmes with wiſedomes helpe redreſſe.

Seeke then and ſee, what man eſteemeth beſt.  
All is but this, this is our labours hire:

of

*Of this we live, in this we find our rest,  
Who hold this fast no greater wealth require.  
Looke further then, so shalt thou find at least  
A bait most fit, for hungrie minded guest.*

He opened the box, and to his great comfort read them, and with fresh courage went about to lift vp that stone. But in the meane time : ere *Dametas* was halfe a mile gone to the treasure ward, *Dorus* came to *Miso*, whom he found sitting in the chimnies end, babling to her selfe, and shewing by all her gestures, that shee was loathsomely weary of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one, good, neither in minde nor bodie, where-out shee might nourish a quiet thought, having long since hated each thing else, beganne now to hate her selfe. Before this sweete humoured Dame, *Dorus* set himselfe, and framed towards her such a smiling countenance, as might seeme to be mixt betweene a tickled mirth, and a forced pittie. *Miso*, to whom cheerefulnesse in others, was euer a sauce of enuie in her selfe, tooke quickly marke of his behauiour, and with a looke full of foreworne spight : Now the Diuell, said she, take these villaines, that can neuer leaue grenning, because I am not so faire as *Mistresse Mopsa*, to see how this skipjacke looks at me. *Dorus* that had the occasion he desired, Truly *Mistresse* answered hee, my smiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and indeede I must needes a little accord my countenance with others sport. And therewithall tooke her in his armes, and rocking her to and fro, in faith *Mistresse*, said he, it is high time for you, to bid vs good night for euer, since others can possesse your place in your owne time. *Miso* that was neuer voide of malice enough to suspect the vertermost euill, to satisfie a further shrewdnesse, tooke on a present mildnesse, & gently desired him, to tell her what he meant : for, said she, I am like enough to bee knauishly dealt with, by that churle my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter againe as if hee had meant no such thing, till by much refusing her intreatie, and vehemently stirring vp her desire to know, he had strengthened a credit in her to that hee should say. And then with a formall countenance, as if the conscience of the cause had touched himselfe : *Mistresse*, said hee, I am much perplexed in mine owne determination, for my thoughts doe euer will me to doe honestly, but my iudgment failes mee what is honest : betwixt the generall rule, that entrusted secrecies are holily to bee obserued, and the particular exception, that the dishonest secrecies are to bee reuealed : especially there, where by reuealing they may either bee preuented or at least amended. Yet in this ballance, your iudgment wayes me downe, because I haue confidence in it, that you will vse what you know moderately, and rather take such faults as an aduantage to your owne good desert, then by your bitter vsing it, be contented to bee reuenged on others with you owne harmes. So it is *mistresse*, said he, that yesterday driuing my sheepe vp to the stately hill, which lifts his head ouer the faire Citie of *Mantineia*, I hapned vpon the side of it, in a little falling of the ground which was a rampier against the Sunnes rage, to perceiue a young maid, truly of the finest stamp of beautie, & that which made her beautie the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it. For her apparrell was but such as Shepheards daughters are wont to weare : and as for her haire, it hoong downe at the free libertie of his goodly length, but that sometime falling before the cleere starres of her sight, shee was forced to put it behinde her eares, and so open againe the treasure of her perfections, which that for a while



had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a Shepheard, so wrapped vp in that wel-liked place, that I could discerne no peece of his face; but as my eyes were attent in that her Angelike voice strake mine eares with this song:

**M**Y true loue hath my heart, and I haue his,  
By iust exchange, one for the other giu'n.  
I hold his deare, and mine he cannot misse:  
There neuer was a better bargaine driu'n.

*His heart in me keepes me and him in one,  
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loues my heart for once it was his owne:  
I cherish his, because in me it bides.*

*His hart his wound receiued from my sight:  
My hart was wounded, with his wounded hart,  
For as from me, on him his hurt did light,  
So still me thought in me his hurt did smart:  
Both equall hurt, in this change sought our blisse:  
My true loue hath my heart and I haue his.*

But as if the Shepheard that lay before her, had been organes, which were only to be blowne by her breath, she had no sooner ended with the ioyning her sweet lippes together, but that he recorded to her mulicke this rurall poësie:

**O** Words which fall like sommer dew on me,  
O breath more sweet, then is the growing beane,  
O tongue in which, all honyed liquors be,  
O voice that doth, the Thrush in shrillnesse staine,  
Do you say still, this is her promise due,  
That she is mine, and I to her am true.

*Gay haire, more gay then straw when haruest lyes,  
Lips red and plum as cherries ruddy side,  
Eyes faire and great, like faire great oxes eyes;  
O breast in which two white sheep swell in pride:  
Ioine you with me, to seale this promise due,  
That she be mine as I to her am true.*

*But thou white skin, as white as cruddes well prest,  
So smooth as sleek stone-like, it smoothes each part,  
And thou deare flesh, as soft as wool new drest,  
And yet as hard, as braxne made hard by art:  
First fower but say, next fowre their saying seale,  
But you must pay, the gage of promist weale.*

And with the conclusion of his song, he embraced her about the knees, O sweet *Charita* said he, when shall I enioy the rest of my toyling thoughts? And when shall  
your

your blissefull promise now due, be veriefied with iust performance: with that I drew neerer to them, and saw (for now he had lifted vp his face to glasse himselfe in her faire eyes) that it was my master *Dametas*, but here *Miso* interrupted his tale, with rayling at *Dametas*, with all those exquisite tearmes, which I was neuer good skold inough to imagine. But *Dorus*, as if he had been much offended with her impatience, would proceed no further till she had vowed more stilnesse. For said he, if the first drinne thus chase you, what will you bee when it comes to the blowes? Then he told her, how after many familiar entertainments betwixt them, *Dametas*, laying before her, his great credit with the Duke, and withall giuing her verie faire presents with promise of much more, hath in the end, concluded together to meete as that night at *Mantineia*, in the *Oudemnian* street, at *Charitas* vncles house, about terme of the clocke. After which bargaine *Dametas* had spied *Dorus*, and calling him to him, had with great brauerie told him all his good happe, willing him in any case to returne to the old witch *Miso* (for so indeede Mistresse of liuelinesse, and not of ill will hee tearmed you) and to make some honest excuse of his abience, for sayde he, kissing *Charitas*, if thou didst know what a life I leade with that driuell, it would make thee euen of pittie, receiue mee into thy onely comfort. Now Mistresse sayde hee exercise your discretion, which if I were well assured of, I would wishe you to goe your selfe to *Mantineia*, and (lying secrete in some one of your gossyps houses, till the time appointed come) so may you find them together, and vsing mercy, reforme my master from his euill wayes. There had nothing more enraged *Miso*, then the prayses *Dorus* gaue to *Charitas* beautie, which made her iealousie swell the more, with the poyson of enuie. And that being increased with the presents shee heard *Dametas* had giuen her (which all seemed to come out of her bowells): her hollow eyes, yeelded such wretched lookes, as one might well thinke *Pluto* at that time, might haue had her soule very good cheape. But when the fire of spight had fully caught holde of all her inward parts, then whosoever would haue seene the picture of *Alecto*, or with what manner of countenance *Medea* kild her owne children, needed but take *Miso* for the full satisfaction of that point of his knowledge. She that could before scarce go, but supported by crutches, now flew about the house, borne vp with the winges of Anger, there was no one sort of mortall reuenge, that had euer come to her eares, but presented it selfe now to her gentle minde. At length with few words, for her words were choakt vp with the rising of her reuengefull heart, she ran downe, and with her owne hands sadled a mare of hers, a mare that 7. yeare before had not been acquainted with a saddle, and so to *Mantineia* she went, casting with her self, how she might couple shame with the punishment of her accursed husband: but the person is not worthy in whole passion I should too long stand. Therefore now must I tell you that Mistresse *Mopsa* (who was the last party *Dorus* was to practise his cunning withall) was at parting of her parents attending vpon the Princeesse *Pamela*, whom because she found to be placed in her fathers house, she knew it was for suspition the Duke had of her. This made *Mopsa* with a right base nature (which ioyes to see any hard hap happen to them, they deeme happie) grow proud ouer her, and vse great ostentation of her owne diligence, in prying curiously into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing sooner ouerthrows a weak hart, then opiniõ of authority, like too strong a liquor for so feeble a glasse, which ioyned it self to the humor of enuying *Pamelas* beauty, so far that oft she would say to her selfe, if she had bin borne a Princeesse as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then should haue beene as well seene as *Pamelas*, with this manner  
of

of woman, and placed in these tearmes, had *Dorus* to play his last part, which hee would quickly haue dispatched in tying her vp in such a maner, that she should litle haue hindred this enterprife. But that the vertuous *Pamela* (whē she saw him so minded) by countenance absolutely forbad it, resolutely determining, shee would not leaue behind her any token of wrong since the wrong done to her selfe was the best excuse of her escape. So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the maner hee first thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* sitting musing at the strange attempt shee had condescended vnto, and *Mopsa*, hard by her, (looking in a glasse with very partiall eyes *Dorus* put himselfe between them, and casting vp his face to the top of the house, shrugging all ouer his body, and stamping sometime vpon the ground, gaue *Mopsa* occasion (who was as busie as a Bee to know any thing) to aske her loner *Dorus* what ayled him, that made him vse so strange a behauiour; he, as if his spirits had beene rauished with some supernaturall contemplation, stood still mute, sometimes rubbing his forehead, sometime starting in himselfe, that hee for *Mopsa* in such an itch of inquirie, that shee would haue offered her maiden head, rather then be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet answering to the purpose, still keeping his amazeiment: *O Hercules*, said he, resolve me in this doubt. A tree to grant ones wishes? Is this the cause of the Kings solitarie life? Which part shall I take? Happie in either, yn-happie because I cannot know which were my best happ. These doubtfull selfe speeches, made *Mopsa* yet in a further longing of knowing the matter, so that the prery pigge, laying her sweete burthen about his necke, my *Dorus*, said she, tell me these words, or els I know not what will befall me, honny *Dorus* tell them me. *Dorus* hauing stretched her minde vpon a right laste, extreame ly loued *Mopsa*, saide he, the matters be so great, as my heart failes me in the telling them, but since you hold the greatest seat in it, it is reason your desire should adde life vnto it. Therewith he told her a far fet tale how that many millions of yeares before *Jupiter* (fallen out with *Apollo*) had throwne him out of Heauen, taking from him the priuledge of a God. So that poore *Apollo* was faine to leade a very miserable life, vnacquainted to worke, and neuer vsed to begge, that in this order hauing in time learned to be *Admetus* heardman, he had vpon occasion of fetchng a certaine breede of beastes out of *Arctadie*, come to that verie desart, where wearied with traiaile, and resting himselfe in the boughes of a pleasant ashe tree, stood little off from the lodge, hee had with pittifull complaints gotten his father *Jupiters* pardon, and so from that tree was receiued againe to his golden spheare. But hauing that right nature of a God, neuer to be vngratefull, to *Admetus* hee had granted a double life, and because that tree was the chappell of his prosperous prayers, he had giuen it this quality, that whatsoever of such estate, and in such manner as he then was, sate downe in that tree, they should obtaine whatsoever they wished. This *Basilus* hauing vnderstoode by the oracle, was the onely cause which had made him trye, whether framing himselfe to the state of an heardman, hee might haue the priuledge of wishing onely graunted to that degree, but that hauing often in vaine attempted it, because indeede hee was not such, he had now opened the secret to *Dametas*, making him sweare he should wishe according to his direction. But because said *Dorus*, *Apollo* was at that time with extreame griefe muffled round about his face, with a scarlet cloake, *Admetus* had giuen him, and because they that must wish must be muffled in like sorte and with like stiffe, my master *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to prouide him a scarlet cloake, and to morrow doth appoint to returne with it, my Mistrresse I cannot tell how, hauing gotten some inckling of it, is trugged to *Manithea*, to get her selfe



selfe a cloake before him : because she would haue the first wish . My master at his parting, of great trust told mee this secret, commanding mee to see no body should clime that tree. But now my *Mopsa*, said he, I haue here the like cloake of mine own, and am not so very a foole although I keepe his commandement in others to barre my selfe, I rest onely extremely perplexed, because hauing nothing in the world I wish for, but the enioying you & your fauour, I think it a much pleasanter conquest to come to it by your own consent, then to haue it by such a charming force as this is. Now therefore choose (since haue you I will) in what sort I shall haue you . But neuer child was so desirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopsa* was to be in the tree, and therefore without squeamishnesse, promising all he would, she coniured him by all her pretious Loues, that she might haue the first possession of the wishing tree, assuring him that for the enioying her, he should neuer need to climbe farre. *Dorus* to whom time was pretious, made no great ceremonies with her, but helping her vp to the top of the tree, frō whence likewise she could ill come down without help, he inuifled her round about the face, so truly that she her selfe could not vndoe it. And so he told her the manner was, she should hold her mind in continuall deuotion to *Apollo*, without making at all any noise, till at the farthest within twelue houres space, she should heare a voice cal her by name three times; and that till the third time she must in no wise answer; & then you shall not need to doubt your comming down, for at that time said he, be sure to wish wisely, & in what shape soeuer he come vnto you, speake boldly vnto him, and your wish shall haue a certaine effect, as I haue a desire to inioy your sweet Loues : in this plight did hee leaue *Mopsa*, resoluēd in her hart, to be the greatest Lady of the world, and neuer after to feed of worse then surmēty. Thus *Dorus* hauing deliuered his hands of his three tormentors, tooke speedily the benefit of his deuise, and mounting the gracious *Pamela* vpon a faire horse, he had provided for her, he thrust himselfe forth-with into the wildest part of the desert, where he had left markes to guide him from place to place to the next sea port, disguising her verie fitly with scarfes although he rested assured he should meet that way with no body, till he came to his barke, into which he ment to enter by night. But *Pamela* who al this while, transported with desire & troubled with feare, had neuer free scope of iudgment to looke with perfect cōsideration into her owne enterprise, but euen by the laws of loue, hath bequeathed the care of her self vpon him, to whō she had giuē her selfe. Now that the pang of desire with euident hope was quieted, & most part of the feare passed, reason began to renew his shining in her hart, & make her see her selfe in her selfe; and weigh with what wings she flew out of her native countrey; and vpon what ground she built so strange a determination. But loue fortified with her louers presence kept still his owne in her heart. So that as they rid together with her hand vpon her faithfull seruants shoulder, sodainly casting her bashfull eyes to the ground, and yet bending her selfe towards him ( like the client that commits the cause of all his worth to a wel trusted aduocate ) from a milde spirit said vnto him these sweetly deliuered wordes : Prince *Musidorus* ( for so my assured hope is I may iustly call you, since with no other my heart would euer haue yeelded to goe; And if so I do not rightly rearme you, all other words are as bootlesse, as my deede miserable, and I as vnfortunate, as you wicked ) my Prince *Musidorus*, I say now that the vehement shewes of your faithfull loue towards me, haue brought my mind to answer it, in so due a proportion, that contrarie to all generall rules of reason, I haue layde in you, my estate, my life, my honour : it is your part to double your former care, and make me see your vertue no lesse in preserving then

then in obtaining : and your faith to be a faith as much in freedome, as bondage. Tender now your owne workmanship, and so gouerne your loue towards mee, as I may still remaine worthy to be loued. Your promise you remember, which here by the eternall giuers of uertue, I coniure you to obserue, let me be your own as I am, but by no vniust conquest; let not our ioyes which ought euer to last, be stayned in our owne consciences, let no shadow of repentance steale into the sweet consideration of our mutuall happinesse. I haue yeelded to be your wife, stay then till the time that I may rightly bee so; let no other defiled name burden my heart. What should I more say? If I haue chosen well, all doubt is past, since your action onely must determine, whether I haue done vertuously or shamefully in following you. *Musidorus* that had more abundance of ioye in his heart, then *Plisses* had what time with his owne industrie hee stole the fatall *Palladium*, imagined to bee the onely relike of *Troies* safetie, taking *Pamelas* hand, and many times kissing it, What I am (said he) the Gods I hope will shortly make your owne eyes Iudges; and of my mind towards you, the meantime shall be my pledge vnto you, your contentment is dearer to me then mine own, & therfore doubt not of his mind, whose thoughts are so thrailed vnto you, as you are to bend or slacke them as it shall seeme best vnto you. You doe wrong to your selfe, to make any doubt that a base estate could euer vndertake so high an enterprize; or a spotted minde bee able to behold your vertues. Thus much only I must confesse, I can neuer doe, to make the world see you haue chosen worthely, since all the world is not worthy of you. In such delightfull discourses, kept they on their iourney, maintaining their hearts in that right harmonie of affection, which doth enterchangeably deliuer each to other the secret workings of their soules, till with the vnused traualle, the Princeesse beeing weary, they lighted downe in a faire thicke wood, which did entise them with the pleasantnesse of it to take there rest there. It was all of Pine trees, whose brode heads, meeting together, yeelded a perfit shade to the ground, where their bodies gaue a spacious and pleasant roome to walke in, they were set in so perfect an order, that euery way the eye being full, yet no way was stopped. And euen in the midst of them, were there many sweet springs, which did lose themselues vpon the face of the earth. Here *Musidorus* drew out such prouision of fruites, & other cates, as he had brought for that dayes repast, and laide it downe vpon the faire Carpet of the Greene grasse. But *Pamela* had much more pleasure to walke vnder those trees, making in their barks prettie knottes, which tyed together the names of *Musidorus* and *Pamela*, sometimes entermixedly changing them, to *Pammedorus* and *Musimela*, with twentie other flowers of her traouailing fancies which had bound themselves to a greater restraint, then they could without much paine well endure and to one more beholding to her then the rest, shee entrusted the treasure of her thoughts in these verses:

Do not disdain, O streight vp raised Pine,  
That wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I graue;  
Since that my thoughts, as streight as streightnesse thine  
No smaller wound, alas! far deeper haue.  
Deeper engraue'd, which salue nor time can saue,  
Giu'n to my heart, by my fore wounded eyne:  
Thus cruell to my selfe, how canst thou craue  
My inward hurt should spare thy outward rime.

Yet

*Yet still faire tree, lift up thy stately line,  
Live long, and long witnesse my chosen smart,  
Which bard desires (bard by my selfe) impart*

*And in this growing barke growe verses myne.  
My heart my word, my word hath giue'n my heart.  
The giuer giue'n from gift shall neuer part.*

Vpon a roote of the tree, that the earth had left something barer then the rest she wrote this couplet:

*Sweete roote say thou, the roote of my desire  
Vvas vertue cladde in constant loues attire.*

*Musidorus*, seeing her fancies drawne vp to such pleasant contemplations, accompanied her in them, and made the trees alwell beare the badges of his passions; as this song engraued in them did testifie:

*You goodly pines, which still with braue assent,  
In natures pride your heads to heau'n-ward heane,  
Though you besides such graces earth hath lent,  
Of some late grace a greater grace receiue.*

*By her who was (O blessed you) content  
VWith her faire hand your tender barkes to cleaue,  
And so by you (O blessed you) hath sent,  
Such piercing words as no thoughts els conceaue:*

*Yet yeeld your grant, a baser hand may leaue (spent,  
His thoughts in you, where so sweet thoughts were  
For how would you the mistresse thoughts bereaue  
Of waiting thoughts all to her seruice ment?*

*Nay higher thoughts (though thrall'd thoughts) I cal  
My thoughts then hers, who first your ryne did ret.  
Then hers, to whom my thoughts a-lonely thrall  
Rysing from lowe, are to the highest bent;  
Where hers, whom worth makes highest ouer all  
Comming from her, cannot but downward fall.*

While *Pamela* sitting her down vnder one of them, and making a posie of the fayre vnder-growing flowers, filled *Musidorus* eares with the heauenly sound of her musicke, which before he had neuer heard, so that it seemed vnto him a new assault giuen to the Castle of his heart, already conquered, which to signifie: and with all reple to her sweete notes, he sang in a kinde of still (but rauishing) tune a few verses, her song was this, and his reply followes:



Pamela. **L**ike diuers flowers, whose diuers beauties serue  
To decke the earth with his well colourd weede,  
Though each of them his priuate forme preserve,  
Yet ioyning formes one sight of beauty breed.

Right so my thoughts, whereon my heart I feede:  
Right so my inward parts, and outward glasse,  
Though each possesse a diuers working kinde,  
Yet all well knit to one faire end do passe:

That he to whom these sundry gifts I binde,  
All what I am, stil one, his owne, do finde.

Musidorus **A**l what you are stil one, his owne to finde,  
You that are borne to be the worldes eye,  
What were it els, but to make each thing blind?  
And to the sunne with waxen wings to flye?

No, no, such force with my smal force to trye  
Is not my skil, or reach of mortal mind.  
Cal me but yours, My tytle is most hye:  
Hold me most yours, then my long suite is signde.

You none can claime but you your selfe aright,  
For you do passe your selfe, in vertues might.  
So both are yours: I bound with a gaged heart:  
You onely yours, too farre beyond desert.

In this vertuous wantonnes, suffering their minds to descend to each tender enioy-  
ing their vnited thoughts, Pamela hauing tasted of the fruits, & growing extreame  
sleepie, hauing bin long kept frō it, with the perplexitie of her dangerous attempt,  
laying her head in his lap, was inuited by him to sleepe with these softly vttered ver-  
ses.

**L**ocke up, faire liddes, the treasure of my hart:  
Preserue those beames, this ages onely light:  
To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe some ease impart,  
Her sence too weake to beare her spirits might.

And while O sleepe thou closest up her sight,  
(Her sight where loue did forge his fairest dart)  
O harbour al her parts in easeful plight:  
Let no strang dream mak her faire body start.

But yet O dreame, if thou wilt not depart  
In this rare subiect from thy common right:  
But wilt thy self in such a seate delight,

Then take my shape, and play a lowers part:  
Kisse her from me, and say vnto her spirit,  
Till her eyes shine, I liue in darkest night.

The sweete *Pamela* was brought into a sweet sleepe with this song which gaue *Musidorus* oportunitie at leasure to behold her excellent beauties. He thought her faire forehead was a field where all his fancies fought; and euerie haire of her head seemed a strong chaine that tied him. Her fairer liddes then hiding her fairer eyes, seemed vnto him sweete boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themselves, but containing in them farre richer Iewels. Her cheekes with their colour most delicately mixed would haue entertained his eyes somewhile, but that the roses of her lippes (whose separating was wont to be accompanied with most wise speeches) now by force drew his sight to marke how pretily they lay one ouer the other, vniting their deuided beauties: and thorough them the eye of his fancie deliuered to his memorie the lying (as in ambush) vnder her lippes of those armed rankes, all armed in most pure white, & keeping the most precise order of militarie discipline. And lest this beautie might seeme the picture of some excellent artificer, forth there stole a soft breath, carrying good testimony of her inward sweetnesse: and so stealingly it came out as it seemed loath to leaue his contentfull mansion, but that it hoped to be drawne in againe to that well closed paradise, which did so tyrannize ouer *Musidorus* affects, that he was compelled to put his face as low to hers, as he could, sucking the breath with such ioy, that he did determine in himselfe, there had bene no life to a *Camaleons*, if he might be suffered to enioy that food. But long hee was not suffered, being within a while interrupted by the comming of a company of clownish villaines, armed with diuers sorts of weapons, and for the rest both in face and apparell so forewasted, that they seemed to beare a great conformity with the sauaages; who miserable in themselves, taught to encrease their mischiefes in other bodies harmes, came with such cries as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Musidorus* turne vnto them full of a most violent rage, with the looke of a she *Tigre* whē her whelpes are stolne away.

But *Zelmane* whom I left in the Caue hardly bestead, hauing both great wittes and stirring passions to deale with, makes me lend her my penne a while to see with what dexteritie she could put by her dangers. For hauing in one instant both to resist rage and go beyond wisdome, being to deale with a Lady that had her wits awake in euerie thing, but in helping her owne hurt, she saw now no other remedie in her case, but to qualifie her rage with hope, & to satisfie her wit with plainnesse. Yet lest too abrupt falling into it, should yeeld too great aduantage vnto her, she thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of insinuation. Your wife, but very darke speeches, most excellent Lady, are wouen vp in so intricate a maner, as I know not how to proportiō mine answer vnto them: so are your prayers mixt with threatens, and so is the shew of your loue hidden with the name of reuenge, the natural effect of mortal hatred. You seeme displeased with the opiniō you haue of my disguising, and yet if I be not disguised, you must needs be much more displeased. Hope then (the onely succour of perplexed mindes) being quite cut off, you desire my affection, and yet you your selfe thinke my affection already bestowed. You pretend cruelty, before you haue the subiection, and are iealous of keeping that, which as yet you haue not gotten. And that which is strangest in your iealousie, is both the vniustice of it, in being loath that should come to your daughter, which you deeme good, and the vainnesse, since you two are in so diuers respects, that there is no necessity one of you should fall to be a barre to the other. For neith (if I be such as you fancie) can I marry you, which must needs be the onely way I can aspire to in her: neither neede the marrying of her keepe me from a

consideration how much you honour me in the loue you vouchsafe to beare me. *Gynecias*, to whom the fearefull agonies shee still liued in, made any small repruall sweet, did quickly finde her words falling to a better way of comfort, & therefore with a mind ready to shew nothing could make it rebellious against *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyrāny (the thus said:) Alas too much beloued *Zelmane*, the thoughts are but outflowings of the mind, & the tongue is but a seruant of the thoughts, therefore maruaile not that my words suffer contrarieties, since my minde doth hourly suffer in it selfe whole armies of mortall aduersaries. But alas, if I had the vse of mine owne reason, then should I not neede, for want of it, to finde my selfe in this desperate mischiefe, but because my reason is vanished, so haue I likewise no power to correct my vnreasonablenesse. Do you therefore accept the protectiō of my minde, which hath no other resting place, and driue it not (by being vnregarded) to put it selfe into vnknowne extremities. I desire but to haue my affection answered, and to haue a right reflection of my loue in you. That graunted, assure your selfe mine owne loue will easily teach mee to seeke your contentment; and make me thinke my daughter a verie meane price to keepe still in mine eyes the foode of my spirits. But take heede that contempt driue me not into despaire, the most violent cause of that miserable effect. *Zelmane* that already sawe some fruite of her last determined fancie (so farre as came to a mollifying of *Gynecias* rage) seeing no other way to satisfie suspicion, which was held open with the continuall prickles of loue, resolved now with plainnesse to winne trust, which trust she might after deceiue with a greater subletie. Therefore looking vpon her with a more relneeting grace, then euer she had done before, pretending a great bashfulnesse before she could come to confesse such a fault, she thus said vnto her: Most worthy Lady, I did neuer thinke, till now, that pittie of another could make me betray my selfe, nor that the sound of words could ouerthrow any wise bodies determination. But your words (I thinke) haue charmed me, and your grace bewitched me. Your compassion makes me open my heart to you, & leaue vnharboured mine own thoughts. For prooue of it, I will disclose my greatest secret, which well you might suspect, but neuer know. & so haue your wandring hope in a more painful wilderness, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect resolution. I will, I say, vnwrap my hidden estate, & after make you iudge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will say further to you, I am borne a Prince. And to make vp your minde in a through vnderstanding of me, since I came to this place, I may not deny I haue had some sprinkeling of I know not what good liking to my Ladie *Philoclea*. For how could I euer imagine the heauens would haue rayned downe so much of your fauour vpon me? & of that side there was a shew of possible hope, the most comfortable Counsellor of loue. The cause of this my changed attyre, was a iourney two yeares agoe I made among the *Amazons*, where hauing fought to trye my vnfortunate valure, I met not one in all the Countrey but was too hard for me, till in the ende in the presence of their Queene *Marpesia*, I hoping to preuaile against her, challenged an old woman of fourescore yeares, to fight on horsebacke to the vttermost with me. Who hauing ouerthrowne me, for the sauing of my life, made me sweare I should go like an vnarmed *Amazon*, till the comming of my beard did, with the discharge of my oath, deliuer me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not comming to a full conclusion, because shee would see what it wrought in *Gynecias* mind, hauing in her speech sought to winne a be-  
 liefe of her, & if it might be, by disgrace of her selfe to diminish *Gynecias* affection.

For



For the first it had much preuailed. But *Gynecia* whose ende of louing her, was not her fighting, neither could her loue too deeply grounded receiue diminishment: and besides thee had seene her selfe, sufficient proofes of *Zelmanes* admirable pro- wesse. Therefore sleightly passing ouer that point of her fained dishonor, but ta- king good hold of the confessing her manly sexe, with the shamefull looke of that suitor, who hauing alreadie obtained much, is yet forced by want to demaunde more, put forth her sorrowfull suite in these words: The gods (said she) rewarde thee for thy vertuous pittie of my ouerladen soule, who yet hath receiued some breath of comfort, by finding thy confession to maintaine some possibilitie of my languishing hope. But alas! as they who seeke to enrich themselues by minerall industrie, the first labour is to finde the myne, which to their cheerefull comfort being found, if after any vnlooked for stop, or casuall impediment keepe them from getting the desired vre, they are so much the more greeued, as the late conceined hope addes torment to their former want. So, fales it out with mee happie or haplesse woman (as it pleaseth you to ordayne) who am now either to receiue some guerdon of my most wofull labors, or to returne into a more wret- ched darkenesse; hauing had some glimmering of my blisfull Sunne, *OZelmane*, treade not vpon a soule that lyes vnder your foote: let not the abasing of my selfe make me more base in your eyes, but iudge of me according to that I am, and haue bene, and let my errors be made excusable by the immortall name of loue. With that, vnder a fained rage, tearing her clothes, she discovered some partes of her faire body, which if *Zelmanes* heart had not beene so fully possesst as there was no place left for any new guest, no doubt it would haue yeilded to that gallant assault. But *Zelmane* so much the more arming her determination, as she saw such force threaten- ed, yet still remembring she must wade betwixt constancie and curtesie, embrac- ing *Gynecia*, and once or twise kissing her, Deare Ladie (said she) hee were a great enemie to himselfe, that wold refuse such an offer, in the purchase of which a mans life were blessedly bestowed. Nay, how can I euer yeeld due recompence, for so excessiue a fauour: but hauing nothing to giue you but my selfe, take that: I must confesse a small, but a verie free gift what other affection soeuer I haue had, shall giue place to as great perfection, working besides vpon the bond of gratefulnesse. The gods forbid I should be so foolish, as not to see, or so wicked as not to re- member, how much my smal deserts are ouerballanced by your vnspeakable good- nesse. Nay happie may I well accompt my mis-hap among the *Amazons*, since that dishonor hath been so true a path to my greatest honor, and the chaunging of my outward rayment, hath clothed my minde in such inwarde contention. Take therefore noble Lady as much comfort to your hart, as the full commandement of me can yeeld you: wipe your faire eyes, and keepe them for nobler seruices. And now I will presume thus much to say vnto you, that you make of your selfe for my sake, that my ioyes of my new obtained riches may be accomplished in you. But let vs leaue this place, least you be too long missed, and henceforwarde quiet your mind from any further care, for I will now (to my too much ioy) take the charg vpon me, within few dayes to worke your satisfaction, and my felicity. Thus much she said, and withall led *Gynecia* out of the Caue, for well she saw the boyling minde of *Gynecia* did easily apprehend the fitnessse of that louely place. But indeed this direct promise of a short space, ioyned with the cumbersome familiar of womankind, I meane modestie, stayed so *Gynecias* minde, that she tooke thus much at that present for good payment: remaining with a painefull ioy, and a wearisome kinde of

comfort, not vnlike to the condemned prisoner, whose mind still running vpon the violent arriuall of his cruell death, heares that his pardon is promised, but not yet signed. In this sort they both issued out of that obicure mansion: *Gynecia* alreadie halfe perswaded in her selfe (O weaknesse of humane conceit) that *Zelmanes* affection was turned towards her. For such alas! we are all, in such a mould are we cast, that with the too much loue we beare our selues, being first our owne flatterers, we are easily hooked with our owne flattery, we are easily perswaded of others loue.

But *Zelmae* who had now to play her prize, seeing no way things could long remaine in that state, & now finding her promise had tied her tryall to a small compasse of time, began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her inuention, how she might achieue her liues enterprise; for well shee knew deceit cannot otherwise be maintained but by deceit: and how to deceiue such heedfull eyes, and how to satisfie, and yet not satisfie such hopefull desires, it was no small skill. But both their thoughts were called from themselves, with the sight of *Basilins*, who then lying down by his daughter *Philoclea*, vpon the faire (though naturall) bed of greene-grasse, seeing the sunne what speede he made, to leaue our West to do his office in the other Hemisphere, his inwarde Muses made him in his best musicke, sing this Madrigall.

**V**Hy dost thou haste away  
O Titan faire the giuer of the day?  
Is it to carrie newes  
To Westerne wights, what starres in East appeares  
Or dost thou thinke that here  
Is left a Sunne, whose beames thy place may use?  
Yet stay and well peruse,  
What be her gifts, that make her equall thee,  
Bend all thy light to see  
In earthly clothes enclosde a heavenly sparke.  
Thy running course cannot such beauties marke:  
No, no, thy motions be  
Hastened from vs with barre of shadow darke,  
Because that thou the author of our sight  
Disdainst we see thee staine with others light.

And hauing ended, Deere *Philoclea*, said he, sing something that may diuert my thoughts from the continuall taske of their ruinous harbour: She obedient to him; and not vnwilling to disburden her secret passion, made her sweete voice be heard in these words:

**O**Stealing time the subiect of delay,  
(Delay the racke of vnrefram'd desire)  
What strang dessein hast thou my hopes to stae,  
My hopes which do but to mine owne aspire?  
Mine owne? O word on whose sweet sound doth pray  
My greedy soule, with gripe of inward fire:  
Thy title great, I iustly challenge may,  
Since in such phrase his faith he did attire,

*O time, become the chariot of my ioyes:  
As thou drawest on, so let my blisse draw neere.  
Each moment lost, part of my hap destroyes.*

*Thou art the father of occasion deare:  
Joine with thy Sonne, to ease thy long annoyes  
In speedie helpe, shank-worthy things appeare.*

*Philoclea* brake off her song, as soone as her mother with *Zelmane* came neere vnto them rising vp with a kindly bashfulnesse, being not ignorant of the spite her mother bare her, and stricken with the sight of that person, whose loue made all those troubles seeme faire flowers of her dearest garland, nay rather all those troubles made the loue increafe. For as the arriual of enemies makes a towne so fortifie it selfe, as ever after it remains stronger, so that a man may say, enemies were no small cause to the townes strength: So to a mind once fixed in a well pleased determination, who hopes by annoyance to ouerthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all his best grounds, and so perchance of a chaunceable purpose, make an vnchangeable resolution. But no more did *Philoclea* see the wonted signes of *Zelmanes* affection to wards her; she thought she saw another light in her eyes, with a bold and carelesse looke vpon her, which was wont to be dazeled with her beautie; and the framing of her curtesies rather ceremonious then affectionate, & that which worst liked her, was, that it proceeded with such quiet serlednesse, as it rather threatned a full purpose then any suddaine passion. She found her behauiour bent altogether to her mother, and presumed in her selfe, she discerned the well acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another subiect. She saw her mothers worthinesse, and too well knew her affection. These ioyning there diuerse working powers together in her mind; but yet a prentile in the painfull misterie of passions, brought *Philoclea* into a newe trauerse of her thoughts, and made her keepe her carefull looke the more attentue vpon *Zelmanes* behauiour, who indeed (though with much paine, and condemning her selfe to commit sacriledge against the sweet Saint that liued in her inmost temple) yet strengthening her selfe in it, being the surest way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baites, did so quite ouer-rule all wonted shewes of loue to *Philoclea*, and convert them to *Gynecia*, that the part she played did worke in both a full and liuely perswasion: to *Gynecia* such excessiue cōfort, as she being preferred to a riual doth deliuer to swelling desire: But to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose calme thoughts were vnable to nourish any strong debate; it gaue so stinging a hurt, that fainting vnder the force of her inward torment, shee with-drew her selfe to the Lodge, and there wearie of supporting her owne burthen, cast her selfe vpon her bed, suffering her sorrow to melt it selfe into abundance of teares; at length closing het eyes, as if each thing she saw was a picture of her mishap, and turning vpon her hart side, which with vehement panting, did summon her to consider her fortune, she thus bemored her selfe.

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy paynes? Is this the reward of thy giuen-away libertie? Hath too much yeelding bredde crueltie? Or can too great acquaintance make me helde for a straunger? hath the choosing of a companion made mee left alone? Or dooth granting desire cause the desire to be neglected? Alas, despised *Philoclea*, why diddest thou not holde thy thoughts in their simple course



and content thy selfe with the loue of thine owne vertue, which would neuer haue betrayed thee? Ah fillie foole, diddest thou looke for truth in him, that with his owne mouth confest his falshood? for plaine proceeding in him, that still goes disguised? They say the falsest men will yet beare outward shewes of a pure mind: But he that euen outwardly beares the badge of treacherie, what helles of wickednes must needs in the depth be contained? But O wicked mouth of mine, how darest thou thus blaspheme the ornament of the earth, the vessell of all vertue? O wretch that I am, that wil anger the Gods in dispraising their most excellēt work! O no, no, there was no fault but in me, that could euer thinke so high eyes would looke so low, or so great perfections would staine themselves with my unworthinesse. Alas, why could I not see? I was too weake a band to tye so heavenly a heart: I was not fit to limmit the infinit course of his wonderfull destinies. Was it euer like that vpon onely *Philoclea* his thoughts should rest? Ah filly soule that couldest please thy selfe with so impossible an imagination! An vniuersall happinesse is to flow from him. How was I so inueigled to hope? I might bee the mark of such a mind? He did thee no wrong, O *Philoclea*, he did thee no wrong, it was thy weaknesse to fancie the beames of the sunne should gine light to no eyes but to thine! And yet O Prince *Pyrocles*, from whom I may wel begin to hate my selfe, but can neuer leaue to loue thee, what triumph canst thou make of this conquest? What spoyle wilt thou carrie of this my vnderferued ouerthrow? could thy force finde out no fitter field then the feeble mind of a poore maide, who at the first sight did wish thee all happines? Shall it be said the mirror of mankind hath been employed to destroy a hurtelesse Gentle-woman? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, let me yet call thee before the iudgment of thine owne vertue, let mee bee accepted for a playster in a cause which concerns my life: what neede hadst thou to arme thy face with the inchaunting maske of thy painted passions? what neede hadst thou to fortifie thy excellencies with so exquisite a cunning, in making our owne arts betray vs? what needest thou descend so far from thy incomparable worthines, as to take on the habit of weak womankind? Was all this to win the vndefended Castle of a friend, which being won, thou wouldest after raze? Could so small a cause allure thee? or did not so vniust a cause stop thee? O me, what say I more, this is my case, my loue hates me, vertue deales wickedly with mee, and he does me wrong, whose doing I can neuer account wrong. VVith that the sweete Lady turning her selfe vpon her wearie bed, she happily saw a lute, vpon the bellie of which *Gynecia* had written this song, what time *Basilus* imputed her iealous motions to proceed of the doubt she had of his vntimely loues. Vnder which vaile she contented to couer her neuer ceasing anguish, had made the Lute a monument of her mind, which *Philoclea* had neuer much marked, till now the feare of a competitor more stirred her, then before the care of a mother. The verses were these:

**M**Y Lute within thy selfe thy tunes enclose,  
Thy mistresse song is now a sorow's scree,  
Her hand benumb'd with fortunes daily blowes,  
Her mind amaz'd can neither's helpe apply,  
Weare these my words as mourning weeds of woes,  
Blacked inke becomes the state wherein I die.  
And though my moanes be not in musike bound,  
Of written griefes, yet be the silent ground.

The

*The World doth yeeld such ill consoorted shewes,  
 With circled course, which no wise stay can trie,  
 That childish stuffe which knowes not friends from foes,  
 (Better despis'd) bewonder gasing eye.  
 Thus noble gold, downe to the bottome goes,  
 When worthlesse corke, aloft doth floting lie.  
 Thus in thy selfe, least strings are lowdest found,  
 And lowest stops do yeeld the highest sound.*

*Philoclea* readeth them, and throwing downe the Lute, Is this the legacie you haue bequeathed me, O kinde mother of mine, said she? did you bestow the light vpon me for this? or did you beare me to be the Author of my buriall? a trim purchase you haue made of your owne shame; robbed your daughter to ruine your selfe? The birds vnreasonable, yet vse so much reason, as to make nests for their tender young ones; my cruell mother turnes mee out of mine owne harbour; alas plaint bootes not, for my case can receiue no helpe, for who should giue mee helpe? shall I flie to my parents? they are my murtherers: shall I goe to him, who already being wonne and lost, must needs haue killed all pittie? Alas, I can bring no new intercessions, he knows alreadie what I am is his. Shall I come home againe to my selfe? O me contemned wretch, I haue giuen away my selfe. With that the poore soule beat her breast, as if that had bene guilty of her faults, neither thinking of reuenge, nor studying for remedy, but (sweet creature) gaue grieve a free dominion, keeping her chamber a few dayes after, not needing to faine her selfe sicke, feeling euen in her soule the pangs of extreme paine. But little did *Gynecia* reck that, neither when shee saw her goe away from them, neither when shee after found that sicknesse made her hide her faire face: so much had fancy preuailed against nature. But O you that haue euer knowne, how tender to euery motion loue makes the louers heart, how he measures all his ioies vpon her contentment: and doth with respectfull eye hang all his behauiour vpon her eyes: iudge I pray you now of *Zelmanes* troubled thoughts, when shee saw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of sorrow, carrie away her sweete presence, and easily found (so happie a coniecture unhappie affection hath) that her demeanour was guiltie of that trespasse. There was neuer foolish soft-hearted mother, that forced to beate her child, did weepe first for his paines, and doing that shee was loth to do, did repent before shee began, did find halfe that motiō in her weake minde, as *Zelmane* did; now that shee was forced by reason to giue an outward blow to her passions, and for the lending of a small time, to seeke the vsurie of her desires. The vnkindnesse shee conceaued, *Philoclea* might conceiue, did wound her soule; each reare shee doubted shee spent, drowned all her comfort. Her sicknesse was a death vnto her. Often would shee speake to the image of *Philoclea* which liued and ruled in the highest of her inward part, and vse vehement cries and protestations vnto her; that nothing should euer falsifie the free chosen vow shee had made. Often would shee desire her that shee would looke well to *Pyrocles* hart, for as for her shee had no more interest in it to bestow it any way: Alas would shee say, only *Philoclea* hast thou not so much feeling of thine owne force, as to know no new Conquerour can preuaile against thy conquests? Was euer any dazeled with the Moone, that had vsed his eyes to the beames of the Sunne? Is hee carried away with a greedie desire of Acornes, that hath had his fences raniished with a garden of most delightfull fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, be thou but as mercifull a princeesse to  
 my

my mind, as thou art a true possessor, and I shall have as much cause of gladness as thou hast no cause of misdoubting. O no, no when a mans owne heart is the gage of his debt, when a mans owne thoughts are willing witnesses to his promise; lastly, when a man is the payler over himselfe; there is little doubt of breaking credite, and lesse doubt of such an escape. In this combate of *Zelmanes* doubtful imaginations, in the end reason well backed with the vehement desire to bring her matters soone to the desired haven, did over-rule the boyling of her inward kindness, though (as I say) with such a manifest strife, that both *Basilus* and *Gynecias* well wayting eies, had marked her muses had labored in deeper subiect then ordinarie, which she likewise perceiuing they had perceiued, awaking her selfe out of those thoughts, and principally caring how to satisfie *Gynecia* (whose iudgment and passion she stood most in regard of) bowing her head to her attentue care: Madame (said shee) with practise of my thoughts, I have found out a way by which your contentment shal draw on my happiness. *Gynecia* deliuering in her face as thankfull a ioyfulness as her heart could hold, said, it was then time to retire themselves to their rest, for what with riding abroad the day before, and late sitting vp for Eclogues, their bodies had dearly purchased that nights quiet. So went they home to their Lodge, *Zelmane* framing of both sides bountifull measures of louing countenances to eithers ioy, and neithers ieaiousie; to the especiall comfort of *Basilus*, whose weaker bowels were straight full with the least liquor of hope. So that still holding her by the hand and sometimes tickling it, he went by her with the most gay conceits that euer had entred his braines, growing now so hearted in his resolution, that he little respected *Gynecias* presence. But with a lustier note then wonted, clearing his voice, and chearing his spirits, looking still vpon *Zelmane* (whom now the Moon did beautifie with her shining almost at the full) as if her eyes had been his song-Booke, hee did the message of his mind in singing these verses:

VVhen two Sunnes do appeare,  
Some say it doth betoken wonders neare,  
As Princes losse or change:  
Two gleaming Sunnes of splendour like I see,  
And seeing feele in me  
Of Princes heart quite lost the ruine strange.

But now each where doth range  
With vgly cloake the darke enuious night:  
Who full of guiltie spight,  
Such lining beames should her blacke seate assaile,  
Too weake for them our weaker sight doth vaile.

No sayes faire Moone, my light  
Shall barre that wrong, and though it not preuaile  
Like to my brothers rayes, yet those I send  
Hurt not the face, which nothing can amend.

And by that time being come to the Lodge, and visited the sweet *Philoclea*, with much lesse then naturall care of the Parents, and much lesse then wonted kindness of *Zelmane*, each party full fraught with diuersly working fancies, made their pillowes  
weake



weak props of their over-loden heads. Yet of all other were *Zelmanes* braines most turmoyled, troubled with loue both active and passive; and lastly, and especially with care how to vse her short limited time to the best purpose, by some wise and happie diuerting her two louers vnwelcome desires. *Zelma*ne hauing had the night her only counsellor in the busie enterprise she was to vndertake, & hauing all that time mused, and yet not fully resolu'd, how shee might ioyne preuayling with preuenting, was offended with the daies bold entrie into her chamber, as if he had now by custome grown an assured bringer of euill news. Which she taking a Citterne to her, did lay to *Auroras* charge with these well sung verses:

*A*urora now thou shewest thy blushing light,  
(Which oft to hope layes out a guilefull baite)  
That trusts in time, to find the way aright  
To ease those paines, which on desire do vvaite.

Blush on for shame: that still with thee do light  
On pensue soules (instead of restfull baite)  
Care upon care (instead of doing right)  
To ouer-pressed breasts, more grienous waight.

As oh! my selfe, whose woes are neuer light,  
(Tide to the stake of doubt) strange passions baite,  
While thy knowne course, obseruing natures right,  
Stirres me to thinke what dangers lie in waite.  
For mischiefs great, day after day doth show:  
Make me still feare, thy faire appearing show.

Alas said she, am not I runne into a strange gulf, that am faine for loue to hurt her I loue? And because I detest the others, to please them I detest? O only *Phileas*, whose beautie is matched with nothing, but with the vspeakeable beautie of thy fairest mind, if thou didst see vpon what a racke my tormented soule is set, little would you thinke I had any scope now to leape to any new change; with that with hastie hands she got her selfe vp turning her sight to euerie thing, as if chaunge of obiect might help her inuention. So went she againe to the *Caué*, where forthwith it came into her head, that should bee the fittest place to performe her exploit, of which she had now a kind of confused conceit, although she had not set downe in her fancie, the meeting with each particularity that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the first but shew a rude proportion of the thing hee imitates, which after with more curious hands he draws to the representing each lineament: so had her thoughts beating about it continually, receiued into them a ground-plot of her deuise, although she had not in each part shapt it according to a full determination. But in this sort hauing early visited the mornings beautie, in those pleasant desarts, she came to the King and Queene and told them, that for the performance of certaine her countrie deuotions, which onely were to be exercised in solitari-nesse, she did desire their leaue she might for a few dayes lodge her selfe in the caue, the fresh sweetnesse of which did greatly delight her, in that hotte countrey; and that for that smal space, they would not otherwise trouble themselues in visiting her, but at such times as she would come to waite vpon them, which should be every day.

day at certaine houres, neither should it be long, she would desire this priuiledged absence of them. They (whose minds had already taken out that lesſon, perfectly to yeeld a willing obedience to all her desires, with consenting countenance) made her ſoone ſee her pleaſure was a law vnto them. Both indeed inwardly glad of it, *Bafilus* hoping that her deuiding her ſelfe from them, might yet giue him ſome freer occaſion of comming in ſecret vnto her, whoſe fauourable face had lately ſtrengthened his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other moſt ioyous, holding her ſelfe aſſured that this was but a prologue to the play ſhe had promiſed her. Thus both flattering themſelues with diuerſly grounded hopes, They rang a bell which ſerued to call certaine poore women which euer lay in cabines not far off, to do the houſhold ſeruices of both Lodges, and neuer came to either but being called for: and commanded them to carrie forthwith *Zelmanes* bed and furniture of her chamber into the pleaſant caue, and to decke it vp as finely as it was poſſible for them, that their ſoules reſt might reſt her body to her beſt pleaſing maner: that was with all diligence performed of them, and *Zelmane* already in poſſeſſion of her newe choſen lodging, where ſhee like one of *Veſtaes* nunnies, entertained her ſelfe for a fewe dayes in all ſhew of ſtraightnes, yet once a day comming to do her dutie to the King & Queene, in whom the ſeldomeneſſe of the ſight encreaſed the more vnquiet longing, though ſomewhat qualified, as her countenance was decked to either of them with more comfort then wonted. Eſpecially to *Gynecia*, who ſeeing her, wholly neglecting her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promiſed her ſelfe a full poſſeſſion of *Zelmanes* hart, ſtill expecting the fruit of the happie and hoped for inuention. But both ſhe and *Bafilus* kept ſuch a continuall watch about the precinctes of the Caue, that either of them was a bar to the other from hauing any ſecret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the meane time the ſweete *Philoclea* forgotten of her father, deſpiſed of her mother, and in apparance left of *Zelmane* had yeelded vp her ſoule to be a pray to ſorrow and vnkindneſſe, not with raging conceit of reuenge, as had paſſed through the ſtout and wife heart of her mother, but with a kindly meekneſſe taking vpon her the weight of her owne woes, and ſuffering them to haue ſo full a courſe as it did exceedingly weaken the eſtate of her bodie: aſwell for which cauſe, as for that ſhe could not ſee *Zelmane*, without expreſſing (more then ſhe would) how far now her loue was imprifoned in extremerie of ſorrow, ſhe bound her ſelf firſt to the limits of her own chamber, and after (griefe breeding ſickneſſe) of her bed. But *Zelmane* hauing now a full libertie to caſt about euery way, how to bring her conceiued attempt to a deſired ſucceſſe, was oft ſo perplexed with the manifold difficultie of it, that ſometimes ſhe would reſolue by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parēts, ſometimes to go away her ſelfe with *Mufidorus* & bring both their forces, ſo to win her. But laſtly, euen the ſame day that *Mufidorus* by feeding the humour of his three loathſome gardiens, had ſtolne away the Princeſſe *Pamela* (whether it were that loue meant to match them euerie way, or that her friends example had holpen her inuention, or that indeed *Zelmane* forbare to praētiſe her deuife till ſhee found her friend had paſſed through his). The ſame day, I ſay, ſhe reſolued on a way to rid out of the Lodge her two cumberſome louers, and in the night to carrie away *Philoclea*: wherunto ſhe was aſſured her owne loue no leſſe then her ſiſters, would eaſily winne her conſent. Hoping that although their abrupt parting had not ſuffred her to demand of *Mufidorus* which way he ment to direct his iourney: yet either they ſhould by ſome good fortune, find him: or if that courſe fayled, yet they might well recouer ſome towne of the *Helots*, neare the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who beeing newly againe vp in

armes

armes against the Nobility, shee knew would be as glad of her presence, as she of their protection. Therefore hauing taken order for all things requisite for their going, & first put on a sleight vnder-sute of mans apparell, which before for such purposes she had provided, she curiously trimmed her selfe to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her last tryall, she might come vnto it in her bravest armour. And so putting on that kind of milde countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle answer, according to her late receiued manner, she left the pleasant darkenesse of her melancholy caue, to goe take her dinner of the king and Queene, and giue vnto them both a pleasant foode of seeing the owner of their desires. But euen as the *Persians* were anciently wont to leaue no rising Sunne vn saluted, but as his faire beames appeared clearer vnto them, would they more hartely reioyce, laying vpon them a great foretoken of their following fortune: So was there no time that *Zelmene* encountred their eies with her beloued presence, but that it bred a kinde of burning deuotion in them, yet so much the more gladding their greedy soules, as her countenance were cleared with more fauour vpon them which now being determinately framed to the greatest discent of kindnesse, it tooke such hold of her infortunate louers, that like children about a tender father from a long voyage returned, with louely childishnesse hang about him, and yet with simple feare measure by his countenance, how far he accepts their boldnesse: so were these now throwne into so seruiceable an affection, that the returning of *Zelmenes* eye was a strong sterne inough to all their motions, wending no way, but as the enchanting force of it guided them. But hauing made a light repast of the pleasant fruits of that countrie, enterlarding their food with such maner of generall discourses, as louers are wont to couer their passions in, when respect of a third person keeps them from plaine particulars, at the earnest entreatie of *Basilus*, *Zelmene*, first lalluring the muses with a base Viall hung hard by her, sent this ambassage in versified musicke to both her ill-requited louers.

*Beautie hath force to catch the humane sight:  
Sight doth bewitch the fancies euill awaked.  
Fancie we feele, includes all passions might,  
Passion rebeld, oft reasons strength hath shaked.*

*No wonder then, though sight my sight did taint,  
And though thereby my fancy was infected,  
Though (yoked so) my mind with sicknesse faint,  
Had reasons weight for passions ease reiected.*

*But now the fit is past: and time hath giu'n  
Leasure to weigh what due desert requireth.  
All thoughts so sprung, are from their dwelling driu'n,  
And wisdom to his wonted seate aspireth.*

*Crying in me: eye-hopes deceitfull prone:  
Things rightly priz'd, lone is the band of lone.*

And after her song with an affected modestie, shee drew downe her eye, as if the conscience of a secret graunt her inward minde made, had sodainly cast a bashfull vayle ouer her: Which *Basilus* finding, and thinking now was the time to vntie

Hh

his



his painfull petition, beseeching his wife with more carefull eye to accompanie his sickly daughter *Philoclea*, being rid for that time of her, who was content to graunt him any scope, that she might after haue the like freedom, with a gesture gouerned by the force of his pangs, making his knees his best supporters he thus said vnto her:

If either, said he, O Lady of my life, my deadly pangues could beare delay, or that this were the first time the same were manifested vnto you, I would now but maintaine still the remembrance of my misfortune, without vrging any further reward, then time and pittie might procure for me. But (alas) since my martirdome is no lesse painfull, then manifest, and that I no more feele the miserable danger, then you know the assured truth thereof: why should my tongue deny his seruice to my heart? Why should I feare the breath of my wordes who dayly feele the flame of your works? Embrace in your sweet consideration I beseech you, the misery of my case, acknowledge your selfe to be the cause, and thinke it is reason for you to redresse the effects. Alas, let no certaine imaginative rules, whose truth stands but vpon opinion, keepe so wise a mind from gratefulnesse and mercy, whose neuer failing lawes nature hath planted in vs. I plainly lay my death vnto you, the deare of him that loues you, the death of him whose life you may saue, say your absolute determination, for hope it selfe is a paine, while it is ouermasted with feare, and if you do resolute to be cruell, yet is the speediest condemnation, as in euils, most welcome, *Zelmene* who had fully set to her selfe the traine she should keepe, yet knowing that who soonest means to yeeld dooth well to make the brauest parlay, keeping countenance a loft. Noble Prince (said she) your words are too well couched to come out of a restless minde, and thanked bee the Gods, your face threatens no danger of death. These are but those swelling speeches, which giue the vtermost name to euery trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enamelled with the goodly outside of loue. Truly loue were very vnlovely, if it were halfe so deadly, as your louers (still liuing) tearme it: I thinke well it may still haue a certain childish vehemencie, which for the time to one desire will engage all the soule, so long as it lasteth. But with what impatience, you your selfe shew, who confesse the hope of it a paine, & thinke your own desire so vnworthy, as you would faine be rid of it, & so with ouermuch loue sue hard for a hastie refusall. A refusall! (cryed out *Basilus*, amazed with all, but pierced with the last.) Now assure your selfe, whensoever you vse that word definitiue, it will be the vndoubted doom of my approaching death. And the shall your owne experience know in mee, how soone the spirits dried vp with anguish, leaue the performance of her ministry, whereupon our liue dependeth. But alas what a cruelty is this, not only to torment, but to thinke the torment sleight? The terriblest tyrants would say by no man they killed, he dyed not; nor by no man they punished, that he escaped free; for of all other, there is least hope of mercy, where there is no acknowledging of the paine: & with like crueltie are my words breathed out from a flaming heart, accounted as messengers of a quiet mind. If I speake nothing, I choake my selfe, & am in no way of reliefe: if simply, neglected: if confusedly, not vnderstood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any liuely expressing of that they truly feele, that is a token, forsooth, the thoughts are at too much leasure. Thus in silence desperate, folly punished, and wit suspected. But indeed it is vaine to say any more, for words can bind no beliefe. Lady, I say determine of me, I must confesse I cannot beare this battell in my mind, & therefore let me soone know what I may account of my self, for it is a hell of dolours, when the mind still in doubt for want of resolution, can make no resistance.

Indeed

Indeede (answered *Zelmane*) if I should graunt to your request, I should shew an example in my selfe that I esteeme the holy band of chastitie to be but an imaginative rule, as you termed it: and not the truest obseruance of nature, the most noble commandement that mankind can haue ouer themselues, as indeede both learning teacheth, and inward feeling assureth. But first shall *Zelma*es graue become her marriage bed, before my soule shall consent to his owne shame, before I will leaue a marke in my selfe of an vnredeemeable trespasse. And yet must I confesse that if euer my heart were stirred, it hath beene with the manifest and manifold shewes of the miserie you liue in for mee. For in trueth so it is, nature giues not to vs her degenerate children, any more generall precept, then one to helpe the other, one to feele a true compassion of the others mishap. But yet if I were neuer so contented to speake with you (for further neuer O *Basilus*, neuer looke for at my hands) I know not how you can auoid your wiues iealous attendance, but that her suspicion shall bring my honour into question. *Basilus* whose small sailes the least wind did fill, was forthwith as far gone into a large promising himselfe his desire, as before hee was stricken down with a threatned deniall. And therefore bending his browes as though he were not a man to take the matter as he had done; What (said he) shall my wife become my mistresse? Thinke you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her? I will mew the Gentlewoman till she haue cast all her feathers, if she rouse her selfe against me. And with that he walked vp & downe, nodding his head, as though they mistooke him much that thought he was not his wiues maister. But *Zelmane* now seeing it was time to conclude: Of your wisdom & manhood (said she) I doubt not, but that sufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, & impossibly bar the freedom of thought, which be the things that must be only witnessses of honor, or Iudges of dishonor. But that you may see I do not set light your affection, if to night after your wife be assuredly asleepe, wherof by your loue I coniuire you to haue a most precise care, you will steale handsomly to the caue vnto me, there do I grant you as great proportion, as you will take of free conference with me, euer remembring you seeke no more, for so shall you but deceiue your selfe, and for euer loose me. *Basilus* that was olde enough to know that women are not wont to appoint secret night meetings for the purchasing of land, holding himselfe alreadye an vndoubted possessor of his desires, kissing her hand, and lifting vp his eyes to heauen, as if the greatnesse of the benefit did goe beyond all measure of thanks, said no more, least stirring of more words, might bring forth some (perhaps) contrary matter. In which trance of ioy, *Zelmane* went frō him, saying she would leaue him to the remembrance of their appointment, & for her she would go visite the Lady *Philoclea*, into whose chamber being come, keeping still her late taken on grauity, & asking her how she did, rather in the way of dutifull honor, then any special affection, with extreame inward anguish to the both, she turned frō her, & taking the Queene *Gynecia*, led her into a bay window of the same chamber, determining in her selfe, not to vtter to so excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the vttermost point of her pretended deuise, but to keepe the clause of it for the last instant, when the shortnes of the time should not giue her spirits leasure to looke into all those doubts, that easily enter to an open inuention. But with smiling eyes, and with a deliuered ouer grace, sayning as much loue to her, as shee did counterfeite little loue to *Philoclea*, shee began with more credible then eloquent speech to tell her, that with much consideration of a matter so nearely importing her own fancie, and *Gynecias* honor, she had now concluded that the night following should be the fittest time for the ioyning together

ther their severall desires, what time sleepe should perfectly doe his office vpon the King her husband, and that the one should come to the other into the caue. Which place, as it was the first receite of their promised loue, so it might haue the first honour of the due performance. That the cause why those few dayes past, she had not sought the like, was, least the new change of her lodging, might make the Duke more apt to marke any sodaine euent: which now the vse of it would take out of his mind. And therefore now most excellent Lady (said she) there resteth nothing but that quickly after supper, you traine vp the King to visite his daughter *Philoclea*, & then faining your selfe not well at ease, by your going to bed, draw him not long to be after you. In the meane time I will be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you, with no lesse deuotion, but as I hope with better fortune, then *Thisbe* did the too much louing and too much loued *Pyramus*. The bloud that quickly came into *Gynecias* faire face, was the onely answere she made, but that one might easily see, contentment and consent were both to the full in her; which she did testifie with the wringing *Zelmane* fast by the hand, closing her eyes, and letting her head fall, as if she would giue her to know, shee was not ignorant of her fault, although she were transported with the violence of her euill. But in this triple agreement, did the day seeme tedious of all sides, till his neuer erring course, had giuen place to the nights succession: And the supper by each hand hasted, was with no lesse speed ended, when *Gynecia* presenting a heauie sleepinesse in her countenance, brought vp both *Basilus* and *Zelmane* to see *Philoclea*, still keeping her bed, and farre more sicke in minde then body, and more griued then comforted with any such visitation. Thence *Zelmane* wishing easefull rest to *Philoclea*, did seeme to take that nights leaue of this princely crue, when *Gynecia* likewise seeming somewhat diseased, desired *Basilus* to stay a while with his daughter, while she recommended her sickenesse to her beds comfort, indeede desirous to determine againe of the manner of her stealing away; to no lesse comfort to *Basilus*, who the sooner she was a sleepe, the sooner hoped to come by his long pursued pray: Thus both were bent to deceiue each other, and to take the aduantage of either others disaduantage. But *Gynecia* hauing taken *Zelmane* into her bed-chamber, to speake a little with her of their sweet determination: *Zelmane* vpon a sodaine (as though she had neuer thought of it before.) Now the Gods forbid (said shee) so great a Lady as you are should come to me: or that I should leaue it to the hands of fortune, if by either the ill gouerning of your passion, or your husbandes sodaine waking, any daunger might happen vnto you. No if there be any superiority in the points of true loue, it shall be yours: if there be any daunger, since my selfe am the authour of this deuise, it is reason it should be mine. Therefore do you but leaue with me the keyes of the gate, and vpon your selfe take my vpper garment, that if any of *Dametas* house see you, they may thinke you to be my selfe, and I will presently lie downe in your place, so muffled for your supposed sickenesse, as the King shall nothing know me. And then as soone as he is a sleepe, will I (as it much better becomes me) waite vpon you. But if the vttermost of mischiefes should happen, I can assure you the kings life shall sooner pay for it, then your honour. And with the ending of her wordes, she threw off her mantell, not giuing *Gynecia* any space to take the full image of this new chaunge into her fancie. But seeing no ready obiection against it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to stand long disputing; besides remembering the giuer was to order the manner of his gift, yeelded quickly to this conceite, indeede not among



among the smallest causes, tickled thereunto by a certaine wanton desire, that her husbands deceit might be the more notable. In this sort did *Zelmane* nimbly (disparaging her selfe) possesse *Gynecias* place; hiding her head in such a close manner, as grievous and ouerwatched sicknesse is wont to inuite to it selfe the solace of sleepe. And of the other side the Queene putting on *Zelmanes* outmost apparell, went first into her closter, there quicklie to beautifie her selfe with the best and sweetest night deckings. But there casting an hasty eye ouer her precious things, which euer since *Zelmanes* comming, her head other wise occupied had left vnseene, shee hapened to see a bottle of gold, vpon which downe along were graued these verses:

*Let him drinke this, whome long in armes to fold  
Thou dost desire, and with free power to hold.*

Shee remembered the bottle, for it had bene kept of long time by the kinges of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare vertue, and giuen to her by her mother, when shee being verie young married to her husband of much greater age, her mother perswaded it was of propertie to force loue with loue effects, had made a precious present of it to this her beloued child, though it had bene receiued rather by tradition to haue such a qualitie, then by any approued experiment. This *Gynecia* (according to the common disposition, not only (though especially) of wines, but of all other kinds of people, not to esteeme much ones owne, but to thinke the labour lost, employed about it) had neuer cared to giue to her husband, but suffered his affection to runne according to his owne scope. But now that loue of her particular choise had awaked her spirits, and perchance the verie vnlawfulnesse of it had a little blowne the coale; among her other ornaments with glad mind shee tooke most part of this liquor, putting it into a faire cup, all set with diamonds: for what dares not loue undertake, armed with the night, and prouoked with lust? And thus downe shee went to the Cave-ward, guided onely by the Moones faire shining, suffering no other thought to haue any familiarity with her braines, but that which did present vnto her a picture of her approaching contentment. Shee that had long disdained this solitary life, her husband had entred into, now wished it much more solitarie, so shee might only obtaine the priuate presence of *Zelmane*. Shee that before would not haue gone so farre, especially by night, and to so darke a place, now tooke a pride in the same courage, and framed in her mind a pleasure out of the paine it selfe. Thus with thicke doubled paces shee went to the Cave, receiuing to her selfe, for her first contentment, the only lying where *Zelmane* had done; whose pillow shee kist a thousand times, for hauing born the print of that beloued head. And so keeping with panting heart her traouelling fancies so attentiuely, that the wind could stirre nothing, but that shee stirred her selfe, as if it had bene the pace of the longed for *Zelmane*, shee kept her side of the bed; defending onely and cherishing the other side with her arme, till after a while waiting, counting with her selfe how many steppes were betwixt the Lodge and the Cave, and oft accusing *Zelmane* of more curious stay then needed, shee was visited with an vnexpected guest.

For *Basilus*, after his wife was departed to her fained repose, as long as hee remained with his daughter, to giue his wife time of vnreadying her selfe, it was easily seene it was a very thorny abode he made there: and the discourses with which hee entertained his daughter, not vnlike to those of earnest players, when, in the midst of their game, trifling questions bee put vnto them, his eyes still looking

about, and himfelfe ftill changing places, beginne to fpeake of a thing, and breake it off before it were halfe done. To any fpeech *Philoclea* miniftred vnto him, with a fodaine ftarting and cafting vp his head, made an answer farre out of all Grammer: a certaine deepe mufing, and by and by out of it: vncertaine motions, vnftayed graces. Having borne out the limit of a reasonable time with as much paine as might be, he came darkeling into his chamber, forcing himfelfe to tread as foftly as hee could. But the more curious he was, the more he thought every thing creaked vnder him: and his mind being out of the way with another thought, and his eyes not feruing his turne in that darke place, each Coffer or Cupbord he met, one faluted his fhinnes, another his elbowes: fometimes readie in reuenge to ftrike them againe with his face. Till at length, fearing his wife were not fully a fleepe, he came lifting vp the cloathes as gently (as I thinke) poore *Pan* did, when, infteed of *Ioles* bed he came into the rough embracing of *Hercules*; and laying himfelfe downe, as tenderly as a new bride, refted a while with a very open eare, to marke each breath of his fupposed wife. And fometimes hee himfelfe would yeelde a long fetched figh, as though that had been a muficke to draw one another to fleep, till within a verie little while, with the other parties well counterfeited fleepe (who was as willing to bee rid of him, as hee was to bee gone thence (afuring himfelfe he left all fafe there, in the fame order ftale out againe, and putting on his night gowne, with much groping and scrambling, hee gat himfelfe out of the little houfe, and then did the Moone-light ferue to guide his feet. Thus with a great deale of paine, did *Bafilus* goe to her whom he fled, and with much cunning left the perfon for whom he had imployed all his cunning. But when *Bafilus* was once gotten (as he thought) into a cleere coaft, what ioy he then made, how each thing feemed vile in his fight, in comparifon of his fortune, how farre already hee deemed himfelfe in the cheife tower of his defires, it were tedious to tell: once his heart could not choofe but yeeld this fong, as a fairing of his contentment.

*Get hence foule Griefe, the canker of the mind:  
Farewell complaint the mifers only pleasure,  
Away vaine Cares, by which few men do find  
Their fougth-for treasure.*

*Ye helpleffe Sighes, blow out your breath to nought,  
Teares, drowne your felues, for woe (your caufe) is wafte,  
Thought, thinke to end, too long the fruite of thought  
My mind hath tafte.*

*But thou fure Hope, tickle my leaping heart.  
Comfort, ftep thou in place of wonted fadneffe:  
Fore-felt Defire, begin to fauour parts  
Of comming gladneffe.*

*Let voice of Sighes into cleare muficke run,  
Eyes, let your Teares with gazing now be mended,  
Infted of thought, true pleasure be begun,  
And neuer ended.*

Thus

Thus imagining as then with him selfe, his ioyes so held him vp, that he neuer touched ground. And like a right olde beaten souldier, that knew well enough the greatest Captaines doe neuer vse long Orations, when it comes to the verie point of execution, as soone as he was gotten into the Caue, and to the ioyfull (though silent) expectation of *Gynecia*, come close to the bed, neuer recking his promise to looke for nothing but conference, he lept into that side reserved for a more welcome guest, and laying his louing hold vpon *Gynecia*: O *Zelmane*, said he, embrace in your fauour this humble seruant of yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leaue his master to come vnto you. In what case poore *Gynecia* was, when she knew the voice, and felt the body of her husband, faire ladies, it is better to know by imagination then experience. For streight was her minde assaulted, partly with the being depriued of her vnquenched desire, but principally with the doubt that *Zelmane* had betrayed her to her husband, besides the renewed sting of ieaousie, what in the meane time might befall her daughter. But of the other side, her loue with a fixed perswasion she had, taught her to seeke all reason of hopes. And therein thought best before discovering of her selfe, to marke the behaviour of her husband; who, both in deedes and wordes still vsing her, as taking her to be *Zelmane*, made *Gynecia* hope that this might be *Basilus* owne enterprise, which *Zelmane* had not stayed, least she should discover the matter which might bee performed at another time. Which hope accompanied with *Basilus* maner of dealing, (he being at that time fuller of liuelier fancies, the many yeares before they had been) besides the remembrance of her daughters sicknesse, and late strange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmane*, all comming together into her minde, which was loath to condemne it selfe of an vtter ouerthrow, made her frame her selfe not truly with a surged ioy, but with a determinate patience to let her husband thinke hee had found a verie gentle and supple-minded *Zelmane*, which he good man making full reckoning of, did melt in as much gladnesse as shee was oppressed with diuers vngratefull burthens.

But *Pyrocles* who had at this present no more to play the part of *Zelmane*, hauing so naturally measured the maner of his breathing, that *Basilus* made no doubt of his sound sleeping, and laine a prettie while with a quiet vnquietnesse to performe his entended enterprise, as soone as by the debate betwixt *Basilus* shinnes and the vnregarding formes, he perceiued that he had fully left the Lodge: after him went he with stealing steps, hauing his sworde vnder his arme (still doubting lest some mischaunce might turne *Basilus* backe againe) downe to the gate of the Lodge. Which not content to locke fast, he barred and fortified with as many deuises, as his witte and haste would suffer him, that so hee might haue full time both for making readie *Philoclea*, and conueying her to her horse, before any might come in to finde them missing. For further ends of those endes, and what might ensue of this action, his loue and courage well matched neuer looked after, holding for an assured ground, that whosoever in great things will thinke to preuent all obiections, must lye still, and doe nothing. This determination thus wayed, the first part was thus performed, vp to *Philoclea*s chamber dore went *Pyrocles*, rapt from himselfe with the excessiue fore-feeling of his (as he assured himselfe) neere comming contentment. What euer paines he had taken, what daungers hee had runne into, and especially those sawcie pages of loue, doubts, griefes languishing hopes, and threatning despair, came all now to his mind, in one ranke to beautifie his expected blisfulnesse, and to serue for a most fit sawce, whose sournesse might



might giue a kinde of life to the delightfull cheare his imagination fed vpon. All the great estate of his father, all his owne glorie, seemed vnto him but a trifling pompe, whose good stands in other mens conceit, in cōparison of the true comfort he found in the depth of his mind, and the knowledge of any misery that might ensue this ioyous aduenture, was recked of but as a light purchase of possessing the top of happinesse: for so farre were his thoughts past through al perils, that alreadie hee conceiued himselfe safely arriued with his Lady at the statly pallace of Pella, among the exceeding ioyes of his father, & infinite congratulations of his friends, giuing order for the royall entertayning of *Philoclea*, and for sumptuous shewes and triumphes against their marriage. In the thought whereof as he found extremitie of ioy, so well found he that extremitie is not without a certaine ioyfull paine, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by so forcible a holding all the senses to one object, that it confounds their mutuall working, not without a charming kind of rauishing them, from the free vse of their owne function. Thus grieved onely with too much gladnesse being come to the doore, which should be the entrie to his happinesse, hee was met with the latter end of a song, which *Philoclea* like a solitarie Nightingale, bewailing her guiltlesse punishment, and helpless misfortune, had newly deliuered ouer, meaning none should be iudge of her passion, but her owne conscience. The song hauing beene accorded to a sweetely playd on Lute, contained these verses, which she had lately with some art curiously written, to enwrap her secret and resolute woes.

**V**ertue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,  
My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:

First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,  
His workes, shewes, suites, with wit, grace, and vow's might.

Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe.  
Held, pearst, posselt, my iudgement, sence, and will,

Till wrong, contempt, deceit, did growe, scale, creepe,  
Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

Then grieffe, unkindnesse, prose, sooke, kindled, taught,  
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain,

But, ah, alas! (In vaine) my mind, sight, thought,  
Doth him, his face, his words, leane, shunne, refraine,

For no thing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,  
Mine owne, embraced, fought, knot, fire, disease.

The force of loue to those poore folke that feele it, is many wayes very strange, but no way stranger, then that it doth so enchain the louers iudgement vpon her that holds the raines of his mind, that whatsoeuer she doth, is euer in his eyes best,

And

And that best, being by the continuall motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing againe becommeth best. So that nature in each kinde suffering but one superlatiue, the lower only admits no positiue. If she sit still, that is best, for so is the conspiracie of her seuerall graces held best together to make one perfect figure of beautie. If she walke, no doubt that is best, for besides the making happy the more places by her steps, the very stirring adds a pleasing life to her native perfections. If she be silent, that without cōparison is best, since by that meanes the vntroubled eye, most freely may deuoure the sweetnesse of his obiect. But if she speake, hee will take it vpon his death that is best, the quintessence of each word, being distilled downe into his affected soule: Example of this was well to be seene in the giuen-ouer *Pyrocles*, who with panting breath, and sometime sighes, not such as sorrow restraining the inward parts doth make them glad to deliuer, but such as the impatience of delay, with the vnasurety of neuer so sure hope, is wont to breath out now being at the doore, of the one side, hearing her voice, which he thought if the Philosophers said true of the heavenly seuen sphered harmony, was by her not only represented, but farre surmounted, and of the other hauing his eyes ouerfilled with her beautie (for the King at his parting had left the chamber open, and she at that time lay, as the heate of that Country did well suffer, vpon the top of her bed, hauing her beauties eclipsed with nothing but with a faire smocke, wrought all in flames of ash-colour silke and gold, lying so vpon her right side, that the left thigh downe to the foot, yeelded his delightfull proportion to the full view, which was seene by the helpe of a rich Lamp, which thorow the curtaines a little drawne cast forth a light vpon her, as the Moone doth when it shines into a thinne wood;) *Pyrocles* I say was stopped with the violence of so many darts, cast by *Cupid* altogether vpon him, that quite forgetting himselfe, and thinking therein alreadie hee was in the best degree of felicitie, he would haue lost much of his time, and with too much loue omitted the enterprise vndertaken for his loue, had not *Philoclea* pitifull accusing of him forced him to bring his spirits againe, to a new bias, for she laying her hand vnder her faire cheeke, vpon which there did priuily tickle the sweet drops of her delightfull though sorrowfull teares, made these words waite vpon her moane-full song. And hath that cruell *Pyrocles*, said shee, deserued thus much of me, that I should for his sake lift vp my voice in my best tunes, and to him continually, with powring out my plaint, make a disdained oblation? Shall my soule still doe this honour to his vnmercifull tyrannie, by my lamenting his losse, to shew his worthinesse and my weaknesse? He heares thee not simple *Philoclea*, hee heares thee not; and if hee did, some hearts grow the harder, the more they finde their aduantage, Alas what a miserable constitution of minde haue I! I disdaine my fortune, and yet reuerence him that disdaines me. I accuse his vngratefulnesse, and haue his vertue in admiration. O yee deafe heauens, I would either his iniurie could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his iniurie. With that giuing a pitifull but sweet shrille, she tooke againe the Lute, & began to sing this Sonnet, which might serue as an explaining to the other:

*The loue which is imprinted in my soule  
With beauties seale, and vertue faire disguis'd,  
With inward cries puts up a bitter role  
Of huge complaints, that now it is despis'd.*

*Thus*

*Thus thus the more I lone, the wrong the more  
Monstrous appears, long truth receined late,  
Wrong stirres remorsefull grieffe, grieffe deadly fore  
Vnkindnesse breeds, vnkindnesse soffreth hate.*

*But ah the more I hate, the more I thinke  
Whom I doe hate, the more I thinke on him,  
The more his matchlesse gifts doo deeply sinke  
In to my brest, and lones renewed swimme,  
VVhat medicine then, can such disease remoue;  
VVhere lone drawes hate, and hate engendreth loue?*

But *Pyrocles* that had heard his name accused, & condemned by the mouth, which of all the world, and more then all the world, he most loued: had then cause enough to call his minde to his home, and with the most haste he could (for true loue feares the accident of an instant) to match the excusing of his fault, with declaration of his arrand thither. And therefore blowne vp and downe with as many contrary passions, as *Aeolus* sent out windes vpon the Troian reliques, guided vpon the sea by the valiant *Aeneas*; hee went into her chamber with such a pace as reuerent feare doth teach, where kneeling downe, & hauing prepared a long discourse for her, his eyes were so filled with her sight, that as if they would haue robbed all their fellowes of their seruices, both his hart fainted, and his tongue fayled in such sort, that he could not bring forth one word, but referred her vnderstanding to his eyes language. But she in extremitie amazed to see him there, at so vndue a season, & ashamed that her beautifull body made so naked a prospect, drawing in her delicate limmes into the weake guard of the bed, & presenting in her face to him such a kinde of pittifull anger, as might shew, this was only a fault, therefore because she had a former grudge vnto him, turning away her face frō him, she thus said vnto him: O *Zelma* or *Pyrocles* (for whether name I vse it much skills not, since by the one I was first deceived, & by the other now betrayed) what strange motion is the guide of thy cruel minde hither? Dost thou not thinke the day torments thou hast giuen me sufficient; but that thou dost enuie me the nights quiet? Wilt thou giue my sorrowes no truce, but by making me see before mine eyes how much I haue lost, offer me due cause of confirming my plaint? Or is thy hart so full of rancour, that thou dost desire to feed thine eyes with the wretched spectacle of thine ouerthrowne enemy, & so to satisfie the full measure of thy vnderferued rage, with the receiuing into thy sight the vn-releueable ruines of my desolate life? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles* for thine own vertues sake, let miseries be no musique vnto thee, & be content to take to thy selfe some colour of excuse, that thou didst not know to what extremitie thy inconstancie, or rather falshood hath brought me. *Pyrocles* to whom euery syllable she pronounced, was a thunderbolt to his hart, equally distraught betwixt amazement & sorrow, abashed to see such a stop of his desires, griued with her paine, but tormented to find himselfe the Author of it: with quaking lips, & pale cheere, alas diuine Lady (said he) your displeasure is so contrary to my desert, & your words so farre beyond all expectations, that I haue least ability now I haue most need, to speak in the cause vpon which my life dependeth. For my troth is so vndoubtedly constant vnto you, my heart is so assured a witness to it selfe, of his vnspotted faith, that hauing no one thing in me, whereout any such sacriledge might arise, I haue likewise nothing in so direct a

thing



thing to say for my selfe, but sincere and vehement protestations, for in truth, there may most words be spent, were there is some probabilitie, to breed of both sides coniecturall allegations. But so perfect a thing as my loue is of you, as it suffers no questiō, so it seemes to receiue iniury by addition of any words vnto it. If my soule could haue bin polluted with treachery, it would likewise haue provided for it selfe due furniture of colourable answers, but as it should vpon the naked conscience of his vntouched duty, so I must cōfesse, it is altogether vnarmed against so vniust a violence as you lay vpon me: alas! let not the paines I haue taken to serue you be now accounted iniurious vnto you, let not the dangerous cunning I haue vsed to please you, be deemed a treason against you, since I haue deceiued them (whom you feare) for your sake, do not you destroy me for their sake; what can I without you further do? Or to what more forwardnesse can any counsell bring our desired happinesse? I haue provided whatsoeuer is needfull for our going, I haue rid them both out of the lodge, so that there is none here to bee hinderers or knowers of our departure, but onely the almightie powers, whom I inuoke as tryers of mine innocency, and witnes of my well meaning. And if euer my thoughts did receiue so much as a fainting in their affections: if they haue not continually with more and more ardour, frō time to time pursued the possession of your sweetest fauour; if euer in that possession they receiued either spot, or falshood: then let their most horrible plagues fall vpon me, let mine eyes be deprived of the light which did abase the heavenly beames that strake the, let my falsified tongue serue to no vse but to bemone mine own wretchednes, let my heart impoysoned with detestable treason, be the seate of infernall sorrow, let my soule with the endlesse anguish of his conscience become his owne tormentor. O false mankind cried out the sweet *Philoclea*. How can an impostumed hart but yeeld forth euill matter by his mouth? Are oathes there to bee beleueed, where vowes are broke? No no, who doth wound the eternall iustice of the Gods, cares little for abusing their names: & who in doing wickedly doth not feare due recōpēcing plagues doth little feare that inuoking of plagues, will make them come euer awhit the sooner. But alas what aileth this new conuersatiō, haue you yet an other sleight to play, or do you thinke to deceiue me in *Pyrocles* forme as you haue done in *Zeliman*: Or rather now you haue betrayed me in both, is some third sex left you, into which you can transforme your selfe to inueigle my simplicitie? Enioy, enioy the conquest you haue already won: and assure your selfe you are come to the farthest point of your cunning. For my pater vnkind *Pyrocles*, my only defence shall be beleefe of nothing, my comfort my faithfull innocency, & the punishment I desire of you shall be your own conscience. *Philoclea* hard preleuering in this vniust condēnation of him, did so ouerthrowe all the might of *Pyrocles* mind (who saw that time would not serue, to proue by deeds, and that the better words he vsed, the more they were suspected of deceitefull cunning: ) That voyde of all counsell, and deprived of all comfort, finding best deserts punished, and nearest hopes preuented, hee did abandon the succour of himselfe, and suffered griefe so to close his heart, that his breath sayling him with a deathfull shutting of his eyes, hee fell downe at her bedside, hauing had time to say no more, but oh whome dost thou kill *Philoclea*? She that litle looked for such an extreame euent of her doings, start out of her bed, like *Venus* rising from her mother the sea, not so much stricken downe with amazement, and griefe of her fault, as lifted vp with the force of loue and desire to helpe, shee laid her faire body ouer his breast, & throwing no other water in his face, but the streame of her teares, nor giuing him other blowes but the kissing of her welformed mouth, her onely

cries were these lamentations: O vnfortunate suspition (said shee) the very meane to lose that wee most suspect to loose. O vnkind kindnesse of mine, which returnes an imagined wrong with an effectuall injury. O foole to make quarrell my supplicatiō, or to vse here as the mediator of loue, childish *Philoela*, hast thou thrown away the Iewell wherein all thy pride consisted? Hast thou with too much hast ouerrun thy selfe? Then would shee renew her kisses: And yet not finding the life returne, redouble her plaints in this manner: O diuine soule, said she, whose vertue can possesse no lesse then the highest place in heauen, if for mine eternall plague, thou hast vtterly left this most sweete mansion, before I follow thee with *Thisbes* punishment for my rash vnwatinesse, heare this protestation of mine: That as the wrong I haue done thee proceeded of a most sincere, but vnresistable affection: so led with this pitifull example, it shall end in the mortall hate of my selfe, and (if it may be) I will make my soule a tombe of thy memorie. At that word with anguish of mind and weaknesse of body encreased one by the other, and both augmented by this fearefull accident, she had faine downe in a foud, but that *Pyrocles*, then first seuering his eye liddes, and quickly apprehending her danger, to him more then death, beyond all powers strining to recouer the commandement of all his powers, staid her from falling: and then lifting the sweet burthen, of her body in his armes, laide her againe in her bed. So that she, burthen the Physitian, was now become the patient: and he, to whom her weaknes had been seruiceable, was now enforced to do seruice to her weaknesse, which performed by him with that hartie care, with the most carefull loue on the best loued subiect in greatest extremitie could employ, preuailed so farre, that ere long she was able (though in strength exceedingly dejected) to call home her wandering senses, to yeeld attention to that her beloued *Pyrocles* had to deliuer. But he lying downe on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with so kind an accusing her of vnkindnesse, as in accusing her he condemned himself, began frō point to point to discouer vnto her all that had passed betweene his loathed louers & him. How he had entertained, & by entertaining deceiued, both *Basilus* & *Gynecia*: and that with such a kind of deceipt, as either might see the cause in the other, but neither espy the effect in themselves. That all his fauors to them had rended onely to make them strangers to this his action: and all his strangenesse to her to the final obtaining of her long promised, and now to be performed fauour. Which deuile seeing it had so well succeeded to the removing of all other hinderances, that only her resolution remained for the taking their happie iourney, he coniured her by all the loue she had euer born him, she would make no longer delay to partake with him whatsoeuer honours the noble kingdome of *Macedon*, and all other *Euarchus* dominions might yeeld him, specially since in this enterprise he had now waded so far, as he could not possible retire himselfe backe, without being ouerwhelmed with danger and dishonor. He needed not haue vsed further perswasion: for that only coniuration had so forcibly bound al her spirits, that could her body haue seconded her mind, or her mind haue strengthened her body, without respect of any worldly thing, but onely feare to be a gaine vnkind to *Pyrocles*, she had condescended to go with him. But raising her selfe a little in her bed, & finding her own vnabilitie in any sort to endure the aire: My *Pyrocles* said she (with tearefull eyes and a pittifull countenance, such as well witnessed she had no will to deny any thing she had power to performe, if you can conuey me hence in such plight as you see me, I am most willing to make my extreamest danger a testimony that I esteeme no danger in regard of your vertuous satisfaction. But she fainted so fast, that she was not able to vtter the rest of her conceiued

also turned *Pyrocles* thoughts from expecting further answer, to the necessary care of reuiuing her, in whose fainting himself was more then ouerthrown. And that hauing effected with all the sweete meanes his wits could deuise, though his highest hopes were by this vnexpected downfall sunke deeper then any degree of dispaire: yet lest the appearance of his inward griefe might occasion her further discomfort, hauing racked his face to a more comfortable semblance, he sought some shew of reason, to shew she had no reason, either for him, or for her selfe so to be afflicted. Which in the sweete minded *Philoclea*, whose consideration was limited by his words, & whose conceit pierced no deeper then his outward countenance, wrought within awhile such quietnesse of mind, & that quietnesse againe such repose of bodie, that sleep by his harbingers weaknesse, wearinesse, & watchfulnesse, had quickly taken vp his lodging in all her senses. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leasure to sit in iudgment on himselfe, and to heare his reason accuse his rashnesse, who, without forecast of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpose, or being made acquainted with her present estate, had false headlong into that attempt, the successe whereof hee had long since set downe to himselfe as the measure of all his other fortunes. But calling to minde how weakely they doo that rather finde fault with what cannot be amended, then seeke to amend wherein they haue beene faultie: hee soone turned him from remembring what might haue been done, to considering what was now to be done, & when that consideration failed what was now to be expected. Wherein hauing runne ouer all the thoughts, his reason called to the strictest accounts, could bring before him, at length he lighted on this: That as long as *Gynecia* bewraied not the matter (which he thought shee would not do, as well for her owne honour and safety, as for the hope she might still haue of him, which is loth to die in a Louers heart) all the rest might turne to a pretty merriment, and enflame his louer *Basilus*, againe to cast about for the missed fauor. And as naturally the heart stuffed vp with wofulnesse, is glad greedily to sucke the thinnest aire of comfort: so did hee at first, embrace this conceite as offering great hope, if not assurance of well doing, till looking more nearely into it, and not able to aunswer the doubts and difficulties he saw therein more and more arising, the night being also far spent, his thoughts euen wearie of his owne burthens, fell to a straying kind of vncertainty: and his mind standing onely vpon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to giue a sleeping respite to his vitall spirits, which hee, according to the quality of sorrow, receiued with greater greedinesse then euer in his life before: according to the nature of sorrow, I say, which is past cares remedie. For care stirring the braines, and making thin the spirits, breaketh rest: but those griefes wherein one is determind there is no preuenting, do breed a dull heauinesse which easily clothes it selfe in sleepe. So as laide downe so neare the beautie of the world *Philoclea*, that their necks were subiect each to others chaste embracements, it seemed loue had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death how gladly, if death came, their soules would goe together.

### The third Eclogues.

**T***Hyrsis* not with many painted words nor falsified promises, had won the consent of his beloued *Kala*, but with a true and simple making her know he loued her not, forcing himselfe beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giuing her such pretie presents, as neither could wearie him with the giuing, nor shame her



for the taking. Thus the first Strawberies he could find, were euer in a cleane washt dish sent to *Kala*, thus poesies of the spring flowers were wrapt vp in a little Greene silk, and dedicated to *Kalas* breasts, thus somtimes his sweetest Creame, somtimes the best Cakebread his mother made, were reserued for *Kalas* taste. Neither would hee stick to kill a lamb when she would be content to come ouer the way vnto him. But then lo, how the house was swept and rather no fire then any smoke left to trouble her. Then loue songs were not dainty, when she would heare them, and as much mannerly silence when she would not: in going to Church great worship to *Kala*. So that all the parish said, neuer a maide they knew so well wayted on: and when dauncing was about the Maypole, no body taken out but she, and he after a leape or two to shewe her his owne actiuitie, would frame all the rest of his dauncing, onely to grace her. As for her fathers sheepe, he had no lesse care of them then his owne: so that she might play her as she would, warranted with honest *Thyrsis* carefulnesse. But if he spied *Kala* fauoured any one of the flock more then his fellowes, then that was cherished: shearing him so (when shorne he must be) as might most become him: but while the wooll was on, wrapping within it some verses, wherein *Thyrsis* had a special gift, & making the innocent beast his vnweeting messenger. Thus constantly continuing, though he were none of the fairest, at length he wanne *Kalas* heart, the honestest wench in all those quarters. And so with consent of both parents (without which neither *Thyrsis* would ask, nor *Kala* grant) their marrying day was appointed, which because it fell out in this time, I thinke it shall not be impertinent, to remember a little our shepheards, while the other great persons, are either sleeping or otherwise troubled. *Thyrsis* mariage time once knowne, there needed no inuiting of the neighbours in that valley, for so well was *Thyrsis* beloued, that they were all ready to doe him credit, neither yet came they like Harpies to deuoure him: but one brought a fat Pigge, the other a tender Kid, the third a great Goose: as for cheese, milke, & butter, were the gossips presents. Thither came of strange shepheards only the melancholy *Philisides*, for the vertuous *Coridon* had long since left off all ioyfull solemnities. And as for *Strophon* and *Klauius*, they had lost their Mistresse, which put them into such extreme sorrowes as they could scarcely abide the light of the day, much lesse the eyes of men. But of the *Arcadian* borne shepheards, thither came good old *Geron*, young *Histor*, though vnwilling, and vpriht *Dicus*, merie *Pas* and iolly *Nico*. As for *Dametas* they durst not presume (his pride was such) to inuite him: and *Dorus* they found might not be spared. And there-vnder a bower was made of bowes (for *Thyrsis* house was not able to receiue them) euery one placed according to his age. The women (for such was the maner of the Countrey) kept together to make good cheare among themselues, from which otherwise a certaine painful modestie restraines them, and there might the sadder matrons giue good counsell to *Kala*: who poore soule wept for feare of that she desired. But among the shepheards was all honest liberty, no feare of dangerous tel-tales, who hunt greater prayes, nor indeede mindes in them to giue tel-tales any occasion; but one questioning with another of the manuring his ground, & gouerning his flock, the highest point they reached to, was, to talke of the holinesse of mariage, to which purpose as soone as their sober dinner was ended, *Dicus* in steede of thanks, sang this song with a cleare voice and cheerefull countenance.

**L** *Et mother earth now deck her selfe in flowers,  
To see her off-spring seeke a good increase.*

*Where*

Where inſteſt lone doth vanquiſh Cupids powers,  
And war of thoughts is ſwallow'd up in peace,  
Which neuer may decreaſe,  
But like the Turtle ſaire,  
Lie one in two, a wel united paire,  
Which that no chance may ſtaine,  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

O heau'n awake, ſhew forth thy ſtately face,  
Let not theſe ſlumbering clouds thy beauties hide,  
But with thy cheereful preſence helpe to grace  
The honeſt Bridegroome, and the baſtful Bride,  
Whoſe loues may euer bide,  
Like to the Elme and Vine,  
With mutual embracements them to twine:  
In which delightful paine,  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

Yee Muſes all which chaſt affects allow,  
And haue to Thyriſis ſhewd your ſecret ſkil,  
To this chaſte loue your ſacred fauours bow,  
And ſo to him and her your gifts diſtil,  
That they all vice may kil:  
And like to Lillies pure,  
May pleaſe all eyes, and ſpotleſſe may endure.  
Where that all bliſſe may raigne,  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

Yee Nymphes which in the waters empire haue,  
Since Thyriſis muſike oft doth yeeld your praiſe,  
Graunt to the thing which we for Thyriſis craue.  
Let one time (but long firſt) cloſe up their daies,  
One graue their bodies ſeaze:  
And like two riuers ſweet,  
When they though diuers do together meet:  
One ſtreame both ſtreames containe,  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

Pan, father Pan, the God of ſilly ſheepe,  
Whoſe care is cauſe that they in number grow,  
Haue much more care of them that them do keepe,  
Since from theſe good the others good doth flow,  
And make their iſſue ſhow  
In number like the heard  
Of younglings, which thy ſelfe with lone haſt reard.  
Or like the drops of raine.  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.

*Vertue (if not a God) yet Gods chiefe part;  
Be thou the knot of this their open vow,  
That stil he be her head, she be his hart,  
He leane to her, she vnto him do bow:*

*Each other stil allow:  
Like Oke and Mistletoe.  
Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow.  
In which most louely traine,  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*But thou foule Cupid fire to lawlesse lust,  
Be thou farre hence with thy empoison'd dart,  
Which though of glittering gold, shal heere take rust,  
Where simple loue, which chaſtueſſe doth impart,  
Auoides thy hurtful Art.*

*Not needing charming skil,  
Such mindes with sweet affections for to fil,  
Which being pure and plaine,  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbed lookes,  
All priuateneſſe, ſeſſe ſeeking, inward ſpiht,  
All waywardneſſe, which nothing kindly brookes.  
All ſtriſe for toyes, and clayming maſters right.*

*Be hence aye put to flight,  
All ſtirring husbands hate  
Gainſt neighbours good for womanish debate  
Be fled as things moſt vaine,  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*All peacock pride, and fruits of peacocks pride,  
Longing to be with leſſe of ſubſtance gay,  
With retchleſſe what may thy houſe betide,  
So that you may on higher ſlippers ſtay,*

*For euer hence away:  
Yet let not ſlutterie,  
The ſinke of filth, be counted houſwiferie:  
But keeping wholeſome meane,  
O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*But aboue all, away vile iealouſie,  
The euil of euils iuſt cauſe to be vniuſt,  
(How can he loue ſuſpecting treacherie?  
How can ſhe loue where loue cannot win truſt?)*

*Goe Snake hide thee in duſt,  
Ne dare once ſhew thy face,  
Where open harts do hold ſo conſtant place,  
That they thy ſting reſtaine,*



*O Himen long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

*The earth is deckt with flowers, the heau'ns displaid,  
Muses grant gifts, Nymphes long and ioyned life,  
Pan store of babes, vertue their thoughts welstaid,  
Cupids lust gone, and gone is bitter strife,*

*Happy man, happy wife.*

*No pride shal them oppresse,*

*Nor yet shal yeeld to lothsome sluttishnesse,*

*And ieaousie is slaine:*

*For Himen wil their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Truly *Dicus*, said *Nico*, although thou didst not graunt me the prize the last day, when vndoubtedly I wan it, yet must I needes say, thou for thy part hast sung well and thriftily. *Pas* straight desired all the companie they would beare witnesse, that *Nico* had once in his life spoken wisely; for, sayd hee, I will tell it his Father, who will be a glad man when he heares such newes. Very true, sayd *Nico*, but indeede so would not thine in like case, for hee would looke thou shouldest liue but one houre longer, that a discreete word wandred out of thy mouth. And I pray thee (sayd *Pas*) gentle *Nico*, tell me what mischaunce it was that brought thee to taste so fine a meate? Marry Goodman blockhead sayd *Nico*, because hee speakes against ieaousie, the filthie traitor to true affection, and yet disguising it selfe in the rayment of loue. Sentences, Sentences, cried *Pas*. Alas how ripe witted these young folkes be now adayes! But well counselled shall that husband be, when this man comes to exhort him not to bee ieaalous. And so shall hee, answered *Nico*, for I haue seene a fresh example, though it bee not verie fit to bee knowne. Come, come, saide *Pas* hee not so squeamish, I knowe thou longest more to tell it, then wee to heare it. But for all his wordes *Nico* would not bestowe his voice till hee was generally entreated of all the rest. And then with a merrie marriage looke hee sang this following discourse, for with a better grace hee could sing then tell:

**A** Neighbour mine not long agoe there was,  
(But namelesse he, for blamelesse he shal be)  
That married had a trick and bonny lasse  
As in a Sommer day a man might see:  
But he himselfe a foule vnhandsome groome,  
And farre unfit to hold so good a roome.

Now whether mou'd with selfe vnworthinesse,  
Or with her beantie fit to make a pray,  
Fell ieaousie did so his braine oppresse,  
That if he absent were but halfe a day,  
He gest the worst (you wot what is the worst)  
And in himselfe new doubting causes nurst.

While thus he fear'd the silly innocent,  
Who yet was good, because she knew none ill,

Vnto his house a iolly shepheard went,  
 To whom our Prince did beare a great good wil,  
 Because in wrestling and in pastoral  
 He farre did passe the rest of shepherds al.

And therefore he a Courtier was benamed,  
 And as a Courtier was with cheere receiued,  
 (For they haue tongues to make a poore man blamed,  
 If he to them his duty misconceiued)  
 And for this Courtier should wel like his table,  
 The good man had his wife be seruiceable.

And so she was, and all with good intent,  
 But few dayes past while she good manner vsde,  
 But that her husband thought her seruice bent  
 To such an end as he might be abusde.  
 Yet like a coward fearing strangers pride,  
 He made the simple wench his wrath abide.

With chumpish lookes, hard words, and secret nips,  
 Grumbling at her when she his kindnesse sought,  
 Asking her how she tasted Courtiers lips,  
 He for it her think that which she neuer thought.  
 In fine he made her gesse, there was some sweet,  
 In that which he so fear'd that she should meet.

When once this entred was, in womans hart,  
 And that it had enflam'd a new desire,  
 There rested then, to play a womans part,  
 Fewel to seeke and not to quench the fire:  
 But (for his iealous eye she wel did finde)  
 She studied cunning how the same to blinde.

And thus she did. One day to him she came;  
 And (though against his wil) on him she leand,  
 And out gan cry, ah wel away for shame,  
 If you helpe not our wedlock wil be staine,  
 The good man starting, askt what did her moue?  
 She sigh'd and said, the bad guest sought her loue.

He little looking that she should complaine  
 Of that, whereto he fear'd she was enclinde,  
 Busing her oft, and in her hart fulsaine,  
 He did demand what remedy to finde;  
 How they might get that guest, from them to wend,  
 And yet the Prince (that lou'd him) not offend.

Husband, quoth she, goe to him by and by,

And

And tel him you do find I do him loue:  
 And therefore pray him that of curtesie  
 He wil absent himselfe, least he should moue  
 A young girles heart, to that were shame for both,  
 Whereto you know, his honest heart were loath.

Thus shal you shew that him you do not doubt,  
 And as for me (sweet husband) I must beare.  
 Glad was the man when he had heard her out,  
 And did the same, although with mickle feare.  
 For feare he did, least he the young man might  
 In choller put, with whom he would not fight.

The Courtly Shepheard much agast at this,  
 Not seeing earst such token in the wife,  
 Though full of scorne, would not his duty misse,  
 Knowing that euil becomes a household strife,  
 Did goe his way, but sojourn'd neare thereby,  
 That yet the ground hereof he might espie.

The wife thus hauing settled husbands braine.  
 Who would haue sworne his spouse Diana was,  
 Watched when she a further point might gaine,  
 Which little time did fitly bring to passe.  
 For to the Court her man was call'd by name.  
 Whither he needs must goe for feare of blame.

Three dayes before that he must sure depart,  
 She written had (but in a hand disguise)  
 A letter such, which might from either part  
 Seeme to proceede, so wel it was deuise.  
 She seal'd it first, then she the sealing brake,  
 And to her iealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weepe)  
 She tolde him that the Courtier had it sent:  
 Alas (quoth she) thus womens shame doth creepe.  
 The good man read on both sides the content,  
 It title had, Vnto my onely Loue:  
 Subscription was, Yours most, if you will proue.

The pistle selfe such kind of words it had,  
 My sweet iay, the comfort of my sprite,  
 So may thy flocks increase thy deare heart glad,  
 So may each thing, euen as thou wishest light,  
 As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed  
 This mourning Inke, in which my heart doth bleed.



*Long haue I lou'd (alas thou worthy art)  
 Long haue I lou'd, (alas loue craueth loue)  
 Long haue I lou'd thy selfe, alas my heart  
 Doth breake, now tongue vnto thy name doth moue,  
 And thinke not that thy answer answer is,  
 But that it is my doome of bale or blisse.*

*The iealous wretch must now to Court be gone:  
 No can he faile, for Prince hath for him sent:  
 Now is the time we may be here alone,  
 And giue a long desire a sweet content.  
 Thus shal you both reward a Louer true,  
 And eke reuenge his wrong suspecting you.*

*And this was all, and this the husband read  
 With chafe enough, til she him pacified:  
 Desiring, that no grieffe in him be bred,  
 Now that he had her words so truly tried:  
 But that he would, to him the letter show,  
 That with his fault he might her goodnesse know.*

*That straight was done with many a boystrous threat,  
 That to the King he would his sinne declare,  
 But now the Countier gan to smel the feat,  
 And with some words which shewed little care,  
 He staid vntil the goodman was departed.  
 Then gaue he him the blow which neuer smarted.*

*Thus may you see, the iealous wretch was made  
 The Pandar of the thing he most did feare,  
 Take heede therefore, how you ensue that trade,  
 Least the same markes of iealousie you beare.  
 For sure, no iealousie can that preuent,  
 VVhereto two parties once be ful content.*

Behold, said Pas, a whole dicker of wit: he hath pickt out such a tale with intention to keepe a husband from iealousie, which were enough to make a sanctified husband iealous, to see subtilties so much in the feminine gender. But, said hee, I will strike Nico dead, with the wise words shall flow out of my gorge. And without further entreatie thus sang:

**W***Ho doth desire that chaste his wife should be,  
 First be he true, for truth doth truth deserue:  
 Then such be he, as she his worth may see,  
 And one man stili credit with her preferue.*

*Not toying kinde, nor causelesly unkinde,  
 Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right;*

*Not*

Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blind,  
Newer hard hand, nor euer vaines too light.

As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence,  
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)  
Allow good company, but keepe from thence  
Al filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.  
This done, thou hast no more, but leaue the rest  
To vertue, fortune, time and womans brest.

Well concluded, said *Nico*, whē he hath done all, he leaues the matter to his wiues discretion. Now whensoever thou marriest, let her discretion decke thy head with *Ateons* ornament, *Pas* was so angric with his wish, being indeed towards mariage, that they might perchance haue fallen to buffets but that *Dicus* desired *Philisides* (who as a stranger fate among them, reuoluing in his mind all the tempests of euill fortunes he had passed) that he would do so much grace to the companie, as to sing one of his country songs. *Philisides* knowing it no good manners to be squeamish of his comming, hauing put himse fin their company, without further study began to vtter that, wherewith his thoughts were then (as alwaies) most busied: and to shew what a stranger he was to himse, spake of himse as of a third person, in this sort,

**T**he Lad *Philisides*  
Lay by a riuers side,  
In flowrie field a gladder eye to please:  
His pipe was at his foot,  
His Lambes were him besides,  
A widow turtle neare on bared root  
Sate wayling without boot.  
Each thing both sweet and sad  
Did draw his boyling braine  
To thinke, and thinke with paine  
Of Miras beames eclipsd by absence bad.  
And thus, with eyes made dim  
With teares, he said, or sorow said for him:  
O earth, once answer giue,  
So may thy stately grace  
By North, or South stil rich adorned liue,  
So Mira long may be  
On thy then blessed face,  
Whose foot doth set a heau'n on cursed thee,  
I aske, now answer me.  
If th' author of thy blisse  
Phœbus, that shepheard high  
Doe turne from thee his eye,  
Doth not thy selfe, when he long absent is,  
Like rogue, all ragged goe,  
And pine away with daily wasting woe?  
Tel me you wanton brooke,

So may your sliding race  
 Shun loathed-leuing bankes with cunning crooke:  
 So in you euer new  
 Mira may looke her face,  
 And make you faire with shadow of her hue:  
 So when to pay your due  
 To mother sea you come,  
 She chide you not for stay,  
 Nor beat you for your play,  
 Tel me if your diuerted springs become  
 Absented quite from you,  
 Are you not dried? Can you your selues renew?  
 Tel me you flowers faire  
 Cowslow and Columbine,  
 So may your Make this wholsome spring time aire  
 With you embraced lie,  
 And lately thence untwine:  
 But with dew drops engender children hie:  
 So may you neuer die,  
 But pull'd by Miras hand,  
 Dresse bosome hers, or head,  
 Or scatter on her bed.  
 Tel me, if husband spring time leaue your land,  
 VVhen he from you is sent,  
 VVither not you, languisht with discontent?  
 Tel me, my silly pipe,  
 So may thee stil betide  
 A cleanly cloth thy moistnesse for to wipe:  
 So may the cherries red  
 Of Miras lips dewide  
 Their sugred selues, to kisse thy happy heads  
 So may her eares be led,  
 Her eares where Musike liues,  
 To heare, and not despise  
 Thy liri-bliring cries,  
 Tel, if that breath, which thee thy sounding giues,  
 Be absent farre from thee,  
 Absent alone canst thou then piping be?  
 Tel me my lambe of gold,  
 So maist thou long abide  
 The day wel fed, the night in faithfull folde:  
 So grow thy wool of note,  
 In time that richly dy'd  
 It may be part of Miras peticote,  
 Tel me, if wolues the throte  
 Haue caught of thy deare dam,  
 Or she from thee be stayd,  
 Or thou from her be strayd.

Canst



Canst thou poore lambe, become anothers lambe?  
 Or rather til thou die  
 Stil for thy Dam with bea-waymenting crie?  
 Tel me O Turtle true,  
 So may no fortune breed  
 To make thee nor thy better-loued rue:  
 So may thy blessings swarme  
 That Mira may thee feede  
 With hand and mouth; with lap and breast keepe warme,  
 Tel me if greedie arme,  
 Do fondly take away  
 With traitour lime the one,  
 The other left alone:  
 Tel me poore wretch, parted from wretched pray  
 Disdaine not you the greene,  
 Wayling til death shun you not to be scene?  
 Earth, brooke, flow'rs, pipe, lambe, Doue  
 Say all, & I wish them,  
 Absence is death, or worse, to them that loue,  
 So I vn lucky lad  
 Whom hills from her doe hemme,  
 What fits me now but teares, & sighings sad?  
 O fortune too too bad,  
 I rather would my sheepe  
 I had'st killed with a stroke,  
 Burnt Caban lost my cloke,  
 Then want one hower those eyes which my ioyes keepe.  
 Oh! what doth wailing winne?  
 Speech without end were better not beginne.  
 My song climbe thou the wind,  
 Which Holland sweet now gently sendeth in,  
 That on his wings the leauell thou maist find.  
 To hit, but Kissing hit  
 Her ear's the weights of wit.  
 If thou know not for whom thy Maister dies,  
 These markes shal make thee wise:  
 She is the hearde'sse faire that shines in darke,  
 And giues her Kids no food, but willow's barke.  
 This said, at length he ended  
 His oft sigh-broken dittie,  
 Then raise, but raise no legs: which faintnesse bended,  
 With skinne in sorow died,  
 With face the plot of pitie,  
 With thoughts which thoughts their owne tormentors tried.  
 He rase, and streight espied  
 His Ramme, who to recouer  
 The Ewe another loued,  
 With him proud battell proued.

He

*He enuied such a death in sight of lower,  
And alwayes westward cying,  
More enuied Phœbus for his westerne flying.*

The whole companie would gladly haue taken this occasion of requesting *Philisides* in plainer sort to discouer vnto them his estate. Which he willing to preuent (as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funerals then the time of a mariage) began to sing this song he had learned before he had euer subiected his thoughts to acknowledge no Maister, but a Mistresse.

**A**S I my little flock on Ister banke  
(A little flocke; but wel my pipe the counth)  
Did piping leade, the Sunne already sanke  
Beyond our world, and ere I got my booth,  
Each thing with mantle black the night doth scoth;  
Sauing the glow worrne, which would curteous be  
Of that smal light oft watching shepheards see,

The welkin had full niggarly enclosed  
In coffer of dimme clouds his siluer groates,  
Icleped starres; each thing to rest disposed,  
The caues were full, the mountaines void of Goates:  
The birds eyes closd closed their chipping notes.  
As for the Nightingale wood-musikes King,  
It August was, he dauid not then to sing.

Amid my sheepe, though I saw nought to feare,  
Yet (for I nothing saw) I feared sore;  
Then found I which thing is a charge to beare,  
As for my sheepe I dradded mickle more  
Then euer for my selfe since I was bore.  
I sate me downe: for see to goe ne could,  
And sang vnto my sheepe least stray they should.

The song I sang old Lanquet had me taught,  
Lanquet, the shepheard best swift Ister knew,  
For clearkly read, and hating what is naught,  
For faithfull heart, cleane hands, and mouth as true:  
With his sweet skil my skilleffe youth he drew,  
To haue a feeling taste of him that sits  
Beyond the heauen, far more beyond your wits.

He said, the Musike best thilke powers please  
Was iumpe concord betweene our wit and will:  
Where highest notes to godlinesse are raise,  
And lowest sinke not downe to iote of ill:  
With old true tales he wont mine eares to fill,  
How shepheards did of yore, how now they shrine,

*Spoiling*

*Spoiling their flock, or while twixt thē they strue.  
He liked me, but pitied lustful youth:  
His good strong staffe my slippry yeares upbore:  
He stil hop'd wel because he loued truth;  
Til forst to part, with heart and eyes euensore,  
To worthy Coriden he gaue me ore,  
But thus in okes true shade recounted he,  
Which now in nights deep shade sheep heard of me*

*Such maner time there was (what time In ot)  
When al this Earth, this damme or mould of ours  
Was only won'd with such as beasts begot:  
Vnknowne as then were they that builded towers:  
The cattel wild, or tame in natures bowers  
Might freely, some, or rest, as seemed them:  
Man was not man their dwellings into hem.*

*The beasts had sure some beastly policy;  
For nothing can indure where order is:  
For once the Lyon by the lambe did ly.  
The fearefull tinde the Leopard did kisse.  
Hurleesse was Tygers paw and Serpents hisse.  
This thinke I wel, the beast with courage clad,  
Like Senators a harmelesse empire had.*

*At which whether the others did repine,  
(For enue harbresth most in feeblest hearts)  
Or that they al to changing did incline, (parts)  
(As euē in beasts their dammes leaue changing  
The multitude to loue a suite imparts,  
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,  
Roring, and howling for to haue a King.*

*A King, in language theirs they said they would:  
(For then their language was a perfect speech)  
The birds likewise with chirps, and puing could  
Cackling, and chattering, that of loue beseech.  
Onely the owle stil warnd them not to seech  
So hastily that which they would repent:  
But saw they would, and he to deserts went.*

*Ioue wisely said (for wisdom wisely sayes)  
O beasts, take heed what you of me desire,  
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,  
And soe ne forget the swinke due to their hire,  
But since you wil, part of my heau'nly fire  
I wil you lend; the rest your selues must giue,  
That it both seen and felt may with you liue.*



Full glad they weare and took the naked sprite,  
Which straight the Earth ycloath'd in his clay:  
The Lyon, hart; the Ounce gaue active might;  
The Horse, good shape; the Sparow lust to play;  
Nightingale, voice, enticing songs to say.  
Elephant gaue a perfect memory:  
And Parot, ready tongue, that to apply.

The Foxe gaue craft; the Dog gaue flattery;  
Ase, prudence; the Mole, a working thought;  
Eagle, high look; Wolfe secret crueltie: (brought  
Monkey sweet breath; the Cow her faire eyes  
The Ermion, whitest skinne, spotted with nought,  
The sheep, mild-seeming face; climbing, the Beare;  
The Stagge did giue the harme-eschewing feare.

The Hare, her sleighis; the Cat, his melancholy;  
Ant, industry; and Conny, skil to builde;  
Cranes, order; Storkes, to be appearing holy;  
Camaleon, ease to change; Ducke, ease to yeeld;  
Crocodile, teares, which might be falsly spild:  
Ape great thing gaue, though he did mowing  
The instrument of instruments, the hand. (stand

Each other beast likewise his present brings:  
And (but they dread their Prince they ought should  
They all consented were to giue him wings; (want  
And aye more awe towards him for to plant,  
To their owne worke this priuiledge they grant,  
That from thenceforth to all eternity,  
No beast should freely speak, but only he.

Thus Man was made; thus man their Lord became:  
Who at the first, wanting, or hiding pride,  
He did to beasts best vse his cunning frame;  
With water drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide.  
And fellow-like let his dominion slide;  
Not in his sayings saying I, but we:  
As if he meant his Lordship common be.

But when his seate so rooted he had found,  
That they now skild not how from him to wend;  
Then gan in guiltlesse earth ful many a wound,  
Iron to seek, which gainst it selfe should bend,  
To teare the bowels, that good corne should send.  
But yet the common Damme none did bemoene;  
Because (though hurt) they neuer hard her grone.

Then gan the factions in the Beasts to breed;  
 Where helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts,  
 (As Tygers, Leopards, Beares and Lyons seed)  
 Disdaind with this, in deserts sought their restes;  
 Where famine ravine taught their hungry cheests,  
 That craftily he forst them to do ill,  
 Which being done he afterward would kill.

For mutters done, which neuer erst was scene.  
 By those great beasts, as for the weakers good,  
 He chose themselves his guarders for to becn:  
 Gainst those of might, of whom in feare they stood,  
 As horse and dogg, not great, but gentle bloud:  
 Blith were the commons cattel of the field,  
 Tho when they saw their foen of greatnesse kild.

But they or spent, or made of slender might,  
 Then quickly did the meener cattel find,  
 The great beames gone, the house on shouldders light  
 For by and by the horse faire bits did bind:  
 The dog was in a collar taught his kind.  
 As for the gentle birds like ease might rewe  
 VVhen falcon they and gossehauke saw in mew,

VVorst fel to smallest birds, and meaneest heard,  
 VVhose now his owne, ful like his owne he used.  
 Yet first but wool or feathers off he teard:  
 And when they were wel vs'de to be abused,  
 For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he bruised:  
 At length for glutton taste he did them kill:  
 At last for sport their silly liues did spill.

But yet O man, rage not beyond thy need:  
 Deeme it no glory to swel in tyranny.  
 Thou art of blood, ioy not to see things bleed:  
 Thou fearest death; think they are loth to dye.  
 A plant of guiltlesse hurt dosh pierce the skie.  
 And you poore beasts, in patience bide your hell,  
 Or know your strenghts, and then you shal do well.

Thus did I sing and pipe eight sullen houres  
 To sheep, whom lone, not knowledge made to heare  
 Now fancies fits, now fortunes baleful flowers:  
 But then I homewards call'd my lambkins deare:  
 For to my dimmed eyes began t' appeare  
 The night grown old, her black head waxen gray,  
 Sure shepheards signe, that morn should soon fetch  
 (day.

**A**ccording to the nature of diuerſe cares, diuerſe iudgments ſtreight followed: ſome praizing his voice, others his words fit to frame a paſtoral ſtile, others the ſtrangenes of the tale, and ſcanning what he ſhould meane by it. But old *Geron* (who had borne him a grudge euer ſince in one of their Eclogues he had taken him vp ouer-bitterly) tooke hold of this occaſion to make his reuenge, and ſaid, Hee neuer ſaw thing worſe proportioned, then to bring in a tale of hee knewe not what beaſts at ſuch a ſport-meeting, whē rather ſome ſong of loue, or matter for ioyfull melody was to be brought forth. But ſaid he, This is the right conceipt of yong men, who thinke, then they ſpeake wiſelielt, when they cannot vnderſtand themſelues. But little did the melanchollike ſhepherd regard either his diſpraiſes, or the others praiſes, who had ſet the foundation of his honor there, where hee was moſt deſpiſed. And therfore he returning againe to the traine of his deſolate penſiuenes, *Geron* inuited *Hiſtor* to answer him in Eclogue-wiſe; who indeed hauing been long in loue with the faire *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* ouergone; was growne into a deteſtation of mariage. But thus it was.

*Geron.* *Hiſtor.*

*Geron.* **I**n faith, good *Hiſtor*, long is your delay,  
From holy mariage ſweet and ſureſt meane:  
Our fooliſh luſt in honeſt rules to ſtay,  
I pray you do to *Lalus* ſample leane:  
Thou ſeeſt, how friſke, and iolly now he is,  
That laſt day ſeem'd, he could not chew a beame.  
Beleeue me man, there is no greater bliſſe,  
Then is the quiet ioy of louing wiſe;  
Which who ſo wants, halfe of himſelfe doth miſe.  
Friend without change, play-fellow without ſtriſe  
Foode without fulneſſe, counſaile without pride,  
Is this ſweet doubling of our ſingle life.

*Hiſtor.* No doubt to whom ſo good chance did betide,  
As for to find a paſture ſtrawed with gold,  
He were a foole if there he did not bide,  
Who would not haue a Phoenix if he could?  
The humming waſpe, if it had not a ſting,  
Before alſyes the waſpe accept I would.  
But this bad world, few golden fields doth bring,  
Phoenix but one, of Crows we millions haue.  
The waſpe ſeemes gay, but is a combrous thing.  
If many *Kalaes* our *Arcadia* gaue,  
*Lalus* example I would ſoon enſue,  
And thinke, I did my ſelfe from ſorrow ſaue.  
But of ſuch wines we find a ſlender crew;  
Shrewdneſſe ſo ſtirres, pride ſo puffes up the heart,  
They ſeldome ponder what to them is due.  
With meager looks as if they ſtill did ſmart;  
Puling, and wimpring, or elſe ſcolding flat,  
Make home more paine then following of the cars.  
Either dul ſilence: or eternal chat;  
Stil contrarie to what he r husband ſayes;

*Geron.*



If he do praise the dog, she likes the cat.  
 As fere she is, when he would honest playes;  
 And game some then, when he thinks on his sheep;  
 She bids him goe, and yet from iorney staves,  
 She warre doth euer with his kinsfolke keep,  
 And makes them fremb'd, who friends by nature  
 Enuying shallow toys with malice deep, (are,  
 And if for sooth there come some new found ware,  
 The little coyne his sweating browes haue got,  
 Must go for that, if for her lowres he care:  
 Or els; Nay faith, mine is the lucklest lot,  
 That euer fell to honest woman yet,  
 No wife but I hath such a man, God wot,  
 Such is their speech who be of sober wit;  
 But, who do let their tongues shew well their rage,  
 Lord, what by-words they speake, what spite they  
 The house is made a very loathsome cage, (spit:  
 Wherein the bird doth neuer sing but cry,  
 With such a will as nothing can assuage.  
 Dearely the seruants do their wages buy,  
 Reuil'd for each smal fault, sometimes for none:  
 They better liue that in a gaile do ly.  
 Let other fowler spots away be blowne;  
 For I seek not their shame, but stil me thinks,  
 A better life it is to liue alone.

Geton.

Who for ech fickle feare from vertue shrinks;  
 Shall in his life embrace no worthy thing:  
 No mortall man the cuppe of surety drinks.  
 The heau'ns do not good haps in handsful bring;  
 But let vs pike our good from out much bad:  
 That stil our little world may know his King.  
 But certainly so long we may be glad,  
 While that we do what nature doth require;  
 And for th'euent we neuer ought be sad.  
 Man oft is plagu'd with aire, is burnt with fire,  
 In water drown'd, in earth his buriall is;  
 And shal we not therefore their vse desire?  
 Nature aboue al things requireth this,  
 That we our kind do labour to maintaine;  
 Which drawne-out line doth hold al humane blisse  
 Thy father iustly may of thee complaine,  
 If thou do not repay his deeds for thee,  
 In granting unto him a grandfires gaine.  
 Thy common-wealth may rightly griued be,  
 Which must by this immortal be preserued,  
 If thus thou murther thy posterity;  
 His very being he hath not deserued,

Kk 3

Who

Who for a selfe-conceit will that forbear,  
 Whereby that being age must be conserued.  
 And God forbid, women such cattell were,  
 As you paint them: but well in you I finde,  
 No man doth speake aright, who speakes in feare.  
 Who onely sees the ill is worse then blind.  
 These fiftie winters married haue I been;  
 And yet find no such faultes in womankind.  
 I haue a wife worthy to be a Queene,  
 So well she can command, and yet obey;  
 In ruling of a house so well she's scene,  
 And yet in all this time betwixt vs tway,  
 We beare our double yoke with such consent,  
 That neuer past foule word I dare well say,  
 But these be your loue-toyes, which stil are spent  
 In lawlesse games, and loue not as you should,  
 But with much studie learne late to repent.  
 How well last day before our Prince you could  
 Blinde Cupids works with wonders testifie:  
 yet now the root of him abase you would.  
 Goe to, goe to, and Cupid now apply,  
 To that where thou thy Cupid mayst awowe,  
 And thou shalt finde, in women vertues lie.  
 Sweet supple minds which soone to wisdom: bow  
 Where they by wisdomes rule directed are,  
 And are not for st fond thraldome to allow.  
 As we to get are fram'd, so they to spare:  
 We made for paine, our paines they made to cherish:  
 VVe care abroad, and they of home haue care.  
 O Hystor, seeke within thy selfe to flourish:  
 Thy house by thee must liue, or els be gone:  
 And then who shall the name of Hystor nourish?  
 Riches of children passe a Princes throne;  
 Which touch the fathers heart with secret ioy,  
 VVhen without shame he saith, these be mine own.  
 Marrie therefore; for marriage wil destroy  
 Those passions which to youthfull head doe climbe,  
 Mothers and Nurses of all vaine annoy.

He spake these words with such affection, as a curious eye might easily haue perceived he liked *Thyrsis* fortune better then he loued his person. But then indeed did all arise, and went to the women, where spending all the day, and good part of the night in dauncing, carolling and wassalling, lattly, they left *Thyrsis*, where he long desired to be left, and with many vnfained thanks returned euery man to his home. But some of the hauing to crosse the way of the two Lodges, might see a Lady making dolefull lamentations ouer a body which seemed dead vnto them. But methinks *Dametas* cries vnto me, if I come not the sooner to cōfort him, he will leaue of his golden worke, that hath already cost him so much labour and longing.

*The end of the third Booke.*



# The Fourth Booke of the COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

(\*\*)

**T**HE almightie wisdom euermore delighting to shew the world that by vnlikeliest means greatest matters may come to conclusion : that humane reason may be the more humbled, and more willingly giue place to deuine prouidence; as at the first it brought in *Dametas* to play a part in this royal pageant, so hauing continued him still an actor, now that all things were grown ripe for an end, made his folly the instrument of reuealing that, which far greater cunning had sought to conceale. For so it fell out that *Dametas* hauing spent the whole day in breaking vp the cumbersome work of of the Pastor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no paine so much, as that his hungry hopes receiued any stay, hauing with the price of much sweat and wearinesse gotten vp the huge stone, which he thought should haue such a golden liuing, the good man in the great bed that stone had made, found nothing but these two verses, written vpon abroad peece of velume :

*Who hath his hire hath well his labour plst :  
Earth thou didst seek, and store of earth thou hast.*

VVhat an inward discountenance it was to maister *Dametas*, to finde his hope of wealth turned to poore verses, for which he neuer cared much, nothing can describ but either the feeling in ones selfe the state of such a mind *Dametas* had, or at least the bethinking what was *Midas* fancie, when after the great pride he conceived to be made Iudge betweene Gods, he was rewarded with the ornament of an Affes eares. Yet the deep apprehension he had receiued of such riches, could not so suddenly loose the colour that had so throughly died his thicke braine, but that he turned and tossed the poore bowels of the innocent earth, till the comming on of the night, and the tediousnesse of his fruitlesse labour made him content rather to exercise his discontentation at home then there. But forced he was (his horse being otherwise burthened with digging instruments) to returne as he came, most part of the way on foote : with such grudging lamentations as a nobler minde would (but more noble) make for the losse of his mistresse. For so far had hee fed his foolish soule with the expectatiō of that which he reputed felicity, that he no lesse accounted himselfe miserable, then if hee had fallen from such an estate. his fancie had



embraced. So then home againe went *Dametas*, punished in conceit, as in conceit he had erred, till he found himselfe there from a fancied losse false to essential miserie. For entring into his house three houres within night, instead of the lightsome countenance of *Pamela*, which gaue such an inward decking to that Lodge, as proudest pallaces might haue caule to eniue it; and of the gratefull conuersation of *Dorus*, whose wittie behauiour made that lonelinessse to seeme full of good company: instead of the loude scolding of *Miso*, and the busie rumbling vp and downe of *Mopsa*, which though they were so short, as quite contrarie to the others praise-worthinesse, yet were they farre before them in filling of an house: he found nothing but a solitarie darkenesse: which as naturally it breeds a kinde of irkesome gaitfulnessse, so it was to him a most present terrour, remembring the charge hee had left behind, which he well knew imported no lesse then his life vnto him. Therefore lighting a candle, there was no place a Mouſe could haue dwelled in, but that he with quaking diligence sought into. But when he saw he could see nothing of that he most cared for, then became he the right paterne of a wretch deiected with feare: for crying & howling, knocking his head to the wall he began to make pitiful cōplaints where no body could heare him: & (with too much dread he should not recouer her) leaue al cōsideratiō how to recouer her. But at length looking like a shee goat, when she casts her kid, for very sorow he rooke in his own behalf, out of the Lodge he wēt running as hard as he could, hauing now receiued the very forme of hanging into his consideration. Thus running as a man would gladly haue run frō himself, it was his foolish fortune to espie, by the glimmering light the moon did then yeeld him, one standing aloft amōg the boughs of a faire Ash. He that would haue asked cōſel at that time of a dog, cast vp his face, as if his tooth had been dtawing; and with much bending his sight, perceiued it was Mistrresse *Mopsa*, fitly seated there for wit & dignitie. There (I will not say with ioy, for how could he taste of ioy, whose imagination was fallē from a pallace to a gallows?) But yet with some refreshing of comfort, in hope he should learne better tidings: of her he began to crie out; O *Mopsa*, my beloued chicken, here am I thine owne father *Dametas*, neuer in such a towardnesse of hanging, if thou canst not helpe mee. But neuer a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopsa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poore *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conspired against him: and therefore with a silly choller hee began another tune. Thou vile *Mopsa*, said he, now the vengeance of my fatherly curse light ouerthwart thee, if thou do not straight answer me. But neither blessing nor cursing could preuaile. *Mopsa*, who was now great with child vvith the expectation of her May-game hopes, and did long to be deliuered with the third time being named. Which by and by followed. For *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, stamping & whining, seeing neither of these take place, began to throw stones at her, and withall to coniure her by the name of hellish *Mopsa*. But when he had named her the third time, no chime can more sodaynly follow the striking of a clocke, then shee, verily thinking it was the God, that vsed her fathers voyce, throwing her armes abroad, and not considering shee was muffled vpon so high a tree, came fluttring down like a hooded hawke; like enough to haue broken her neck, but that the tree full of boughes tossed her frō one bough to another, and lastly well bruised brought her to receiue an unfriendly salutation of the earth. *Dametas*, as soone as shee vvas dovvne, came running to her, and finding her so close vvrappt, pulled off the scarlet cloake: in good time for her, for vvith the sorenesse of the fall, if she had not had breath giuen her she had deliuered a foolish

foule

soule to *pluto*. But then *Dametas* began a fresh to desire his daughter not to forget the paines he had taken for her in her child hood (which he was sure shee could not remember) and to tell him where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, said *Mopsa*, if ever thou didst beare loue to *Phaetons* mother, let me haue a king to my husband. Alas, what speakest thou of *Phaeton*, said *Dametas*? If by thy circumspect meanes I find not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to morrow. It is no matter though he be hanged, answered *Mopsa*: do but thou make *Dorus* a King, and let him be my husband, good *Apollo*, for my courage doth much pricke me toward him. Ah *Mopsa* cried out *Dametas*, where is thy wit? Dost thou not know thy father? How hast thou forgotten thy selfe? I do not aske wit of thee, mine owne God, (said she) but I see thou wouldest haue me remember my father, and indeede forget my selfe. No, no, a good husband. Thou shalt haue thy fill of husbands (said *Dametas* and doe but answere me my question. O I thanke thee, (said *Mopsa*) with all my heart hartily; but let them bee all kings. *Dametas* seeing no other way preuaile, fell downe on his knees, *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, (said he) do not thus cruelly torment me: I am already wretched enough, alas either helpe me, or tell me thou canst not. Shee that would not be behind *Apollo*, in curtesie, kneeled down on the other side, I will neuer leaue tormenting thee (said *Mopsa*) vntill thou hast satisfied my longing, but I will proclaime thee a promise-breaker, that euer *Iupiter* shall heare it. Now by the fostering thou hast receiued in this place saue my life (said *Dametas*.) Now by the faire Ash (answered *Mopsa*) where thou didst receiue so great a good turne, graunt post hast to my burning fancie. O where is *Pamela*; said *Dametas*? O a lustie husband said *Mopsa*. *Dametas* that now verely assured himselfe, his daughter was mad, began vtterly to despaire of his life, and therefore amazedly catching her in his armes, to see whether he could bring her to her selfe, he might feele the waight of a great cudgell light vpon his shoulders, and for the first greeting he knew his wife *Misos*. voyce, by the calling him ribalde villaine, and asking him whether shee could not serue his turne as well as *Charita*? For *Miso* hauing according to *Dorus* counsell, gone to *Mantineia*, and there harboured her selfe in an old acquaintance house of hers, as soone as ten of the clocke was stricken (where shee had remayned closelly all that while, I thinke with such an amiable cheare, as when Iealous *Iuno* fate crosse-legged, to hinder the child-birth of her husbands loue) with open mouth she went to the Magistrate appointed ouer such matters, and therewith the most scolding inuectiue, her rage rather then eloquence could bring forth, shee required his aide to take *Dametas*, who had left his duty to the king and his daughter, to commit adulterie in the house of *Charitas* vncke, in the Oudemian streete. But neither was the name of *Charita* remembred, nor any such street known. Yet such was the generall mislike all men had of *Dametas* vnworthy advancement, that euerie man was glad to make himselfe a Minister of that, which might redound to his shame, and therefore with *Panike* cries & laughers, there was no suspected place in all the cittie but was searched for vnder the title of *Dametas*; *Miso* euer formost encouraging them with all the shamefull blasings of his demeanour, encreasing the sport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking, till at length hauing already done both him and her selfe as much infamous shame, as such a tongue in such an action might performe, in the end not being able to find a thing that was not, to her mare again she went, hauing neither suspitiō nor rage any thing mitigated. But (leauing behind her a sufficient comedy of her tragicall fancies) away homeward she came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chance rather then to his innocencie.

innocencie. For her heart being apt to receiue and nourish a bitter thought, it had so swallowed vp a determinate condemnation, that in the very anatomy of her spirits one should haue found nothing but diuellish disdain, and hatefull ielousie. In this sort grunting out her mischieuous spire, she came by the tree, euen as *Dametas* was making that ill-vnderstood intercession to his foolish *Mopsa*. As soone as shee hard her husbands voice, she verely thought she had her pray; and therefore stealing from her mare as softly as she could, she came creeping and halting behind him, euen as he thinking his daughters little wits had quite left her great nowle, began to take her in his armes; thinking perchance her feeling sence might call her minds parts vnto her. But *Miso* who saw nothing but thorough the colour of reuengefull anger, established vpon the fore-iudgment of his trespasse, vndoubtedly resolving that *Mopsa* was *Charita*, *Dorus* had told her of, mumping out her hoarse chafe, she gaue him the wooden salutation you heard of. *Dametas* that was not so sensible in any thing as in blowes, turned vp his blubbered face like a great lowt new whip: Alas thou woman, said he, what hath thy poore husband deserued to haue his own ill lucke loaden with thy displeasure? *Pamela* is lost, *Pamela* is lost. *Miso* stil holding on the course of her former fancie, what tellest thou me naughtie varlet of *Pamela*, dost thou thinke that doth answere me, for abusing the lawes of mariage? Haue I brought thee children, haue I been a true wife vnto thee, to bee despised in mine old age? And euer among she would sauce her speeches with such Bastonados, that poore *Dametas* began now to thinke, that either a generall madding was false, or else that all this was but a vision. But as for visions the smart of the cudgell put out of his fancy: and therefore againe turning to his wife, not knowing in the world what she meant, *Miso* (said he) hereafter thou maist examine me, doe but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I will first examine this drab, said shee, and withall let fall her staffe as hard as she could vpon *Mopsa*, still taking her of *Charita*. But *Mopsa* that was alreadye angrie, thinking that shee had hindred her from *Apollo*, leapt vp and caught her by the throat, like to have strangled her, but that *Dametas* from a condemned man was faine to become a iudge and part this fray, such a picture of a rude discord, where each was out with the other two. And then getting the oppertunitie of their falling out to holde himselfe in suretie, who was indeede the veriest coward of the three, he renewed his earnest demand of them. But it was a sport to see, how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed in their imaginations, kept still such dominion in them, that *Miso* though now she found and felt it was her daughter *Mopsa*, yet did *Charita* continually passe through her thoughts, which she vttered with such crabbed questions to *Dametas*, that he not possible conceiuing any part of her doubt, remained astonished, and the astonishment increased her doubt. And as for *Mopsa*, as first she did assuredly take him to be *Apollo*, and thought her mothers comming did mar the bargaine: so now much talking to & fro had deliuered so much light into the misty mould of her capacitie, as to know him to be her father. Yet remained there such footsteps of the foretaken opinion, that she thought verilie her father and mother were hasted thither to get the first wish. And therefore to whatsoeuer they asked of her, she would neuer answere, but embarking the tree, as if shee feared it had bene running away, nay, sayes shee, I will haue the first wish, for I was here first: which they vnderstood no more, then *Dametas* did what *Miso* meant by *Charita*: till at length with much vrging them, being indeed better able to perswade both, then to meet hand to hand with either, he preuailed so much with them as to bring them into the Lodge to see what losse their



their negligence had suffered. Then indeede the neere neighbourhood they bare to themselves, made them leaue other toyes, and looke into what dangerous plight they were all faine, as soone as the king should know his daughters escape. And as for the womē they began a fresh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametas* who did feare that among his other euils, the thunderbolt of that storme would fall vpon his shoulders, slip away from them, but with so maigre a cheare as might much sooner engender laughter then pitie. O true *Arcadia*, would he say (tearing his haire and beard, and sometime for too much wo, making vnweldie former faults) how darrest thou beare vpon thee such a felonious traitor as I am? And you false-hearted trees, why would you make no noise to make her vngracious departure known? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often when I brought thee in fine poesies of all coloured flowers, wouldst thou clap me on the cheek, & say thou wouldst be one day euen with me? Was this thy meaning to bring me to an euen paire of gallows? Ah ill taught *Dorus*, that camest hither to learne good maners of me? Did I euer teach thee to make thy maister sweat out his heart for nothing, and in the mean time to run away with thy mistres? O my dun cow, I did think some euill was towards me euer since the last day thou didst run away from me, & held vp thy taile so pittifully: did not I see and Eagle kill a Cuckoe, which was a plaine foretōke vnto me, *Pamela* should be my destruction? O wife *Miso* (if I durst say it to thy face) why didst thou suspect thy husband, that loueth a peece of cheese better then a woman? And thou little *Mopsa*, that shalt inherit the shame of thy fathers death, was it time for thee to clime trees, which should so shortly be my best burial? O that I could liue without death, or dye before I were aware! O hart, why hast thou no hands at commandement to dispatch thee? O hands why want you a heart to kill this villanie. In this sort did he enuie against euery thing, sometimes thinking to run away, while it was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his sheepe cote, thought that worse then any death; sometime for dread of hanging he meant to hang himselfe: finding as indeed it is, that feare is far more painfull to cowardice, then death to a true courage. But his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, & any thing was let enough thereto, he being a true louer of himselfe without any riuall. But lastly, guided by a farre greater constellation then his owne, he remembered to search the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retyred her self. So thither with trembling hammes he caried himselfe, but employing his double key which the King for special credit had vnworthily bestowed vpon him, he found al the gates so barred, that his key could not preuaile, sauing onely one trapt doore which went downe into a vault by the celler, which as it was vnknown of *Pyrocles*, so had he left it vnregarded. But *Dametas* that ever knew the Buttrie better then any other place, got in that way, and passing softly to *Philocleas* chamber, where he thought most likely to find *Pamela*, the doore being left open he entred in, and by the light of the lampe he might discerne one on the bed by her: which he although he tooke to be *Pamela*, yet thinking no suretie enough in a matter touching his necke, hee went hard to the bed side of these vnfortunate louers, who at that time beeing not much before the breake of day (whether it were they were so deuinely surprised, to bring this whole matter to the destined conclusion, or that the vnresistable force of their sorowes had ouerthrowne the wakefull vse of their senses) were as then possessed with a mutvall sleepe, yet not forgetting with vnie embracements, to giue any eye a perfect moddell of affection. But *Dametas* looking with the lampe in his hand, but neither with such a face nor mind vpon these excellent creatures, as *Psyche* did  
vpon

vpon her vnkowne louers, and giuing euery way freedome to his fearefull eyes, did not onely perceiue it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the Lady he fought: but that this same *Zelmane* did more differ from the *Zelmane* he and others had euer taken her for, wherein the change of her apparell chiefly confirmed his opinion; satisfied with that, and not thiaking it good to awake the sleeping Lyon, he went downe againe, taking with him *Pyrrhles* sword (wherewith vpon his sleight vnderfute *Pyrrhles* came only apparelled thither) being sure to leaue no weapon in the chamber, and so making the doore as fast as he could on the outside, hoping with the reuealing of this (as he thought greater fault) to make his owne the lesse, or at least, that this iniurie would so fill the kings head, that he should not haue leisure to chastice his negligence (like a foole not considering that the more rage breeds the crueller punishment) he went first into the kings chamber, and not finding him there, he ran downe crying with open mouth, the king was betrayed; and that *Zelmane* did abuse his daughter. The noise he made, being a man of no few words, ioined to the yelping sound of *Miso*, and his vnpleasant inheretrix brought together some number of the shepheards, to whom he without any regard of reseruing it for the Kings knowledge, spattered out the bottome of his stomake, sweating by him he neuer knew that *Zelmane*, who they had taken all that while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himselfe was, whereof he had scene sufficient signes and tokens; and that he was as close as a Butterfly with the Lady *Philoclea*. The poore men ielous of their Princes honour, were readie with weapons to haue entred the Lodge; standing yet in some pause, whether it were not best, first to heare some newes from the king himselfe, when by the sodaine comming of other shepheards, which with astonished lookes ran from the one cry to the other, their griefes were surcharged with the euill tidings of the Kings death. Turning therefore all their minds and eyes that way, they ran to the caue where they said he lay dead; the Sun beginning now to send some promise of comming light, making haste, I thinke to be spectator of the following tragedies. For *Basilus* hauing past ouer the night more happy in contemplation then action, hauing had his spirits sublimed vwith the sweet imagination of embracing the most desired *Zelmane*, doubting least the caues darknesse might deceiue him in the dayes approach, thought it now season to returne to his wedlocke bed, remembring the promise he had made to *Zelmane*, to obserue due orders towards *Gyneia*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a will of words, sealed with manie kisses, a full gift of all his loue and life to his misconceiued bedfellow, he vvent to the mouth of the caue, there to apparel himselfe, in which dooing the motion of his ioy could not be bridled from vtering such like words: Blessed be thou, O night said he, that hast with thy sweete wings shrowded mee in the vale of blisse, it is thou that art the first gotten child of time, the day hath been but an vsurper vpon the delightfull inheritance, thou inuitest all liuing things to comfortable rest, thou art the stop of strife, and the necessarie truce of approaching battails. And therewith he sang these verses, to confirme his former praises.

O Night, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,  
Desires best meane, barneft of hart affected,  
The seat of peace, the throne which is erected,  
Of humane life to be the quiet measure.

*Be victor still of Phœbus golden treasure:  
 VVho hath our sight with too much sight infected,  
 VVhose light is cause we haue our liues neglected,  
 Turning all natures course to selfe displeasure.*

*These stately starres in their now shining faces,  
 VVith sencelesse sleepe, and silence wisdomes mother,  
 VVitnesse his wrong which by thy helpe is eased:*

*Thou art therefore of these our desert places  
 The sure refuge, by thee and by no other  
 My soule is blisft, sence ioyde, and fortune raised.*

And yet farther would his ioyes needs breake forth. O *Basilus* (said hee) the rest of thy time, hath beene but a dreame vnto thee: it is now onely thou beginnest to liue, now only thou hast entred into the way of blisefulnesse. Should fancie of marriage keepe me from this paradise? or opinion of I know not what promise, bind me frō paying the right duties to nature & affection? O who would haue thought there could haue bene such difference betwixt women? Be ieaious no more O *Gynecia*, but yeeld to the preheminence of more excellent gifts, support thy selfe with such marble pillars as she doth, decke thy breast with those Alabaſter bowles that *Zelmane* doth: then accompanied with such a title, perhaps thou maist recouer the possession of my otherwise inclined loue. But alas *Gynecia*, thou canst not shew such euidence, therefore thy plea is vaine. *Gynecia* heard all this hee said, who had cast about her *Zelmaues* garmēt, wherein she came thither, & had followed *Basilus* to the Caues entrie, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadly accusation of her owne guiltinesse, and the spitefull doubt she had, *Zelmaue* had abused her. But because of the one side (finding the king did thinke her to bee *Zelmaue*, she had libertie to imagine it might rather be the kings owne vnbridled enterprise, which had barred *Zelmaue*, then *Zelmaues* cunning deceiuing of her, and that of the other, if she should headily seeke a violent reuenge, her owne honour might be as much interessed, as *Zelmaue* endangered: she fell to this determination. First with fine handling of the King to settle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as she should learne how things had passed, to take into her selfe new deuised counsell, but this being her first action, hauing given vnlooked for attendance to the King, shee heard with what partiality he did preferre her to her self, she saw in him how much fancie doth not onely darken reason but beguile sence, she found opiniō Mistresse of the Louers iudgement, which seruing as a good lesson to her good conceit, she went out to *Basilus*, setting her selfe in a graue behauiour and stately silence before him: vntill hee (who at the first thinking her by so much shadow as he could see to be *Zelmaue*, was beginning his louing ceremonies) did now being helped by the peeping light wherewith the morning did overcome the nights darknesse, know her face and his error; which acknowledging in himself with starting backe from her, she thus with a modest bitternesse spake vnto him: Alas my Lord, well did your words decipher your mind, and well be those words confirmed with this gesture. Very lothsome must that woman bee, from whom a man hath cause to goe backe and little better liked is that wife, before whom the husband preferres them he neuer knew. Alas hath my faithfull obseruing my part of dvty made you thinke your selfe euer a whit the



more exempted; Hath that which should claime gratefulnesse, bene a cause of contempt? Is the being the mother of *Pamela* become an odious name vnto you? If my life hitherto led haue not auoided suspicion, if my violated truth to you bee determining of any punishment, I refuse not to bee chastised with the most cruell torment of your displeasure, I refuse not miserie, purchased by mine owne merite. Hard I must needs say (although till now I neuer thought I should haue had cause to say) is the destinie of womankind, the triall of whose vertue must stand vpon the louing of them that imploy all their industrie not to be beloued. If *Zelmanes* young yeares had not had so much grauitie hidden vnder a youthfull face, as your gray haire haue bin but the vizar of vnfitting youthfulness, your vicious minde had brought some fruits of repentaunce, and *Gynecia* might then haue bene with much more right so basely despised.

*Basilus* that was more ashamed to see himselfe so ouertaken, then *Vulcan* was, when with much cunning hee proued himselfe a Cuckold, began to make cerraine extravagant excuses: but the matter in it selfe hardly brooking any purgation, with the sodainnesse of the time, which barred any good conioyned inuention, made him sometimes alleage one thing, to which by and by hee would bring in a contrary, one time with flat deniall, another time with mitigating the fault; now braue, then humble, vse such a stammering defensue, that *Gynecia*, the violence of whose fore indeed ran another way, was content thus to fasten vp the last stich of her anger. Well, well my Lord, said shee, it shall well become you to gouerne your selfe, as you may be fit rather to direct me, then to bee iudged of me; and rather to bee a wise maister of mee, then an vnskillfull pleader before mee. Remember the wrong you haue done, is not onely to mee, but to your children, whom you had of mee: to your countrey, when they shall find they are commaunded by him, that cannot commaund his owne vndecent appetites: lastlie, to your selfe, since with these paines you doe but build vp a house of shame to dwell in: if from those moueable goods of nature (wherewith, in my first youth my royall parents bestowed me vpon you) bearing you children, and increase of yeares haue withdrawne me, consider I pray you, that as you are the cause of the one, so in the other, time hath not left to worke his neuer failing effects in you. Truly, true lie (sir) very vntimelie are these fires in you: it is time for vs both to let reason inioy his due soveraigntie. Let vs not plant anew those weeds, which by natures course are content to fade.

*Basilus* that would rather then his life the matter had bene ended, the best rhetoricke he had, was flat demanding pardon of her, swearing it was the very force of *Apollons* destinie which had carried him thus from his owne bias; but that now like as farre traouellers were taught to loue their owne countrie, hee had such a lesson without booke, of affection vnto her, as hee would repay the debt of this error with the interest of a great deale more true honour then euer before hee had done her. Neither am I to giue pardon to you, my Lord (said shee) nor you to beare honour to mee. I haue taken this boldnesse for the fained loue I owe vnto you, to deliuer my sorow vnto you; much more for the care I haue of your well doing, then for any other selfe fancie. For well I know that by your good estate, my life is maintained, neither, if I would, can I seperate my selfe from your fortune. For; my part therefore, I claime nothing, but that which may bee safest for your selfe, my life, will, honor, and whatsoever else, shall be but a shadow of that bodie. How much *Basilus* owne shame had found him culpable, and had alreadie euen in soule  
read

reade his owne condemnation, so much did this vnexpected mildnesse of *Gynecia* captiue his heart vnto her, which otherwise perchaunce would haue growne to a desperate carelesnesse. Therefore embracing her, and confessing that her vertue shined in his vice, hee did euen with a true resolued minde vowe vnto her, that as long as hee vnworthy of her did liue, shee should bee the furthest and onely limit of his affection. He thanked the destinies, that he had wrought her honour out of his shame, and that had made his own striving to go amisse, to bee the best meane euer after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled to *Basilus* great contentation, who began something to marke himselfe in his owne doings, this hard hap guided his eye to the cup of golde, wherein *Gynecia* had put the lickourment for *Zelmene*, and hauing failed of that guest, was now carrying it whome againe. But he whome perchaunce sorrow, perchaunce some long disaccustomed paines, had made extremely thirstie, tooke it out of her hands, although she directly told him, both of whome shee had it, what the effect of it was, and the little prooffe shee had seene thereof; hiding nothing from him, but that shee meant to minister it to another pacient. But the Duke, whose belly had no cares, and much drough kept from the desiring a taster, finding it not vnpleasant to his pallate, dranke it almost off, leauing very little to couer the cuppes bottome. But within a while that from his stomacke the drinke had deliuered to his principall veines his noysome vapors, first with a painefull stretching, and forced yawning, then with a darke yellownesse dying his skin, and a cold deadly sweat principally about his temples, his bodie by naturall course longing to deliuer his heauie burthen to his earthly damme, wanting force in his knees, which vtterly abandoned him, with heauie fall gaue some prooffe whether the operation of that vnknowne potion tended. For with pang-like groines, and gaspily turning of his eyes, immediately all his limmes stiffened, and his eyes fixed, hee hauing had time to declare his case onely in these wordes. O *Gynecia* I dye. Haue care: of what or how much further he would haue spoken no man can tell. For *Gynecia* hauing well perceiued the changing of his coulour, and those other euill signes, yet had not looked for such a sodaine overthrow, but rather had bethought her selfe what was best for him, when shee sodainly saw the matter come to that periode, comming to him, and neither with any cries getting a word of him, nor with any other possible meanes; able to bring any liuing actiō from him, the height of all ouglie sortows did so horribly appeare before her amazed minde, that at the first, it did not onely distract all power of speech from her, but almost wit to consider, remaining as it were quicke buried in a graue of miseries. Her painefull memorie had streight filled her with the true shapes of all the fore-past mischiefes, her reason began to crye out against the filthie rebellion of sinfull sense, & to teare it selfe with anguish, for hauing made so weak a resistance, her conscience a terrible witnesse of the inward wickednesse, still nourishing this debatafull fire; her complaint now not hauing an end to bee directed vnto something to disburden sorrow, but a necessarie downfall of inward wretchednesse. She saw the rigour of the lawes was like to lay a shamefull death vpon her, which being for that action vnderferued, made it the more insupportable, and yet in depth of her soule most deserued, made it more miserable. At length, letting her tongue goe as her dolorous thoughtes guided it, shee thus with lamentable demeanour spake.

O bottomlesse pit of sorrow, in which I cannot containe my selfe, hauing the firebrands of all furies within mee, still falling, and yet by the infinitenesse of it

neuer false. Neither can I ridde my selfe being fettered with the euertlasting consideration of it. For whither should I recommend the protection of my dishonored fall? to the earth? it hath no life, and waites to bee encreased by the reliques of my ashamed carcassee: to men? who are alwayes cruell in their neighbours faults, and make others ouerthrow become the badge of their ill masked vertue? to the heavens? O vnspeakable torment of conscience, which dare not looke vnto them. No sinne can enter there, oh there is no receipt for polluted minds. Whither then wilt thou lead this captiue of thine, O snake dispaire? Alas, alas, was this the freeholding power that accursed poyson hath graunted vnto mee, that to bee held the surer it should depriue life? was this the folding in mine arms promised that I should folde nothing but a dead bodie? O mother of mine, what a deathfull sucke haue you giuen mee? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, well hath my mother reuenged vpon me my vnmotherly hating of thee. O *Zelmane*, to whom yet (least any miserie should faile mee) remaine some sparkes of my detestable loue, it thou hast (as now alas! now my minde assures me thou hast) deceiued me there is a faire stage prepared for thee, to see the targical end of thy hated louer. With that word there flowed out two riuers of teares out of her faire eyes, which before were dried, the remembrance of her other mischiefes being dried vp in a furious fire of selfe detestation, loue onely according to the tempter of it melting it selfe into those brinie tokens of passion. Then turning her eyes againe vpon the bodie, shee remembered a dreame shee had had some nights before, wherein thinking her selfe called by *Zelmane*, passing a troublesome passage, shee found a dead bodie which told her there should bee her onely rest. This no sooner caught hold of her remembrance, then that she determining with her selfe, it was a direct vision of her fore-appointed end, tooke a certaine resolution to embrace death as soone as it should bee offered vnto her, and no way to seeke the prolonging of her annoyed life. And therefore kissing the cold face of *Basilus*; And euen so will I rest said shee, and ioine this faultie soule of mine to thee, if so much the angrie Gods will graunt mee.

As shee was in this plight, the Sunne now climing ouer our Horizon, the first Shepheards came by, who seeing the King in that case, and hearing the noise *Dametas* made of the Lady *Philoclea*, ranne with the dolefull tydings of *Basilus* death vnto him who presently with all his companie came to the *Caues* entrie where the Kings body lay. *Dametas* for his part more glad for the hope hee had of his priuate escape, then sorrie for the publike losse his Countrie receiued for a Prince not to bee misliked. But in *Gynecia*, nature preuailed aboue iudgement; and the shame shee conceiued to bee taken in that order, ouercame for that instant the former resolution, so that as soone as shee saw the formost of the pastorall rroupe, the wretched Princeesse ranne to haue hid her face in the next woods, but with such a minde, that she knew not almost her selfe what shee could wish to bee the ground of her safetie. *Dametas* that saw her runne away in *Zelmaes* vpper rayment, and iudging her to bee so, thought certainly all the spirites in hell were come to play a Tragedie in these woodes, such strange change hee saw euery way. The King dead at the *Caues* mouth; the Queene (as hee thought) absent; *Pamela* fled away with *Dorus*, his wife and *Mopsa* in diuers franzies. But of all other thinges *Zelmane* conquered his capacitie, sodainely from a woman growne to a man; and from a lockt chamber gotten before him into the fields, which hee gaue the rest quickly to vnderstand; for in steede of doing any thing as the exigent required, hee

begap



began to make circles, and all those fantasticall defences that he had euer heard were mortifications against Diuels. But the other Shepheards who had both better wittes, and more faith, forthwith deuided themselues, some of them running after *Gynecia*, and esteeming her running away a great condemnation of her owne guiltinesse, others going to their Prince, to see what seruice was left for them, either in recouerie of his life, or honoring his death. They that went after the Queene, had soone ouertaken her, in whome now the first feares were stayed, and the resolution to die had possessed his place in her minde. But when they saw it was the Queene, to whome besides the obedient duetic they ow'de to her state, they had alwaies carried a singular loue for her courtuous liberalities, and other wise and vertuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration. They were all so dainly stopped, beginning to aske pardon for their following her in that sort, and desiring her to be there good Ladie, as she had euer bene. But the Queene who now thirsted to be ridde of her selfe, whome she hated aboue all things, with such an assured countenance as they haue, who already haue dispensed with shame, and digested the sorowes of death, she thus said vnto them. Continue, continue my friends your doing is better then your excusing, the one argues assured faith, the other want of assurance. If you loued your Prince, when he was able and willing to doo you much good, which you could not then requite to him; doo you now publish your gratefulnesse, when it shall be seene to the world, there are no hopes left to lead you vnto it. Remember, remeber you haue lost *Basilus*, a Prince to defend you, a Father to care for you, a companion in your ioyes, a friend in your wants. And if you loued him, shew you hate the author of his losse. It is I, faithfull *Arcadians*, that haue spoyled the Countrey of their protector. I, none but I, was the minister of his vnnaturall end. Cary therefore my blood in your hands, to testifie your owne innocencie, neither spare for my titles sake, but consider it was hee that so intituled mee. And if you thinke of any benefits by my meanes, thinke with it that I was but the instrument, and hee the spring. What stay ye Shepheards, whose great Shepheard is gone? you neede not feare a woman, reuerence your Lords murderer, nor haue pittie of her, who hath no pittie of her selfe. With this she presented her faire necke; some by name, others by signes, desired them to doe iustice to the world, duty to their good king, honour to themselues, and fauour to her. The poore men looked one vpon the other, vnused to be arbiters in Princes matters, and being now falne into a great perplexitie, betwixt a Prince dead and a Princess aliue. But once for them, shee might haue gone whither shee would, thinking it a sacriledge to touch her person, when shee finding she was not sufficient oratour to perswade her owne death by their hands, well, said she, it is but so much more time of misery, for my part I wil not giue my life so much pleasure from hence forward, as to yeeld to his desire of his own choise of death; since all the rest is taken away, yet let me excell in miserie. Leade mee therefore whither you will; only happy, because I cannot bee more wretched. But neither so much wold the honest Shepheards do, but rather with many teares bemoaned this encrease of their former losse, till she was faine to leade them, with a very strange spectacle, either that a Princess should bee in the hands of shepheards, or a prisoner should direct her gardiens: lastly, before either witness or accuser, a Lady condemne her selfe to death. But in such monefull match, they went towards the other Shepheards, who in the meane time had leste nothing vnassayed to reuiue the King, but all was bootlesse; and their sorrows encreased the more, they had suffered any hopes vainly to arise. Among other trials they made to

know at least the cause of his end, hauing espied the vnhappie cuppe, they gaue the little liquor that was left to a dogge of *Dametas*, in which within a short time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did so much to recouer him, that for verie loue of his life hee dasht out his braines. But now all together, and hauing *Gynecia* among them, who to make her selfe the more odious, did continually record to their mindes the excesse of their losse, they yeelded themselues ouer to all those formes of lamentation that dolefull images doe imprint in the honest, but ouertender hearts; especially when they thinke the rebound of the euill falles to their owne smart. Therefore, after the auncient Greeke maner, some of them remembering the nobilitie of his birth, continued by beeing like his Auncestors: others his shape, which though not excellent, yet fauour and pittie drew all things now to the highest point; others his peaceable gouernement, the thing which most pleaseth men resolu'd to liue of their owne; others his liberalitie, which though it cannot light vpon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may bee they, make it a most amiable vertue. Some calling in question the greatnesse of his power, which encreased the compasison to see the present change, (hauing a dolefull memorie how he had tempered it with such familiar curtesie among the, that they did more feeble the fruites, then see the pompes of his greatnesse) all with one content giuing him the sacred titles of good, iust, mercifull, the father of the people, the life of his Countrie, they ranne about his bodie, tearing their beardes and garments; some sending their cryes to heauen, other inuventing pratical howling musicke; manie vowing to kill themselues at the day of his funerals, generally giuing a true testimonie, that men are louing creatures, when iniuries put them not from their naturall course: and how easie a thing it is for a Prince by succession, deeply to sinke into the soules of his subiects, a more liuely monument then *Mausolus* Tombe. But as with such hartie lamentation, they disperfed among those woodes their resounding shrikes, the Sunne the perfectest marke of time, hauing now gotten vp two houres journey in his daily changing Circle, their voice helped with the onely aunswering Echo, came to the eares of the faithfull and worthy Gentleman *Philanax*: who at that time was comming to visite the King accompanied with diuers of the worthy *Arcadian* Lords, who with him had visited the places adioyning for the more assurance of *Basilus* solitarinesse, a thing after the late mutinie hee had vsually done, and since the Princesses returne more diligently continued, which hauing now likewise perfourmed, thinking it as well his dutie to see the King, as of good purpose, being so neere, to receiue his further direction: accompanied as aboue saide, hee was this morning comming vnto him, when these vnpleasant voices gaue his minde an vncertaine presage of his neere approaching sorrowe. For by and by hee sawe the bodie of his deerly esteemed Prince, and heard *Gynecias* lamenting: not such as the turtle-like loue is wont to make for the ouer-soone losse of her onely loued make, but with cursings of her life detesting her owne wickednesse, seeming onely therefore not to desire death, because shee would not shew a loue of any thing. The Shepherdes, especially *Dametas*, knowing him to bee the second person in authoritie, gaue foorth with relation vnto him, what they knew, and had proued of this dolorous spectacle, besides the other accidents of his children. But hee principally touched with his maisters losse, lighting from his horse with a beaue cheere, came and kneeled downe by him, where finding he could doe no more then the Shepherds had for his recouerie, the constancie of his mind, surprised before he might call together his

his best rules, could not reſtaine ſuch like words. Ah deare maſter, ſaid hee, what change it hath pleaſed the Almighty Juſtice to worke in this place ! How ſoone (not to your loſſe, who hauing liued long to nature, and to time longer by your well deſerued glorie, but longeſt of all in the eternall manſion you now poſſeſſe.) But how ſoone I ſay to our ruine, haue you left the fraile barke of your eſtate ? O that the words I in moſt faithfull dutie deliuered vnto you, when you firſt entred this ſolitarie courſe, might haue wrought as much perſawſion in you, as they ſprang from truth in mee perchaunce your ſeruaur, *Philanax* ſhould not now haue cauſe in your loſſe, to bewaile his owne ouerthrowe. And therewith taking himſelfe; and indeed euill fitteth it me (ſaid he) to let goe my heart to womanniſh complaints, ſince my Prince being vndoubtedly well, it rather ſhewes loue of my ſelfe which makes me bewaile mine owne loſſe. No, the true loue muſt bee proued in the honour of your memorie, and that muſt be ſhewed with ſeeking juſt reuenge vpon your vniuſt and vnnatural enemies, and farre more honorable it will bee for your Tombe, to haue the blood of your murderers ſprinkled vpon it, then the teares of your friends. And if your ſoule looke downe vpon the miſerable earth (I doubt not) it had much rather your death were accompanied with well deſerued puniſhment of the cauſers of it, then with the heaping on it more ſorowes with the end of them, to whome you vouchſafed your affection, let them lament that haue wouen the web of lamentation; let their owne deathes make them crie out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carying manfull ſorowe and vindicatiue reſolution in his face, hee roſe vp, ſo looking on the poore guiltleſſe Princeſſe transported with an vniuſt iuſtice, that his eyes were ſufficient Heraulds for him, to denounce a mortall hatred. Shee (whome furies of loue, firebrands of her conſcience, ſhame of the world, with the miſerable loſſe of her husband, towards whome, now the diſdaine of her ſelfe bred more loue; with the remembrance of her viſion, wherewith ſhe reſolued aſſuredly the Gods had appointed that ſhamefull end to be her reſting place, had ſet her mind to no other way but to death) vſed ſuch like ſpeeches to *Philanax*, as ſhee had before to the ſhepherdes; willing him not to looke vpon her as a woman, but a monſter; not as a Princeſſe, but as a traitor to his Prince; not as *Baſilius* wife, but as *Baſilius* murderer. She told him how the world required at his hands, the juſt demonſtration of his friendſhip, if hee now forgot his Prince, he ſhould ſhew hee had neuer loued but his fortune: like thoſe vermine that ſucke of the liuing bloud, and leaue the bodie aſſoone as it is dead, poore Princeſſe needleſſy ſeeking to kindle him, who did moſt deadly deteſt her, which hee vttered in his bitter anſwere. Madame (ſaid he) you doe well to hate your ſelfe, for you cannot hate a worſe creature; and though we feele enough your helliſh diſpoſition, yet we need not doubt, you are of counſell to your ſelfe of much worſe then wee know. But now feare not, you ſhall not long be cumbred with being guided by ſo euill a ſoule, therefore prepare your ſelfe, that if it bee poſſible you may deliuer vp your ſpirit ſo much purer, as you more waſh your wickedneſſe with repentance. Then hauing preſently giuen order for the bringing from *Mantineia*, a great number of tents, for the receit of the principall *Arcadians*: the manner of that countries gouernment, & in the place any murder was committed, the iudgement ſhould be giuen there, before the bodie was buried, both concurring in this matter, and alreadie great part of the Nobilitie being ariued, he deliuered the Princeſſe to a Gentleman of great truſt, and as for *Dametas*, taking from him the keyes of both the Lodges,



calling him the moth of his Princes estate, & onely spot of his iudgement, he caused him with his wife and daughter, to be fettered vp in as many chaines and clogs, as they could beare, and euerie third houre to be cruelliè whipt, till the determinate iudgement shold be giuen of all these matters. That done, hauing sent already at his comming to all the quarters of the country to seeke *Panella*, although with small hope of ouertaking them, he himselfe went well accompanied to the Lodge, where the two vnfortunate Louers were attending a cruell conclusion of their long, painfull, and late most painefull affection. *Dametas* clownish eyes, hauing beene the only discouersers of *Pyrocles* stratagem, had no sooner taken a full view of the (which in some sights would rather haue bred any thing, then an accusing mind) and locked the doore vpon these two young folkes, now made prisoners for loue, as before they had bene prisoners to loue; but that immediately vpon his going downe (whether with noyse *Dametas* made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreme grieue had procured his sleep, so extreame care had measured his sleep, giuing his sence a very early *salue* to come to the selues) *Pyrocles* awaked; and being vp, the first euill hanfell hee had of the ill case, wherein hee was, was the seeing himselfe depriued of his sword, from which he had neuer seperated himselfe in any occasion, and euen that night first by the kings bed, and then there had laid it, as hee thought safe: putting great part of the trust of his well doing in his owne courage so armed. For indeed the confidence in ones selfe is the chiefe nurse of magnanimitie, which confidence notwithstanding, doth not leaue the care of necessarie furnitures for it: and therefore of all the Grecians, *Homer* doth neuer make *Achilles* the best armed. But that, as I say, was the first ill token: but by and by he perceiued, hee was a prisoner before anie arrest, for the dore which he had left open, was made so fast of the outside, that for all the force he could employ vnto it, he could not vndo *Dametas* doing; then went he to the windowes, to see if that way there were any escape for him and his deare Ladie, but as vaine he found all his employment there, not hauing might to breake out, but only one barre; wherein notwithstanding he strained his sinewes to the vttermost. And that he rather tooke out to vse for other seruice, then for any possibilitie he had to escape; for euen then it was, that *Dametas* hauing gathered together the first comming shepheards, did blabber out what hee had found in the Lady *Philoclea* chamber. *Pyrocles* markedly hearkened to all that *Dametas* said, whose voice and mind acquaintaunce had taught him sufficiently to know. But when he assuredly perceiued that his being with the Ladie *Philoclea* was fullie discovered; & by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly of *Dametas*, her honour therein touched in the highest degree; remebring withall the crueltie of the *Arcadian* lawes, which without exception did condemne all to death, who were found (as *Dametas* reported of them) in act of mariage without solemnitie of mariage; assuring himselfe (besides the law) the king and the Queene would vse so much more hate against their daughter, as they had found themselves sorted by him in the pursute of their loue. Lastly, seeing they were not only in the way of death, but fitly incaged for death, looking with a hartie grieue vpon the honour of loue, the fellowlesse *Philoclea* (whose innocent soule now enioying his owne goodnesse did little know the danger of his euer faire then sleeping harbor (his excellent wit strengthened with vertue, but guided by loue) had soone described to himselfe a perfect vision of their present condition, wherein hauing presently cast a resolute reckening of his owne part of the miserie, not only the chiefe but sole burden of his anguish consisted in the vnworthy case, which was like to fall vpo the best deseruing *Philoclea*.

He

He saw the misfortune, not the mismeaning of his work, was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world (as he thought) did begin to receiue honour; hee saw the weake iudgement of man, would condemne that as death-deseruing vice in her which had in troth neuer broken the bonds of a true liuing vertue, & how often his eye turned to his attractiue adamant, so often did an vnspokeable horroir strike his noble heart to consider so vnripe yeares, so faultlesse a beautie, the mansion of so pure goodnesse, should haue her youth so vntimely cut off, her naturall perfections vnaturally consumed, her vertue rewarded with shame, sometimes he would accuse himself of negligence, that had not more curiously looked to all the house entries, & yet could he not imagine the way *Dametas* was gotten in, and to call backe what might haue bin to a man of wisdō & courage, caries but a vain shadow of discourse; sometimes he could not chuse but with a dissolution of his inward might lamentably consider with what face he might looke vpon his (till then) ioy *Philoclea*, when the next light waking should deliuer vnto her, should perchance be the last of her hurdes life. And that the first time she should bend her excellent eyes vpon him, she should see the accursed author of her dreadful end; & euen this consideration more the any other, did so set i selfe in his well disposed mind, that dispersing his thoughts to all the waies that might be of her safetie, finding a verie small discourse in so narrow limits of time & place, at length in many difficulties, he saw none beare any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then he thought it would fall out, that when they found his bodie dead, hauing no accuser but *Dametas*, as by his speech he found there was not, it might iustly appeare that either *Philoclea* in defending her honour, or else he himselfe in dispaire of archiuing, had left his carcasse proof of his intent but wienes of her clearnesse, hauing a small while stayed vpon the greatnesse of his resolution & looked to the furthest of it: Be it so (saide the valiant *Pyrracles*): neuer life for better cause nor to better end was bestowed, for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leaue vndone, who is to die so iustly as my selfe? and if I must die, who can be so fit executioners as mine owne hands? which as they were accessaries to the dooing, so in killing mee they suffer their owne punishment. But then arose there a new impediment, for *Dametas* hauing caried away any thing, which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himselfe, hee could find no fit instrument which might giue him a finall dispatch, at length making the more haste, least his Ladie should awake, taking the yron barre, which being sharper something at the one end then the other, hee hoped ioyn'd to his willing strength, might breake off the feeble thred of mortallitie: trulie (saide hee) fortune thou hast well perseuered mine enemy, that will graunt mee no fortune, to be vnfortunate, nor let me haue an easy passag now I am to trouble thee no more. But, saide he, O bar blessed in that thou hast done seruice to the chamber of the paragon of life, since thou couldest not help me to make a perfecter escape, yet serue my turne I pray thee, that I may escape from my selfe, therewithall yet once looking to fetch the last repast of his eyes, and new againe transported with the pitifull case hee left her in kneeling downe, he thus prayed. O great maker and great ruler of this world (saide hee) to thee doe I sacrifice this bloud of mine, and suffer (Lord) the errorrs of my youth, to passe away therein, and let not the soule by thee made, and euer bending vnto thee, be now reiected of thee, neither be offended that I doe abandon this body, to the government of which thou hadst placed me, without my leaue, since how can I know but that thy vnsearchable minde is, I should doe, since thou hast taken from mee all meanes longer to abide in it? And since the difference stands but in short time of dying, thou that hast  
framed

framed my soule inclined to do good, how can I in this small space of mine, benefit so much all the humane kind, as in preserving thy perfectest workmanship, their chiefest honour? O iustice it selfe, howsoever thou determinest of mee, let this excellent innocencie be oppressed! Let my life pay her losse, O Lord give me some signe that I may die with this comfort. (And pawling a little as if he had hoped for some token) and whensoever to the eternall darknesse of the earth shee doth follow mee, let our spirits possesse one place, and let them bee more happie in that uniting. With that word striking the barre vpon his heart side with all the force he had, and falling withall vpon to giue it the thorow passage, the barre in troth was too blunt to do the effect, although it pierced his skinne, and bruised his ribs verie sore, so that his breath was almost past him. But the noise of his fall draue away sleepe from the quiet sences of the deare *Philoclea*, whose sweete soule had an early salutation of a deadly spectacle vnto her, with so much more astonishment, as the falling asleepe, but a little before she had retired her selfe from the vttermost point of wofulnesse, & saw now againe before her eyes the most cruell enterprize that humane nature can vndertake, without discerning any cause thereof. But the liuely print of her affection had soone taught her not to stay long vpon deliberation in so vrgent a necessitie, therefore getting with speed her weake, though well accorded limmes out of her sweetned bed, as when Iuels are hastilie pulled out of some rich coffer, shee spared not the nakednesse of her tender feet, but I thinke borne as fast with desire as feare caried *Daphne*, she came running to *Pyrocles*, and finding his spirits something troubled with the fall, shee put by the barre that lay close to him, and straining him in her most beloued embracement, My comfort, my ioy, my life (said she) what haste haue you to kill your *Philoclea* with the most cruell tormēt that euer Lady suffered? Do you not yet perswade your selfe that any hurt of yours is a death vnto mee? And that your death should be my hell? Alas, if any sodaine millike of mee (for other cause I see none) haue caused you to loath your selfe, if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terrible rage in you, rather let mee suffer the bitterness of it, for so shall the deseruer be punnished, mankind preserved from such a ruine, and I for my part shal haue that comfort, that I die by the noblest hand that euer drew sword. *Pyrocles* grieved with his fortune, that he had not in one instant cut off all such deliberation, thinking his life onely reserved to be bound to be the unhappie newes teller: Alas (said he) my onely starre, why do you this wrong to God, your selfe, and me, to speake of faults in you; no, no, most faultlesse, most perfect Ladie, it is your excellencie that makes me hasten my desired end, it is the right I owe to the generall nature (that though against priuate nature) makes mee seeke the preservation of all that shee hath done in this age, let mee, let mee die. There is no way to saue your life (most worthy to be conserued) then that my death be your clearing, then did he with far more paine and backward loathnesse, then the so neare killing himselfe was (but yet driuen with necessitie to make her yeeld, to that he thought was her safetie) make her a short, but pithie discourse, what he had heard by *Dametas* speeches, confirming the rest with a plaine demonstration of their imprisoment. And then sought he new meanes of stopping his breath; but that by *Philocleas* labor, about her force, he was stayed to heare her. In whom a man might perceiue what small difference in the working there is, betwixt a simple voidnesse of euill, and a iudiciall habire of vertue. For she, not with an vnshaked magnanimitie, wherewith *Pyrocles* wayed and despised death, but with an innocent guiltlesnesse, not knowing why she should feare to deliuer her vnstained soule to God, helped with the true louing of *Pyrocles*, which made



made her thinke no life without him, did almost bring her minde to as quiet attending al accidents, as the vnmaſtred vertue of *Pyrocles*. Yet hauing with a pretty pale-nesse (which did leaue milken lines vpon her roſie cheekes) paid a litle dutie to humane feare, taking the Prince by the hand, and kiſſing the wound he had giuen himſelfe; O the only life of my life, and (if it fall out ſo) the comfort of my death, ſaid ſhe, farre, farre from you, be the doing me ſuch wrong, as to thinke I will receiue my life as a purchaſe of your death, but well may you make my death ſo much more miſerable, as it ſhall any thing be delaied after my onely felicitie. Doe you thinke I can accompt of the moment of death, like the vnſpeakeable afflictions my ſoule ſhould ſuffer, ſo oft as I call *Pyrocles* to my minde, which ſhould be as oft as I breathed? Should theſe eyes guide my ſteps, that had ſeene your murder? Should theſe hands feed me that had not hindered ſuch a miſchiefe? Should this heart remaine within me, at euery pant to count the continuall clock of my miſeries? O no, if die we muſt, let vs thanke death, he hath not deuided ſo true an vnion! And truly my *Pyrocles*, I haue heard my father, and other wiſe men ſay, that the killing ones ſelfe is but a falſe colour of true courage, proceeding rather of feare of a further euil, either of torment or ſhame. For if it were a not reſpecting the harme, that would likewiſe make him not reſpect what might be done vnto him: and hope, being of all other, the moſt contrary thing to feare: this being an vtter baniſhment of hope, it ſeemes to receiue his ground in feare. Whatſoeuer (would they ſay) comes out of diſpaire, cannot beare the title of valure, which ſhould be liſted vp to ſuch a height, that holding all things vnder it ſelfe, it ſhould be able to maintaine his greatneſſe euen in the miſt of miſeries. Laſtly they would ſay, GOD had appointed vs Captaines of theſe our bodily forts, which without treaſon to that Maieſty, were neuer to bee deliuered ouer till they were redemaunded. *Pyrocles*, who had that for a lawe vnto him, not to leaue *Philoclea* in any thing vnſatisfied, although he ſtill remained in his former purpoſe, and knew that time would grow ſhort for it, yet hearing no noiſe (the ſhepherdes being as then run to *Baſilius*) with ſetled and humbled countenance, as a man that ſhould haue ſpoken of a thing that did not concerne himſelf, bearing euen in his eyes ſufficient ſhewes, that it was nothing but *Philocleas* daunger, which did any thing burden his heart, farre ſtronger then fortune, hauing with vehement embracings of her, got yet ſome fruit of his delayed end, he thus answered the wiſe innocencie of *Philoclea*. Lady moſt worthie not only of life, but to be the verie life of all things, the more notable demonſtrations you make of the loue, ſo farre beyond my deſert, with which it pleaſeth you to ouercome fortune, in making me happie the more am I euen in courſe of humanitie (to leaue that loues force, which I neither can nor will leaue) bound to ſeek requirals witneſſe, that I am not vngratefull to do which the infiniteneſſe of your goodneſſe, being ſuch as it can not reach vnto it, yet doing all I can, & paying my life, which is all I haue, though it be farre (without meſure) ſhort of your deſert, yet ſhall I not dy in debt, to mine own dutie. And truly the more excellent arguments you made, to keepe me from this paſſage, imagined far more terrible then it is; the more plainely it makes me ſee what reaſon I haue, to prevent the loſſe not only of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth ſhould receiue, if ſuch a tree (which euen in his firſt ſpring, doth not onely beare moſt beaurifull bloſſoms, but moſt rare fruits) ſhould be ſo vntimely cut off. Therefore, O moſt truly be-  
 loured Lady, to whome I deſire for both our goods, that theſe may be my laſt words, giue me your conſent euen out of that wiſedome which muſt needs ſee, that (beſides your vnmatched betterneſſe, which perchaunce you will not ſee) it is fitter one  
 die

dye then both. And since you haue sufficiently shewed, you loue me, let me claime by that loue, you will be content rather to let me dye contentedly, then wretchedly: rather with a cleare & ioyfull conscience, then with desperate condemnation in my selfe, that I accursed villaine, should be the meane of banishing from the sight of men the true example of vertue. And because there is nothing left me to be imagined, which I so much desire, as that the memory of *Pyrocles* may euer haue an allowed place in your wise iudgement, I am content to draw so much breath longer, as by answering the sweete obiections you alledged, may bequeath (as I thinke) a right conceite vnto you, that this my doing is out of iudgement, and not sprong of passion. Your father you say, was wont to say, that this like action doth more proceed of feare of further euil or shame, then of a true courage: Truly first, they put a very gelsing case, speaking of them who can euer after come to tell, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortall truth to witnesse, that no feare of torment can apall mee: who know it is but diuerse manners of apparelling death: & haue long learned, to set bodily paine but in the second form of my being. And as for shame: How can I be ashamed of that, for which my well meaning conscience wil answere for me to God, and your vnresistable beautie to the world? But to take that argument in his owne force, and graunt it done for auoiding of further paine or dishonor, (for as for the name of feare, it is but an odious title of a passion, giuen to that which true iudgement performeth) graunt, I say, it is, to shunne a worse case, & truly I do not see, but that true fortitude, looking into al humaine things, with a persisting resolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleasing things, nor astonishment of the vnpleasant, doth not yet deprive it selfe of the discerning the difference of euil, but rather is the onely vertue, which with an assured tranquillitie shunneth the greater by the valiant entring into the lesse. Thus for his countries satisfie he will spend his life, for the sauing of a lim, he will not nigardly spare his goods; for the sauing of all his bodie, he wil not spare the cutting of a limme, where indeed the weake hearted man wil rather die, then see the face of a surgeon: who might with as good reason say, that the constant man abides the painfull surgery, for feare of a further euill: but he is content to waite for death it selfe, but neither is true; for neither hath the one any feare, but a well choosung iudgement; nor the other hath any contentment, but onely feare; and not hauing a heart actiuelly to performe a matter of paine is forced passiuely to abide a greater damage. For to do, requires a whole heart; to suffer, falleth easiliest in the broken minds. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in shame; wherein since valure is a vertue, and vertue is euer limited, we must not runne so infinitely, as to thinke the valiant man is willingly to suffer any thing, since the very suffering of some things is a certaine prooffe of want of courage. And if any thing vnwillingly among the chiefeft may shame go: for if honour be to be held deere, his contrarie is to be abhorred, and that not for feare, but of a true election. For which is the lesse inconuenient, either the losse of some yeares more or lesse (for once wee know our liues bee not immortall) or the submitting our selues to each vnworthie miserie, which the foolish world may lay vpon vs? As for their reason, that feare is contrarie to hope, neither do I defend feare, nor much yeeld to the authoritie of hope; to either of which great inclyning shewes but a feeble reason which must be guided by his seruants; and who builds not vpon hope, shall feare no earthquake of despaire. Their last alleaging of the heauenly powers, as it beares the greatest name, so it is the onely thing, that at all bredes any combate in my minde. And yet I do not see, but that if God hath made vs

maisters

maisters of any thing, it is of our owne liues; out of which without doing wrong to any bodie, we are to issue at our owne pleasure. And the same argument would as much preuaile to say wee should for no necessitie lay away from vs, any of our ioynts, since they being made of him, without his warrant wee should not depart from them; or if that may bee, for a greater cause wee may passe to a greater degree. And if we bee Lieutenants of God, in this little Castle, do you not thinke wee must take warning of him to giue ouer our charge when hee leaues vs vnprovided of good meanes to tarrie in it? No certainly doe I not, answered the sorrowfull *Philoclea*, since it is not for vs to appoint that mightie Maiestie, what time hee will help vs: the vttermost instant in scope enough for him, to prouoke euery thing to ones owne desire. And therefore to preiudicate his determination, is but a doubt of goodnesse in him, who is nothing but goodnesse. But when indeede hee doth either by sicknesse, or outward force lay death vpon vs, then are wee to take knowledge that such is his pleasure, and to know that all is well that hee doth. That we should bee matters of our selues, wee can shew at all no title, or claime; since neither wee made our selues, nor bought our selues, wee can stand vpon no other right but his gift, which hee must limite as it pleaeth him. Neither is there any proportion betwixt the losse of any other limme and that, since the one bendes to the preseruing all, the other to the destruction of all; the one takes not away the minde from the actions for which it is placed in the world, the other cuts off all possibilitie of his working. And truly my most deare *Pyrocles*, I must needes protest vnto you, that I cannot thinke your defence euen in rules of vertue sufficient. Sufficient and excellent it were, if the question were of two outward things, wherein a man might by natures freedome determine, whether hee would preferre shame to paine; present smaller torment, to greater following, or no. But to this (besides the comparison of the matters values) there is added of the owne part a direct euill doing, which maketh the balance of that side too much vnequall: since a vertuous man without any respect, whether the griefe be lesse or more, is neuer to do that which he can not assure himselfe is allowable before the euerliuing rightfulnessse; but rather is to thinke honours or shames, which stand in other mens true or false iudgements, paines or not paines, which yet neuer approach our soules, to bee nothing in regard of an vnspotted conscience. And these reasons doe I remember, I haue heard good men bring in, that since it hath not his ground in an assured vertue, it proceedes rather of some other disguised passion. *Pyrocles* was not so much perswaded as delighted, by her well conceiued and sweetely pronounced speeches; but when shee had cloased her pittifull discourse, and as it were sealed vpp her delightful lippes, with the moistnesse of her teares, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearle, now making it hye time. Bee it as you say (saide hee most vertuous beaurie) in all the rest, but neuer can G O D himselfe perswade me that *Pyrocles* life is not well lost, for to preserue the most admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be if it be possible written on my Tombe, and I will not enuye *Codrus* honour. With that hee would againe haue vied the barre, meaning if that failed, to leaue his braines vpon the wall. When *Philoclea* now brought to that she most feared, kneeled downe vnto him, and embracing so his legges, that without hurting her, (which for nothing hee would haue done) hee could not ridde himselfe from her, shee did withall the coniuring wordes, which the authoritie of loue may lay, beseech him, hee would not now so cruelly abandon her, hee would not eache her comfortlesse in that miserie, to which hee had brought her. That then



in deede shee would euen in her soule accuse him , to haue most fouly betrayed her ; that then shee should haue cause to curse the time that euer the name of *Pyrocles* came to her eares, which otherwise no death could make her do. Will you leaue mee said shee, not onely dishonoured as supposed vnchaste with you, but as a murderer of you ? Will you giue mine eyes such a picture of hell , before my neere reproaching death , as to see the murdered Bodie of him I loue more then all the liues that nature can giue ? With that shee sware by the hyest cause of all deuotions, that if hee did perseuere in that cruell resolution, shee would (though vntuly) not onely confesse to her father, that with her consent this acte had bin committed, but if that would not serue (after shee had puld out her owne eyes, made accursed by such a sight) shee would giue her selfe so terrible a death, as shee might thinke the paine of it would counteruaile the neuer dying paine of her minde. Now therefore kill your selfe, to crowne this vertuous action with infamy: kill your selfe to make mee (whome you say you loue) as long as I after liue , change my louing admiration of you, to a detestable abhorring your name. And so indeede you shall haue the ende you shoote at, for in steede of one death , you shall giue mee a thousand, and yet in the meane time depriue mee of the helpe God may send mee. *Pyrocles* euen ouerwayed with her so wisely vttered affection , finding her determination so fixed , that this ende should but depriue them both of a present contentment , and not auoide a comming euill (as a man that ranne not vnto it, by a sodaine qualme of passion , but by a true vse of reason , preferring her life to his owne ( nowe that wisdom did manifest vnto him , that waye would not preuaile, hee retired himselfe, with as much tranquillitie from it, as before hee had gone vnto it. Like a man, that had sette the keeping or leauing of the bodie, as a thing without himselfe , and so had thereof a freed and vntroubled consideration. Therefore throwing away the barre from him , and taking her vpp from the place, where he thought the consummating of all beauties , very vnworthylie lay, suffering all his senses to deuour vpp their chiefeest foode, which hee assured himselfe they should shortly after for euer be depriued of: well saide he , most deare Ladie, whose contentment I preferre before mine owne , and iudgement esteeme more then mine owne, I yeeld vnto your pleasure. The gods send, you haue not wonne your owne losse. For my part they are my witneses, that I thinke I doe more at your commaundement, in delaying my death , then another would in bestowing his life. But now, said hee, as thus farre I haue yeelded vnto you, so graunt me in recompence thus much againe, that I may finde your loue in graunting , as you haue found your authoritie in obtaining. My humble suite is, you will say I came in by force into your Chamber, for so I am resolued now to affirme, and that will bee the best for vs both; but in no case name my name , that whatsoeuer come of me, my house be not dishonored. *Philoclea* fearing least refusall would turne him backe againe, to his violent refuge, gaue him a certaine countenance, that might shew she did yeeld to his request, the latter part whereof indeede shee meant for his sake to performe. Neither could they spend more wordes together, for *Philanax*, with twentie of the noblest personages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the Lodge, *Philanax* making the rest stay below , for the reuerence hee bare to womanhood, as stillie as he could came to the dore, and opening it, drew the eyes of these two dolefull louers vpon him, *Philoclea* closing againe for modestie sake, within her bed the riches of her beauties , but *Pyrocles* tooke hold of his barre , minding at least to dye, before the excellent *Philoclea* should receiue any outrage. But *Philanax* rested

a while

a while vpon himsele, stricken with admiration at the goodly shape of *Pyrocles*, whom before he had neuer seene, and with all remembring besides others the notable act he had done (when with his courage and eloquence, hee had saued *Basilus*, perchance the whole state from vtter ruine) hee felt a kind of relenting minde towards him. But when that same thought came waited on with the remembrance of his maisters death, which he by all probabilities, thought he had bin of Counsell vnto with the Queene, compassion turned to hatefull passion, and left in *Philanax* a strange medley, betwixt pitie and reuenge, betwixt likeing and abhorring. O Lord, said he to himsele, what wonders doth nature in our time, to set wickednesse so beautifully garnished? and that which is strangest, out of one spring to make wonderfull effectes both of vertue and vice to issue? *Pyrocles* seeing him in such a muse, neither knowing the man, nor the cause of his comming, but assuring himsele, it was for no good, yet thought best to begin with him in this sort. Gentleman said he, what is the cause of your comming to my Lady *Philoclea*s chamber? is it to defend her from such violence, as I might goe about to offer vnto her? if it be so, truly your comming is vaine, for her owne vertue hath bene a sufficient resistance, there needes no strength to bee added to so inuiolate chastitie, the excellencie of her mind makes her bodie impregnable. Which for mine own part I had soone yeelded to confesse, with going out of this place (where I found but little comfort being so disdainfully receiued) had I not bene, I know not by whome presently vpon my coming hither, so locked into this chamber, that I could neuer escape hence: where I was fettered in the most guiltie shame, that euer man was, seeing what a paradise of vnspotted goodnesse, my filthy thoughts sought to defile. If for that therefore you come, already I assure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring mee to any punishment whatsoeuer, for hauing vndertaken so vnexcusable presumption. Truly I beare such an accuser about me of mine own conscience, that I willingly submit my self vnto it. Only thus much let me demaend of you, that you will be a witnes vnto the king what you heare me say, & oppose your selfe, that neither his sodaine fury, nor any other occasion may offer any hurt to this Lady; in whome you see nature hath accomplished so much, that I am faine to lay mine owne faultinesse, as a soile of her purest excellency. I can say no more, but looke vpon her beautie, remember her bloud, consider her yeares, and iudge rightly of her vertues, and I doubt not a gentlemans mind, will then bee a sufficient instructor vnto you, in this I may rearme it miserable chaunce, happened vnto her by my vnbridled audacity. *Philanax* was content to heare him out, not for any fauour hee owed him, but to see whether hee would reueale any thing of the original cause, and purpose of the kings death. But finding it so far from that, that he named *Basilus* vnto him, as supposing him aliue, thinking it rather cursing then ignorance: Yong man, said he, whom I haue cause to hate, before I haue meane to know, you vse but a point of skill, by confessing the manifest smaller fault, to be beleued hereafter in the deniall of the greater. But for that matter, al passeth to one end, and hereafter wee shall haue leasure by tormentes to seeke the truth, if the loue of truth it selfe will not bring you vnto it. As for my Lady *Philoclea*, if it so fall out as you say, it shal be the more fit for her yeares, & comely for the great house shee is come of, that an ill gouerned beautie hath not cancelled the rules of vertue. But howsoeuer it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian*, what reuerent duty we owe vnto any of that progeny. But, said he, come you with me without resistance, for the one cannot auaille, and the other may procure pitie. Pitie? said *Pyrocles*, with a bitter smiling, disdaind with so curriish an answer: no, no,

*Arcadian*, I can quickly haue pitie of my selfe, and I would thinke my life most miserable, which should be a gift of thine. Only I demaund this innocent Ladies securitie, which vntill thou hast confirmed vnto mee by an oath, assure thy selfe, the first that layes hands vpon her shal leaue his wife, for a testimony of his sacriledge. *Philanax* with an inward scorne thinking it most manifest they were both, hee at least, of counsel with the kings death. Well, said he, you speake much to me of the king: I do here sweare vnto you, by the loue I haue euer borne him, shee shall haue no worse, howsoeuer it fall out, then her owne parents. And vpon that word of yours I yeeld said the poore *Pyrocles*, deceiued by him that ment not to deceiue him. Then did *Philanax* deliuer him into the hands of a noble man in the cōpany, euery one desirous to haue him in his charge, so much did this goodly prefēce (wherin true valure shined) breed a delightfull admiration in all the beholders. *Philanax* himselfe stayed with *Philoclea*, to see whether of her hee might leame some disclosing of this former conclusion. But she sweete Lady whome first a kindly shamfastnesse had seperated from *Pyrocles*, (hauing bene left in a more open view then her modestie would well beare) then the attending her fathers cōming, & studying how to behaue her selfe towards him for both their safeties, had called her spirits all with in her: now that vpon a sodaine *Pyrocles* was deliuered out of the chamber from her, at the first shee as so surprized with the extreame stroke of the wofull sight, that like those that in their dreames are taken with some vgly vision, they would faine cry for help, but haue no force, so remained she a while quite depriued not only of speech, but almost of any other liuely actiō. But whē indeed *Pyrocles* was quite drawn frō her eyes, & that her vital strength begā to return vnto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrocles*, but (according to the nature of loue) fearing the worst, wringing her hands, & lettig abundance of teares be the first part of her eloquence, bending her amber-crowned head ouer her bedside to the hard-hearted *Philanax*: O *Philanax*, *Philanax*, said shee, I know how much authoritie you haue with my father: there is no man whose wisdō he so much esteemes, nor whose faith so much he repositeth vpon. Remember how oft you haue promised your seruice vnto mee, how oft you haue giuen me occasion to beleue that there was no Lady in whose fauor you more desired to remaine: and if the remembrance be not vnpleasant to your minde, or the rehearfall vnfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deserue it. Now my chaunce is turned, let not your truth turne. I present my selfe vnto you, the most humble and miserable suppliant liuing, neither shall my desire be great: I seeke for no more life then I shall be found worthy of. If my bloud may wash away the dishonor of *Arcadea*, spare it not, although through me it hath indeed neuer bene dishonored. My only sute is, you will be a meane for me, that while I am suffered to enioy this life, I may not be seperated from him, to whome the Gods haue ioyned me, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly then you doe of mee. If you rightly iudge of what hath past, wherein the Gods (that should haue bene of our mariage) are witnesses of our innocencies: then procure, wee may liue together. But if my father will not so conceiue of vs, as the fault (if any were) was vnited, so let the punishment be vnited also. There was no man that euer loued either his Prince, or any thing pertayning to him with a truer zeale then *Philanax* did. This made him euen to the depth of his heart receiue a most vehemēt griefe, to see his maister made as it were more miserable after death. And for himselfe, calling to mind in what fort his life had bin preferued by *Philoclea*, what time takē by *Amphialus* he was like to suffer a cruell death, there was nothing could haue kept him from falling to all tender

pitie,



pitie, but the perfect perswasion he had, that all this was ioyned to the packe of his maisters death, which the misconceiued speech of marriage made him the more belecue. Therefore first muttering to himselfe such like wordes: The violence the gentleman spake of, is now turned to marriage: hee alleaged *Mars* but shee speakes of *Venus*. O vnfortunate maister. This hath bene that faire diuell *Gynecia*: sent away one of her daughters, prostituted the other, empoysoned thee, to ouerthrow the diademe of *Arcadia*. But at length thus vnto her selfe he said: If your father, Madame, were now to speake vnto, truly there should no body be found a more ready aduocate for you then my selfe. For I would suffer this fault though very great to be blotted out of my mind, by your former led life, your benefit towards my selfe, and being daughter to such a father. But since among your selues you haue taken him away, in whome was the onely power to haue mercie, you must bee clothed in your owne working: and looke for none other, then that which dead pitilesse lawes may allot vnto you. For my part, I loued you for your vertue, but now where is that? I loued you in respect of a priuate benefit, what is that in comparison of the publike losse? I loued you for your father, vnhappy folks you haue robbed the world of him. These words of her father were so little vnderstood by the onely well vnderstanding *Philoclea*, that she desired him to tell her, what he meant to speake in such darke sort vnto her of her lord and father, whose displeasure was more dreadfull vnto her, then her punishment: that shee was free in her owne conscience, shee had neuer deserued euill of him, no not in this last fact: wherein if it pleased him to proceede with patience, he should finde her choise had not beehe vnfortunate. Hee that saw her words written in the plaine table of her faire face, thought it impossible there should therein be contained deceit: and therefore so much the more abashed: Why, said hee, Madame, would you haue me thinke, you are not of conspiracie with the Princeesse *Pamela*s flight, and your fathers death? with that word the sweet Lady gaue a pitifull cry, hauing streight in her face & breast abundance of witnesses, that her hart was far from any such abominable consent. Ah of all sides vnterly ruined *Philoclea*, said shee, now indeede I may well suffer all conceit of hope to dye in mee. Deare father, where was I, that might not do you my last seruice before foot e after miserably following you? *Philanax* perceiued the demonstration so liuely & true in her, that hee easily acquired her in his heart of that fact, and the more was moued to ioyne with her in his hartie lamentation. But remembering him, that the burthen of the state, and punishment of his maisters murderers, lay vpon him: Well, sayd he, Madame; I can do nothing without all the states of *Arcadia*: what they will determine of you, I know not, for my part your speeches would much preuaile with me but that I finde not how to excuse your giuing ouer your body to him, that for the last prooffe of his treason, lent his garment to disguise your miserable mother, in the most vile fact she hath comitted. Hard sure it will be to seperate your causes, with whom you haue so neerely ioyned your selfe. Neither doe I desire it, saide the sweetly weeping *Philoclea*: whatsoeuer you determine of him, doe that likewise to mee; for I knowe, from the fountaine of vertue nothing but vertue could euer proceed; only as you finde him faultlesse; let him finde you fauorable, and build not my dishonor vpon surmises. *Philanax* feeling his hart more & more mollifying vnto her, renewed the image of his dead maister in his fancy, & vsing that for the spurres of his reuengefull choller, went soddely, without any more speech, from the desolate Lady, to whome now fortune seemed to threaten vnripe death, and vnderferued shame among her least euils. But *Philanax* leauing good guard vpon the Lodge,

went himself to see the order of his other prisoners, whome euen then as he issued, he found increased by this vnhoped meanes.

The noble *Pamela* hauing deliuered ouer the burthen of her fearfull cares to the naturall ease of a well refreshing sleepe, reposed with mind & bodie vpon the trusted support of her princely shepheard, when with the braying cries of a rascall cōpany she was robbed of her quiet, so that at one instāt she opened her eyes, & the enraged *Musidorus* rose from her, enraged betwixt the doubt hee had what these men would go about, and the spite he conceived against their ill-pleasing presence. But the clownes, hauing with their hidious noyse brought them both to their feet, had soone knowledge what guests they had found, for in deede these were the skurmy remnant of those rebels, whose naughtie minds could not trust so much to the goodnesse of their Prince, as to lay their hangworthie necks vpon the constancy of his promised pardon. Therefore when the rest (who as sheepe had but followed their fellowes) so sheepishly had submitted themselues, these onely committed their safetie to the thickest part of those desert woods, who as they were in the constitution of their mindes litle better then beasts, so were they apt to degenerate to a beastly kind of life, hauing now framed their gluttonish stomackes to haue for food the wilde benefits of nature, the vttermoſt end they had, being but to draw out (as much as they could) the line of a tedious life. In this sort vagabonding in those vntrōden places, they were guided by the euerlasting Iustice, vsing themselues to be punishers of their faults, and making their owne actions the beginning of their chastizements, (vnhappily both for him and themselues) to light on *Musidorus*. Whome as soone as they saw turned towards them, they well full remembered it was hee, that accompanied with *Basilus*, had come to the succour of *Zelmene*: and had left among some of them bloudie tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had many times sene her. Thus first sturred vpp with a rusticall reuenge against him, and then desire of spoyle, to helpe their miserable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirme their owne pardon, to bring the Princeſse backe vnto her father (whome they were sure he would neuer haue sent so farre so sleightly accompanied) without any other denouncing of warre, set together vpon the worthie *Musidorus*. Who being before hand as much enflamed against them, gaue them so braue a welcome, that the smart of some made the rest stand further off, crying and prating against him, but like bad cures, rather barking then cloasing; he in the meane time placing his trembling Lady to one of the Pyne trees, and so setting himselfe before her, as might shewe the cause of his courage grew in himselfe, but the effect was onely employed in her defence. The villaines that now had a second prooffe, how ill wards they had for such a sword, turned all the course of their violence into throwing darts and stones, indeede the only way to ouer maister the valour of *Musidorus*. Who finding them some alreadie touch, some fall so neare his chiefeſt life *Pamela*, that in the end some one or other might hap to doe an vnſuccourable mischiefe, setting all his hope in dispaire, ranne out from his Lady among them. Who streight like so many swine, when a hardie mastife sets vpon them, dispersed themselues. But the first he ouertooke, as he ranne away, carrying his head as far before him, as those maner of runnings are wont to doe, with one blowe strake it so cleane off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the bodie falling vpon it, it made a shew as though the fellow had had great hast to gather vp his head againe. Another, the speed he made to runne for the best game, bare him full butt against a tree, so that tumbling backe with a brused face, and a dreadfull expectation, *Musidorus*

was

was straight vpon him : & parting with his sword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roring lamentation that his mortar-treading was marred for euer. A third finding his feet too slowe, as well as his hands too weake, sodainly turned backe, beginning to open his lippes for mercie. But before he had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Musidorus* blade was come betweene his iawes into his throat, and so the poore man rested there for euer with a very euill mouth full of an answer. *Musidorus* in this furious chafe would haue followed some other of these hatefull wretches, but that he heard his Lady crie for helpe, whome three of this villonous crue, had (whiles *Musidorus* followed their fellowes) compassing about some trees, sodainly come vpon and surprised, threatening to kill her if shee cried, and meaining to conuey her out of sight, while the Prince was making his bloud-thirstie chafe: But she that was resolued, no worse thing could fall vnto her, then the being deprived of him, on whom she had established all her cōfort, with a pitifull cry fetched his eyes vnto her: who then thinking so many weapons thrust into his eyes; as with his eyes he saw bent against her, made all hartie speed to her succour. But one of them wiser then his companions, sette his dagger to her Alabaster throat, swearing if hee threw not away his sword, hee would presently kill her. There was neuer poore scholler, that hauing in steed of his booke some playing toy about him, did more sodainly cast it from him, at the child-feared prence of a cruell School-maister, then the valiant *Musidorus* discharged himselfe of his onelie defence, when he saw it stood vpo the instant point of his Ladies life. And holding vp his noble hāds to so vnworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that haue done you the wrōg; she is your Princessse (said he) she neuer had will to hurt you, and you see shee hath no power. Vse your choller vpo me that haue better deserued it, doe not your selues the wrong to doe her any hurt, which in no time or place will euer be forgiven you. They that yet trusted not to his curtesie, bad him stand further off from his sword, which he obediently did. So farre was loue aboue all other thoughts in him. Then did they call together the rest of their fellowes, who though they were few, yet according to their numbers possessed many places. And then began these savage Senators to make a consultation, what they should doe: some wishing to spoile them of their iewels and let them go on their iourney (for that if they carried them backe they were sure they should haue least part of their pray) others preferring their old homes to any thing, desired to bring them to *Basilins* as pledges of their surety: and there wanted not which cried the safest way was to kill the both; to such an vnworthy thraldome were these great and excellēt personages brought. But the most part resisted to the killing of the Princessse, fore seeing their liues would neuer be safe after such a fact committed: and began to wish rather the spoile then death of *Musidorus*: when the villaine that had his leg cut off, came scrawling towards them, and being helped to them by one of the company, began with a groning voice and disfigured face, to demaund the reuenge of his bloud, which since hee had spent with them in their defence, it were no reason hee should bee suffered by them to die discontented. The onely contentment he required was that by their helpe with his owne hands he might put his murtherer to some cruell death, hee would faine haue cried more against *Musidorus*, but that the much losse of bloud helped on with this vehemencie, choked vp the spirits of his life, leauing him to make betwixt his bodie and soule an ill fauoured partition. But they seeing their fellow in that sort die before their faces, did swell in new mortall rages: All resolued to kill him, but now onely considering what manner of terrible death they should inuent for him. Thus.



was a while the agreement of his slaying, broken by disagreement of the manner of it, and extremitie of cruelty grew for a time to be the stop of cruelty. At length they were resolved, every one to have a peece of him, & to become all aswell hangmen, as iudges: when *Pamela* tearing her haire, and falling downe among them, sometimes with all the sort of humble prayers, mixt with promises of great good turnes (which they knew her estate was able to perform) sometimes threatening them, that if they kild him and not her, she would not only reuenge it vpon them, but vpon all their wiues and children: bidding them consider that though they might think shee was come away in her fathers displeasure, yet they might be sure hee would euer shew himselfe a father, that the Gods would neuer if shee liued, put her in so base estate, but that she should haue abilitie to plague such as they were, returning afresh to prayers & promises, and mixing the same againe with threatnings, brought them (who were now growne colder in their fellowes cause, who was past aggravating the matter, with his cryes) to determine with themselves there was no way, but eyther to kill them both or saue them both. As for the killing, already they hauing answered themselves that that was a way to make them Citizens of the woods for euer; they did in fine conclude they would returne them backe againe to the king, which they did not doubt, would bee cause of a great reward, besides the safetie from this fore-deferued punishment. Thus hauing either by fortune, or the force of these two louers inward working vertue, settled their cruell hearts to this gentler course, they tooke the two horses, & hauing set vpon them their princely prisoners, they returned towards the lodge. The villaines hauing decked all their heads with lawrell branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, singing and shewing, ran by them, in hope to haue brought them the same day againe to the king. But the time was so farre spent, that they were forced to take vp that nights lodging in the middest of the woods. Where while the clownes continued their watch about the, now that the night, according to his darke nature, did ad a kind of desolation to the penfue hearts of these two afflicted louers, *Musidorus* taking the tender hand of *Pamela*, and bedewing it with his teares, in this sort gaue an issue to the swelling of his hearts griefe. Most excellent Lady said hee; in what case thinke you am I with my self, how vnmercifull iudgements do I lay vpon my soule, now that I know not what God hath so reuerst my well meaning enterprise, as in steed of doing you that honour which I hoped (& not without reason hoped) *Theffalia* should haue yeelded vnto you, am now like to become a wretched instrument of your dishonour? Alas how contrarie an end haue all the inclinations of my minde taken. I my faith fallies out a treason vnto you, and the true honour I beare you, is the field wherein your dishonour is like to be sowne! But I inuoke that vniuersall and onlie wisdom (which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his iudgement fixed vpon the euent) to beare testimonie with me that my desire though in extreamest vehemencie, yet did not so ouercharge my remembrance, but that as far as mans wil might be exceded as I sought to preuent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that al the euill fortunes of euill fortune haue crossed my best framed intent, I am most miserable in that, that I cannot only not giue you help, but which is morst of all, am barred from giuing you counsell. For how should I open my mouth to counsell you in that, wherein by my counsell you are most vnderferuedly fallen? The faire & wise *Pamela*, although full of cares of the unhappie turning of this matter, yet seeing the grife of *Musidorus* onelie stirred for her, did so tread downe all other motions with the true force of vertue, that shee thus answered him, hauing first killed him, which before shee had

neuer

loue so commanding her, which doubted how long they should enioy one another; or of a liuely spark of noblenesse to descend in most fauour to one, when he is lowest in affliction. My deare, and euer deare *Musidorus* (said shee) a greater wrong doe you to your self, that wil torment you thus with griefe for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no further to himselfe, then to do wisely; chaunce is onely to trouble them that stand vpon chaunce. But greater is the wrong (at least if any thing that comes from you may beare the name of wrong) you do vnto mee, to thinke mee either so childish, as not to perceiue your faithfull faultlesse-nesse, or perceiuing it, so basely disposed, as to let my hart be ouerthrowne, standing vpon it self in so vnspotted a purenes. Hold for certain, most worthy *Musidorus*, it is your self I loue, which can no more be diminished by these showers of euill hap, then flowers are marred with the timely raines of Aprill. For how can I want comfort that haue the true and liuing comfort of my vnblemished vertue? And how can I want honor, as long as *Musidorus* in whom indeed honour is, doth honor me: Nothing bred from my selfe can discomfort me: and fooles opinions I will not reken as dishonour. *Musidorus* looking vp to the starres, O mind of minds (said he) the liuing power of all thinges, which dost withal these eyes behold our euer varying actions, accept into thy fauorable ears this praier of mine: If I may any longer hold out this dwelling on the earth which is called a life, grant me ability to deserue at this Ladies hands the grace she hath shewed vnto me, grant me wisdom to know her wisdom, and goodnesse so to increase my loue of her goodnesse, that all mine owne chosen desires, bee to my selfe but second to her determinations. Whatsoeuer I be, let it be to her seruice, let me herein be satisfied, that for such infinite fauours of vertue, I haue some way wrought her satisfaction. But if my last time approcheth, & that I am no longer to be amongst mortall creatures, make yet my death serue her to some purpose, that hereafter she may not haue cause to repent her self that she bestowed so excellent a mind vpon *Musidorus*. *Pamela* could not chuse but accord the coceit of their fortune to these passionate prayers, in so much that her constant eyes yeelded some teares, which wiping from her faire face with *Musidorus* hand, speaking softly vnto him, as if shee had feared more any body should be witnesse of her weaknesse, then of any thing else shee had said, You see, said she, my Prince and onely Lord, what you worke in me by your too much grieuing for me. I pray you thinke I haue no ioy but in you, and if you fill that with sorow, what doe you leaue for me? What is prepared for vs we know not; but that with sorow we cannot preuent it, we know. Now let vs turne frō these things, & thinke you how you will haue me behaue my self towards you in this matter. *Musidorus* finding the authoritie of her speech confirmed with direct necessitie, the first care came to his minde was of hir deare friend and cousin *Pyrocles*: with whom long before hee had concluded what names they should beare, if vpon any occasion they were forced to giue themselues out for great men, and yet not make theselues fully known. Now fearing least if the Princeesse should name him for *Musidorus*, the fame of their two being together, would discouer *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not thinke most excellent Princeesse, said he, to haue made anie further request vnto you, for hauing bene already to you so vnfortunate a suiter, I know not what modestie can beare anie further demand. But the estate of one yong man, whom next to you (far aboue my selfe) I loue more then all the world, one worthie of all well being for the notable constitution of his mind, and most vnworthy to receiue hurt by me, whome hee doth in all faith and constancy loue, the pitie of him onely goes beyond al resolution

to the contrarie. Then did he to the Princeesse great admiration tell her the whole storie as farre as he knew of it, and that when they made the grieuous disunction of their long companie, they had concluded, *Musidorus* should entitle himself *Paladius* Prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* should be *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now (said *Musidorus*) he keeping a womans habit is to vse no other name then *Zelmene*, but I that find it best, of the one side for your honor, you went away with a Prince and not with a shepheard: of the other side accounting my death lesse euill then the betraying of that sweete friend of mine, will take this meane betwixt both, and vsing the name of *Paladius*, if the respect of a Prince will stop your fathers furies, that will serue as well as *Musidorus*, vntill *Pyrocles* fortune being some way established, I may freely giue good proof that the noble country of *Thessalia* is mine: and if that will not mitigate your fathers opinion to me-wardes (nature I hope working in your excellencies will make him deale well with you) for my part the image of death is nothing fearefull vnto mee: and this good I shall haue reaped by it, that I shall leaue my most esteemed friend in no danger to be disclosed by me. And besides (since I must confesse, I am not without a remorse of her case) my vertuous mother shall not know her sonnes violent death hid vnder the same will go of *Paladius*. But as long as her yeares now of good number, be counted among the liuing, shee may ioy her self with some possibilitie of my returne. *Pamela* promising him vpon no occasion euer to name him, fell into extremitie of weeping, as if her eyes had beene content to spend all their seeing moistnesse, now that their was speech of the losse of that, which they held as their chiefe light. So that *Musidorus* was forced to repaire her good counsels with sweet consolations, which continued betwixt them vntill it was about midnight, that sleepe hauing stolne into their heauie senses and now absolutely commanding in their vitall powers, left them delicately wound one in anothers armes quietly to waite for the coming of the morning: which as soone as she appeared to play her part, laden (as you haue heard) with so many well occasioned lamentations. Their lobbish guard (who all night had kept the selues awake, with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away: and how faire a death their fellow had died, who at the last gaspe sued to be a hangman) awaked them, and set them vpon their horses, to whome the very shining force of excellent vertue, though in a very harrish subiect, had wrought a kind of reuerence in them; *Musidorus* as he ridd among them (of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*) thinking it want of a well squared iudgement, to leaue any meane vnassayed of sauing their liues, to this purpose spake to his vnseemely gardians, vsing a plaine kind of phrased to make his speech the more credible. My maisters (said he) there is no man that is wise, but hath in whatsoeuer he doth some purpose wherto he directs his doings, which so long he followes, till he see that either that purpose is not worth the paines, or that another doing caries with it a better purpose. That you are wise in what you take in hand, I haue to my cost learned: that makes mee desire you to tell me what is your end in carying the Princeesse, & me backe to her father. Pardon said one, reward cried another. Well (said hee) take both; although I know you are so wise to remember, that hardly they both will go together, being of so contrary a making, for the ground of pardon is an euill, neither any man pardons but remembers an euill done, the cause of reward is the opinion of some good act, and who so rewardeth, that holds the cheife place of his fancie. Now one man of one companie, to haue the same consideration both of good and euill, but that the conceite of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take away the mind of rewarding, is verie hard,



if not impossible. For either euen in iustice will he punish the fault, as well as reward the desert, or else in mercie ballance the one by the other: so that the not chastising shall be a sufficient satisfying. Thus then you may see that in your owne purpose, rests great vncertainty. But I will graunt that by this your deed you shal obtaine your double purpose. Yet consider I pray you, whether by another meane, that may not better be obtained, and then I doubt not your wisdomes will teach you to take hold of the better. I am sure you know, any bodie were better haue no need of a pardon then enioy a pardon; for as it carries with it the suretie of a preserued life, so beares is a continuall note of a deserued death. This therefore (besides the daunger you may runne into, my Ladie *Pamela* being the vndoubted inheritrix of this state, if she shall hereafter seeke to reuenge your wrong done her) shall be continually cast in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honest sort will disdain your compaignie, and your children shall be the more basely reputed of, and you your selues in euery sleight fault hereafter, as man once condemned, aptest to bee ouerthrowne. Now if you will (I doubt not you wil, for you are wise) turne your course, & gard my Lady *Pamela* thitherward, whither shee was going: first you neede not doubt to aduenture your fortunes where shee goes, and there shall you bee assured in a countrey as good and as rich as this, of the same manners and language, to be so far from the conceit of a pardon, as wee both shall be forced to acknowledge wee haue receiued by your meanes what soeuer wee hold deare in this life. And so for reward iudge you whether it be not more likelie, you shall there receiue it where you haue done no euill, but singular & vnderdeserued goodnesse; or here where this seruice of yours shall be diminished by your durie, and blemished by your former fault. Yes I protest and sweare vnto you, by the faire eyes of that Lady, there shall no Gentleman in all that countrey be preferred: you shall haue riches, ease, pleasure, and that which is best to such worthy mindes, you shall not bee forced to crie mercie for a good fact. You only of all the *Arcadians*, shall haue the praise in continuing in your late valiant attempt, and not basely be brought vnder a halter for seeking the libertie of *Arcadia*. These words in their mindes, who did nothing for any loue of goodnesse, but onely as their senses presented greater shewes of profite, began to make them wauer, and some to clappe their hands and scratch their heads, and sweare it was the best way. Others that would seeme wiser then the rest to capitulate what tenements they shold haue, what subsidies they shold pay: other to talk of their wiues, in doubt whether it were best to send for them, or to take new where they went: most like fooles not redily thinking what was the next to be done, but imagining what cheare they would make when they came there, one or two of the least discourses beginning to turne their faces towardes the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plaine neare to the Lodges, unhappily they espied a troupe of horsemen. But then their false hearts had quickly for the present feare, forsaken their last hopes, and therefore keeping on the way toward the Lodge, with songs of cries and ioy, the horsemen, who were some of them *Philanax* had sent out to the search of *Pamela*, came galloping vnto them; meruelling who they were that in such a generall mourning, durst sing ioyfull tunes, and in so publike a ruine weare the lawrell tokens of victorie. And that which seemed strangest, they might see two among them vnarmed like prisoners, but riding like Captaines. But when they came nearer, they perceiued the one was a Ladie, and the Ladie *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they so little hoped to meete withall, taking these clownes (who first resisted them, for the desire they had to be the deliuerers of the

the

the two excellent prisoners, learning that they were of those rebels, which had made the dangerous vpror, as well vnder coulour to punish that, as this there last withstanding them, but indeede their principall cause being, because they themselves would haue the onely praise of their owne quest, they suffered not one of the to liue. Marie three of the stubbornest of them they left their bodies hanging vpon the trees, because their doing might carrie the likelier forme of iudgement. Such an vnlooked for end did the life of iustice worke for the naughty minded wretches, by subiects to be executed, that would haue executed Princes: and to suffer that without lawe, which by lawe they had deserued. And thus these yong folkes twise prisoners, before any due arrest, deliuered of their iaylours, but not of their iayle, had rather change then respice of miserie, these souldiers that tooke them with verie few words of entertainment, hasting to carie them to their Lord *Philanax*: to whom they came, euen as he going out of the Ladie *Philoctreas* chamber, had ouertaken *Pyrocles*, whome beefore hee had deliuered to the custodie of a Nobleman of that countrie. When *Pyrocles* led towardes his prison, saw his friend *Musidorus*, with the noble Lady *Pamela* in that unexpected fort returned, his grieft (if any grieft were in a mind, which had placed euerie thing according to his naturall worth) was verie much augmented, for besides some small hope hee had, if *Musidorus* had once bene cleare of *Arcadia*, by his dealing and authoritie to haue brought his onely glad some desires to a good issue: the hard estate of his friend did no lesse, nay rather more vex him then his owne. For so indeede it is euer found, where valure and friendship are perfectly coupled in one heart, the reason being, that the resolute man, hauing once disgested in his iudgement the worst extremity of his owne case, and hauing either quite expelled or at least repelled all passion, which ordinarily follows an ouerthrowne fortune, not knowing his friendes mindes so well as his owne, nor with what patience he brookes his case, (which is as it were the materiall cause of making a man happie or unhappie) doubts whether his friend accompts not himselfe more miserable, and so indeede be more lamentable. But as soone as *Musidorus* was brought by the souldiers neere vnto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether euer after hee should bee suffered to see his friend, and determining there could be no aduantage by dissembling a not knowing of him, leapt sodainlie from their hands that held him, and passing with a strength strengthened with a true affection, through them that encompassed *Musidorus*, hee embraced him as fast as he could in his armes. And kissing his cheekes, O my *Plaudius* (said he) let not your vertue now abandon vs: let vs proue our minds are no slaues to fortune, but in aduersitie can triumph ouer aduersitie. Deare *Daiphantus* answered *Musidorus* (seeing by his apparrell his being a man was reuealed) I thanke you for this best care of my best part: but feare not, I haue kept too long companie with you to want now a thorow determination of these things; I well know there is nothing euill but within vs, the rest is either naturall or accidentall. *Philanax* finding them of so neare acquaintance, began presently to examine them apart: but such resolution hee met within them, that by no such meanes hee could learne further then it pleased them to deliuer. So that he thought best to put them both in one place, with espiall of their wordes and behauiour, that way to sift out the more of these fore passed mischiefes. And for that purpose gaue them both vnto the Nobleman, who before had the custodie of *Pyrocles*, by name *Sympathus*, leaning a trustie seruant of his owne to giue diligent watch to what might passe berwixt them. No man that hath euer passed thorow the schoole of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting grieft it was to the

the noble *Pamela*, to haue the companie of him taken from her, to whose vertuous companie she had bound her life. But weighing with her selfe, it was fit for her honour, till her doing were clearely manifested, that they should remaine separate, kept downe their rising tokens of grieffe; shewing passion in nothing but her eies, which accompanied *Musidorus* euen vnto the tent, whither he and *Pyrochus* were led. Then with a countenance more princely then she was wont, according to the wont of highest hearts (like the palme tree striuing most vpward, when hee is most burthened) she commaunded *Philanax*, to bring her to her father and mother, that she might render them account of her doings. *Philanax* shewing a sullen kinde of reuerence vnto her, as a man that honoured her as his Maisters heire, but much misliked her for her (in his conceit) dishonourable proceedings, told her what was past, rather to answere her, then that he thought shee was ignorant of it. But her good spirit did presently suffer a true compassionate affliction of those hard aduentures: which with crossing her armes, looking a great while on the ground, with those eyes which let fall many teares, she well declared. But in the end remembring how necessarie it was for her, not to lose her selfe in such an extremitie, she strengthened her well created heart, and stoutly demaunded *Philanax*, what authoritie then they had to lay handes of her person, who being the vndoubted heire, was then the lawfull Princeesse of that kingedome. *Philanax* answered, her Grace knew the ancient lawes of *Arcadia* bare, shee was to haue no sway of gouernment, till she came to one and twentie yeares of age, or were married. And married I am, replied the wise Princeesse, therfore I demaund your due alleageance. The gods forbid (said *Philanax*) *Arcadia* should be a dowrie of such mariages. Besides, hee told her all the States of her country were euill satisfied touching her fathers death: which likewise according to the statutes of *Arcadia*, was euen that day to be iudged of, before the body were remooued to receiue his princely funerals. After that past, shee should haue such obedience, as by the lawes was due vnto her, desiring God she would shew her selfe better in publike gouernement, then shee had done in priuate. She would haue spoken to the Gentlemen and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing least thereby some commotion might arise, or at least a hinderance of executing his maisters murderers, which hee longed after more then any thing, hasted her vp to the Lodge, where her sister was, and there with a chosen companie of Souldiers to garde the place, left her with *Philoclea*, *Pamela* protesting they layd violent hands of her, and that they entred into rebellious attemptes against her. But high time it was for *Philanax* so to do for alreadie was all the whole multitude falne into confused and dangerous diuisions.

There was a notable example, how great dissipations Monarchall gouernement is subiect vnto. For now their Prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whome to obey. Publike matters had euer beene priuately gouerned, so that they had no liuely taste what was good for themselves. But euery thing was either vehemently desirefull, or extreame terrible. Neighbours inuasions, ciuill dissention, crueltie comming of the Prince, and whatsoeuer in common sence caries a dreadfull view, was in all mens heades but in few how to preuent: harkening on euery rumour, suspecting euery thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making strange and impossible tales of the kings death, while they thought themselves in danger, wishing nothing



but safety, as loone as perswasion of safety tooke them, desiring further benefites, as amendment of forepassed faultes (which faultes notwithstanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of) all agreeing in the vniuersall names of liking or misliking, but of what in especiall points, infinitely disagreeing. Altogether like a falling steeple, the parts whereof, as windowes, stones, and pinnacles were well, but the whole masse ruinous. And this was the generall case of all, wherein notwithstanding was an extreame medley of diuersified thoughts; the great men looking to make themselues strong by factions, the Gentlemen some bending to them, some standing vpon themselues, some desirous to ouerthrow those few which they thought were ouer them, the souldiers desirous of trouble, as the nurse of spoyle, and not much vnlike to them, though in another way, were all the needie sort, the rich fearefull, the wise carefull. This composition of conceites, brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would haue beene more dangerous, but that it had so many parts, that no body well knewe against whom chiefly to oppose themselues. For some there were that cried to haue the state altered, and gouerned no more by a Prince; marie in the alteration, many would haue the *Lacedamonian* gouernment of a few chosen Senatours; others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voyce held the chiefe authoritie. But these were rather the discoursing sort of men, then the active, being a matter more in imagination then practise. But they that went nearest to the present case, (as in a Countrie that knewe no gouernement without a Prince) were they that stroue whom they should make. Whereof a great number there were that would haue the Princesse *Pamela* presently to enioy it: some disdaining that she had as it were abandoned her owne Countrie, enclining more to *Philoclea*; and there wanted not of them, which wished *Gynecia* were deliuered, and made Regent till *Pamela* were worthily married. But great multitudes there were, which hauing beene acquainted with the iust gouernment of *Philanax*, meant to establish him as Lieutenant of the state: and these were the most popular sort, who iudged by the commodities they felt. But the principall men in honour and might, who had long before enuied his greatnesse with *Basilus*, did much more spurne against any such preferment of him. For yet before their enuie had some kind of breathing out his rancour, by laying his greatnesse as a fault to the Princes iudgement, who shewed in *Dametas* he might easily be deceiued in mens value. But now if the Princes choice, by so many mouthes should be confirmed, what could they obiekt to so rightly esteemed an excellencie? They therefore were disposed, sooner to yeeld to anything, then to his raising: and were content (for to crosse *Philanax*) to stop those actions, which otherwise they could not but thinke good. *Philanax* himselfe, as much hindred by those, that did immoderately honour him, (which brought both more enuie, and suspicion vpon him) as by them that did manifestly resist him (but standing onely vpon a constant desire of iustice, and a cleare conscience) went forward stoutly in the action of his maisters reuenge, which he thought himselfe particularly bound to. For the rest, as the ordering of the gouernment, he accounted himselfe but as one, wherein notwithstanding he would employ all his loyall endeuour.

But among the Noblemen, he that most openly set himselfe against him, was named *Timantus*, a man of midle age, but of extreame ambition, as one that had placed his vttermost good in greatnesse, thinking small difference by what meanes hee came by it. Of commendable wit, if hee had not made it a seruant to vnbridled desires. Cunning to creepe into mens fauours, which hee prized onely as they were

were seruicable vnto him. He had been brought vp in some souldierie, which he knew how to set out with more then deserued ostentation. Seruile (though enuious) to his betters: and no lesse tyrannically minded to them he had aduantage of. Counted reuengefull, but indeed measuring both reuenge and reward, as the partie might either help or hurt him. Rather shamelesse then bold, and yet more bold in practises, then in personall aduentures. In summe, a man that could be as euill as he listed, and listed as much as any aduancement might thereby be gotten. As for vertue, he counted it but a schoole name. He euen at the first assembling together, finding the great stroke *Philanax* caried among the people, thought it his readiest way of ambition, to ioine with him: which though his pride did hardly brook, yet the other vice carying with it a more apparant obiect, preuailed ouer the weaker, so that with those liberal protestatiōs of friendship, which men that care not for their word are wont to bestow, hee offered vnto him the choise in mariage of either the sisters, so he would likewise helpe him to the other, and make such a partition of the *Arcadian* estate. Wishing him, that since he loued his master, because he was his maister, which shewed the loue began in himselfe, he should rather now occasion was presented, seeke his owne good substantially, then affect the smoake of a glory, by shewing an vntimely fidelity to him that could not reward it; and haue all the fruit he should get in mens opinions, which would be as diuerse, as many; few agreeing to yeeld him due praise of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he esteemed good (to which he was neither caried by the vaine tickling of vncertaine fame, nor from which he would be transported by enioying any thing, wherto the ignorāt world giues the excellent name of goods) with great mislike of his offer, he made him so peremptorie an answer, not without threatening, if he found him foster anie such fancie, that *Timantus* went with an inward spite from him, whom before hee had neuer loved; and measuring all mens marches by his owne pace, rather thought it some further fetch of *Philanax* (as that he would haue all to himselfe alone) then was any way taken with the louely beautie of his vertue; whose image he had so quite defaced in his owne soule, that he had left himselfe no eyes to behold it, but staid waiting fit oportunitie to execute his desires both for himselfe and against *Philanax*, which by the bringing backe of *Pamela*, the people being deuided into manie motions (which both with murmuring noyses, and putting themselues in seuerall troupes, they well shewed) hee thought apt time was laid before him, the waters beeing (as the Prouerbe saith) troubled, and so the better for his fishing. Therefore going amongst the chiefeest Lords whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kind of conuocation of them, hee inueighed against his proceedings, drawing euery thing to the most malicious interpretariō, that malice it selfe could instruct him to doe. He said, it was season for them to looke to such a weed, that else would ouer grow them all. It was not now time to consult of the dead, but of the liuing: since such a lie-Wolfe was entred among them, that could make iustice the cloake of tyrannie, and loue of his late maister the destruction of his now being children. Do you not see (sayd hee) how farre his corruption hath stretched, that hee hath such a number of rascalles voices to declare him Lieutenānt, readie to make him Prince, but that he instructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? As for vs, because wee are too rich to be brought, he thinks vs the fitter to be killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax*? is she become a stepmother to all the rest, and hath giuen all her blessings to *Philanax*? Or if there bee men amongst vs, let vs shew we

disdain to be seruants to a seruant. Let vs make him know, we are farre worthier not to be slaues, then he to bee a maister. Thinke you he hath made such haste in these matters, to giue them ouer to another mans hand? Thinke you he durst become the Iaylor of his Princeesse, but either meaning to be her maister, or her murderer? And al this for the deare good wil (forsooth he beares to the Kings memorie) whose authoritie as he abused in his life, so he would now perseuer to abuse his name after his death. O notable affection, for the loue of the father to kill the wife, and disinherite the children! O single minded modestie to aspire to no lesse then to the Princely Diademe. No, no, he hath viued all this while, but to come the sooner to his affected end. But let vs remember what wee bee, in qualitie his equals, in number farre before him, let vs deliuer the Queene and our naturall Princeesses, and leaue them no longer vnder his authoritie, whose proceedings would rather shew that he himselfe had beene the murderer of the King, then a fit gardien of his posterity. These words pierced much into the minds, already inclined that way; insomuch that most part of the Nobilitie confirmed *Tymantus* speech, and were readie to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a constant, but reuerent behauiour, desired them they would not exercise priuate grudges in so common a necessitie. He acknowledged himselfe a man, and a faultie man, to the clearing or satisfying of which, hee would at all times submit himselfe, since his end was to bring all things to an vpright iudgment, it should euill fit him to flie the iudgment. But saide he, my Lords, let not *Tymantus* rayling speech (who whatsoeuer he finds euill in his own soule, can with ease lay it vpon another) make me loose your good fauour. Consider that all well doing stands so in the middle betwixt his two contrarie euils, that it is a ready matter to cast a slaunders shade vpon the most approued vertues. Who hath an euill tongue, can call feueritie, crueltie, and faithfull diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuse my selfe, nor to accuse him: for both those, hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of vs, whose purging or punishing may so much import to *Arcadia*. Now I request you, for your owne Honours sake, and require you by the duty you ow to this estate, that you do presently (according to the laws) take in hand the chastisement of our maisters murderers, and laying order for the gouernment: by whom soeuer it be done, so it be done, and iustly done, I am satisfied. My labour hath bin to frame things so, as you might determine: now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heauens to witnes, the care of my heart stands to repay that, wherein both I, and most of you were tyed to that Prince; with whom all my loue of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was speaking his last words, there came one running to him with open mouth, & feareful eyes, telling him, that there were a great nūber of the people, which were bent to take the yong men out of *Simpatheus* hands, & as it should seem by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaime them Princes. Nay, said *Philanax*, (speaking aloud, and looking with a iust anger vpon the other Noblemen) it is now season to heare *Tymantus* idle slaunders, while strangers become our Lords, and *Basilus* murderers sit in his throne. But whosoever is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow mee. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by those that had euer loued him, and some of the Noblemen. Some other remaining with *Tymantus*, who in the meane time was conspiring by strong hand to deliuer *Gynecia*, of whom the weakest guard was had. But *Philanax* where hee went, found them all in an vpror, which thus was false out. The greatest multitude of people,



ple, that were come to the death of *Basilus*, were the *Mantineans*, as being the nearest Citie to the lodges. Among these, the chiefe man both in authoritie and loue was *Kalander*, he that not long before had been host to the two Princes who though he knew not so much as by name, yet besides the obligatiō he stood bound to them in, for preserving the liues of his son and nephew, their noble behaviour had bred such loue in his heart towards them, as both with teares he parted from them, when they left him (vnder promise to returne) and did keep their iewels and apparrell as the reliques of two demy-gods. Among others, he had entred the prison, and seene them, which forthwith so inuested his soule, both with sorrow & desire to helpe them (whom he tendred as his children) that calling his neighbors the *Mantineans* vnto him, he told them all the praises of those two young men, swearing, he thought the Gods had provided for them better, then they theselues could haue imagined. He willed them to cōsider, that when all was done, *Basilus* children must enioy the state; who since they had chosen, and chosen so, as all the world could not mend their choise; why should they resist Gods doing, & their Princesses pleasure? This was the only way to purchase quietnesse without bloud, where otherwise they should at one instant crowne *Pamela* with a crowne of gold, & a dishonored title: which whether euer she wold forget, he thought it fit for the to weigh: (said he) heroicall greatnesse shines in their eyes, such an extraordinarie maiesty in all their actions, as surely either fortune by parētage, or nature in creation, hath made them Princes. And yet a state alreadie we haue, we need but a man, who since he is presented vnto you by the heavenly prouidence, embraced by our vndoubted Princess, worthy for their youth, of compassion, for their beautie, of admiration, for their excellent vertue to be Monarkes of the world, shall we not be content with our owne blisse? shall we put out our eyes because another man cannot see? or rather like some men, when too much good happens vnto them, they think themselves in a dreame, and haue not spirits to taste their owne goods? No no, my friends, beleue mee, I am so vnpartiall, that I know not their names, but so overcome with their vertue, that I shall then thinke, the destinies haue ordained a perpetuall flourishing to *Arcadia*, when they shall allot such a gouernour vnto it. This spoken by a man graue in yeares, great in authority, neere allyed to the Prince, & known honest, preuailed so with all the *Mantineans*, that with one voice they ran to deliuer the two Princes. But *Philanax* came in time to withstand the, both sides yet standing in armes, & rather wanting a beginning, then minds to enter into a bloudie conflict. Which *Philanax* foreseeing, thought best to remoue the prisoners secretly, and if neede were, rather without forme of iustice to kill them, then against iustice (as he thought) to haue them vsurpe the state. But there againe arose a new trouble. For *Sympathus* (the noble man that kept them) was so stricken in compassion with their excellēt presence, that as he wold not falsifie his promise to *Philanax*, to giue them libertie, so yet would he not yeeld them to himselfe, fearing he would do them violence. Thus tumult vpon tumult arising, the Sun (I thinke a wearie to see their discordes had already gone downe to his Westerne lodging). But yet to know what the poore shepheards did, who were the first discryers of these matters, will not to some eares perchance be a tedious digression.

*Here ends the fourth Booke or act.*

*The fourth Eclogues.*

THE shepherds finding no place for the in these garboyles, to which their quiet hearts (whose highest ambition was in keeping themselves vp in goodnesse) had at all no aptnesse, retired themselves from among the clamorous multitude: and as sorrow desires companie, went vp together to the Westerne side of a hill whose prospect extended it so far, as they might well descerne many of *Arcadias* beauties. And their looking vpon the snunes as then declining race, the poore men late penstue of their present miseries: as if they found a wearinesse of their wofull words: til at last good old *Geron* (who as he had longest tasted the benefits of *Basilus* gouernmēt, to seemed to haue a speciall feeling of the present losse (wiping his eyes and long white beard bedewed with great drops of teares, began in this sort to complaine. Alas poore sheepe (said he) which hitherto haue enioyed your fruitfull pasture, in such quietnesse as your wool amōgst other things hath made this countrie famous, yo ur best dayes are now past: now you must become the victuall of an army and perchance an army of forraigne enemies: you are now not onely to feare home Wolues, but alien Lyons; now (I say) now that our right *Basilus* is deceased. Alas, sweet pastures, shal souldiers that know not how to vie you, possesse you: shal they that cannot speak Arcadian language be Lords ouer your shepheards? For alas with good cause may we look for any euill, since *Basilus* our only strength is taken from vs. To that all the other shepheards present vttered pittifull voices, especially the very born Arcadians. For as for the other, though humanity moued them to pittie humane cases, especially in a Prince, vnder whom they had found a refuge of their miseries, and iustice equally administred: yet could they not so naturally feel the liuely touch of sorow. Neuerthelesse, of that number one *Agelastus* notably noted among them, as well for his skill in poetrie, as for an aufterely maintained sorrowfulness, wherewith he seemed to despise the works of nature, framing an vniuersall complaint in that vniuersal mischiese, vttered it in this Scistine:

*Since wailing is a bud of causefull sorow.  
 Since sorow is the follower of euill fortune,  
 Since no euill fortune equals publike damage:  
 Now princes losse hath made our damage publike;  
 Sorow pay we to thee the rights of Nature.  
 And inward grieffe scale vp with outward wailing*

*Why should wee spare our voice from endlesse  
 Who iustly make our hearts the seate of sorow?  
 In such a case where it appears that nature  
 Doth adde her force vnto the sting of fortune:  
 Choosins alas! this our threatre publike,  
 Where they would leaue trophes of cruell damage.*

*Then since such pow'rs conspir'd vnto our damage  
 (Which may be knowne, but neuer helpt with wai-  
 Yet let vs leaue a monument in publike (ling)  
 Of willing teares, torne haire, and cries of sorow.*

For

*For lost, lost is by blow of cruel fortune  
Arcadias gemme, the noblest childe of nature.*

*O nature doing old, O blinded nature, (mage!  
How hast thou torn thy self! sought thine own da-  
In granting such a scope to filthy fortune,  
By thy impes losse to fil the world with wailing.  
Cast thy stepmothers eyes upon our sorow,  
Publique our losse: so, see, thy shame is publique.*

*O that we had; to make our woes more publique,  
Seas in our eyes, & brasen tongues by nature,  
A yelling voice, & harts compos'd of sorrow, (mage,  
Breth made of flams, wits knowing nought but da-  
Our sports murdering our selues, our musicks wai-  
Our studies fixt upon the falles of fortune. (ling,*

*No, no our mischief growes in this vile fortune,  
That priuate paines cannot breath out in publique  
The furious inward griefes with bellish wailing:  
But forced are to burthen feeble nature  
With secret sense of our eternall damage,  
And sorrow feede feeding our soules with sorrow.*

*Since sorrow then concludeth al our fortune  
With al our deaths shew wee this damage publike.  
His nature feares to dye who lines stil wailing.*

It seemed that this cōplaint of *Agelastes* had awaked the spirits of the *Arcadians* astonished before with exceedingnesse of sorrow. For he had scarcely ended, when diuerse of them offred to follow his example, in bewayling the general losse of that countrie which had beene aswell a nurse to strangers, as a mother to *Arcadians*. Among the rest one accounted good in that kind, and made the better by the true feeling of sorrow, roared out a song of lamentation, which (as well as might bee) was gathered vp in this forme:

*Since that to death is gone the shepheard hy,  
Who most the silly shepheards pipe did pryse  
Your doleful tunes sweet Muses now apply.*

*And you O trees (if any life there lyes  
In trees) now through your porous barks receaue  
The strange resound of these my causeful cries:  
And let my breath upon your braunches cleaue,  
My breath distinguisht into words of woe,  
That so I may signes of my sorrow leaue.  
But if among your selues some one tree grow,  
That aptest is to figure misery,  
Let it embassage beare your grieues to show.*



*The weeping Mirr he I thinke will not deny  
Her help to this, this iustest cause of plaint.  
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.*

*And thou poore earth whom fortune doth attaint,  
In Natures name to suffer such a harme,  
As for to loose thy gemme, and such a Sainēt  
Vpon thy face let coaly Rauens swarme :  
Let all the Sea thy teares accounted be :  
Thy bowels with al killing mettals arme.  
Let gold now rust, let Diamonds wast in thee :  
Let pearls be wan with woe their dam doth beare  
Thy selfe henceforth the light do neuer see.  
And you, O flowers, which sometimes Princes were  
Till these strange altrings you did kap to trie,  
Of Princes losse your selues for tokens reare.  
Lilly in mourning blacke thy whitnesse die :  
O Hyacinthe let Ai be on thee still.  
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.*

*O Echo, all these woods with roaring fill,  
And do not onely marke the accents last,  
But all for all reach out my wailefull wil :  
One Echo to another Echo cast  
Scund of my griefes, and let it neuer end,  
Til that it hath al woods and waters past,  
Nay to the heau'ns your iust complaining send,  
And stay the starres inconstant constant race,  
Till that they do vnto our dolours bend :  
And aske the reason of that special grace,  
That they, which haue no lines should liue so long :  
And vertuous souls so soon should loose their place :  
Aske, if in great men good men do so throng,  
That he for want of elbow roome must dye ?  
Or if that they be skant, if this be wrong ?  
Did Wisdome this our wretched time espy  
In one true chest to rob al Vertues treasure :  
Your doleful tunes sweet Muses now apply.*

*And if that any counsell you to measure  
Your doleful tunes, to them stil plaining say,  
To wel felt grief, plaint is the onely pleasure.  
O light of Sunne, which is intit'led day,  
O wel thou dost that thou no longer bidest;  
For mourning light her black weeds may display.  
O Phœbus with good cause thy face thou hidest,  
Rather then haue they al beholding eye (guideest,  
Fow'd with this sight, while thou thy carior*

*And*

*And well (me thinks) becomes this vaulty skie  
A stately tombe to couer him deceased.  
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.*

*O Philomela with thy brest oppressed  
By shame and grieve, help me to lament  
Such cursed harmes as cannot be redressed  
Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,  
Then giue a quiet care vnto my plaining:  
For I to teach the world complaint am bent.  
You dimmy clouds; which we employ your staining  
This cheerefull aire with your obscured cheere,  
Witnesse your woful teares with daily raining.  
And if, O Sunne, thou euer didst appeare  
In shape, which by mans eye might be perceined;  
Vertue is dead now set thy triumph here.  
Now set thy triumph in this world, bereaued  
Of what was good, where now no good doth lie:  
And by the pompe our losse will be compained.  
O notes of mine your selues together tye:  
With too much grief me thinks you are dissolved.  
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.*

*Time euer old, and yong is still resolued  
Within it selfe and neuer tasteth end:  
But mankind is for aye to nought resolued.  
The filthy snake her aged coat can mend,  
And getting youth again, in youth doth flourish:  
But vnto Man, age euer death doth send.  
The verie trees with grafting we can cherish,  
So that we can long time produce their time:  
But man which helpeth the, helples must perish.  
Thus, thus the mindes, which ouer all do climbe:  
When they by yeares experience get best graces,  
Must finish them by deaths detested crime.  
We last short while, and build long lasting places:  
Ah let vs all against foule nature crye:  
VVe Natures workes do help, she vs defaces.  
For how can Nature vnto this reply?  
That she her childe, I say, her best child killeth?  
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.*

*Alas, me thinks, my weakned voice but spilleteth,  
The vehement course of this inst lamentation:  
Me thinks, my sound no place with sorrow filleteth.  
I know not I, but once in detestation  
I haue my selfe, and all what life containeth,  
Since death on Vertues fort hath made inuasion*

One word of woe another after traineth:  
 Ne do I care how rude be my inuention,  
 So it be seene what sorrow in me raineth,  
 O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,  
 Our bodies be in liuing power maintained,  
 Was this mans death the fruit of our dissention?  
 O Physicks power, which (some say) hath restrained  
 Approach of death, alas thou helpest me agerly,  
 When once one is for Atropos disfrained.  
 Great be Physitions brags, but aid is beggerly.  
 When rooted moisture failes, or groweth dry,  
 They leaue off al, and say, death comes too eagerly.  
 They are but words therefore that men do buy  
 Of any, since God Æsculapius ceased.  
 Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.

Justice, iustice is now (alas) oppressed:  
 Bountifulnesse hath made his last conclusion:  
 Goodnesse for best attyre in dust is dressed.  
 Shepheards bewaile your vitermost confusion;  
 And see by this picture to you presented,  
 Death is our home, life is but a delusion.  
 For see alas, who is from you absented?  
 Absented? nay I say for euer banished  
 From such as were to dy for him contented:  
 Out of our sight in turne of hand is vanished  
 Shepheard of Shepheards, whose well settled order  
 Priuate with wealth, publik with quiet garnished.  
 While he did liue, far, far was all disorder,  
 Example more preuailling then direction,  
 Far was home strife, and far was foe from border,  
 His life a law, his looke a full correction:  
 As in his health we healthful were preserved,  
 So in his sicknesse grow our sure infection. (ued,  
 His death our death. But ah; my Muse hath swar-  
 From such deep plaint as should such woes descry  
 VVhich he of vs for euer hath deserved.  
 The stile of heavy hart can neuer fly  
 So high as should make such a paine notori-  
 Cease Muse therefore: thy dart O death apply,  
 And farewell Prince who goodnes hath made glori-  
 (ous.

Many were ready to haue followed this course, but the day was so wasted, that only this riming *Sestine* deliuered by one of great account among them, could obtaine fauour to be heard.

Farewell O Sunne, Arcadias clearest light:  
 Farewell O pearle, the poore mans plenteous treasure.  
 Farewell O golden staffe, the weake mans might:  
 Farewell O Ioy, the ioyfuls onely pleasure: *Wisdome*



*Wisedome farewell, the skillesse mans direction :  
Farewel with thee, farewell all our affection.*

*For what place now is left for our affection,  
Now that of purest lampe is quenched the light,  
Which to our darkned mindes was best direction ?  
Now that the mind is lost of all our treasure ?  
Now death hath swallow'd up our worldly pleasure,  
We Orphans made, void of all publique might ?*

*Orphans in deede, depriv'd of fathers might :  
For he our father was in all affection,  
In our wel doing placing all his pleasure,  
Stil studying how to us to be a light.  
As wel he was in peace a safest treasure :  
In warre his wit and word was our direction.*

*Whence, whence alas, shal we seeke our direction ?  
When that we feare our hateful neighbours might,  
Who long haue gap't to get Arcadians treasure.  
Shal we now finde a guide of such affection,  
Who for our sakes wil thinke all trauaile light,  
And make his paine to keepe vs safe his pleasure ?*

*No, no, for euer gone is all our pleasure;  
For euer wandring from all good direction ;  
For euer blinded of our clearest light ;  
For euer lamed of our sared might ;  
For euer banish'd from wel plac'd affection ;  
For euer robd of all our royal treasure.*

*Let teares for him therefore be all our treasure,  
And in our wailfull naming him our pleasure :  
Let hating of our selues be our affection,  
And vnto death bend still our thoughts direction :  
Let vs against our selues employ our might,  
And putting out our eyes seeke we our light.*

*Farewel our light, farewell our spoiled treasure :  
Farewel our might, farewell our daunted pleasure :  
Farewel direction : farewell all affection.*

The night began to cast her darke Canopie ouer them, and they euen weary with their woes bended homewards : hoping by sleepe, forgetting themselves, to ease their present dolours: when they were met with a troupe of twenty horse, the chiefe of which asking them for the King, and vnderstanding the hard newes, thereupon stayed among them expecting the returne of a messenger whom with speed he dispatched to Philanax.

*The end of the fourth Booke.*

The



# The fifth Booke of the Countesse

TESSE OF PEMBROKES  
ARCADIA.

**T**HE dangerous diuision of mens mindes, the ruinous renting of all estates, had now brought *Arcadia* to feeble the pangues of vttermost perill (such conuulsions neuer comming, but that the life of that gouernment drawes neere his necessarie period) when to the honest and wise *Philanax*, equally distracted betwixt desire of his maisters reuenge and care of the estates establishment, there came (vnlooked for) a *Macedonian* Gentleman, who in short, but pithy manner deliuered vnto him, that the renowned *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*, purposing to haue visited his olde friend and confederate the King *Basilus*, was now come within halfe a mile of the Lodges, where hauing vnderstood by certaine Shepherds, the sodaine death of their Prince, had sent vnto him, (of whose authoritie and faith he had good knowledge) desiring him to aduertise him, in what securitie he might rest there for that night, where willinglie he would (if safely he might) help to celebrate the funerals of his auncient companion & allie, adding hee need not doubt, since hee had brought but twenty in his company, he would be so vnwise as to enter into any forcible attempt with so small force. *Philanax* hauing entertayned the Gentleman, as well as in the midst of so many tumults hee could, pausing a while with himselfe, considering how it should not onely be vniust, and against the lawe of Nations, nor well to receiue a Prince whom good will had brought among them, but (in respect of the greatnesse of his might) very dangerous to giue him any cause of due offence; remembring withall the excellent trials of his equitie, which made him more famous then his victories, he thought hee might be the fittest instrument to redresse the ruines they were in, since his goodnesse put him without suspition, and his greatnesse beyond enuie. Yet weighing with himselfe how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monstrous confusion such mischief might be attempted, of which, late repentance should after be but a simple remedie: hee iudged best first to know how the peoples mindes would sway to this determination. Therefore desiring the Gentleman to returne to the King his Maister, and to beseech him (though with his paynes) to stay for an houre or two, where hee was, till hee had set things in better order to receiue him: hee himselfe went first to the Noblemen, then to *Kalander* and the principall *Mantinians*, who were most opposite vnto him; desiring them, that

that as the night had most blessedly stayed them from entering into civil blood, so they would be content in the night to assemble the people together to heare some newes, which he was to deliuer vnto them. There is nothing more desirous of nouelties, then a man that feares his present fortune. Therefore they, whom mutuall diffidence made doubtfull of their vnter destruction, were quickly perswaded to heare of any new matter, which might alter at least, if not helpe the nature of their feare. Namely the chiefe men, who as they had most to lose, so were most iea.ous of their owne case, & were alreadie growne as weary to be followers of *Timantus* ambition, as before they were enuies of *Philanax* worthinesse. As for *Kalander* & *Sympathus*, as in the one a vertuous friendship had made him seeke to aduance, in the other a natural commiseration had made him willing to protect the excellēt (though vnfortunate) prisoners, so were they not against this conuocation. For hauing nothing but iust desires in them, they did not mistrust the iustifying of them. Onely *Timantus* laboured to haue withdrawne them from this assembly, saying, it was time to stop their eares from the ambitious charmes of *Philanax*. Let them first deliuer *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit persons to heare, and then they might begin to speake. That this was but *Philanax* comming, to linke broyle vpo broyle, because he might auoyd the answering of his trespasses, which as he had long intended, so had he prepared couloured speeches to disguise them. But as his wordes expressed rather a violence of rancour, then any iust ground of accusation, so pierced they no further, then to some partiall eares; the multitude yeelding good attēō to what *Philanax* would propose vnto them: Who, like a man whose best building was a well-framed conscience, neither with plausible wordes, nor fawning countenance, but euen with the graue behauiour of a wise father, whome nothing but loue makes to chide, thus said vnto them. I haue (sayd he) a great matter to deliuer vnto you, and there out am I to make a greater demaund of you. But truly such hath this late proceeding beene of yours, that I know not what is not to be demaunded of you. Me thinkes I may haue reason to require of you, as men are wont among Pirates, that the life of him that neuer hurt you, may be safe. Me thinkes, I am not without appearance of cause, as if you were *Cyclopes* or *Cannibals*, to desire that our Princes body, which hath thirtie yeates maintained vs in a flourishing peace, be not torne in peeces, or deuoured among you, but may be suffered to yeeld it selfe, which neuer was defiled with any of your bloods, to the naturall rest of the earth. Me thinkes, not as to *Arcadians*, renowned for your faith to Prince, and loue of countrey, but as to sworne enemies of this sweet soyle, I am to desire you that at least, if you will haue straungers to your Princes, yet you will not deliuer the seignorie of this goodly Kingdome to your noble Kings murtherers. Lastly I haue reason, as if I had to speake to mad men, to desire you to be good to your selues: For before God, what either barbarous violence, or vnnaturall follie, hath not this day had his seate in your mindes, and left his foot-steps in your actions? but in troth I loue you too well, to stand long displaying your faults: I would you your selues did forget them, so you did not fall againe into them. For my part I had much rather bee an Orator of your prayses. But now if you will suffer attentiuē iudgement, and not foreiudging passion, to bee the waigher of my wordes I will deliuer vnto you what a blessed meane the Gods haue sent vnto you, if you list to embrace it. I thinke there is none among you so young, either in yeares, or vnderstanding, but had heard the true fame of that iust Prince *Euarchus* king of *Macedon*. A Prince with home our late maister did euer hold most perfect alliance. He, euen he, is this day come, hauing but twentie horse with him, within two miles of



this place, hoping to haue found the vertuous *Basilus* aliue, but now willing to doe honour to his death. Surely, surely the heavenly powers haue in so full a time bestowed him on vs, to vnite our diuisions. For my part therefore I wish, that since among our selues wee can not agree in so manifold partialities, wee do put the ordering of all these things into his hands, as well touching the obsequies of the King, the punishment of his death, as the marriage and crowning of our Princess. Hee is both by experience and wisdom taught how to direct: his greatnesse such, as no man can disdain to obey him: his equitie such, as no man neede to feare him. Lastly, as he hath all these qualities to helpe, so hath he (though hee would) no force to hurt. If therefore you so thinke good, since our lawes beare that our Princes murder be chastised before his murdered body bee buried, wee may inuite him to sit to morrowe in the iudgement seat: which done, you may after proceede to the buriall. Whē *Philanax* first named *Euarchus* landing, there was a muttering murmur among the people, as though in that euill ordered weaknes of theirs, he had come to conquer there countrie. But when they vnderstood he had so small a retinue, whispering one with another, and looking who should begin to confirme *Philanax* proposition, at length *Sympathus* was the first that allowed it, then the rest of the Noblemen neither did *Kalander* strue, hoping so excellent a Prince could not but deale graciously with two such young men, whose authoritie ioynd to *Philanax*, all the popular sort followed. *Timantus* still blinded with his owne ambitious haile (not remembring factions are no longer to bee trusted, then the factious may be perswaded it is for their owne good) would needes strue against the streame, exclaiming against *Philanax*, that now he shewed who it was, that would betray his countrey to straungers. But well he found, that who is too busie in the foundaoun of an house, may pull the building about his eares. For the people already tyred with their owne diuisions, (of which his clamping had bene a principall nurse) and beginning now to espye a haue of rest, hated any thing that should hinder them from it: asked one another whether this were not he, whose euill tongue no man could escape? whether it were not *Timantus* that made the first mutinous Oration, to strengthen the troubles? whether *Timantus*, without their consent, had not gone about to deliuer *Gynecia*? And thus inflaming one another against him, they threw him out of the assemblie, and after pursued him with stones and stauies, so that with losse of one of his eyes, sore wounded and beate, hee was faine to flye to *Philanax* seete, for succour of his life: giuing a true lesson, that vice it selfe is forced to seeke the sanctuarie of vertue. For *Philanax* who hated his euill, but not his person, and knew that a iust punishment might by the manner bee vniustly done, remembring withall, that although herein the peoples rage might haue hit rightly, yet if it were nourished in this, no man knew to what extremities it might extend it selfe: with earnest dealing, and employing the vuermost of his authoritie, he did protect the trembling *Timantus*. And then hauing taken a generall oath, that they shold in the nonage of the Princess, or till these things were settled, yeeld full obedience to *Euarchus*, so farre as were not preiudiciall to the lawes, customes, and liberties of *Arcadia*: & hauing taken a particular bond of *Sympathus* (vnder whom he had a seruaut of his own) that the prisoners should be kept close, without conference with any man: he himselfe honorably accompanied with a great number of torches went to the king *Euarchus*, whose coming in this sort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The wofull Prince *Plangus* receiuing of *Basilus* no other succours but onley cer-  
clainre

taine to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all possible speech towards *Byzantium*, where he vnderstood the King, hauing concluded all his warres with the winning of that towne, had now for some good space made his abode. But being farre gone on his way, hee receiued certaine intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not onely some dayes before returned vnto *Macedonia*, but since was gone with some hast to visit that coast of his countrey that lay towards *Italie*. The occasion giuen by the *Latines*, who hauing alreadie gotten into their handes, partly by conquest, and partly by confederacie, the greatest part of *Italie*, and long gaped to deuout *Greece* also. (observing the present opportunitie of *Euarchus* absence, and *Basilius* solitarinesse, which two Princes they knew to bee in effect the whole strength of *Greece*) were euen readie to lay an vniust gripe vpon it, which after they might beautifie with the noble name of conquest. Which purpose though they made not knowne by any solemne denouncing of warre, but contrariwise gaue many tokens of continuing still their former amitie: yet the staying of his subiectes shippes, traffiking as Marchants into those partes, together with the dayly preparation of shipping, and other warlike prouisions in Portes, most conuenient for the transporting of souldjers, occasioned *Euarchus* (not vnacquainted with such practises) first to suspect, then to discerne, lastly, to seeke to preuent the intended mischiefe. Yet thinking warre neuer to be accepted, vntill it be offered by the hand of necessitie, hee determined so long openly to hold them his friends, as open hospitality bewtraied them not his enemies; not ceasing in the meane time by letters & messages to moue the States of *Greece* by vniting their strength, to make timely prouision against this perill: by many reasons making them see, that, though in respect of place some, of them might seeme further remoued from the first violence of the storme, yet beeing imbarcked in the same ship, the finall wracke must needs bee common to them all. And knowing the mightie force of example, with the weake effect of faire discourses not waited on with agreeable actions, what he perswaded them, himselfe performed, leauing in his owne realme nothing either vndone or vnprouided, which might bee thought necessary for withstanding an inuasion. His first care was to put his people in a readinesse for warre, and by his experienced souldiers to traine the vnskilfull to martiall exercises. For the better effecting whereof, as also for meeting with other incontinencies in such doubtful times incident to the most settled states, making of the diuers regions of his whole kingdom so many diuisions as hee thought conuenient, he appoynted the charge of them to the greatest, and of greatest trust hee had about him: arming them with sufficient authoritie to leaue forces within their seuerall gouernements, both for resisting the iuuading enemy and punishing the disordered subiect. Hauing thus prepared the body, and assured the heart of his countrey against any mischiefe that might attaint it, he then tooke into his carefull consideration the externall partes, giuing order both for the repayring and increasing his navy, and for the fortifying of such places, especially on the sea coast, as either comoditie of landing, weaknesse of the countrey, or any other respect of aduantage was likeliest to draw the enemy vnto. But beeing none of them who thinke all things done, for which they haue once giuen direction, he followed euery where his commandement with his presence, which witnesse of euery mans slacknesse or diligence, chastising the one, & encouraging the other, suffered not the fruite of any profitable counsell for want of timely taking to bee lost. And thus making one place succede another in the progresse of wisdom & vertue, he was now come to *Aulon* a principall port of his realme, when the poore *Plangus* extremely wearied with his

long iourney (desire of succouring *Erona* no more relieuing, then feare of not succouring her in time, aggrauating his trauell) by a lamentable narration of his childrens death, called home his cares from encountering forreine enemies to suppress the insurrection of inward passions. The matter so hainous, the maner so villianous, the losse of such persons, in so vnripe yeares, in a time so dangerous to the whole state of *Greece*, how vehemētly it moued to grieve & cōpasiō, others only not blind, to the light of vertue, nor deafe to the voice of their countrie, might perchance by a more cunning workman in liuely coulours be deliuered. But the face of *Euarchus* sorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection a father, & iudging the world so much the more vnworthily deprived of those excellencies, as himself was better iudge of so excellēt worthines, can no otherwise be shadowed out by the skilfullest pencell the by couering it ouer with the vaile of silēce. And indeed that way himself tooke, with so patient a quietnes receiuing this pitifull relation, that all words of weaknesse suppressed, magnanimitie seemed to triumph ouer misery. Only receiuing of *Plangus* perfit instructiō of all things cōcerning *Plexirtus* & *Artaxia*, with promise not only to aide him in deliuering *Erona*, but also with vehement protestatiō, neuer to returne into *Macedon*, till he had pursued the murderers to death: he dispatched with speede a ship for *Byzantium*, cōmāding the gouerner to prouide all necessaries for the warre against his owne comming, which he purposed shold be verie shortly. in this shipp *Plangus* would needs go, impatient of stay, for that in many dayes before he had vnderstood nothing of his Ladies estate. Soone after whose departure, newes was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the ships detained in *Italie* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus* proceedings, their intē to be frustrate (as before by his soldaine returne they doubted it was discourd) deeming it no wisdome to shew the will, not hauing the abilitie to hurt, had not only in free & friendly maner dismissed them, but for that time wholly omitted their enterprise, attending the oportunitie of fitter occasion. By meanes wherof *Euarchus*, tid frō the cumber of that war (likely otherwise to haue stayed him longer) with so great a fleete as hast would suffer him to assemble, forthwith imbarqued for *Byzantium*. And now followed with fresh winds hee had in short time run along course, when on a night encountred with an extreame tempest, his ships were so scattered, that scarcely any two were left together. As for the Kings owne ship, deprived of all company, sore brused, and weather-beaten, able no longer to brooke the seas churlish entertainment, a little before day it recovered the shore. The first light made them see it was the vnhappy coast of *Laconia*: for no other country could haue shewn the like euidence of vnnaturall war. Which hauing long endured betweene the nobilitie and the *Helotes*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, vnder the name of *Dalphantus*, immediatly vpon his departure had broken out more violently then euer before. For the King taking the oportunitie of their Captaines absence, refused to performe the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Wherevpon they were againe deeply entred to warre, with so notable an hatred towards the very name of a King, that *Euarchus* (though a stranger vnto them) thought it not safe there to leaue his person where neither his owne force could bee a defence, nor the sacred name of *Maieistie*, a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian* (one that comming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, desirous to see the warres) he demaunded of him for the next place of suretie, where he might make his stay, vntill hee might heare somewhat of his secret, or cause his shipp to be repaired. The Gentleman glad to haue this occasion of doing seruice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Basilus* (to whom he



he knew he should bring a most welcome guest) told him, that if it pleased him to commit himselfe to *Arcadia*, (a part whereof lay open to their vew) he would vnder- take ere the next night were far spent to guid him safely to his master *Basilus*. The presēt necessitie much preuailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certaine vertuous desire to trie, whether by his authoritie he might withdraw *Basilus* from burying himselfe aliue, and to imploy the rest of his old yeares in doing good, the onely happie action of mans life. For besides the vniuersall case of *Greece*, depriued by this meanes of a principall pillar, he weighed and pitied the pitifull state of the *Arcadian* people, who were in worse case then if death had taken away their Prince. For so yet their neces- sitie would haue placed some one to the helme: now a Prince being, and not doing like a Prince, keeping and not exercising the place, they were in so much more euill case, as they could not prouide for their euil. These rightly wise & vertuous conside- rations especially moued *Euarchus* to take his iourney towards the deserts, where ar- riuig within night, and vnderstanding to his great grieve, the newes of the Princes death, he waited for his safe conduct from *Philanax*: in the meane time taking his rest vnder a tree, with no more affected pompes, then as a man that knew, howfoe- uer he was exalted, the beginning and end of his body was earth. But *Philanax* as soone as he was in sight of him, lighting from his horse, presented himselfe vnto him in all those humble behauiours, which not only the great reuerence of the party, but the conceit of ones owne miserie, is wont to frame. *Euarchus* rase vp vnto him with so gracious a countenance, as the goodnesse of his minde had long exercised him vnto: carefull so much more to defend in all curtesies, as he saw them beare a low re- presentation of his afflicted state. But to *Philanax*, as soone as by neare looking on him, he might perfectly behold him, the grauitie of his countenance, & yeares, not much liked to his late deceassed, but euer beloued maister, brought his forme so liuely vnto his memorie, and reuiued so all the thoughts of his wonted ioyes within him, that in steede of speaking to *Euarchus*, hee stood a while like a man gone a farre iourney fr<sup>m</sup> himself, calling as it were with his minde an account of his losses: imagi- ning that this paine needed not, if nature had not bin violently stopped of her owne course: & casting more louing then wise conceits, what a world this would haue bene if this sudden accident had not interrupted it. And so far strayed he into his rauing melancholie, that his eyes nimble then his tounge, let fall a flood of teares, his voice being stopped with extremitie of sobbing, so much had his friendship caried him to *Basilus*, that he thought no age was timely for his death. But at length taking the oc- casion of his owne weeping, he thus did speake to *Euarchus* Let not my teares most worthily renowned Prince make my presence vnpleasant, or my speech vnmarked of you. For the iustnesse of the cause takes away the blame of any weaknesse in mee, and the affinitie that the same beareth to your greatnesse, seemes euen lawfully to claime pitie in you: A Prince of a Princes fall, a louer of iustice, of a most vniust vio- lence. And giue me leaue excellēt *Euarchus* to say, I am but the representer of all the late flourishing *Arcadia*, which now with mine eyes doth weep, with my tounge doth complaine, with my knees doth lay it self at your feete, which neuer haue bin vnrea- dy to carie yon to the vertuous protecting of innocents. Imagine, vouchsafe to ima- gine, most wise and good King, that here is before your eyes, the pitifull spectacle of a most dolorously ending tragedie: wherein I do but play the part of all the new miserable prouince, which being spoiled of their guide, doth lye like a ship without a Pilot, tumbling vp and downe in the vncertaine waues, till it either runne it selfe vpon the rockes of selfe-diuisiō, or be ouerthrowne by the stormie winde of for-

reine force. *Arcadia* finding her selfe in these desolate termes, doth speake, and I speake for her, to thee (not vainely) puissant Prince; that since now shee is not only robbed of the naturall support of her Lord, but so suddenly robbed, that shee hath not breathing time to stand for her safetie: so vnfortunately, that it doth apall their mindes, though they had leasure: and so mischicuously, that it doth exceede both the suddennesse and infortunatenesse of it: thou wilt lend thine arme vnto her, and as a man, take compassion of mankind, as a vertuous man chastice most abhominable vice, and as a Prince protect a people, which all haue with one voyce called for thy goodnesse: thinking, that as thou art onely able, so thou art fully able, to redresse their imminent ruines. They do therefore with as much confidence as necessitie, flie vnto you for succour, they lay themselues open to you: to you, I meane your selfe, such as you haue euer bin: that is to say, one, that hath alwayes had his determinations bounded with equitie. They onely reserue the right to *Basilus* bloud; the maner to the auncient prescribing of their lawes. For the rest without exception, they yeeld ouer vnto you, as to the elected protectour of his kingdome, which name and office they beseech you till you haue layd a sufficient foundation of tranquillitie to take vpon you; the particularitie both of their statutes and demaundes you shall presently after vnderstand. Now only I am to say vnto you, that this countrey falls to be a faire field, to prooue whether the goodlie tree of your vertue, will liue in all soiles. Here I say will be scene, whether either feare can make you shorr, or the likerousnesse of dominion make you beyond iustice. And I can for conclusion say no more but this, you must thinke, vpon my wordes and your answer depend not only the quiet, but the liues of so many thousands, which for their auncient confederacie, in this their extreame necessity, desire neither the expence of your treasure, nor hazard of your subiects, but onely the benefit of your wisedome, whose both glorie and encrease standes in the exercising of it. The summe of this request was vtterly vnlooked for of *Euarchus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his speech, and after his speech take the greater pause for a perfect resolution. For as of the one side, hee thought nature required nothing more of him then that he should be a helpe to them of like creation, and had his heart no whit commaunded with feare, thinking his life well passed, hauing satisfied the tyrannie of time with the course of many yeares, the expectation of the world with more then expected honour, lastly, the tribute due to his owne minde with the daily offering of most vertuous actions: so of the other hee wayed the iust reproach that followed those who easily enter into other folkes businesse, with the opinion might be conceiued, loue of seignorie rather then of iustice, had made him embarke himselfe thus, into a matter nothing pertaining to him, especially in a time when earnest occasion of his owne businesse so greatly required his presence. But in the end, wisedome being an essentiall and not an opinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in it selfe good, then what by euill mindes might be iudged not good. And therein did see, that though that people did not belong vnto him, yet doing good which is not inclosed within any tearms of people did belög vnto him, & if necessity forced him for some time to abide in *Arcadia*, the necessity of *Arcadia* might iustly demaund some fruite of abiding. To this secret assurance of his owne worthinesse (which although it be neuer so well cloathed in modestie, yet alwayes liues in the worthiest mindes) did much push him forward, saying vnto himselfe, the treasure of thoe inward giftes he had, were bestowed by the heauens vpon him to be beneficiall and not idle. On which determination resting and yet willing before hee waded

ded any further, to examine well the depth of the other proffer; he thus with that well appealed gesture, vnpassionate nature bestoweth vpon mankind, made answer to *Philanax* most vrgent petition. Although long experience hath made me know, all men (and so Princes which be but men) to be subiect to infinite casualties, the very constitution of our liues remaining in continuall chaunge: yet the affaires of this countrey, or at least my meeting so iumply with them, makes me abashed with the straungenesse of it. With much paine I am come hither to see my long approued friend, and now I finde if I will see him I must see him dead: after, for mine owne security, I seek to be warranted mine owne life: and there suddenly am I appointed to be a iudge of other mens liues, though a friend to him, yet am I a stranger to the countrey, and now of a stranger you would suddenly make a director. I might object to your desire my weaknesse, which age perhaps hath wrought in minde and bodie: and iustly I may pretend the necessitie of mine owne affaires, which was I am by al true rules most nearely tyed, so cā they not lōg beare the delay of my absence. But though I would and could dispence with these difficulties, what assurance can I haue of the peoples will? Which hauing so many circles of imaginations can hardly be inclosed in one point. Who knowes a people, that knowes not sudden opinion makes them hope, which hope if it be not answered, they fall in hate? Chusing and refusing, erecting, and ouerthrowing, according as the presentnesse of any fancie carries them. Euen this their hastie drawing to me, makes me thinke they will be as hastily with-drawn from mee, for it is but one ground of inconstancie, soone to take or soone to leaue. It may be they haue heard of *Euarchus* more then cause: their owne eyes will be perhaps more curious iudges, out of heresay they may haue builded many conceits, which I can not, perchaunce wil not performe, then will vnderferued repentance be a greater shame and iniurie vnto me, then their vnderferued proffer is honour. And to conclude I must be fully informed, how the patient is minded, before I can promise to vndertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the moderne mindes, who make surers magistrates: but did euer thinke the vnwilling worthy man, was fitter then the vnderferuing desirer. Therefore the more *Euarchus* drew backe, the more he found in him that the cunningest pilot doth most dread the rockes, the more earnestly he pursued his publique request vnto him. He desired him not to make any weake excuses of his weaknesse, since so many examples had well proued his minde was strong to overpasse the greatest troubles, and his body strong inough to obey his minde; and that so long as they were ioyned together, hee knew *Euarchus* would thinke it no wearisome exercise, to make them vessels of vertuous actiōs. The dutie to his countrie he acknowledged, which as he had so settled, as it was not to feare any sudden alteration, so since it did want him, as well it might endure a fruitfull as an idle absence. As for the doubt hee conceiued of the peoples constancie in this their election, he sayd it was such a doubt as all humane actions are subiect vnto: yet as much as in politique matters, which receiue not Geometrical certainties, a man may assure himselfe there was euident likelyhood to bee conceiued of the continuance, both in their vnanimitie, and his worthinesse: whereof the one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, ioyned to the present necessitie the firmest band of mortall mindes. In summe, he alleaged so many reasons to *Euarchus* his minde, (alreadie inclined to enter into any vertuous action) that he yeilded to take vpon himselfe the iudgement of the present cause, so as hee might finde in deede that such was the peoples desire out of iudgement and not faction. Therefore mounting on their horses, they hasted to the lodges, where they found, though late



in the night, the people wakefullie watching for the issue of *Philanax* Embassage No man thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voice in it, & each deeming his owne eyes the best gardiens of his throate in that vnaccustomed tumult. But whē they saw *Philanax* returne, hauing on his right hand the king *Euar- chus*, on whome they had now placed the greatest burthen of their feares, with ioy- full shoutes and applauding acclamations, they made him and the world quickly know, that one mans sufficiencie is more available then ten thousands multitude. So euill ballanced be the extremities of popular mindes: and so much naturall impérioufnesse there rests in a well formed spirit. For as if *Euar chus* had beene borne of the Princelie blood of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted prooffe had ingrafted him in their countrey, so flocked they about this straunger, most of them al- réadie from deieſted feares, rising to ambitious considerations, who shold catch the first hold of his fauour. And then from those crying welcomes to babling one with the other, some praying *Philanax* for his succeeding paine, others liking *Euar chus* aspect, and as they iudged his age by his face, so iudging his wisdom by his age, *Euar chus* passed through them like a man that did neither disdain a people, nor yet was any thing tickled with their flatteries. But alwayes holding his owne, a man might reade a constant determination in his eyes. And in that sort dismounting a- mong them, he forthwith demanded the conuocation to be made, which according- lie was done, with as much order and silence; as it might appeare, *Neptune* had not more force to appease the rebellious winde, then the admiration of an extraordina- rie vertue hath, to temper a disordered multitude. He being raised vp vpon a place more high then the rest, where he might be best vnderstood, in this sort spake vnto them. I vnderſtād said he, faithfull *Arcadians*, by my L. *Philanax*, that you haue with one consent, chosen me to be the iudge of the late euils hapned: orderer of the pre- sent disorders: & finally, protector of this countrey, till therein it be seene what the customes of *Arcadia* require. He could say no further, being stopped with a general crie, that so it was; giuing him all his honorable titles and happie wishes they could imagine. He beckned vnto them for silence, and then thus againe proceeded, well said he, how good choise you haue made, the attending must be in you, the proof in me. But because it many times falls out, we are much deceiued in others; wee being the first to deceiue our selues, I am to require you, not to haue any ouerhooting ex- pectation of me, the most cruell aduersarie of all honorable doings, nor promise your selues wonders out of a sudden liking: but remember I am a man, that is to say, a creature, whose reason is often darkned with error. Secondly, that you will lay your harts voyde of foretaken opinions: else whatloeuē I do or say, will be mea- sured by a wrong rule, like them that haue the yellow laundise, euery thing seeming yellow vnto them. Thirdly, whatsoeuē debates haue risen among you, may bee vt- terly extinguished, knowing that euē among the best men are diuersities of opinions, which are no more in true reason to breed hatred, then one that loues black, should be angrie with him that is cloathed in white, for thoughts and conceits are the verie apparell of the minde. Lastly, that you do not easily iudge of your iudge, but since you will haue me to commaund, thinke it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I will promise and protest vnto you, that to the vitermost of my skill; both in the generall lawes of nature, especially of *Greece*, and particularly of *Arcadia* (wherein I must confesse I am not vnacquainted) I will not only see the passed euils duly puni- shed, and your weale hereafter established; but for your defence in it, if neede shall require, I will imploy the forces and treasures of mine owne countrey. In the meane time,

time, this shall be the first order I will take, that no man vnder paine of grieuous punishment, name me by any other name but Protectour of *Arcadia*. For I will not leaue any possible coulour, to any of my naturall successours, to make claime to this which by free election you haue bestowed vpon me. And so I vow vnto you, to depose my selfe of it as soone as the iudgement is passed, the King buried, and his lawfull successour appointed. For the first whereof, I meane the trying which be guilty of the Kings death, and these other haynous trespasses, because your customes require such hast I will no longer delay it, then till to mortowe as soone as the Sunne shall giue vs fit oportunitie. You may therefore retire your selues to your rest, you may be readier to be present, at these so great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Euarchus* speech heard, who now by *Philanax* (that tooke the principall care of doing all due seruice vnto him) was offered a lodging made readie for him, (the rest of the people aswell as the small commoditie of that place would suffer, yeelding their wearie heads to sleepe) when loe the night thoroughly spent in these mixed matters, was for that time banished the face of the earth, and *Euarchus* seeing the day begin to disclose his comfortable beauties, desiring nothing more then to ioyne speed with iustice, willed *Philanax* presently to make the iudgement place be put in order: & as soone as the people (who yet were not fully dispersed) might be brought together, to bring forth the prisoners and the Kings bodie. Which the manner was, should in such cases be held in sight, though couered with blacke veluet, vntill they that were accused to bee the murtherers were quitted or condemned, whether the reason of the law were to shew the more gratefull loue to their Prince, or by that spectacle, the more to remember the iudge of his dutie. *Philanax* who now thought in himselfe, he approched by the iust reuenge he so much desired, went with care & diligence to performe his charge. But first it shalbee well to know, how the poore & Princely prisoners, passed this tedious night. There was neuer tyrant exercised his rage with more grieuous torments, vpon any he most hated, the afflicted *Gynecia* did crucifie her owne soule, after the guiltinesse of her heart was surcharged with the suddennesse of her husbands death, for although that effect came not from her minde, yet her minde being euill, and the effect euill, she thought the iustice of God had for the beginning of her paines coupled them together. This incessantly boyled in her brest, but most of all, when *Philanax* hauing closely imprisoned her, shee was left most freely to suffer the firebrands of her owne thoughtes, especially when it grew darke, and had nothing left by her but a little lampe, whose small light to a perplexed minde, might rather, yeeld fearefull shadowes, then any assured sight. Then began the heapes of her miseries, to weygh down the platforme of her iudgement, then began despaire to lay his ougly claws vpon her, shee began then, to feare the heauenly powers (she was wont to reuerence) not like a child, but like an enemie, neither kept shee her selfe from blasphemous repynning against her creation. O Gods would shee cry out, why did you make me to destruction? If you loue goodnesse, why did you not giue me a good minde? Or if I cannot haue it without your gift, why doe you plague me? Is it to mee to resist the mightinesse of your power? Then would she imagine she saw strange sights, and that she heard the cries of hellish ghosts, then would she skritch out for succour, but no man comming vnto her she would faine haue killed her self, but knew not how. At sometimes againe, the very heauinesse of her imaginations would close vp her senses to a little sleepe: but then did her dreames become her tormentours. One time it would seeme vnto her, *Philanax* was hailing her by the haire of the head, and hauing put out her eyes,

was

was ready to throw her into a burning furnace. Another time she would thinke she saw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, and the magistrates of that infernall region, contending in great debate, to what eternall punishment they should allot her. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it would fall vpon *Zelmane*: to whom she would thinke he was crying for mercie, and that she did passe away by her in silence without any shew of pitying her mischiefe. Then waking out of a broken sleepe, and yet wishing she might euer haue slept, new formes, but of the same miseries, would leaze her minde, shee feared death, and yet desired death, shee had passed the vttermost of shame, & yet shame was one of her cruellest assaulters, she hated *Pyrocles* as the originall of her mortall ouerthrow: & yet the loue shee had conceived to him, had still a high authoritie of her passion. O *Zelmane*, would she say (not knowing how neare hee himselfe was to as great a daunger) now shalt thou glut thy eyes, with the dishonoured death of thy enemy! Enemy alas enemy, since so thou hast well shewed, thou wilt haue me account thee, couldest thou not as well haue giuen me a determinate deniall, as to disguise thy first disguising, with a double dissembling? Perchance if I had bene vtterly hopelesse, the vertue was once in mee, might haue called together his forces, and not haue bene led captiue to this monstrous thralldome of punished wickednesse. Then would her owne knowing of good inflame anew the rage of dispaire: which becomming an vnresisted Lord in her breast, she had no other comfort but in death, which yet she had in horreur, when she thought of. But the wearisome detesting of her self, made her long for the dayes approach, at which time she determined to continue her former course; in acknowledging any thing which might haste her end: Wherein although she did not hope for the end of her torments, feeling already the beginning of hell agonies; yet according to the nature of paine, the present being most intolerable, shee desired to change that, and put to aduēture the ensuing. And thus rested the restless *Gynecia*; no lesse sorrowfull, though lesse rageful were, the mindes of the Princess *Pamela*, & the Lady *Philoclea*, whose onely aduantages were, that they had not consented to so much euill, and so were at greater peace with themselves: and that they were not left alone, but might mutually beare part of each others woes. For when *Philanax* not regarding *Pamelas* Princely protestations, had by force left her vnder gard with her sister, and that the two sisters were marched, as well in the disgraces of fortune, as they had bene in the best beauties of nature: those things that till then, bashfulness and mistrust had made them hold reserued one from the other, now feare, the underminer of all determinations, and necessitie the victorious rebell of all lawes, forced them enterchangeably to lay open. Their passions then so swelling in them, as they would haue made Auditors of stones, rather then haue swallowed vp in silence, the choking aduētures were fallen vnto them. Truly the hardest hearts, which haue at any time thought womans teares to be a matter of sleight compassio (imagining that faire weather will quickly after follow) would now haue bene mollified: and bene compelled to confesse, that the fairer a Diamond is, the more pitie it is it should receiue a blemish. Although no doubt, their faces did rather beautifie sorrow, then sorrow could darken that, which euen in darknesse did shine. But after they had so long, as their other afflictions would suffer them, with dolefull ceremonies bemoaned their fathers death: they fate downe together apparelled as their disaduentures had found them. *Pamela* in her iourning weedes now conuerted to another vse: *Philoclea* only in her night gowne, which she thought should be the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures, had after much

panting



paning (with their inward trauell) gotten so much breathing power, as to make a pitifull discourse one to the other, what had befallen them, & that by the plaine comparing the case they were in, they thoroughly found, that their griefes were not more like in regard of themselves, then like in respect of the subiect (the two Princes (as *Pamela* had learned of *Musidorus*) being so minded, as they would euer make both their fortunes one) it did more vnite, and so strengthen their lamentation: seeing the one could not be miserable, but that it must necessarily make the other miserable also. That therefore was the first matter their sweet mouthes deliuered, the declaring the passionate beginning, troublesome proceeding, and dangerous ending, their neuer ending loues had passed. And when at any time they entred into the prayes of the yong Princes, too long it would haue exercised their tounge, but that their memory forthwith warned them, the more prayse-worthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then againe to crying and wringing of hands; & then a new, as vnquiet griefe sought each corner, to new discourses, from discourses to wishes, from wishes to prayers. Especially the tender *Philoclea*, who as she was in yeares younger, and had neuer lifted vp her minde to any opinion of soveraignetie, so was shee the apter to yeeld to her misfortune; hauing no stronger debates in her minde, then a man may say a most wittie childhood is wont to nourish: as to imagine with her selfe, why *Philanax* and the other noblemen, should deale so cruelly by her, that had neuer deserued euill of any of them. And how they could finde in their hearts, to imprison such a personage, as she did figure *Pyrocles*, whome she thought all the world was bound to loue as well as she did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a vertuous mildnesse, yet the knowledge of her selfe, and what was due vnto her, made her heart full of a stronger disdain, against her aduersitie.

So that she ioynd the vexation for her friend, with the spite to see her selfe as shee thought rebelliously detained and mixed desirous thoughts to helpe, with reuengefull thoughts if she could not helpe. And as in pangs of death, the stronger heart feelles the greater torment, because it doth the more resist to his oppressour; so her minde, the nobler it was set, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, so much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helpleffe wounds it gaue vnto it selfe. But when great part of the night was passed ouer the dolefull Musicke of these sweete Ladyes complaints, and that leasure (though with some strife) had brought *Pamela* to know, that an Eagle when shee is in a cage, must not thinke to doe like an Eagle, remembring with themselves, that it was likely the next day, the Lords will proceede against those they haue imprisoned. They imployed the rest of the night, in writing vnto them, with such earnestnesse as the matter required, but in such stiles as the state of their thoughts was apt to fashion. In the meane time, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, were recommended to so strong a guard, as they might well see it was meant, they should pay no lesse price then their liues, for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeede, (fortifying courage with the true Rampier of patience) did so endure, as they did rather appeare gouernours of necessitie, then seruants to fortune. The whole summe of their thoughts resting vpon the safetie of their Ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein (if at all) their hearts did seeme to receiue some softnesse. For sometimes *Musidorus* would feelee such a motion to his friend, and his vnworthie case, that hee would fall into such kinde speeches. My *Pyrocles* would he say, how vnhappy may I thinke *Theffalza*, that had bene as it were, the middle way to this euill estate of yours? For if you had not bene there brought vp, the Sea should not haue had  
this

this power, thus to seuer you from your deare father. I haue therefore, (if complaints do at any time become a mans heart) most cause to complaine; since my country, which receiued the honour of *Pyrocles* education, should bee a step to his ouerthrow, if humane chances can bee counted an ouerthrow to him, that standes vpon vertue. O excellent *Musidorus* answered *Pyrocles*, how doe you teach me rather, to fall out with my selfe, and my fortune, since by you I haue receiued all good, you only by me this affliction: to you and your vertuous mother, I in my tendrest yeeres, and fathers greatest troubles, was sent for succour. There did I learne the sweete mysteries of Philosophie; there had I your liuely example, to confirme that which I learned; there lastly had I your friendship, which no unhappinesse can euer make you say, but that hath made mee happie. Now see how my destinie (the Gods know) not my will, hath rewarded you: my father sends for you away out of your land, whence but for mee you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my loue not yours; which first stayed you here; and therefore if the heauens euer held a iust proportion, it were I, and not you, that should feele the smart. O blame not the heauens, sweete *Pyrocles* (sayd *Musidorus*) as their course neuer alters, so is there nothing done by the vnteachable ruler of them, but hath an euermlasting reason for it. And to say the truth of these things, we should deale vngratefully with nature, if we should bee forgetfull receiuers of her giftes, and diligent auditors of the chaunces we like not. We haue liued, and haue liued to be good to our selues, and others: our soules which are put into the stirring earth of our bodies, haue archiued the causes of their hither comming: They haue knowne, and honored with knowledge the cause of their creation, and to many men (for in this time, place, and fortune, it is lawfull for vs to speak gloriously) it hath bene behoofesfull, that we should liue. Since then eternitie is not to bee had in this coniunction, what is to bee lost by the seperation, but time which since it hath his end, when that is once come, all what is past is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Do not me therefore that wrong, (who something in yeares, but much in all other deserts, answer to dye then you) as to say, you haue brought me to any euill: since the loue of you, doth ouer ballance all bodily mischiefes, and those mischiefes be but mischiefes to the baser mindes, too much delighted with the kennell of this life. Neither will I any more yeeld to my passion of lamenting you, which howsoeuer it might agree to my exceeding friendship, surely it would nothing to your exceeding vertue. Adde this to your noble speech my deare Cousin, sayd *Pyrocles*, that if we complaine of this our fortune, or seeme to our selues faultie, in hauing one hurt the other, wee shewe a repentance of the loue wee beare to these matchlesse creatures, or at least a doubt, it should bee our dearly bought, which for my part (and so dare I answer for you) I call all the Gods to witnesse, I am so far from, that no shame, no torment, no death, would make me forgo the least part of the inward honour, essentiall pleasure, and living life, I haue enioyed in the presence of the faultlesse *Philoclea*. Take the preheminence in all things, but in true louing, answered *Musidorus*, for the confession of that no death shall get of mee. Of that answered *Pyrocles* soberly smiling, I perceiue we shall haue a debate in the other world, if at least there remaine any thing of remembrance in that place. I doe not thinke the contrarie sayd *Musidorus*, although you know, it is greatly held, that with the death of bodie and senses (which are not onelie the beginning, but dwelling and nourishing of passions, thoughts and imaginations) they sayling, memorie likewise failes, which riseth onely out of them: & then is there

left

left nothing, but the intellectuall part or intelligence, which voide of all morall vertues, which stand in the meane of perturbations, doth only liue in the contemplatiue vertue, and power of the omnipotent good, the soule of soules, and vniuersall life of this great work, & therefore is vtterly void from the impossibiliy of drawing to it self, these sensible cōsiderations. Certainly answered *Pyrocles*, I easily yeeld, that we shall not know one another, and much lesse these passed things, with a sensible or passionare knowledge. For the cause being taken away, the effects followe. Neither do I thinke, we shall haue such a memory as now we haue, which is but a relicke of the sēses, or rather a print the sēses haue left of things passed in our thoughts, but it shall be a vitall power of that very intelligence; which as while it was here, it held the chiefe seate of our life, and was as it were the last resort, to which of all our knowledges, the highest appeale came, and so by that meanes was neuer ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliously resisted, alwayes with this prison darkened so, much more being free of that prison, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but be a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both present and passed, though voide of imagining to it selfe any thing, but euen growne like to his Creator, hath all things, with a spirituall knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for vs to conceiue, as it had for vs, when we were in our mothers wombes, to comprehend (if any bodie would haue tolde vs) what kind of light we now in this life see, what kind of knowledge we now haue, yet now we do not only feele our present being, but we cōceiue what we were before we were borne, though remembrance make vs not do it, but knowledge, and though we are vtterly without any remorse of any misery we might then suffer. Euen such and much more ods, shall there be at that second deliuey of ours; when void of sensible memory, or memoratiue passion we shall not see the colours, but liues of all things that haue bene or can be: and shall (as I hope) knowe our friendship, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendship, hauing both vnited it and our selues, in that high and heauenly loue of the vnquencheable light. As hee had ended his speech, *Musidorns* looking with a heauenly ioy vpon him, sang this long vnto him, hee had made beefore loue turned his muse to another subiect.

*Since natures workes be good, and death doth serue  
As natures worke: why should we feare to die:  
Since feare is vaine, but when it may preserue,  
Why should we feare, that which we cannot flie?*

*Feare is more paine, then is the paine it feares,  
Disarming humane minds of natie might:  
While each conceite, an ougly figure beares,  
Which were not euill, well vew'd in reasons light.*

*Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,  
And scarce discern the dawne of coming day,  
Let them be cleare'd, and now begin to see,  
Our life is but a step in dustie way.*

*Then let vs hold the blisse of peacefull mind,  
Since this we feele, great losse we cannot find.*

Pp

Thus



Thus did they like quiet Swannes, sing their owne obsequies, and vertuously enable their mindes against all extremities, which they did thinke would fall vpon them, especially resolving, that the first care they would haue, should bee by taking the fault vpon themselves, to cleare the two Ladies, of whose case (as of nothing else that had happened) they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly hoste, the honest gentleman *Kalander*, seeking al meanes how to helpe them, had endeouored to speake with them, and to make them know who shall be their iudge. But the curious seruant of *Philanax* forbad him the entrie, vpon paine of death. For so it was agreed vpon, that no man should haue any conference with them, for feare of new tumults. In so much that *Kalander* was constrained to retire himselfe, hauing yet obtained thus much, that he would deliuer vnto the two Princes, their apparell and iewels, which being left with him at *Mantineia* (wisely considering that their disguised weedes, which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in the sight of the iudges) he had that night sent for, and now brought vnto them. They accepted their owne with great thankfulness, knowing from whence it came, and attired themselves in it against the next day, which being indeed richly & Princelie they accordingly determined to maintaine the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gaue they themselves to consider, in what sort they might defend their causes, for they thought it no lesse vaine to wish death, then cowardly to feare it, till something before morning, a small slumber taking them, that were by and by after called vp to come to the answer of no lesse then their liues imported. But in this sort was the iudgement ordered: As soone as the morning had taken a full possession of the Element, *Euarchus* called vnto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the middest of the Greene (before the chiefe lodge (the throne of iudgement seat, in which *Basilus* was wont to sitt, and according to their customes, was euer carried with the Prince. For *Euarchus* did wisely consider, the people to bee naturally taken with exterior shewes farre more then with inward consideration of the materiall points. And therefore in this new entrie into so intrangled a matter, hee would leaue nothing which might bee either an armour or ornament vnto him, and in these pompous cerentones hee well knewe a secret of gouernment much to consist. That was performed by the diligent *Philanax*, and therein *Euarchus* did let himselfe all clothed in blacke, with the principall men, who could in that suddennesse prouide themselves of such mourning rayments. The whole people commaunded to keepe an orderly silence of each side, which was duely obserued of them partely for the desire they had to see a good conclusion of these matters, and partly stricken with admiration aswell at the graue and Princely presence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatnesse of the cause, which was then to come in question. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would haue done him the honour to sitt by him, but hee excused himselfe, desiring to be the accuser of the pritoners in his maisters behalfe; and therefore since hee made himselfe a partie, it was not conuenient for him to sitte in the iudiciall place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the two young Ladies, should be brought forth in open presence, but that was stopped by *Philanax*, whose loue and faith did disceend from his maister to his children, and onely desired, the smart should light vpon the others, whome hee thought guiltie of his death and dishonour, alleaging for this, that neither wisdom would, they should bee brought in presence of the people, which might herevpon grow to new vprores: nor iustice required, they should bee drawne to any shame, till some body accused them. And as for *Pamela* he

he protested the lawes of *Arcadia*, would not allow any iudgement of her, although she her selfe were to determine nothing till age or marriage enabled her. Then the Kings body being laid vpon a Table, iust before *Euarchus*, and all couered ouer with blacke, the prisoners, namely the Queene, and two young Princes, were sent for to appeare in the Protectors name : which name was the cause they came not to knowledge, how neare a kinsma was to iudge of them, but thought him to be some Nobleman, chosen by the Country, in this extremitie. So extraordinary course had the order of the heauens produced at this time, that both nephew and son, were not only prisoners, but vnkowne, to their vncke and father who of many yeares had not scene the. And *Pyrocles* was to plead for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had saued the Kings life. But first was *Gynecia* led forth, in the same weeds that the day and night before she had worne, sauing that in stead of *Zelmanes* garment in which she was found, she had cast on a long cloak, which reached to the ground of russet course cloath, with a poore felt hat, which almost couered all her face, most part of her goodly haire (on which her hands had layd many a spitefull hold so lying vpon her shoulders, as a man might well see, had no artificiall carelesnesse. Her eyes downe on the ground, of purpose not to looke on *Pyrocles* face, which she did not so much shun, for the vnkindnesse she conceived of her owne ouerthrow, as for the feare, those motions in this short time of her life should bee reuiued, which she had with the passage of infinit sorrowes mortified. Great was the compassion the people felt, to see their Princes state, and beautie so deformed by fortune and her owne desert, whom they had euer found a Ladie most worthie of all honour. But by and by the sight of the other two prisoners drew most of the eyes to that spectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Sympathus*, cloathed after the Greeke maner in a long coate of white veluet, reaching to the small of his legge, with great buttons of Diamonds all along vpon it: His necke without any coller, not so much as hidden with a ruffe, did passe the whitenes of his garments, which was not so much in fashion vnlike to the crimson rayment, our Knights of the order first put on. On his feete he had nothing but slippers, which after the auncient maner, were tyed vp with certaine laces, which were fastened vnder his knee, hauing wrapped about (with manie pretty knots) his naked legs. His faire auberne haire (which he ware in great length, and gaue at that time a delightfull shew, with being sturd vp and downe with the breath of a gentle wind) had nothing vpon it, but a white Ribbin, in those dayes vsed for a Diademe. Which rolled once or twice about the vppermost part of his forehead, fell downe vpon his backe, cloased vp at each end with the richest pearle were to be scene in the world. After him followed another Nobleman, guiding the noble *Musidorus*, who had vpon him a long cloake, after the fashion of that which wee call the Apostles mantle, made of purple Satten; not that purple which wee now haue, and is but a counterfet of the *Getulian* purple (which yet was farre the meaner in price and estimation) but the right *Tyrian* purple, which was nearest to a colour betwixt our murry and scarlet. On his head, which was blacke and curled, hee ware a *Persian Tiara*, all set downe with rowes of so rich Rubies, as they were enough to speake for him, that they had to iudge of no meane personage.

In this sort with erected countenances, did these vnfortunate Princes suffer themselves to bee ledde, shewing aright by the comparifon of them and *Gynecia*, how to diuers persons, compalsion is diuersly to bee stirred. For as to *Gynecia*, a

Lady knowne of great estate and greatly esteemed, the more miserable representation was made of her sudden ruine, the more mens hearts were forced to bewaile such an euident witnesse of weake humanitie: so to these men not regarded because vnknowne, but rather (besides the detestation of their fact) hated as strangers, the more they should haue fallen downe in an abiect semblaunce, the more in steed of compasion they should haue gotten contempt: but therefore, were to vse (as I may terme it) the more violence of magnanimitie, and so to conquer the expectation of the lookers, with an extraordinarie vertue. And such effect indeede it wrought in the whole assemblie, their eyes yet standing as it were in ballance, to whether of them they should most direct their sight. *Musidorus* was in stature so much higher then *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one yeares growth. His face now beginning to haue some tokens of a beard, was composed to a kind of manlike beautie. His colour was of a well pleasing brownenesse, and the features of it such, as they caried both delight and maiestie: his countenance seuer, and promising a minde much giuen to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of such a chearefull fauour as might seeme either a womans face on a boy, or an excellent boyes face in a woman. His looke gentle and bashfull, which bred the more admiration, hauing shewed such notable proofes of courage. Lastly, though both had both, if there were any odds, *Musidorus* was the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more louely. But as soone as *Musidorus* saw himselfe so farre forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voice should bee heard misdoubting their intention to the Princessse *Pamela*, ( of which hee was more carefull then of his owne life, ) euen as he went (though his leader sought to interrupt him) hee thus with a lowde voyce spake vnto them. And is it possible O *Arcadians*, said hee, that you can forget the naturall dutie you owe to your Princessse *Pamela* ? hath this soile bene so little beholding to her noble Auncesters ? hath so long a time rooted no surer loue in your hearts to that line ? VWhere is that faith in your Princes blood, which hath not onely preserued you from all daungers heretofore, but hath spred your fame to all the nations of the world ? VWhere is that iustice the *Arcadians* were wont to flourish in, whose nature is to render to euery one his owne ? Will you now keepe the right from your Prince, who is the onely giuer of iudgement, the key of iustice, and life of your lawes ? Doe you hope in a few yeares, to sette vpp another race which nothing but length of time can establishe ? VWill you reward *Basilus* children with vngratefulnesse, the verie poyson of manhood ? Will you betray your long settled reputation, with the fowle name of traytours ? Is this your mouting for your Kings death, to encrease his losse with his daughters miserie ? Imagine your Prince doe looke out of the heauens vnto you, what do you thinke hee could with more at your hands then that you do well by his children ? And what more honour I pray you can you do to his obsequies, then to satisfie his soule with a louing memorie, as you doe his bodie with an vnfelt solemnitie ? VWhat haue you done with the Princessse *Pamela* ? *Pamela* the iust inheretrix of this Countrey, *Pamela* whome this earth may be happy, that it shall be hereafter said, shee was borne in *Arcadia*, *Pamela* in her selfe your ornament, in her education your foster child, and euery way your onely Princessse, what account can you render to your selues of her ? Truly I doe not thinke that you all know what is become of her : so soone may a Diamond be lost ? so soone may the fayrest light in the world bee put out ? But looke, looke vnto it, O *Arcadians*, bee not so wilfully robbed of your greatest treasure, make not your selues ministers to priuate ambitions, who doe but vse your selues to put on your



your owne yokes. Whatsoever you determine of vs (who I must confesse are but strangers) yet let not *Basilus* daughters be strangers vnto you. Lastly, howsoever you barre her from her publike soueraigntie, (which if you doe, little may we hope of equitie where rebellion raignes) yet deny not that child right vnto her, that shee may come and doe the last duties to her fathers bodie. Deny not that happines (if in such a case there be any happinesse) to your late King, that his bodie may haue his last touch of his dearest child. With such like broken maner of questions and speeches, was *Musidorus* desirous as much as in passing by them he could, to moue the people to the tender *Pamela*s fortune. But at length, by that they came to the iudgement place, both *Sympathus* and his guider had greatly satisfied him, with the assurance they gaue him, this assembly of people had neither meaning nor power, to doe any hurt to the Princeesse, whom they all acknowledged as their soueraigne Lady, But that the custome of *Arcadia* was such, till she had more yeares: the state of the country to be guided by a Protector, vnder whom, he and his fellow were to receiue their iudgement. That eased *Musidorus* heart of his most vehement care, when he found his beloued Ladie to bee out of daunger. But *Pyrocles* as soone as the Queene of the one side, hee and *Musidorus* of the other, were stayed before the face of their iudge, hauing onely for there barre the Table (on which the Kings bodie lay) being nothing lesse vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, then *Musidorus* was for *Pamela*, in this sort with a lowly behauiour, and onely with such a suppliant, he spake to the Protector. Pardon me most honoured Iudge, saith he, that vncommanded I begin my speech vnto you, since both to you and mee, these wordes of mine shall be most necessary. To you hauing the sacred exercise of iustice in your hand, nothing appertaines more properly, then truth nakedly and freely set downe. To mee, being inuironed round about with many dangerous calamities, what can be more conuenient, then at least, to be at peace with my selfe, in hauing discharged my conscience, in a most behouefull veritie. Vnderstand therefore and truly vnderstand, that the Ladie *Philoclea* (to whose vntained vertue it hath bene my vspeakeable miserie, that my name should become a blot) if shee be accused, is most vniustly accused of any dishonorable fact, which by my meanes shee may be thought to haue yeelded vnto. Whatsoever hath bene done, hath bene my only attempt, which notwithstanding was neuer intended against her chastitie. But whatsoever hath bene informed, was my fault. And I attest the heauens, to blaspheme which I am not now in fit tune, that so much as my comming into her chamber, was wholly vnnitling vnto her. This your wisdom may with all consider, if I would lye, I would lye for mine owne behoofe, I am not so olde, as to be wearie of my selfe; but the verie sting of my inward knowledge ioyned with the consideration I must needes haue, what an infinite losse it should bee to all those who loue goodnesse in good folkes, if so pure a child of vertue should wrongfully bee destroyed, compels mee to vse my tongue against my selfe, and receiue the burden of what euill was, vpon mine owne doing. Looke therefore with pittifull eyes vpon so faire beames, and that misfortune which by mee hath fallen vpon her, helpe to repayre it with your publike iudgement, since whosoever deales cruelly with such a creature, shewes himselfe a hater of mankind, and an enuier of the worldes blisse. And this petition I make, even in the name of iustice, that before you proceed further against vs, I may know how you conceiue of her noble, though vnforgunate action, and what iudgement you will make of it. Hee had not spoken his last word, when all the whole people both of great and low estate, confirmed

firmed, with an vnited murmure *Pyrocles* demaund; longing (for the loue generally was borne *Philoclea*) to know, what they might hope of her. *Eurarchus* though neither regarding a prisoners passionate prayer; nor beating ouer plausible eares to a many headed motion, yet well enough content, to winne their liking with thinges in them selues indifferent, hee was content: first, to seeke as much as might be of *Philoclea*s behauiour in this matter: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, & but weakely gainsayd by *Philanax* (who had framed both his owne and *Dametis* euidence most for her fauour, and in truth could haue gone no further then coniecture,) yet finding by his wisdom, that shewes not altogether faultlesse, he pronounced shee should all her life long, bee kept prisoner among certaine women of religion like the *Vestall* Nunnes, so to repay the touched honour of her house, with well obseruing a strict profession of chastitie. Although this were a great preiudicating of *Pyrocles* case, yet was he exceedingly ioyous of it, being assured of his Ladies life; and in the depth of his minde not sorie, that what end soeuer hee had, none should obtaine the after enjoying that Iewell, whereon hee had set his liues happines. After it was by publike sentence deliuered, what should bee done with the sweet *Philoclea* (the lawes of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the Magistrates in the noieage of the Prince, could not afterwarde be repealed) *Eurarchus* still vsing to himselfe no other name but protector of *Arcadia*, commanded those that had to say against the Queene *Gynecia* to proceed, because both her estate required shee should bee first heard, and also for that shee was taken to bee the principall, in the greatest matter they were to iudge of. *Philanax* incontinently stepped forth and shewing in his greedie eyes, that he did thirst for her blood, began a well thought on discourse of her (in his iudgement) execrable wickednesse. But *Gynecia* standing vp before the iudge, casting abroad her armes, with her eyes hiddē vnder the breadth of her vnseemely hat, laying open in all her gestures the despairfull affliction, to which all the might of her reason was conuerted, with such like words stopped *Philanax*, as he was entring into his inuective oration. Stay, stay *Philanax* (said she) do not defile thy honest mouth, with those dishonorable speeches thou art about, to vtter, against a woman, now most wretched, lately thy Mistresse. Let either the remembrance how great shee was, moue thy heart to some reuerence; or the seeing how low shee is, stirre in thee some pitie. It may be truth both make me deale vntuly, and loue of iustice frames vniustice in thee, doe not therefore (neither shalt thou neede tread vpon my desolate ruines. Thou shalt haue that thou seekest; and yet shalt not be oppressour of her who cannot choose but loue thee, for thy singular faith to thy maister. I do not speake this to procure mercie, or to prolong my life, no no, I say vnto you I will not liue, but I am onely loth, my death should bee engreued with my wrong thou shouldst doe vnto me. I haue bene to painefull a iudge ouer my selfe, to desire pardon in others iudgement. I haue bene too cruell an executioner of mine owne soule, to desire that execution of iustice should be stayed for me. Alas they that know how sorow can rent the spirits, they that know what fry hels are contained in a self condemning mind, need not feare that feare can keepe such a one, from desiring to be seperated from that which nothing but death can separate. I therefore say to thee (O iust iudge) that I and onely I, was the worker of *Basilus* death. They were these hands that gaue vnto him that poysonous potion, that hath brought death to him, and losse to *Arcadia*, it was I and none but I, that hastened his aged yeares, to an vnnaturall end, and that haue made all his people orphans of their royall father. I am the subiect that hath killed my Prince, I am

the

the wife that haue murdered my husband; I am a degenerate woman, an vndoer of this countrey, a shame of my children. VVhat wouldst thou haue said more, oh *Philanax*? and all this I graunt, there resteth then nothing else to say, but that I desire you, you will appoint quickly some to ridd me of my life, rather then these hands, which else are destined vnto it, and that indeede it may bee done with such speed as I may not long die in this life, which I haue in so great horrour: with that she crossed her armes, and fere downe vpon the ground, attending the Iudges answer. But a great while it was, before any bodie could bee heard speake, the whole people concurring in a lamentable crye, so much had *Gynectia* wordes and behauiour stirred their heartes to a dolefull compassion, neither in troath could most of them in their indgements tell, whether they should bee more sorie for her fault or her miserie: for the losse of her estate, or losse of her vertue. But most were most moued, with that which was vnder their eyes: the sense most subiect to pitie. But at length the reuerent awe they stood in of *Euarclus*, brought them to a silent wayting his determination, who hauing well considered the abhominacion of the fact, attending more the manifest prooue of so horrible a trespasse, confessed by her selfe, and proued by others: then any thing relenting to those tragicall phraises of hers (apt to stirre a vulgar pitie, then his mind, which hated euill, in what colours so euer hee found it) hauing considered a while with the principall men of the countrey, and demaunded their allowance, hee definitiuely gaue this sentence. That whereas both in priuate and publike respects, this woman had most hainously offended (in priuate, because marriage being the most holy coniunction that falls to mankind, out of which all families, and so consequently all societies doe proceede, which not onely by communitie of goods, but communitie of children, is to knit the mindes in a most perfect vnion, which who so breakes, dissolues all humanitie, no man liuing free from the daunger of so neare a neighbour, shee had not onely broken it, but broken it with death, and the most pretended death that might bee: In publike respect, the Princes persons; being in all monarchall gouernements the very knot of the peoples welfare, and light of all their doings, to which they are not onely in conscience, but in necessitie bound to be loyall, shee had traiterously impoysoned him (neither regarding her countreys profite, her owne dutie, nor the rigor of the lawes.) That therefore, as well for the due satisfaction to eternall iustice, and accomplishment of the *Aradian* statutes, as for the euermlasting example to all wiues and subiects, shee should presently bee conueyed to close prison, and there be kept with such food as might serue to sustaine her aliuie, vntill the day of her husbands buriall, at which time shee should be buried quicke in the same tombe with him: that so his murder might bee a murder to her selfe, and shee forced to keepe companie with the bodie from which shee had made so detestable a separation; and lastly death might redresse their disioyned coniunction of marriage. His iudgement was receiued of the whole assembly, as not with disliking, so with great astonishment, the greatnesse of the matter and person as it were ouerpreffing the might of their conceits. But when they did set it to the beame, with the monstrousnesse of her ougly misdeed, they could not but yeeld in their harts, there was no ouerbhallancing. As for *Gynectia*, who had already settled her thoughts, not only to looke but long for this euent, hauing in this time of her vexation, found a sweetness in the rest she hoped by death (with a countenance witnessing shee had before-hand so passed through all the degrees of sorrow, that shee had no new looke to figure forth any more) rose vp, and offered forth her faire hands to bee bound or ledd



as they would, being indeede troubled with no part of his iudgement, but that her death was as she thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it conueied her to the place she was in before, where the guard was releued, and the number encreased to keepe her more sure for the time of her execution: None of them all that led her, though most of them were such, whose hearts had bene long hardened with the often exercising such offices, being able to barre teares from their eyes, and other manifest tokens of compassionate sorrow. So goodly a vertue is a resolute constancie, that euen in euill deserters, it seemes that partie might haue beene notably well deseruing. Thus the excellent Lady *Gynecia*, hauing passed fife and thirtie yeares of her age, euen to admiration of her beautifull mind and bodie, and hauing not in her owne knowledge, euer spotted her soule with any willfull vice, but her immoderat loue of *Zelmune*, was brought first by the violence of that ill answered passion, and then by the despairing conceit she tooke of the iudgement of God in her husbandes death and her owne fortune, purposely to ouer-throw her selfe, and confirme by a wrong confession, that abhominable shame, which with her wisedome, ioyned to the truth, perhaps she might haue refelled. Then did *Enarchus* aske *Philanax*, whether it were hee that will charge the two young prisoners, or that some other should doe it, and hee sitt according to his estate, as an assistant in the iudgement. *Philanax* told him as before he had done, that hee thought no man could say manifest the naughtinesse of those two young men, with so much either truth or zeale as himselfe, and therefore he desired he might do this last seruice to his faithfully beloued maister, as to prosecute the traiterous causers of his death and dishonour; which being done, for his part he meant to giue vp all dealing in publike affaires, since that man was gone who had made him loue them. *Philanax* thus being ready to speake, the two Princes were commanded to tell their names, who answered according to their agreements, that they were *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*, and *Palladius* Prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had said, they demanded to know by what authoritie they could iudge of them, since they were not onely forriners, and so not borne vnder their lawes, but absolute Princes, and therefore not to bee touched by lawes. But answere was presently made them, that *Areadia* lawes, were to haue their force vpon any were found in *Areadia*: since strangers haue scope to know the customes of a countrey, before they put themselues in it: & when they once are entred, they must know, that what by many was made, must not for one bee broken. And so much lesse for a stranger, as hee is to looke for no priuiledge in that place, to which in time of neede, his seruice is not to be expected. As for their being princes, whether they were so or no, the beliefe stood in their owne wordes, which they had so diuersely falsified, as they did not deserue beliefe. But whatsoeuer they were, *Areadia* was to acknowledge them but as priuate men, since they were neither by magistracie nor alliance to the princely blood to claime any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended (which now by the plaintife and their defence was to be iudged) against the lawes of nations; by the lawes of nations they were to be chastised: if against the peculiar ordinances of the prouince, those peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The princes stood awhile vpon that, demanding leasure to giue perfect knowledge of their greamefesse; but when they were answered, that in a case of princes death, the lawe of that countrey had euer been, that immediate triall should be had: they were forced to yeeld, resolved that in those names, they would as much as they could, couer the shame of their royall parentage, and keepe as long as might be (if euill were deter-  
mined

mined against them) the euill newes from their carefull kinsfolke, wherein the chiefe man they considered was *Euarchus*: whome the strange and secret working of iustice had brought to bee the iudge ouer them, in such a shadow, or rather pit of darknesse, the wormish mankind liues, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare: and are but like tenisbals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both sides ready, it was determined, because their cases were seperated. First *Philanax* should be heard against *Pyrocles*, whome they termed *Daiphantus*, & that heard, the others cause should follow, and so receiue together such iudgement, as they should bee found to haue deserued. But *Philanax* that was euen short breathed at the first, with the extreame vehemencie he had to speake against them, stroking once or twice his forehead, and wiping his eyes (which either wept, or hee would at that time haue them seeme to weepe,) looking first vpon *Pyrocles*, as if hee had proclaimed all hatefulnesse against him, humbly turning to *Euarchus* (who with quiet grauitie, shewed great attention) he thus began his oration. That which all men who take vpon them to accuse another, are wont to desire (most worthy Protector) to haue many proofes of faults in them they seeke to haue condemned: that is to me in this present action, my greatest comber, and annoyance. For the number is so great, and the qualitie so monstrous, of the enormities this wretched young man hath committed, that neither I my selfe, can tell where to beginn (my thoughtes being confused with the horrible multitude of them) neither doe I thinke your vertuous cares will be able to endure the report: but will rather imagine, you heare some tragedie inuented of the extreamity of wickednesse, then a iust recital of a wickednes indeed committed, for such is the disposition of the most sincere iudgements, that they can beleue meane faults, and such as mans nature may slide into, so when they passe to a certaine degree, nay when they passe all degrees of vn-speakable naughtinesse, then finde they in themselues a hardnesse to giue credit, that humane creatures can so from all humanitie be transformed. But in my self, the strength of my faith, to my dead maister will helpe the weaknesse of my memorie; in you, your excellent loue of iustice will force you to vouchsafe attention: and as for the matter, it is so manifest, so pitifull euidences lye before your eyes of it, that I shall need to bee but a brieue recounter, and no rhetoricall enlarger of the most harmelesse mischiefe. I will therefore in few wordes, as so huge a trespassse can bee cōteined, deliuer vnto you the sum of this miserable fact, leauing out a great number of particular tokens of his naughtinesse, and only touching the essentiall points of this dolefull case. This man, whome to begin withall I know not how to name, since being come into this countrey, vnaccompanied like a lost pilgrime, frō a man grew a woman, from a woman a rauisher of women, thence a prisoner, and now a Prince. But this *Zelmene*, this *Daiphantus*, this what you will (for any shape or title he can take vpon him, that hath no restraint of shame) hauing vnderstood the solitarie life my late maister liued, & considering how open he had laid himselfe to any traiterous attempt, for the first maske of his falsehood, disguised himselfe like a woman: which being the more simple & hurtfull sexe might easier hide his subtle harmefulnesse. And presenting himselfe to my master, the most courteous Prince that liued, was receiued of him with so great graciousnesse, as might haue bound not onely any gratefull minde, but might haue mollified any enemies rancour. But this venomous serpent, admitted thus into his bosome, as contagion will easily finde a fit bodie for it, so had he quickly fallē into so neare acquaintance with this naughty womā, whō euen now you haue most iustly condēned, that this was her right hand, she saw with

no eyes but his, nor seemed to haue any life but in him, so glad shee was to finde one more cunning then her selfe, in couering wickednesse with a modest vail. What is to be thought passed betwixt two such vertuous creatures, wherof the one hath confessed murder, & the other rape, I leaue to your wise consideration. For my hart hastēs to the miserable point of *Basilus* murder, for the executing of which with more facilitie, this yong nimph of *Dianas* bringing vp, fained certaine rites she had to performe, so furious an impiety had caried him from all remembrance of goodnes, that he did not only not feare the Gods, as the beholders and punishers of so vngodly a villany, but did blasphemously vse their sacred holy name, as a minister vnto it. And forsooth a Caue hereby was chosen, for the temple of his deuotions, a Caue of such darkenesse, as did prognosticate, he meant to please the infernall powers, for there, this accursed caytife, vppon the altar of falshood, sacrificed the life of the vertuous *Basilus*. By what meanes hee trayned him thither, alas I know not, for if I might haue knowne it, either my life had accompanied my maister, or this fellowes death had preserued him. But this may suffice, that in the mouth of this Caue, where this traitor had his lodging and chappell, when already maister sheepeheard his companion, had conueyed away the vndoubted enheretrix of this country, was *Gynecia* found by the dead corps of her husband, newly empysoned, apparelled in the garments of the yong Lady, and ready no question to haue fled to some place, according to their consort, but that she was by certaine honest shepheards arrested: while in the meane time, because there should bee left no reuenger of this bloody mischiefe, this noble *Amazon*, was violently gone into the chāber of the Lady *Philoclea*, whereby the mingling (as much as in him lay) of her shame with his misdeede he might enforce her to be the accessary to her fathers death, & vnder the countenance of her and her sister (against whome they knewe wee would rebell) seaze as it were with one gripe into their treacherous hands the regiment of the mightie prouince. But the almightie eye preuented him of the ende of his mischiefe, by vsing a villaine *Damas* hand, to inclose him in there, where with as much fortification as in the house could be made, he thought himselfe in most securitie. Thus see you most iust iudge, a short & simple story of the infamous misery, false vpon this cōtry. Indeed infamous, since by an effeminate man, wee should suffer a greater overthrow, then our mightiest enemies haue bin euer able to lay vpon vs. And that all this, which I haue sayd is most manifest, aswell of the murdering of *Basilus*, as the rauishing of *Philoclea* (for those two parts I establish of my accusation) who is of so incredulous a minde, or rather who will so stoppe his eyes from seeing a thing clearer then the light, as not to hold for assured so palpable a matter. For to begin with his most cruell misdeede, is it to be imagined, that *Gynecia* (a woman though wicked, yet witty) wold haue attempted & archieued an enterprise, no lesse hazardous then horrible, without hauing some counsellor in the beginning, and some comforter in the performing? Had shee, who shewed her thoughtes were so ouerruled with some strange desire, as in despite of GOD, nature and womanhood, to execute that in deedes, which in wordes we cannot heare without trembling? had she I say no practise to lead her vnto it? Or had shee a practise, without conspiracy? Or could she conspire without some bodie to conspire with? And if one were; who so likely as this to whome shee communicated I am sure her minde, the world thinks her bodie? Neither let her wordes taking the whole fault vpon her selfe, bee herein any thing available. For to those persons who haue vomited out of their soules all remnantes of goodnesse, there restes a certaine pride in euill, and hauing else no shadow



shadow of glorie left them, they glorie to bee constant in iniquitie, and that GOD knowes mult bee held out to the last gaspe; without reuealing their accomplices. As thinking great courage is declared, in beeing neither affeard of the heauens, nor ashamed of the world. But let *Gynecias* action die with her selfe, what can all the earth answere for his coming hither? Why alone, if hee bee a Prince? How so richly Jewelled if hee be not a Prince? Why then a woman, if now a man? Why now *Daiphantus*, if then *Zelmans*? Was all this play for nothing, or if it had an ende, what ende but the end of my deare maister? Shall wee doubt so many secret conferences with *Gynecia*, such fained fauour to the ouer-soone beguiled *Basilus*, a Cause made a lodging, and the same lodging made a temple of his religion, lastly such changes and trauerses, as a quiet Poet could scarce fill a poeme withall, were directed to any lesse scope, then this monstrous murder? O snakie ambition, which can wind thy selfe in so many figures, to slide thither thou desirest to come! O corrupted reason of mankind, that can yeeld to deforme thy selfe with so filthie desires! And O hopelesse bee those mindes, whome so vnaturall desires doe not, with their owne ouglineffe sufficiently terrifie? But yet euen of fauour let vs graunt him thus much more, as to fancie that in these foretold things, fortune might be a great Actor, perchaunce to an euill end, yet to a lesse euill ende all these entangled deuises were intended. But I beseech your Ladishippe, my Ladie *Daiphantus* tell mee, what excule can you finde for the chaunging your lodging with the Queene, that very instant shee was to finish her execrable practise? How can you cloake the lending of our cloake vnto her, was all that by chance too? Had the starres sent such a influence vnto you, as you should bee iust wearie of your lodging and garments, when your Prince was destenied to the slaughter? What say you to this, O shamefull and shamelesse creature? fit indeede to bee the dishonour of both sexes. But alas, I spend too many words in so manifest and so miserable a matter. They must be foure wild horses (which according to our lawes are the executioners of men which murder our Prince) which must decide this question with you. Yet see so farre had my zeale to my beloued Prince transported me, that I had almost forgotten my second part, and his second abhominacion, I mean his violence offred to the Lady *Philoclea*: wherewith as if it had wel become his womanhood, he came brauing to the iudgment seat, indeed our lawes appoint not so cruell a death (although death too) for this fact as for the other. But whosoeuer wel wayes it, shall finde it sprong out of the same fountaine of mischieuous naughtinesse, the killing of the father, dishonouring of the mother, and rauishing the child. Alas would not so many benefits received of my prince, the iustice of nature, the signe of hospitalitie, bee a bridle to thy lust, if not to thy cruelty? or if thou hadst (as surely thou hast) a heart recompensing goodnesse with hatred, could not his death, which is the last of reuenges, satisfie thy malice, but thou must heape vpon it the shame of his daughter? Where thy eyes so stonie, thy breast so tygrish, as the sweete and beautifull shewes of *Philoclea*s vertue did not astonish thee? O wofull *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankind curtisan, shall euer bee remembred as a procurer of thy greatest losse? But too farre I finde my passion, yet honest passion hath guided mee; the case is euery way too roo much vnanswerable. It resteth in you O excellent protectour to pronounce iudgement, which if there bee hope that such a young man may proue profitable to the world, who in the first exercise of his owne determination, farre passed the arrantest strumpet in luxurioufnesse, the cunningest forger in falsehood, a player in disguising, a Tyger in crueltie,

a Drago in ingratitude, let him be preferred like a iewel, to do greater mischief. If his youth be not more defiled with trecherie, then the eldest mans age, let I say his youth be some cause of compassion. If he haue not euery way sought the ouerthrow of humaine societie, if he haue done any thing like a Prince, let his naming himselfe a Prince, breede a reuerence of his base wickednesse. If he haue not broken all lawes of hospitalitie, and broken them in the most detestable degree that can be, let his being a guest, be a sacred protection of his more then sauage doings: or if his whorish beauty, haue not bene as the hie way of his wickednesse, let the picture drawne vpon so poysonous a wood, be referred to shew how greatly coulouts can please vs. But if it is as it is, what should I say more, a very spirit of hellish naughtinesse, if this act be to be punished, and his defiled person not to be pitied, then restore vnto vs our Prince, by duly punishing his murderers, for then we shall thinke him and his name to liue, when we shall see his killers to die. Restore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her dishonour, and thinke that at this day, in this matter are the eyes of the world vpon you whether any thing can sway your mind from a true administration of iustice. Alas though I haue much more to say, I can say no more, for my teares and sighes interrupt my speech, and force me to giue my selfe ouer to my priuate sorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had vttered the vttermost of his malice, he made sorrow the cause of his conclusion. But while *Philanax* was in the course of his speech, & did with such bitter reproches defame the Princely *Pyrocles*, it was well to be seene, his heart was vnused to beare such iniuries, & his thoughts such, as could arme themselves better against any thing then shame. For sometimes blushing, his bloud with diuerse motions coming and going, sometimes cloasing his eyes, and laying his hand ouer them, sometimes giuing such a looke to *Philanax*, as might shew he assured himselfe, he durst not so haue spoken if they had beene in indifferent place: with some impacience he bare the length of his Oration: which being ended, with as much modest humblenesse to the Iudge, as despitefull scorne to the accuser, with words to this purpose, hee defended his honour.

My accusers tale, may well beare witness with mee, most rightfull Iudge, in how hard a case, and inuironed with how many troubles, I may esteeme my selfe. For if hee, who shewes his tongue is not vnacquainted with rayling, was in an agony in the beginning of his speech, with the multitude of matters he had to lay vnto me, wherein notwithstanding the most euill could fall vnto him, was, that he should not do so much euill as he would; how combred doe you thinke may I acknowledge my selfe who in things no lesse importing then my life, must bee mine owne advocate, without leasure to answer or foreknowledge what should bee objected? In things I say promoted with so cunning confusion, as hauing mingled truths with falsehoods, surmises with certainties, causes of no moment with matters capitall, scolding with complaining, I can absolute neither graunt nor deny, neither can I tell, whether I come hither to be iudged, or before iudgement to be punished, being compelled to beare such vnworthie words, farre more grieuous then any death vnto me. But since the forme of his gouernment, allowes such tongue libertie vnto him, I will picke aswell as I can out of his inuective speech those fewe point, which may seeme of some purpose in the touching of mee, hoping that by your easie hearing of me, you will shew, that though you hate euill, yet you wish men may proue themselves not euill; so in that he hath sayd, you will not way so much what he hath sayd, as what he hath proued, remembring that truth is simple and naked, and that if hee  
had

had guided himselfe vnder that banner, hee needed not out of the way haue sought so vilde and false disgracings of mee, enough to make the vntruest accusation beleued. I will therefore, vsing truth as my best eloquence, repeate vnto you as much as I know in this matter, and then by the onely cleerenesse of the discourse, your wisdom I know will find, the difference betwixt cauilling supposition, and direct declaration. This Prince *Paladius* and I being enflamed with loue, (a passion farre more easily reprehended then refrained) to the two peerelesse daughters of *Basilus*, and vnderstanding, how he had secluded himselfe from the world, that like Princes, there was no acceffe vnto him, we disguised our selues, in such formes, as might soonest bring vs to the reuealing of our affection: The Prince *Palladius*, had such euent of his doings, that with *Pamelas* consent he was to conuey her out of the thraldome shee liued in, to receiue the subiection of a greater people then her owne, vntill her Fathers consent might be obtayned. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more loue to the chaste *Philoclea*, then *Basilus* deceiued in my sexe, shewed to me, inso much that by his importunacie, I could haue no time to obtayne the like fauour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policie I found, taking vnder colour of some deuotions, my lodging, to drawe *Basilus* thither, with hope to enioy mee, which likewise I reuealed to the Queene, that thee might keepe my place, and so make her husband see her error. While in the meane time, being deliuered of them both, and hauing lockt so the dores as I hoped if the immaculate *Philoclea*, woulde condescend to goe with me, there shou'd be none to hinder our going. I was made prisoner there, I know not by what meanes, when being repelled by her diuine vertue, I would fainest haue escaped. Here haue you the threde to guide you in the Labyriath, this man of his tongue, had made so monstrous. Here see you the true discourse, which he mountebanke fashion doth make so wide a mouth ouer. Here may you conceiue the reason, why the Queene had my garment, because in her going to the caue in a Moone-shine night, shee might be taken for me, which hee vieth as the knot of all his wise assertions: so that as this double minded fellowes accusation was double, double likewise my answer must perforce bee, to the murder of *Basilus*, and violence offred to the inuiolate *Philoclea*. For the first, O heauenly Gods, who would haue thought any mouth could haue beene found so mercenarie, as to haue opened so sleight proofes of so horrible matters? his first argument is a question who would imagine that *Gynecia* woulde accomplish such an Acte, without some accessaries? and if any, who but I: Truly I am so farre from imagining any thing, that till I sawe these mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecias* confession, I neuer imagined the King was dead. And for my part so vehemently, and more like the manner of passionate, then guiltie folkes, I see the Queene persecute her selfe, that I thinke condemnation may goe too hastily ouer her, considering the vnlikelyhood, if not impossibilitie, her wisdom, and vertue so long nourished, shou'd in one moment throwe downe it selfe to the vttermost end of wickednesse. But whatsoeuer she hath done (which as I say, I neuer beleued) yet how vniustly shou'd that aggrauate my fault. Shee found abroad, I within dores, (as for the wearing my garment I haue tolde you the cause) shee seeking as you say to escape, I locking my selfe in a house: without perchaunce the conspiracie of one poore stranger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the Lodge (as the trimme man alleadged) might make mee hope to resistall *Arcadia*. And see how trecherously he seekes to draw from me, my chiefe clearing, by preuenting the credit of her words, wherewith



shee had wholly taken the fault vpon her selfe. An honest and vnpartiall examiner, her words may condemne her, but may not absolue mee. Thus voide of all probable allegation, the crauen crowes vpon my affliction, not leauing out any euill, that euer he hath felt in his owne soule, to charge my youth withall. But who can looke for a sweeter breath out of such a stomacke? or for honey from so filthie a Spyder? What should I say more? if, in so inhumane a matter, which he himselfe confesseth, sincerest iudgements are loatheft to beleue, and in the seuerest lawes proofes clearer then the Sunne are required, his reasons are onely the scumme of a base malice, my aunsweres most manifest, shining in their owne truth, there remaine any doubt of it, because it stands betwixt his affirming and my deniall, I offer, nay I desire, and humbly desire I may be graunted the tryall by combat, wherein let him be armed and me in my shirt, I doubt not Iustice will be my shield, and his hart will shew it selfe as faint as it is false.

Now come I to the second part of my offence towards the young Lady, which howsoeuer you tearme it, so farre forth as I haue tolde you, I confesse, and for her sake hartily lament. But if heerein I offred force to her, loue offred more force to me. Let her beautie be compared to my yeares, and such effects will be found no miracles. But since it is thus as it is; and that iustice teacheth vs not to loue punishment, but to flie to it for necessitie: the salue of her honour (I meane as the world will take it, for else in truth it is most vntouched) must be my mariage, and not my death, since the one stoppes all mouthes, the other becomes a doubtfull fable. This matter requires no more wordes, and your experience I hope in these cases shall neede no more, for my selfe me thinks I haue shewed already too much loue of my life to bestow so many. But certainly, it hath beene loue of truth, which could not beare so vnwoorthie falshood, and loue of iustice, that would brooke no wrong to my selfe nor other, and makes mee now, euen in that respect to desire you, to be moued rather with pittie at a iust cause of teares, then with the bloudie teares this Crocodile spends, who weepes to procure death, and not to lament death. It will be no honour to *Basilus* tombe, to haue guiltlesse blood sprinkled vpon it, and much more may a Iudge ouer-weigh himselfe in crueltie, then in clemencie. It is hard, but it is excellent, where it is found, a right knowledge, when correction is necessarie, when grace doth more auaille. For mine owne respect, if I thought in wisdom I had deserued death, I would not desire life: for I know nature will condemne me to die, though you doe not; and longer I would not wish to draw this breath, then I may keepe my selfe vnspotted of any horrible crime; onely I cannot, nor euer will denie the loue of *Philoclea*, whose violence wrought violent effects in me: with that he finished his speech, casting vp his eyes to the Iudge, and crossing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a resolute patience in whatsoeuer should bee done with him. *Phylanax* like a watchfull aduersarie curiously marked all that hee said, sauing that in the beginning hee was interrupted by two Letters were brought him from the Princeesse *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*: who hauing all that night considered and bewailed their estate, carefull for their Mother likewise, of whom they could neuer thinke so much euill, but considering with themselues that she assuredly should haue so due tryall by the lawes, as either she should not neede their helpe, or should be past their help, They looked to that which neereliest touched them, and each wrote in this sort for him, in whom their liues ioy consisted,

The

*The humble hearted Philoclea wrote much after this manner.*

**M**Y Lords, what you will determine of mee, it is to me vncertaine, but what I haue determined of my selfe I am most certaine, which is no longer to enioy my life, then I may enioy him for my husband; whom the heauens for my highest glory, haue bestowed vpon me. Those that iudge him, let them execute me. Let my throat satisfie their hunger of murder. For alas what hath he done, that had not his originall in me? Looke vpon him I beseech you with indifferencie, and see whether in those eyes all vertue shines nor. See whether that face could hide a murder. Take leasure to know him, and then your selues will say, it hath beene too great an inhumanitie, to suspect such excellencie. Are the Gods thinke you deceiued in their workmanship? Artificers will not vse Marble but to noble vses. Should those powers be so ouershot, as to frame so precious an Image of their owne, but to honourable purposes? O speake with me, O heare me, O know him, and become not the putters out of the worlds light. Hope you to ioy my fathers soule with hurting him hee loued aboue all the world? Shall a wrong suspicion make you forget the certaine knowledge of those benefites, this house hath receiued by him? Alas, alas, let not *Arcadia* for his losse, be accursed of the whole earth and of all posteritie. He is a great Prince, I speake vnto you that which I know, I haue seene most euident testimonies. Why should you hinder my aduancement? who if I haue past my childhood hurtlesse to any of you, if I haue refused no bodie to do what good I could, if I haue often mitigated my fathers anger, euer sought to maintaine his fauour towards you, nay if I haue held you all as fathers & brothers vnto me, rob me not of more then my life comes vnto. Teare not that which is inseparably ioyned to my soule; but if hee rest misliked of you, (which O God, how can it be) yet giue him to me, let me haue him, you knowe I pretend no right to your state. Therefore it is but a priuate petition I make vnto you. Or if you be hard hartedly bent, to appoint otherwise (which oh sooner let me dye, then know) then to end as I began, let me by you bee ordered to the same end: without for more crueltie, you meane to force *Philoclea* to vse her own hands to kill one of your Kings children.

*Pamelas Letter (which she meant to send to the generall assembly of the Arcadian Nobility,) (for so closely they were kept, as they were utterly ignorant of the new taken orders) was framed.*

**I**N such a state my Lords you haue placed mee, as I can neither write nor be silent: for how can I be silent, since you haue left me nothing but my solitarie words to testifie my miserie: and how should I write (for as for speech I haue none but my Iailor that can heare me) who neither can resolue what to write, nor to whome to write? What to write it is hard for mee to say, as what I may not write, so little hope haue I of any successe, and so much hath no iniurie beene left vndone to me: towards. To whome to write, where may I learne, since yet I wot not howe to entitle you? Shall I call you my Soueraignes? set downe your lawes that I may do you homage: Shall I fall lower and name you my fellowes? shew me I beseech you the Lorde and maister ouer vs. But shall *Basilus* heire, name her selfe your Princeesse? Alas I am your prisoner. But whatsoeuer I be, or whatsoeuer you bee, O all you

beholders of these dolefull lines, this do I signifie vnto you, & signifie it with a hart, that shall euer remaine in that opinion. The good or euill you doe to the excellent Prince was taken with me, and after by force from me, I will euer impute it as either way done to mine owne person. He is a Prince, and worthie to be my husband, and so is he my husband by me worthily chosen. Beleeue it, beleeue it, either you shall be traytors for murdering of me, or if you let me liue, the murderers of him shall smart as traytors. For what doe you thinke I can thinke? Am I so childish, as not to see, wherein you touch him, you condemne me? Can his shame be without my reproach? no, nor shall be, since nothing he hath done, that I will not auowe. Is this the comfort you bring mee in my Fathers death, to make mee fuller of shame then sorow? Would you do this, if it were not with full intention to preuent my power with slaughter? And so do I pray you, it is high time for me, to be wearie of my life too long led, since you are wearie of me, before you haue me? I say againe, I say it infinitely vnto you, I will not liue without him, if it be not to reuenge him: either doe iustly in sauing both, or wisely in killing both. If I be your Princeesse, I command his preseruatiō; if but a priuate person, then are wee both to suffer. I take all truth to witnesse, he hath done no fault but in going with me. Therefore to conclude, in iudging him you iudge me, neither conceiue with your selues, the matter you treat, is the life of a stranger, though euen in that name hee deserued pitie, nor of a shepherd, to which estate loue of me made such a Prince descend, but determine most assuredly, the life that is in question is of *Pamela*, *Basilus* daughter.

Many blots had the teares of the sweet Ladies made in their letters, which many times they had alred, many times torne and written a newe, euer thinking some thing either wanted, or were too much, or would offend, or which was worst, would breede denyall: but at last, the day warned them to dispatch, which they accordingly did, and calling one of their guard (for no body else was suffered to come neere them) with great entreatie, they requested him, that hee would present them to the principall Noblemen and Gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers fauour, then in any one, vpon whom they would not lay the liues they held so precious. But the fellow trustie to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, deliuered them both to him, (what time *Pyrocles* began to speake) which he sodainly opened, and seeing to what they tended, by the first wordes, was so farre from publishing them (whereby hee feared in *Euarchus* iust minde, either the Princeesses might be endangered, or the prisoners preserued, of which choise hee knew not which to thinke the worst) that hee would not himselfe reade them ouer, doubting his owne hart might be mollified, so bent vpon reuenge. Therefore vterly suppressing them, hee lent a spitefull care to *Pyrocles*, and as soone as hee had ended, with a verie willing heart desired *Euarchus* he might accept the combat: although it would haue framed but euill with him. *Pyrocles* hauing neuer found any match neere him, besides *Musidorus*. But *Euarchus* made aunswere, since bodily strength is but a seruant to the minde, it were verie barbarous and preposterous, that force should be made Iudge ouer reason. Then would hee also haue replied in words vnto him, but *Euarchus* who knew what they could say, was alreadie saide, taking their arguments into his minde, commaunded him to proceede against the other prisoner, and that then he would sentence them both together. *Philanax* nothing the milder for *Pyrocles* purging himselfe, but rather (according to the nature of arguing, especially when it is bitter) so much the more vehement, entred thus into his speech against *Musidorus*, being so ouergone with rage, that hee forgat in this

o ration



oration his precise methode of Oratorie. Behold most noble Protector, to what a state *Arcadia* is come, since such manner of men, may challenge in combat the faithfullest of the nobilitie, and hauing merited the shamefullest of all deaths, dare name in marriage the Princesses of this Country. Certainly my Maisters, I must say, you were much out of taste, if you had not rather enioy such Ladies, then be hangd. But the one you haue as much deserued, as you haue dishonoured the other. But now my speech must be directed to you good maister *Dorus*, who with *Pallas* helpe pardie, are lately growne *Palladius*. Too much this sacred seate of iustice graunts vnto such a fugitiue bondslaue, who in steed of these examinations, should be made confesse with a whippe, that which a halter should punish. Are not you hee Sir, whose sheepehooke was prepared to be our Scepter? In whom lay the knot of all this tragedie? or els perchaunce, they that should gaine little by it were dealers in the murder, you onely that had provided the fruites for your selfe, knew nothing of it, knew nothing? hath thy companion heere infected thee with such impudencie, as euen in the face of the world to denie that which all the world perceiueth? The other pleads ignorance, & you I doubt not will alleage absence. But hee was ignorant, when hee was hard by, and you had framed your absence, iust againe the time the acte should be committed, so fit a Lieutenant he knew he had left of his wickednesse, that for himselfe his safest meane, was to conuay away the Lady of vs all, who once out of the Countrie, he knew we would come with Oliue branches of intercession vnto her, and fall at his feete to beseech him to leaue keeping of sheepe, and vouchsafe the tyrannizing ouer vs, for to think they are Princes, as they say (although in our lawes it behooues them nothing) I see at all no reason. These iewels certainly with their disguising sleights, they haue pilfred in their vagabonding race. And thinke you such Princes should be so long without some followers after them? Truly if they be Princes, it manifestly shewes their vertues such, as all their subiects are glad to be rid of them. But be they as they are, for wee are to consider the matter, and not the men. *Basilus* murder hath bin the cause of their comming, *Basilus* murder they haue most trecherously brought to passe; yet that I doubt not, you will denie as well as your fellow. But how will you denie the stealing away the Princess of this Prouince, which is no lesse then treason? So notably hath the iustice of the gods provided for the punishing of these malefactors, as if it were possible, men would not belecue the certaine euidences of their principall mischiefe, yet haue they discovered themselues sufficiently for their most iust ouerthrow. I say therefore (to omit my chiefe matter of the Kings death) this wooluish sheepeheard, this counterfeit Prince hath trayterously contrarie to his alleageance (hauing made himselfe a seruant and subiect) attempted the depriuing this Country of our naturall Princess: and therefore by all right must receiue the punishment of Traytors. This matter is so assured as he himselfe will not deny it, being taken and brought back in the fact. This matter is so odious in nature, so shameful to the world, so contrary to all lawes, so hurtfull to vs, so false in him, as if I would stand further in declaring or defacing it, I should either shewe great doubts in your wisdom, or in your iustice. Therefore I will transerre my care vpon you, and attend (to my learning and comfort) the eternall example you will leaue to all mankind of disguisers, falsifiers, adulterers, rauishers, murderers, and Traitors. *Musidorus* while *Philanax* was speaking against his cosin and him, had looked round about him, to see whether by any meanes hee might come to haue caught him in his armes, and haue killed him; so much had his disgracing words filed his breast with rage. But perceiuing himselfe

so garded as hee should rather shewe a passionate act, then performe his reuenge, his hand trembling with desire to strike, & all the veines in his face swelling, casting his eyes ouer the iudgement seat: O Gods, said he, and haue you spared my life to beare these iniuries of such a driuel? Is this the iustice of this place, to haue such men as we are, submitted not onely to apparent falshood, but most shamefull reuiling? But marke I pray you the vngratefulnesse of the wretch, how utterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this Countrey hath receiued of vs. For if euer men may remember their owne noble deeds, it is then when their iust defence, and other vniust vnkindnesse doth require it. I omit our seruices done to *Basilus* in the late warre with *Amphialus*, importing no lesse then his daughters liues, and his states preservation: were not we the men that killed the wilde beasts which otherwise had killed the Princesses, if we had not succoured them? Consider if it please you, where had beene *Daiphantus* rape, or my treason, if the sweete beauties of the earth, had then beene deuoured? Either thinke them now dead, or remember they liue by vs. And yet full often this tel-tale can acknowledge the losse they should haue by their taking away, while maliciously hee ouerpasseth who were their preseruers, neither let this be spoken of me, as if I meant to ballance this euill with that good, for I must confesse that sauing of such creatures was rewarded in the acte it selfe: but onely to manifest the partiall iangling of this vile pickthanke. But if we be the traytors, where was your fidelitie, O onely tongue-valiant Gentleman, when not onely the young Princessse, but the King himselfe was defended from vttermost perill, partly by mee, but principally by this excellent yong mans both wisdome and valure? Were we that made our selues against hundreds of armed men, openly the shields of his life, like secretly to be his impoysoners? Did wee then shewe his life to be dearer to vs then our owne, because wee might after robbe him of his life, to dye shamefully? Truly, truly maister Orator, whosoever hath hyred you to be so busie in their matters, who keepe honest seruants then your selfe, hee should haue bid you in so many raylings, bring some excuse for your selfe, why in the greatest neede of your Prince, to whom you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then as forward to doe like a man your selfe, or at least to accuse them that were slacke in that seruice, but commonly they vse their feete for their defence, whose tongue is their weapon. Certainly a verie simple subtiltie it had beene in vs, to repose our liues in the daughters, when wee had killed the Father. But as this Gentleman thinkes to winne the reputation of a copious talker by leauing nothing vnfaide which a filthie minde can imagine, so thinke I (or else all wordes are vaine) that to wise mens indgement, our cleereneffe in the Kings death is sufficiently notorious. But at length when the Marchant hath set out his gilded baggage, lastly he comes to some stufte of importance, and saith, I conueyed away the Princessse of this Countrey. And is she in deede your Princessse? I pray you then whom should I wait of els, but her that was my Mistres by my professed vow, and Princessse ouer me while I liued in this soile? Aske her why she went; aske not me why I serued her. Since accounting me as a Prince, you haue not to do with me, taking me as her seruant, then take withall that I must obey her. But you will say, I perswaded her to flie away. Certainly I will for no death denie it, knowing to what honour I should bring her from the thraldome by such fellowes counsell as you, shee was kept in. Shall perswasion to a Prince grow treason to a Prince? It might be error in me, but falshood it could not be, since I made my selfe partaker of whatsoeuer I wished her vnto. Who will euer counsell his King, if his counsell be iudged by the cuent, and if it be not found wise,

wife, shall therefore be thought wicked? But if I be a traitor, I hope you will grant me a correlatiue, to whom I shall be the traitor. For the Princeſſe againſt whom the treaſons are conſidered, I am ſure will auow my faithfulneſſe, without you will ſay that I am a traitor to her, becauſe I left the Countrey; and a traitor to the Countrey, becauſe I went with her. Heere doe I leaue out my iuſt excuſes of loues force, which as thy narrow heart hath neuer had noble roome enough in it to receiue, ſo yet to thoſe manlike courages, that by experience know how ſubiect the vertuous 'mindeſ are to loue a moſt vertuous creature (witneſſed to be ſuch by the moſt excellent gifts of nature) will deeme it a veniall trespaffe, to ſeek the ſatiſfaction of honourable deſires. Honourable euen in the curiouſſeſt points of honour, whereout there can no diſgrace nor diſparagement come vnto her. Therefore O Iudge, who I hope doeſt know what it is to be a Iudge, that your end is to preſerue, and not to deſtroy mankind, that lawes are not made like lime-twigges or nets, to catch euery thing that toucheth them, but rather like ſea-markes, to auoid the ſhipwrack of ignorant paſſengers, ſince that our doing in the extreameſt interpretation is but a humane error, and that of it you may make a profitable euent (we being of ſuch eſtate, as their parents would not haue miſliked the affinitie) you will not I truſt at the perſwaſion of this brabler, burne your houſe to make it cleane, but like a wiſe Father, turne euen the fault of your children to any good that may come of it: ſince that is the fruite of wiſedome, and end of all iudgements. While this matter was thus handling, a ſilent and as it were aſtoniſhed attention, poſſeſt all the people. A kindly coraſſion moued the noble Gentleman *Simpatuſ*, but as for *Kalander*, euery thing was ſpoken either by or for his owne deare gueſts, moued an effect in him: ſometimes teares, ſometimes hopefull lookes, ſometimes whiſpering perſwaſions in their eares, that ſtood by him, to ſeek the ſauing the two young Princes. But the generall multitude waited the iudgement of *Euarchuſ*, who ſhewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others ſpeech, letting paſſe the flowers of Rhetorike, and only marking whether their reaſons tended, hauing made the queſtion to be aſked of *Gynecia*, who continued to take the whole fault vpon her ſelfe, and hauing cauſed *Dametaſ*, with *Miſo* and *Mopſa* (who by *Philanax* order had bene held in moſt cruell priſon) to make a full declaration, how much they knew of theſe paſſed matters, and then gathering as aſſured ſatiſfaction to his owne minde as in that caſe he could, not needing to take leaſure for that, whereof a long praetiſe had bred a well grounded habite in him, with a voice and geſture directed to the vniuerſall aſſembly, in this forme pronounced ſentence. This waighy matter, whereof preſently we are to determine, doth at the firſt conſideration yeeld two important doubtſ. The firſt, whether theſe men be to be iudged: the ſecond, how they are to be iudged. The firſt doubt ariſeth, becauſe they giue themſelues out for Princes absolute: a ſacred name, and to which any violence ſeemes to be an impietie. For how can any lawes, which are the bonds of all humane ſociety, be obſerued, if the law-giuers, and law-rulers be not held in an vntouched admiration? But hereto although alreadie they haue been ſufficiently answered, yet thus much againe I wil repeat vnto you. That whatſoeuer they be or be not, here they be no Princes, ſince betwixt Prince and ſubiect there is as neceſſarie a relation as betweene Father and Sonne, and as there is no man a Father, but to his childe, ſo is not a Prince a Prince, but to his owne ſubiectſ. Therefore is not this place to acknowledge in them anie principallitie, without it ſhould at the ſame time by a ſecret conſent confeſſe ſubiectiō. Yet heereto may be objected, that the vniuerſall ciuilitie, the law of nations (all mankind being as it were



coinhabitants or world-citizens together) had ever required publike persons should be of all parties especially regarded, since not onely in peace, but in warre, not only Princes, but heralds and trumpets, are with great reason exempted from iniuries. This point is true, but yet so true, as they that will receiue the benefit of a custome, must not be the first to breake it. For then can they not complaine, if they be not helpt by that which they themselues hurt. If a Prince doo actes of hostilitie, without denouncing warre, if hee breake his oath of amitie, or innumerable such other things contrary to the law of armes, he must take heed how he fall into their hands whom he so wrongeth, for then is curtesie the best custome hee can claime; much more these men, who haue not onely left to doo like Princes, but to be like Princes, not onely entred into *Arcadia*, and so into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domestick seruices, and so by making themselues priuate, depriued themselues of respect due to their publike calling. For no proportion it were of iustice, that a man might make himselfe no Prince when hee would doo euill, and might anew creat himselfe a Prince, when he would not suffer euill. Thus therefore by all lawes of nature and nations, and especially by their owne putting themselues out of the sanctuarie of them, these young men cannot in iustice auoide the iudgement: but like private men must haue their doings either cleared, excused, or condemned. There resteth then the second point, how to iudge well. And that must vndoubtedly be done, not by a free discourse of reason and skill of Philosophie: but must be tied to the lawes of *Greece*, and municipall statutes of this Kingdome. For although out of them these came, and to them must indeede referre their off spring, yet because philosophicall discourses stand in the generall consideration of things, they leaue to euerie man a scope of his owne interpretation. Where the lawes applying themselues to the necessaries, folde vs within assured bounds, which once broken, mans nature infinitely rangeth. Iudged therefore they must be, and by your lawes iudged. Now the action offereth it seife to due ballance, betwixt the accusers twofold accusation, and their answer accordingly applied. The questions beeing the one of a fact simple, the other of the quality of a fact. To the first they vse direct deniall, to the second qualification and excuse. They denie the murder of the King; and mighty against presumptions bring forth some probable answers, which they do principally fortifie with the Queenes acknowledging her selfe only culpable. Certainly as in equality of coniectures, wee are not to take hold of the worse, but rather to be glad we may find any hope that mankind is not growne monstrous (being vndoubtedly lesse euill a guiltie man should escape, then a guiltlesse perish) so if in the rest they be spotlesse, then is no farther to be remembred. But if they haue aggravated these suspicions with new euils, then are those suspicions so farre to shewe themselues, as to cause the other points to be thoroughly examined, and with lesse fauour wayed, since this no man can denie, they haue bene accidentall, if not principall causes of the Kings death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters, which are laid to them, wherein they doe not denie the fact, but denie, or at least diminish the fault, but first I may remember (though it were not first alleaged by them) the seruices they had before done, truly honourable, and worthie of great reward, but not worthy to counteruaile with a following wickednesse. Reward is proper to well doing, punishment to euill doing, which must not bee confounded, no more then good and euill are to be mingled. Therefore hath been determined in all wisdomes, that no man because hee hath done well before, should haue his present euils spared, but rather so much the more punished, as hauing shewed hee knew how to be good

good, would against his knowledge bee naught: The fact then is nakedly without passion, or partiality to be viewed: wherein without all question they are equally culpable. For though he that tearmes himselfe *Daiphantus*, were sooner disappointed of his purpose of conueying away the Lady *Philoclea*, then he that perswaded the Princeesse *Pamela* to flie her Countie, and accompanied her in it: yet seeing in causes of this nature, the will by the rules of iustice standeth for the deed, they are both alike to be found guilty, and guilty of hainous rauishment: For though they rauished them not from themselues, yet they rauished them from him that owed them, which was their Father. An act punished by all the Grecian lawes, by the losse of the head, as a most execrable theft. For if they must die, who steale from vs our goods, how much more they, who steale from vs that, for which we gather our goods, and if our lawes haue it so in the priuate persons, much more forcible are they to be in Princes children, where one steales as it were the whole state and well being of that people, being tied by the secret of a long vse, to be gouerned by none but the next of that blood. Neither let any man meruaile, our ancestors haue beene so seuer in these cases, since the example of the *Phenician Europa*, but especially of Grecian *Helene*, hath taught them, what destroying fires haue growne of such sparkles: And although *Helene* was a wife, and this but a childe, that booteth not, since the principall cause of marrying wiues is, that we may haue children of our owne: But now let vs see how these young men (truly for their persons worthie of pitie, if they haue rightly pitied themselues) doe goe about to mittigate the vehemencie of their errors. Some of their excuses are common to both, some peculiar onely to him that was the shepheard. Both remember the force of loue, and as it were the mending vp of the matter by their mariage: if that vnbrideled desire which is intituled loue, might purge such a sicknesse as this, surely wee should haue many louing excuses of hatefull mischief: Nay rather no mischief should be committed; that should not be vailed vnder the name of loue: For as well he that steales might alleage the loue of money; he that murders, the loue of reuenge, he that rebels, the loue of greatnes, as the adulterer, the loue of a womā. Since they doe in all speeches affirme they loue that, which an ill gouerned passion maketh them to follow: but loue may haue no such priuiledge. That sweet and heavenly vniting of the mindes, which properly is called loue, hath no other knot but vertue, and therefore if it be a right loue, it can neuer slide into any action that is not vertuous: The other, and indeede more effectuall reason is, that they may be married unto them, and so honourably redresse the dishonour of them, whom this matter seemeth most to touch. Surely if the question were, what were conuenient for the parties, and not what is iust in the neuer changing iustice, there might much be said in it. But herein wee must consider, that the lawes looke how to preuent by due examples, that such things be not done: and not how to salue such things when they are done. For if the gouernours of iustice shall take such a scope, as to measure the foote of the law by a shew of conueniencie, and measure that conueniencie not by the publike societie, but by that which is fittest for them which offend: young men, strong men, and rich men, shall euer finde priuate conueniences how to palliate such committed disorders, as to the publike shall not onely be inconuenient, but pestilent. The mariage perchance might be fit for them, but very vnfit were it to the state, to allow a patterne of such procurations of mariage. And thus much do they both alleage. Further goes hee that went with the Princeesse *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a Counsellor, who hath place of free perswasion; and the reasonable excuse of a seruant, that did but wait of his mistresse.

With-

Without all question, as counsellours haue great cause to take heede how they aduise any thing, directly opposite to the forme of that present gouernment, especially when they doe it singly without publike allowance, so yet is the case much more apparant: since neither she was an effectuell princeesse, her father being then aliue, and though he had beene dead, she not come to the yeares of authoritie, nor he her seruant in such maner to obey her, but by his own preferment first belonging to *Dametis*, and then to the king, and therefore if not by *Arcadia* lawes, yet by household orders, bound to haue done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore since the deeds accomplished by these two, are both abominable and inexcusable, I doe in the behalfe of iustice, and by the force of *Arcadia* lawes pronounce, that *Daiphantus* shall be throwne out of a high tower to receiue his death by his fall. *Palladius* shall be beheaded, the time before the sunne set: the place, in *Mantineia*: the executioner, *Dametis*: which office hee shall execute all the dayes of his life, for his beastly forgetting the carefull duty he owed to his charge. This saide, he turned himselfe to *Philanax*, and two of the other Noblemen, commanding them to see the iudgment presently performed. *Philanax* more greedy then any hunter of his praise, went straight to lay hold of the excellent prisoners, who casting a farewell looke one vpon the other, represented in their faces as much vnappalled constancy, as the most excellent courage can deliuer in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any shew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was somewhat nearer to bashfulness, and *Musidorus* to anger; both ouer-ruled by reason & resolution. But as with great number of armed men, *Philanax* was descending vnto them, and that *Musidorus* was beginning to say something in *Pyrocles* behalfe, behold *Kalandrus*, that with armes cast abroad, and open mouth came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a stranger in his hand that cryed much more then he, desiring they might be heard speake before the prisoners were remoued, euen the noble Gentleman *Symphathus* aided them in it, and taking such as he could command, stopped *Philanax* betwixt entreatie and force, from carying away the Princes, vntill it were heard what new matters these men did bring. So againe mounting to the Tribunall, they hearkened to the strangers vehement speech, or rather appassionate exclaiming. It was indeed *Kalodulus*, the faithfull seruant of *Musidorus*, to whom his Maister, when in despite of his best grounded determinations hee first became a slaue to affection, had sent the shepherd *Menalcas* to be arrested: by the helpe of whose rayment in the meane time he aduanced himselfe to that estate, which he accompted most high, because it might be seruiceable to that fancie, which he had placed most high in his minde. For *Menalcas* hauing faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully imprisoned by *Kalodulus*. But as *Kalodulus* perfourmed the first part of his dutie in dooing the commandment of his Prince: so was he with abundance of sincere loyalty extreemely perplexed when hee vnderstood of *Menalcas* the straunge disguising of his beloued Maister. For as the acts he and his cousin *Pyrocles* had done in *Asia*, had filled all the eares of the *Thessalians* and *Macedonians* with no lesse ioye then admiration: so was the feare of their losse no lesse grieuous vnto them, when by the noile of report they vnderstood of their lonely committing themselves to the sea, the issue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menalcas* hee perceiued where hee was, gessing the like of *Pyrocles*, comparing the vnusednesse of this act with the vnripenesse of their age, seeing in generall coniecture they could doe it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous: he was somewhile troubled with himselfe, what to do, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their displeasure. Often he



hee was minded (as his safest and honestest way) to reueale it to the King *Euarchus*: that both his authoritie might preuent any damage to them, and vnder his winges he himselfe might remaine safe. But considering a iourney to *Byzantium* (where as yet he supposed *Euarchus* lay) would require more time, then hee was willing to remaine doubtfull of his Princes estate, hee resolued at length to write the matter to *Euarchus* and himselfe the while to goe into *Arcadia*: vncertaine what to do when he came thither, but determined to doe his best seruice to his deare maister, if by any good fortune hee might finde him. And so it happened, that being euen this day come to *Mantineia*, and as warily and attentiuely as hee could, giuing eare to all reports, in hope to heare something of them hee sought, hee straight received a strange rumour of these things: but so vncertainlie, as popular reports carie so rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to seeke out *Kalander* a great Gentleman of this Countrie, who would soonest satisfie him of all these occurrents. Thus instructed he came euen about the midst of *Euarchus* iudgement to the desert: where seeing great multitudes, and hearing vnknowne names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, and not able to presse to the place where *Euarchus* fate, he enquired for *Kalander*, and was soone brought vnto him, partly because he was generally known vnto all men, and partly because hee had withdrawne himselfe from the prease, when he perceiued by *Euarchus* words whither they tended, being not able to endure his guests condemnation. Hee enquired forthwith of *Kalander* the cause of the assemblie: and whether the same were true of *Euarchus* presence: who with manie teares made a dolefull recital vnto him, both of the *Amazon* and shepheard, setting forth their naturall graces, and lamenting their pitifull vndoing. But his description made *Kalodulus* immediatly knowe the shepheard was his Duke, and so iudging the other to bee *Pyrocles*, and speedily communicating it to *Kalander*, who he saw did fauour their case, they brake the prease with astonishing euerie man with their cries. And being come to *Euarchus*, *Kalodulus* fell at his feete, telling him those hee had iudged, were his owne Sonne and Nephew, the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the onely stay of *Thessalia*. With many such like wordes, but as from a man that assured himselfe in that matter he should need small speech. While *Kalander* made it knowne to all men, what the prisoners were to whom he cryed they should salute their father, and ioy in the good happethe gods had sent them; who were no lesse glad, then all the people amazed at the strange euent of these matters. Euen *Philanax* owne reuengefull heart was mollified, when hee sawe from diuerse parts of the world so neare kinsmen should meete in such a necessitie. And withall the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, greatly drewe him to a compassionate conceit, and had alreadie vncloathed his face of all shewe of malice. But *Euarchus*, staid a good while vpon himselfe, like a valiant man that should receiue a notable encounter, beeing vehemently stricken with the fatherly loue of so excellent children, and studying with his best reason, what his office required: at length with such a kind of grauitie, as was neare to sorrow, he thus vttered his mind: I take wittne of the immortall gods (saide hee) O *Arcadians*, that what this daye I haue saide, hath beene out of my assured perswasion, what iustice it selfe and your iust lawes require. Though strangers then to me, I had no desire to hurt them, but leauing aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my most vnpartiall and farthest reach of reason. And thereout haue condemned them to lose their liues, contaminated with so manie foule breaches of hospitalitie, ciuility & vertue. Now contrary to all expectations.

I finde them to be my onely sonne and nephew, such vpon whom you see what gifts nature hath bestowed: such who haue so to the wonder of the worlde heretofore behaued themselues, as might giue iust cause to the greatest hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceiued. Lastly, in few words, such, in whom I placed all my mortall ioyes, and thought my selfe now neare my graue, to recouer a new life. But alas, shall iustice halte? Or shall shee winke in one cause, which had *Lynxes* eyes in anothers? or rather shall all priuate respects giue place to that holy name? Bee it so, be it so, let my gray haïres be laid in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazing stocke of wretched miserie: but neuer, neuer let sacred rightfulness fall: it is immortall, and immortally ought to be preferued. If rightly I haue iudged, then rightly I haue iudged mine owne children: vnlesse the name of a childe should haue force to change the neuer changing iustice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre iustice as farre before you, while you did like your selues, my body should willingly haue beene your shield, but I cannot keepe you frõ the effects of your one doing: nay, I cannot in this case acknowledge you for mine: for neuer had I shepheard to my Nephew, nor euer had woman to my sonne, your vices haue degraded you from being Princes, and haue disanul'd your birthright. Therefore, if there be any thing left in you of Princely vertue, shew it in constant suffering, that your vnprincely dealing hath purchased vnto you. For my part I must tell you, you haue forced a Father to rob himselfe of his children. Doe you therefore, O *Philanax*, and you my other Lords of this Country, see the iudgement be rightly performed in time, place and manner, as before appointed. With that, though he would haue refrained them, a man might perceiue the teares drop downe his long white beard. Which moued not only *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* to roring lamentations, but all the assemblie dolesfullie to recorde that pittifull spectacle, *Philanax* himselfe could not abstaine from great shewes of pitying sorrowe, and manifest withdrawing from performing the Kings commaundement. But *Musidorus* hauing the hope of his safetie, and recouering of the Princess *Pamela*, which made him most desirous to liue, so sodainly dashed; but especially mooued for his deare *Pyrocles*, for whom he was euer resolu'd his last speech should be, and stirred vp with the rage of vnkindnesse, he thus spake. Enioy thy bloody cõquest tyrannicall *Euarchus*, said he; for neither is conuenient the title of a King to a murderer, nor the remembrance of kindred to a destroyer of his kindred. Goe home and glory, that it hath beene in thy power, shamefully to kill *Musidorus*. Let thy flattering Orators dedicate Crownes of Lawrell vnto thee, that the first of thy race, thou hast ouerthrowne a Prince of *Thessalia*. But for mee I hope the *Thessalians* are not so degenerate from their ancestors, but that they will reuenge my iniurie, and their losse vpon thee. I hope my death is no more vniust to me, then it shal be bitter to thee; how-focuer it be, my death shall triumph ouer thy cruelty, neither as now would I liue, to make my life beholding vnto thee. But if thy cruelty hath not so blinded thine eyes, that thou canst not see thine owne hurt, if thy heart be not so diuellin, as thou hast no power but to torment thy selfe, then looke vpon this young *Pyrocles* with a man-like eye, if not with a pitifull: Giue not occasion to the whole earth to say, see how the Gods haue made the tyrant teare his owne bowels! Examine the eyes and voyces of all this people, and what all men see, be not blinde in thine owne cause. Looke, I say, looke vpon him, in whom the most curious searchers is able to find no fault: but that hee is thy sonne. Belceue it, thy owne Subiects will detest thee, for robbing

robbing them of such a Prince in whō they haue right as wel as thy self. Some more words to that purpose he would haue spokē, but *Pyrocles* who often had cald to him, did now fully interrupt him, desiring him not to do him the wrong to giue his father ill words before him, willing him to consider it was their owne fault, and not his vn-justice, & withall to remember their resolution of well suffering all accidents, which this impatiencie did seeme to varie from: and then kneeling down with all humbles-nes, he tooke the speech in this order to *Euarchus*. If my daily praier to the almighty Gods, had so far preuailed, as to haue granted mee the end whereto I haue directed my actions, I should rather haue beene now a comfort to your minde, then an example of your iustice; rather a preseruer of your memory by my life, then a monument of your iudgment by my death. But since it hath pleased their vnsearchable wisdoms to ouerthrow al the desires I had to serue you, & make me become a shame vnto you; since the last obedience I can shew you, is to die: vouchsafe yet O father (if my fault haue not made me altogether vnworthy so to tearme you) vouchsafe I say to let the few and last words your sonne shall euer speake, not bee tedious vnto you. And if the remembrance of my vertuous mother, who once was deare vnto you, may beare any sway with you, if the name of *Pyrocles* haue at any time been pleasant, let one request of mine, which shal not be for mine own life, be graciously accepted of you. What you owe to iustice is performed in my death: a father to haue executed his only son, will leaue a sufficiēt example for a greater crime then this. My bloud will satisfie the highest point of equitie, my bloude will satisfie the hardest hearted in this countrey. O saue the life of this Prince; that is the only all I will with my last breath demand of you. With what face will you looke vpon your sister, when in reward of nourishing me in your greatest neede, you take away, and in such sort take away that which is more deare to her then all the world, and is the onely comfort wherewith shee nourisheth her old age? O giue not such an occasion to the noble *Thessalians*, for euer to curse the match that their Prince did make with the *Macedon* bloud. By my losse there followes no publike losse, for you are to hold the seat and to prouide your selfe perchaunce of a worthier successour. But how can you or all the earth recompence that damage that poore *Thessalia* shall sustaine? who sending out (whom otherwise they would no more haue spared then their owne eyes) their Prince to you, and you requesting to haue him, by you he should thus dishonorably be extinguished. Set before you I beseech you, the face of thar miserable people, when no sooner shall the newes come that you haue met your Nephew, but withall they shall heare that you haue beheaded him. How manie teares they shall spend, how many complaints they shall make, so many iust execrations will light vpon you. And take heede O father (for since my death answers my fault, while I liue I will call vpon that deare name) least seeking too precise a course of iustice you be not thought most vniust: in weakning your neighbours mightie estate, by taking away their only pillar. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receiue his ending. Assure your self no man will doubt your seuerer obseruing the lawes, when it shal be knowne *Euarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my euer farewell approcherh, if you do thinke my death sufficient for my fault, and doe not desire to make my death more miserable then death: let these dying words of him, that was once your sonne. pierce your eares. Let *Musidorus* liue, and *Pyrocles* shall liue in him, and you shall not want a Child. A childe, cried out *Musidorus*, to him that killes *Pyrocles* with that he fell againe to intreate for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as fast for *Musidorus*, each employing his wit how to shew himselfe most worthie to die, to



such an admiration of all the beholders, that most of them examining the matter by their owne passions, thought *Euarchus* (as often extraordinary excellencies, not being rightly conceiued, do rather offend then please) an obstinate hearted man, and such an one, who being pitilesse, his dominion must needs be insupportable: But *Euarchus* that felt his owne miserie more then they, and yet loued goodnesse more then himselfe, with such a sad assured behauiour as *Caro* killed himselfe withall, when hee had hard the vttermost of that their speech tended vnto: hee commaunded againe they should bee caried away, rising vp from the seate (which he would much rather haue wished should haue beene his graue) and looking who would take the charge, whereto euery one was exceeding backward. But as this pittifull matter was entring into, those that were next the Dukes body, might heare from vnder the veluet wherewith he was couered, a great voice of groning. Whereat euery man astonished (and their spirits appalled with these former miseries, apt to take any strange conceit) when they might perfectly perceiue the body stirre. Then some began to feare spirits, some to looke for a miracle, most to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalander*, whose eyes honest loue (though to diuerse parties) held most attentiuely, leapt to the table, and putting off the veluet couer, might plainly discerne, with as much wonder as gladnesse, that the Duke liued. For so it was, that the drinke hee had receiued, was neither as *Gynecia* first imagined, a loue potion, nor as it was after thought a deadly poyson, but a drinke made by notable Arte, and as it was thought not without naturall magicke, to procure for thirtie houres such a deadly sleep, as should oppresse all shew of life. The cause of the making of this drinke had first been, that a Princesse of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notably learned, (and yet not able with all her learning to answer the objections of *Cupid*) did furiously loue a yong nobleman of her fathers Court. Who fearing the kings rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept so high a place, she made that sleeping drinke, and found meanes by a trusty seruant of hers (who of purpose inuited him to his chamber) to procure him, that suspected no such thing, to receiue it. Which done, he no way able to resist, was secretly caried by him into a pleasant chamber, in the midst of a garden she had of purpose prouided for this enterprize, where that space of time, pleasing her selfe with seeing and cherishing of him, when the time came of the drinckes end of working, and he more astonished then if he had falne from the cloudes, she bad him choose either then to mary her, and to promise to fly away with her in a barge shee had made ready, or else shee would presently crie out, and shew in what place hee was, with oth he was come thither to rauish her. The Nobleman in these straights, her beauty preuailed, he married her, and escaped the realme with her. And after many strange aduentures, were reconciled to the King her father, after whose death they raigned. But she gratefully remembring the seruice that drinke had done her, preserved in a bottell (made by singular Arte long to keepe it without perishing) great quantity of it, with the foretold inscription, which wrong interpreted by her daughter in law the Queene of *Cyprus*, was giuen by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her marriage, and the drinke finding an olde body of *Basilus*, had kept him some hours longer in the trance then It would haue done a yonger. But a good while it was before good *Basilus* could come againe to himselfe: in which time *Euarchus* more glad the of the whole worlds monarchy, to be rid of his miserable magistracy, which euen in iustice he was now to surrender to the lawfull Prince of that countrey: came from the Throne vnto him, and there with much ado, made him vnderstand how

how these intricate matters had fallen out. Many garboyles passed through his fancie before he could be perswaded *Zelma* was other then a woman. At length remembering the Oracle which now indeed was accomplished (not as before he had imagined) considering all had fallen out by the highest providence, & withall weighing all these matters his owne fault had been the greatest. The first thing hee did, was with all honorable pompe to send for *Gynecia*: who (poore Lady) thought she was leading forth to her living buriall: and (when she came) to recount before all the people, the excellent vertue was in her, which she had not only maintained all her life most vnspotted, but now was contented so miserably to dye, to follow her husband. He told them how shee had warned him to take heed of that drink: and so with all the exaltings of her that might be, he publicly desired her pardon for those errors he had committed. And so kissing her, left her to receiue the most honorable fame of any Princessse throughout the world, all men thinking (sauiing only *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea*, who neuer bewrayed her) that she was the perfect mirrour of all wisely loue. Which though in that point vnderferued, shee did in the remnant of her life daily purchase, with obseruing all duty and faith to the example & glorie of *Greece*: so vncertaine are mortall iudgments, the same person most infamous, and most famous, and neither iustly. Then with princely entertainment to *Euarchus*, & manie kind words to *Pyrocles*, whom still he dearely loued though in a more vertuous kind, the mariage was concluded, to the inestimable ioy of *Euarchus*, (towards whom now *Musidorus* acknowledged his fault) betwixt the peerelesse princessse & princesses, *Philanax* for his singular faith euer held deare of *Basilus* while he liued, and no lesse of *Musidorus*, who was to inherit that Kingdome, and therein confirmed to him and his the second place of that prouince, with great increase of his liuing to maintaine it. Which like proportion he vsed to *Kalodulus* in *Theffalia*: highly honouring *Kalander* while he liued: and after his death continuing in the same measure to loue & aduance his son *Clitophon*. But as for *Sympathus*, *Pyrocles* (to who his father in his owne time gaue the whole Kingdome of *Thrace*) held him alwaies about him, giuing him in pure gift, the great City of *Abdera*. But the solemnities of these mariages with the *Arcadian* pastoralles, full of many comicall aduentures hapning to those rurall louers, the strange stories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Helene* and *Amphialus*, with the wonderfull chances that befell them: The shepheardish loues of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus* daughter; the poore hopes of the poore *Phylisides* in the pursuite of his affections; the strange continuance of *Klaurus* and *Strephons* desire, Lastly, the sonne of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*, and *Melidora*, the faire daughter of *Amela* by *Musidorus*, who euen at their birth entred into admirable fortunes, may awake some other spirit to exercise his pen in that, where-with mine is already dulled.

The end of the fifth and last part  
of ARCADIA.

Rr 2



# Certaine Sonets VVritten by

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

**S**ince shunning paine, I ease can neuer find: (med:  
 Since bashfull dread seeks where he knowes me har-  
 Since will is won, and stopped eares are charmed;  
 Since force doth faint, and sight doth make me blind.

Since loosing long, the faster still I bind;  
 Since naked sence can conquer reason armed;  
 Since heart in chilling feare with ice is warmed:  
 In fine, since strife of tho ghts but marres the mind,

I yeeld, O Lowe, vnto thy loathbed yoke,  
 Tei crauing law of armes, whose rule doth teach,  
 That hardly vsde, who euer prison broke,  
 In iustice quit, of honour made no breach:  
 Whereas if I a gratefull garden haue,  
 Thou art my Lord and I thy vowed slaue.

**W**hen Lowe puffed up with rage of hye disdain,  
 Resolued to make me patterne of his might,  
 Like fue, whose wits inclin'd to deadlie spite,  
 Would often kill to breed more feeling paine.

He would not arm'd with beautie, only raigne  
 On those affectes which easily yeeld to fight,  
 But vertue sets so high, that reasons light,  
 For all his strife can only bondage gaine.

So that I live to paie a mortall fee,  
 Dead palsie sick of all my chiefeest parts:  
 Like those whom dreames make velle monsters see,  
 And can crie helpe with nought but grones and starts:  
 Longing to haue, hauing no wit to wish,  
 To sturuing minds such is God Cupids dish.



To the tune of Non credo giache piu infelice amante.

**T**He fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth:  
 The aire in raine for my affliction weepeth:  
 The sea to ebbe for grieve his flowing turneth:  
 The earth with pittie dul the center keepeth:  
 Fame with wonder blazed:  
 Time runnes away for sorow:  
 Place stand: th stil amazed  
 To see my night of euils, which hath no morow.  
 Alas, a lovely she no pittie taketh,  
 To know my miseries, but chaste and cruel:  
 My fal her glory maketh,  
 Yet stil her eyes gve to my flames their fuel.

Fire burne me quite, til sence of burning leaue me:  
 Aire let me draw no more thy breath in anguish:  
 Sea drownd in thee, of tedious life bereaue me:  
 Earth take this earth, wherein my spirits languish,  
 Fame saw I was not borne:  
 Time haste my dying hower:  
 Place see my graue vptorne: (power,  
 Fire, aire, sea, earth, fame, time, place, shew your  
 Alas, from al their helpe I am exiled,  
 For hers am I, and death feares her displeasure.  
 Fie death, thou art beguiled,  
 Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.

To the same tune.

**T**He Nightingale as soone as April bringeth  
 Vnto her rested sence a perfect waking, (geth,  
 While late bare earth proud of new clothing spring-  
 Sing: out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making,  
 And mournfully bewailing,  
 Her throat in tunes expresseth  
 Wh: oriefe her breast oppresseth,  
 For Thereus force on her chaste wil preuailing.  
 O Philomela faire, O take some gladnesse,  
 That here is iuster cause of p'ain'ful sadnesse:  
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth,  
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

Alas she hath no other cause of anguish  
 But Thereus loue, on her by strong hand wrokne,  
 Wherein she suffering all her spirits languish,  
 Full woman like complains her will was broken.

But I who daily crawing,  
 Cannot haue to content me,  
 Haue more cause to lament me,  
 Since wanting is more woe then too much hauiug.  
 O Philomela faire, O take some gladnesse,  
 That here is iustler cause of plaintful sadnesse,  
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth: (deth.  
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart inua-

To the tune of Balsiami vita mia.

Sleep Babie mine, Desire nurse beauty singeth:  
 Thy cries, O Babie, set mine head on aking:  
 The Babe cries way, thy loue doth keep me wa-  
 (king.

Lully, Lully, my Babe, hope cradle bringeth  
 Vnto my children alway good rest taking:  
 The Babe cries way, thy loue doth keep me waking.

Since baby mine, from me thy watching springeth,  
 Sleep then a little, pap content is making:  
 The babe cries nay for that abide I waking.

To the tune of the spanish song, Se tu senhora  
 no dueles de mi.

O Faire, O sweet, when I do look on thee,  
 In whom all ioyes so well agree,  
 Heart and soule do sing in me.  
 This you heare is not my tongue,  
 Which once said what I conceaued,  
 For it was of use hereaued,  
 With a cruell an, wer slong.  
 No, though tongue to roose be cleaued,  
 Fearing least he chastise de be,  
 Heart and soule do sing in me.

O faire, O sweet, &c.  
 Iust accord all musicke makes;  
 in thee iust accord excelleth,  
 Where each part in such peace dwelleth,  
 One of other beauty takes.  
 Since then truth to all minds telleth,  
 That in thee liues harmonie,  
 Heart and soule do sing in me.

O faire, O sweet. &c.  
 They that heau'n haue knowne, do say

That

Thar who so that grace obtaineth,  
 To see what faire sight there reigneth,  
 Forced are to sing alway,  
 So then since that heauen remaineth.  
 In thy face I plainly see,  
 Heart and soule do sing in me.

O faire, O sweete, &c.  
 Sweet thinke not I am at ease,  
 For because my chiefe part singeth,  
 This song from deaths sorrow springeth:  
 As to Swanne in last disease:  
 For no dumbnes nor acath bringeth  
 Stay to true lones melody:  
 Heart and soule do sing in me.

These foure following Sonnets were made when  
 his Ladie had paine in her face.

**T**He scourge of life, and deaths extreame disgrace,  
 The smoke of hell, the monster called paine,  
 Long sham'd to be accurst in euery place,  
 By them who of his rude resort compaine.  
 Like crafty wretch by time and trauell taught,  
 His vgly euil in others good to hide,  
 Late harbours in her face whom nature wrought,  
 As treasure howe were her best gifts do bide,  
 And so by priueledge of sacred seate,  
 A seate where beauty shines and vertue raignes,  
 He hopes for some smal praise since she hath great,  
 Within her beames wrapping his cruel staines.  
 Ah saucy paine let not thy terrour last,  
 More louing eyes she draws, more hate thou hast.

**W**O, wo to me, on me return the smart: (paine,  
 My burning tong hath bred my mistresse  
 For oft in paine to paine my paineful heart  
 With her due praise did of my state complaine.  
 I praise her eyes whom neuer chance doth moue,  
 Her breath which makes a sorer answer sweet,  
 Her milken breasts the nurse of child-like loue,  
 Her legges (O legges) her aywel steppinz feete,  
 Paine heard her praise, and ful of inward fire,  
 (First sealing up my heart as pray of his)  
 He flies to her, and boldenea with desire.  
 Her face (this ages praise) the thiefe doth kisse.  
 O paine I now recant the praise I gane,  
 And sweare she is not worthy thee to haue.



Thou paine the onely guest of loath'd constraint,  
 The childe of curse, mans weaknesse foster-child,  
 Brother to woe and father of complaints:  
 Thou paine, thou hated paine, from heau'n exilde,  
 How holdst thou her, whose eies constraint doth feare,  
 Whom curst do blesse, whose weaknes vertues arme  
 Who others woe: & complaints can chastly bere: (warm  
 In whose sweet heau'n Angels of high thoughts  
 What courage strange hath caught thy caitsife hart,  
 Fear'st not a face that oft whole harts deuowres,  
 Or art thou from above bid play this part,  
 And so no helpe gainst enuy of those powers?  
 If thus alas: yet while those parts haue wo,  
 So stay her toung, that she no more say no.

And haue I heard her say? O cruell paine!  
 And doth she know what mould her beauty beares?  
 Mournes she in truth, and think that others faime?  
 Feares she to feeles, and feeles not others feares?  
 Or doth she thinke al paine the mind forbear?  
 That heauy earth, not fiery spirits may plaine?  
 That eyes weep worse then hart in bloody teares?  
 That sense feels more then what doth sense containe  
 No, no, she is too wise, she knows her face  
 Hath not such paine as it makes others haue:  
 She knows the sicknesse of that perfect place  
 Hath yet such health, as it my life can saue.  
 But this she thinks, our paine hye cause excuseth,  
 Where her who should rule paine, false paine abu-  
 (seth.

Translated out of Horace, which beginnes  
*Rectius uiues.*

**Y**ou better sure shall liue, not euermore  
 Trring high seas, nor while seas rage you flee,  
 Preßing too much upon ill harbourd shore.

The golden meane who loues, liues safely free  
 From filth of foreworne house, and quiet liues,  
 Relcast from Court, where enuy needs must be.

The winds most oft the hugest Pine-tree greener:  
 The stately towers come downe with greater fall:  
 The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleaues:

Enil haps do fill with hope, good haps appall  
 With feare of change the courage wel prepare:  
 Fowle winters as they come, away they shal.

Though

*Though present times and past with evils be snar'd,  
They shal not last: with Citherne silent muse,  
Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometime spar'd.*

*In hard estate with stout shows valour use,  
The same man stil in whom wisdom preuailes,  
in too full wind draw in thy swelling sailes.*

Out of Catal-  
lus.

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,  
Quam mihi non si se Iupiter ipse petat,  
Dicit sed mulier Cupido quæ dicit amanti,  
In vento aut rapida scribere optat aqua.*

*V*Nto nobody my woman saith she had rather a wife be.  
Then to my selfe, not though Ioue grew a suter of hers.  
These be her words, but a womans words to a loue that is  
In wind or waters streame do require to be writ. (cager,

*Qui scepra sæuus duro imperio regit,  
Timet timentes, metum in authorem redit.*

*Faire seeke not to befeard, most louely beloued by thy seruants,  
For true it is, that they feare many, whom many feare.*

*L*ike as the Dove which seled up doth fly,  
Is neither freed nor yet to seruice bound,  
But hopes to gaine some helpe by mounting hie.  
Til want of force do force her fall to ground.

*Right so my minde caught by his guiding eye,  
And thence cast off, where his sweet hurt he found,  
Hath neuer leaue to liue, nor doome to dye,  
Nor held in euil, nor suffered to be sound.*

*But with his wings of fancies up he goes,  
To his conceits Whose fruits are oft but smal,  
Til wounded, blinde, and wearied spirit, lose  
Both force to fly and knowledge where to fall.  
O happie Dove if she no bondage tryed:  
More happie I, might I in bondage bide.*

E. D.

*P*rometheus when first from heauen hye,  
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth not seene,  
Fond of delight, a Satyre standing by,  
Gane it a kisse, as it like sweete had beene.

*Feeling*

*Feeling forthwith the other burning power, (brill,  
Wod with the smart with shotts and striking  
He sought his ease in riuer, field, and bower,  
But for the time his grieve went with him sil.*

*So silly I with that unwonted sight  
In humane shape an Angel from above,  
Feeding mine eyes, the impression there did light,  
That since I run and rest as pleaseth loue,  
The difference is, the Satires lippes, my hart,  
He for a while, I euermore haue smart.*

*A Satyre once did runne away for dread,  
With sound of horne, which he himselfe did blow.  
Fearing and feared thus from himselfe he fled,  
Deeming strange euill in that he did not know.*

*Such causelesse feares when coward minds do take,  
It makes the fly that which they faine would haue:  
As this poore beast who did his rest forsake,  
Thinking not why, but how himselfe to saue.*

*Euen thus might I for doubts which I conceane  
Of mine owne words, my owne good hap betray,  
And thus might I for feare of may be, leaue  
The sweet pursute of my desired pray.  
Better like I thy Satyre deereſt Dyer,  
Who burnt his lips to kisse faire shining fire.*

**M***Y Mistresse lowers and saith I do not loue:  
I do protest and seeke with seruice due,  
In humble minde a constant faith to proue,  
But for al this I cannot her remoue  
From deep vaine thought that I may not be true.*

*If othes might serue, euen by the Stygian lake,  
Which Poets say, the gods; themselves do feare,  
Incuer did my vowed word forsake: (make?  
For why should I, whom free choise slaue doth  
Else what in face, then in my fancy beare.*

*My Mus therefore for onely thou canst tel,  
Tel me the cause of this my causelesse woe,  
Tel how ill thought disrac'd my doing wel:  
Tell how my ioyes and hopes thus sowly fell  
To so low ebbe that wanted were to flowe.*



*O this it is, the knotted straw is found  
 In tender hearts, small things engender hate:  
 A horses worth laid wast & he Troyan ground:  
 A threefoote stoole in Greece. made Trumpets sound,  
 An Asses shade ere now hath bred debate.*

*If Greekes themselves were mou'd with so small cause,  
 To twist these broiles, which hardly would untwine:  
 Should Ladies faire be tyed to such hara lawes,  
 As in their moods to take a lingring pause?  
 I would it not, their mettall is too fine.*

*My hand doth not beare witnesse with my heart,  
 She saith, because I make no wofull laies,  
 To paint my lining death, and endlesse smart:  
 And so for one that felt god Cupids dart.  
 She thinks I lead and live too merrie dayes.*

*Are Poets then the onely lovers true?  
 Whose hearts are set on measuring a verse:  
 Who thinke themselves wel blest, if they renew  
 Some good olde dumpe, that Chaucers mistresse knew,  
 And use but you for matters to rehearse.*

*Then good Apollo do away thy bowe:  
 Take harp and sing in this our versing time:  
 And in my braine some sacred humour flowe:  
 That all the earth my woes, sighes, teares may know,  
 And see you not that I fall now to ryme.*

*As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,  
 Whilst that me thought I iustly made my boast  
 That only I the only Mistresse had:  
 But now if ere my face with ioy be clad:  
 Thinke Hanniball did laugh when Carthage lost.*

*Sweet Ladie as for those whose sullen cheare,  
 Compar'd to me, made me in lightenes found:  
 Who Stoick-like in clowdie hew appeare:  
 Who silence force to make their wordes more deare:  
 Whose eyes seeme chaste, because they looke on ground:  
 Beleeue them not for Phisicke true doth finde,  
 Choler a dust is ioyed in woman kinde.*

**I***N wonted walkes since wonted fancies change,  
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise:  
 For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range,  
 Part of my paine me seemes engraued lyes.*

*The rockes which were of constant mind the marke  
In clyming steep, now hard refusall shew:  
The shading woods seeme now my Sunne to darke,  
And stately hills disdain to looke so low.*

*The restfull Caues now restlesse visions giue,  
In Dales I see each way a hard assent:  
Like late mowne medes, late cut from ioy I liue.  
Alas sweet brookes do in my teares augment:  
Rockes, woods, hills, caues, dales, meades, brookes, an-  
infected minds infect each thing they see. (were me,*

**I***F I could thinke how these my thoughts to leane,  
Or thinking still my thoughts might haue good end:  
If rebel fence would reasons law receaue;  
Or reason foyle would not in vaine contend:  
Then might I thinke what thoughts were best to thinke:  
Then might I wisely swimme or gladly sinke.*

*If either you would change your cruel hart,  
Or cruel (stil) time did your beauties staine:  
If from my soule this leue would once depart,  
Or for my loue some loue I might obtaine,  
Then might I hope a change or ease of mind,  
By your good helpe, or in my selfe to finde.*

*But since my thoughts in thinking stil are spent,  
With reasons strife by senses ouer throwne,  
You fairer stil, and stil more cruel bent,  
Allowing stil a loue that loueth none.  
I yeld and strue, I kisse and curse the paine:  
Thought, reason, sense, time, you, and I, maintaine.*

---

A Farewell.

---

**O***F T haue I mus'd, but now at length I finde,  
Why those that dye; men say they do depart:  
Depart, a word so gentle to my minde,  
Weakely did seeme to paint deaths ugly arr.*

*But now the starres with their strange course do binde  
Me one to leaue, with whom I leane my hart.  
I heare a cry of spirits faint and blinde,  
That parting thus my chiefeest part I part.*

*Part of my life, the loathed part to me,  
Lines to impart my weary clay some breath:*

But

But that good part, wherein all comforts be,  
Now dead, doth shew departure is a death,  
Yea worse then death, deaths part both wo and ioy,  
From ioy I part still living in annoy.

Finding those beames, which i must euer lowe,  
To marre my minde, and with my hurt to please,  
I deemd it best some absence for to proue,  
If further place might further me to ease.

My eyes thence drawne, where lived all their light,  
Blinded forthwith in darke despaire did lye,  
Like to the Molde with want of guiding sight,  
Deepe plunged in earth, deprived of the skie.

In absence blind, and wearied with that woe,  
To greater woes by presence I returne,  
Euen as the fly, which to the flame doth goe,  
Pleased with the light, that his small corse doth burne:  
Faire choice I haue, either to live or dye  
A blinded Molde or else a burned fly.

The 7. VVonders of England.

Neere Wilton sweete, huge heapes of stones are found,  
But so confus'd, that neither any eye  
Can count them iust, nor reason reason trye,  
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.

To stranger weights my minds waste soile is bound,  
Of passion hilles reaching to reasons skie,  
From fancies earth passing all numbers bound,  
Passing all ghesse, whence into me should fly  
So made a masse, or if in me it growes,  
A simple soule should breed so mixed woes.

The Bruertons haue a Lake, which when the Sunne,  
Approching warmes (not else) dead logs up sends,  
From hideous depth, which tribute when it ends,  
Sore signe it is, the Lords last threa is spun.

My lake is sense, whose still streames neuer runne,  
But when my Sunne her shining twinnes there bends,  
Then from his depth with force in her begunne,  
Long drowned hopes to wat'rie eyes it lends:  
But when that failes, my dead hopes up to take,  
Their master is faire warn'd he wil to make.



We haue a fish, by strangers much admirde,  
Which caught, to cruell search yeelds his chiefe part:  
(With all cut out) closde vp againe by art,  
Yet liues vntill his life be new requirde.

A stranger fish, my selfe not yet expirde,  
Thongh rapt with beauties hooke, I did impart  
My selfe vnto th' Anatomy desirde;  
In speed of gall, leauing to her my hart:  
Yet liue with thoughts closde vp till that she will  
By conquests right in speed of searching kill.

Peake hath a Cane, whose narrow entries find,  
Large roomes within, where drops distill amaine:  
Till knit with cold, though there vnkowne remaine,  
Decke that poore place with A lablaster linde.

Mine eyes the streight, the roomy cane, my minde,  
Whose cloudy thoughts, let fall an inward raine  
Of sorrowes droppes till colder reason binde  
Their running fall into a constant vaine  
Of trueth, farre more then A lablaster pure,  
Which though despisde, yet still doth truth endure.

A field there is, where if a stake be prest,  
Deepe in the earth, what bath in earth receipt,  
Is chang'd to stone, in hardnesse, cold and weight,  
The wood, aboue doth soone consuming rest.

The earth, her cares: the stake is my request:  
Of which, how much may pierce to that sweet seate,  
To honor turnd doth dwell in honours nest,  
Keeping that forme, though vaine of wonted beate:  
But at the rest, which feare durst not apply,  
Failing themselves, with withered conscience dye.

Of ships, by shipwrack cast on Albion coast,  
Which rotting on the rockes, their death do dye:  
From wooden bones, and bloud of pitch doth fly  
A birde which gets more life then ship had lost.

My ship, desire, with wind of lust long tost,  
Brake on faire cleues of constant chastitie:  
Where plagu'd for rash attempt, giues up his ghost,  
So deepe in seas of vertue beauties ly.  
But of this death flies vp a purest lone,  
Which seeming lesse, yet nobler life doth mone.

These

*These wonders England breeds, the last remains,  
 A Lady in despite of nature chaste.  
 On whom al lone, in whom no loue is plaste,  
 VVhere fairenesse yeeldes to wifdomes shortest*

*(raines.*

*An humble pride, a scorne that fauour staines:  
 A womans mould, but like an Angell graste,  
 An Angels mind, but in a woman caste:  
 A heauen on earth, or earth that heauen contains:  
 Now thus this wonder to my selfe I frame,  
 She is the cause that all the rest I am.*

*To the tune of Wilhemus van Nassaw, &c.*

**W***Ho hath his fancie pleased,  
 VVith fruits of happie sight,  
 Let here his eyes be raised*

*On natures sweetest light.  
 A light which doth dissener,  
 And yet unite the eyes;  
 A light which dying neuer,  
 Is cause the looker dyes.*

*She neuer dyes but lasteth  
 In life of louers hart,  
 He euer dyes that wasteth  
 In loue his chiefest part.  
 Thus is her life stil guarded,  
 In neuer dying faith:  
 Thus is his death rewarded,  
 Since she liues in his death.*

*Looke then and dye, the pleasure  
 Doth answer well the paine:  
 Small losse of mortal treasure,  
 VVho may immortal gaine.  
 Immortal be her graces,  
 Immortal is her minde:  
 They fit for heauenly places,  
 This heauen in it doth binde.*

*But eyes these beauties see not,  
 Nor sence that grace descries  
 Yet eyes deprived be not,  
 From sight of her faire eyes:  
 VVhich as of inward glory  
 They are the outward seale:  
 So may they liue stil sorie  
 VVhich dye not in that weale.*

*But who hath fancies pleased,  
With fruits of happy sight,  
Let here his eyes be raised  
On natures sweetest light.*

*The smokes of Melancholy.*

**W***ho hath euer felt the change of loue.  
And knowne those pangs that the looser prone,  
May paint my face without seeing me.  
And write the state how my fancies be,  
The lothsome buds growne on sorrows tree.*

*But who by heresay speaks, and hath not fully felt  
What kind of fires they be in which those spirits melt,  
Shall gesse; and faile, what doth displease,  
Feeling my pulse, misse my disease.*

*O no, O no, tryall only shewes  
The bitter iuice offorsaken woes,  
Where former blisse present euils do staine,  
Nay former blisse ads to present paine,  
VWhile remembrance doth both states containe.*

*Come learners then to me, the modell of mishap,  
Engulfed in despaire, slid downe from fortunes lap:  
And as you like my double lot,  
Tread in my steps, or follow not.*

*For me alas I am full resolu'd  
Those bands alas shal not be dissolu'd,  
Nor breake my word though reward come late,  
Nor faile my faith in my failing fate,  
Nor change in change, though change change my state.*

*But alwaies one my selfe with eagle eyd truth to fly,  
Vp to the sunne, although the sun my wings do frye:  
For if those flames burne my desire,  
Yet shal I dye in Phoenix fire.*

**W***hen to my deadly pleasure,  
When to my liuely torment,  
Ladie mine eyes remained,  
Ioyned alas to your beames.*

*With violence of heau'nly  
Beautie tyed, to vertue,*

*Reason*



*Reason abasht retyred,  
Gladly my senses yeelded.*

*Gladly my senses yeelding,  
Thus to betray my harts fort,  
Lest me denoid of all life.*

*They to the beamy Sunnes went,  
Whereby the death of all deaths,  
Find to what harm they hastned.*

*Like to the silly Syluan,  
Burn'd by the light he best liked,  
When with a fire he first met.*

*Yet, yet, a life to their death,  
Lady you haue reserued,  
Lady the life of all loue.*

*For though my sense be from me,  
And I be dead who want sense,  
Yet do we both liue in you.*

*Turned a new by your meanes,  
Vnto the flowre sh at ay turnes,  
As you, alas, my Sunne bends.*

*Thus do I fall to rise thus,  
Thus do I dy to liue thus,  
Changed to change, I change not.*

*Thus may I not be from you :  
Thus be my senses on you :  
Thus what I thinke is of you :  
Thus what I seeke is in you :  
All what I am, it is you.*

---

*To the tune of a Neapolitan song, which  
beginneth: No, no, no, no.*

**N***O, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,  
Although with cruell fire,  
First throwne on my desire,  
She sackes my rendered sprite.  
For so a faire, a flame embraces  
All the places,*

Where that heat of all beates springeth,  
 That it bringeth  
 To my dying heart some pleasure,  
 Since his treasure  
 Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,  
 Although, &c.  
 Since our liues be not immortal,  
 But to mortall  
 Fetters tyed, do waite the hower  
 of deaths power.  
 They haue no cause to be sorry,  
 Who with glory  
 End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,  
 Although &c.  
 No man doubts, whom beauty killeth  
 Faire death feeleth,  
 And in whom faire death proceedeth  
 Glory breedeth:  
 So that I in her beames dying,  
 Glory trying,  
 Though in paine, cannot complaine. No, no, no, no.

To the tunc of Neapolitan Villanell.

ALL my sense thy sweetnesse gained,  
 Thy faire haire my heart enchained,  
 My poore reason thy words moued,  
 So that thee like heauen I loued.

Fa la la leridan dan dan dan deridan:  
 Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:  
 While to my mind the outside stood,  
 For messenger of inward good.

Now thy sweetnesse sowre is deemed,  
 Thy haire not worth a haire esteemed:  
 Reason hath thy words remoued,  
 Finding that but words they proued.

Fa la la leridan dan dan dan deridan,  
 Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei,  
 For no faire signe can credit winne,  
 If that the substance faile within.

No

No more in thy sweetnesse glory,  
 For thy knitting haire be fory:  
 Use thy words but to bewaile thee,  
 That no more thy beams anail thee

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan,

Lay not thy colours more to view,  
 Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas she weepeth!  
 Foole in me, what folly creepeth,  
 Was I to blaspheme enraged,  
 Where my soule I haue engaged.

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan,

And wretched I must yeeld to this,  
 The fault I blame her chastnesse is.

Sweetnesse sweetly pardon folly.  
 Ty me haire your captiue holy,  
 words, O words of beaueuly knowledge,  
 Know my words their faults acknowledge.

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan,

And all my life I will confesse,  
 The lesse I loue, I liue the lesse,

Translated out of the *Diana* of montemaior in Spanish. Where *Sireno* a shepheard pulling out a little of his Mistresse *Dianas* haire, wrapt about with greene filke, who now had vterly forsaken him: to the haire he thus bewailed himselfe.

What changes here, O haire,  
 I see since I saw you:  
 How ill fits you this green to weare,  
 For hope the colour due.  
 Indeed I well did hope,  
 Though hope were mixt with feare,  
 No other shepheard should haue scope,  
 Once to approach this beare.

Ah haire, how many dayes,  
 My Diane made me shew,  
 With thousand pretty childish plaies,  
 If I ware you or no,  
 Alas how oft with teares,  
 O teares of guilefull breast,



*She seemed full of iecalous feares,  
Whereat I do but ieast.*

*Tell me O haire of gold,  
If I then faultily be,  
That trust those killing eyes, I would,  
Since they did warrant me.  
Haue you not seen her m od,  
What streames of teares she spent,  
Till that I sware my faith so stood,  
As her words had it bent?*

*Who hath such beauty seene  
In one that changeth so?  
Or where ones loue so constant been?  
Who euer saw such woe?  
Ah haire are you not grieu'd,  
To come from whence you be,  
Seeing how once you saw I liu'd,  
To see me as you see?*

*On sandie banke of late,  
I saw this woman sit,  
Where sooner dyt then change my state,  
She with her finger writ:  
Thus my beliefe was staid,  
Behold loues mightie hand  
On things, were by a woman said,  
And written in the sand.*

*The same Sireno in Montemaior holding his mistresse  
glasse before her, looking vpon her while she view-  
ed her selfe, thus sang:*

**O***F this high grace with blisse conioyn'd  
No further debt on me is laid,  
Since that in self same mettall coin'd,  
Sweet Lady you remaine wel payd.  
For if my place giue me great pleasure,  
Hauing before my Natures treasure,  
In face and eyes vnmat chea being,  
You haue the same in my hands seeing,  
What in your face mine eyes domeasure.*

*Nor thinke the match vnewnly made  
That of those beames in you do tarie:  
The glasse to you but giues a shade,  
To me mine eyes the true shape carie.*

For such a thought most highly prized,  
 Which euer hath Lowes yokes despised:  
 Better then one captiu'd perceiueth,  
 Though he the linely forme receiueth:  
 The other sees it but disguised.

**R**ing out your bells, let mourning shewes be spread,  
 For loue is dead:  
 Al loue is dead, infected  
 With plague of deepe disdain:  
 Worth has nought worth reiected,  
 And Faith faire scorne doth gaine.  
 From so vngrateful fancy,  
 From such a female franzie,  
 From them that vse men thus,  
 Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe neighbours, weepe, do you not heare it said,  
 That loue is dead:  
 His death-bed peacocks folly,  
 His winding sheet is shame,  
 His wil false-seeming holy,  
 His sole exectour blame.  
 From so vngrateful, &c.

Let Dirge be sung, and Trentals rightly read,  
 For Loue is dead:  
 Sir wrong his tombe ordaineth:  
 My mistresse Marble-heart,  
 Which Epitaph containeth,  
 Her eyes were once his dart.  
 From so vngrateful, &c.

Alas, Ilie: rage hath this errour bred,  
 Loue is not dead, but sleepeth  
 In her vnmatched mind:  
 Where she his counsel keepeth  
 Til due deserts she find.  
 Therefore from so vile fancie,  
 To cal such wit a franzie,  
 Who loue can temper thus,  
 Good Lord deliuer vs.

**T**hou blind mans mark, thou fools self chosen snare,  
 Fond fancies scum, & dregs of scattred thought,  
 Band of all euils, cradle of causelesse care,  
 Thou web of will, whose end is neuer wrought.

*Desire, desire I haue too dearely bought,  
With prise of mangled mind thy worthlesse ware  
Too long, too long a sleep thou hast me brought,  
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.*

*But yet in vaine thou hast my ruine sought,  
In vaine thou mad'st me to vaine things aspire,  
In vaine thou kindlest all thy smokie fire.*

*For vertue hath this better lesson taught,  
Within my selfe to seeke my onely hyre:  
Desiring nought but how to kill desire.*

**L***eaue me O Loue, which reachest but to dust,  
And thou my minde aspire to higher things:  
Grow rich in that which neuer taketh rust:  
What euer fades, but fading pleasure brings.*

*Draw in thy beames, and humble al thy might,  
To that sweet yoke, where lasting freedoms be:  
Which breakes the clouds & opens forth the light.  
That doth both shine and giue vs sight to see.*

*O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide,  
In this smal course which birth draws out to death  
And thinke how euil becommeth him to slide,  
Who seeketh heau'n, and coms of heau'nly breath.  
Then farewell world; thy uttermost I see,  
Eternal Lowe maintaine thy loue in me.*

*Splendidis longum valedico nugis.*

THE







# The defence of poesy by Sir

PHILLIP SIDNEY Knight.

(\*)



Hen the right vertuous E. W. and I were at the Emperours Court together, wee gaue our selues to learne horfmanship of *Ion Pietro Pugliano*, one that with great commendation had the place of an Elquire in his stable : and hee according to the fertilenesse of the Italian witte, did not onely affoord vs the demonstration of his practise, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which hee thought most precious. But with none I remember mine eares were at any time more loaden, then when (either angred with slow paiment, or mooued with our learnerlike admiration) hee exercised his speech in the praise of his facultie. Hee saide souldiers were the noblest estate of mankinde, and horsemen the noblest of souldiers. Hee saide they were the maisters of warre, and ornamentes of peace, speedie goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in Campos and Courtes : nay to so vnbeleueed a point hee proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a Prince, as to bee a good horse-man. Skill of gouernement was but a *Pedanteria* in comparison : then would he adde certaine praises, by telling what a peerelesse beast the horse was, the onely seruiceable Courtier without flattery, the beast of most beautie, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that if I had not been a peece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I thinke he would haue perswaded mee to haue wished my selfe a horse. But thus much at least with his no few words hee draue into mee, that selfe-loue is better then anie gilding, to make that seeme gorgeous wherein our selues be parties. Wherein if *Puglianos* strong affection and weake arguments will not satisfie you, I will giue you a nearer example of my selfe, who I know not by what mischance in these my not old yeares and idlest times, hauing slipt into the title of a Poet, am prouoked to say something vnto you in the defence of that my vnelected vocation, which if I handle with more good will, then good reasons, beare with mee, since the scholler is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his maister. And yet I must say, that as I haue more iust cause to make a pitifull defence of poore Poetrie, which from almost the highest of estimation of learning, is false to be the laughing stocke of children, so haue I need to bring some more auailable proofes, since the former is by no man bard of his deserued credite, the fillie later hath had euen the names of *Philosophers* vsing to the defacing of it, with great danger of ciuill warre among the Muses. And first truly to all them that professing learning inueigh  
against

against Poetrie may iustly be obiected, that they go very neare to vngratefulnesse, to seeke to deface that which in the noblest nations and languages that are knowne, hath been the first light giuer to ignorance, & first nurse, whose milke little and little enabled them to feede afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the Hedge-hogge, that being receiued into the den, draue out his host? or rather the Vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece* in any of his manifold Sciences, bee able to shew me one booke before *Musens*, *Homer* and *Hesiod*, all three nothing else but Poets. Nay, let any Historie be brought, that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill, as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and some other are named, who hauing been the first of that countrey that made pennes deliuerers of their knowledge to the posteritie, may iustly chalenge to bee called their fathers in learning. For not onely in time they had this prioritie, (although in it selfe antiquitie bee venerable) but went before them, as causes to draw with their charming sweetnesse the wild vntained wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was said to moue stones with his Poetry, to builde *Thebes*, and *Orpheus* to be listned to by beastes, indeed stony and beasty people. So among the *Romanes* were *Linus*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*, so in the Italian language, the first that made it to aspire to bee a treasure-house of Science were the Poets *Dante*, *Bocace*, and *Petrarch*. So in our english were *Gower* and *Chawcer*, after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others haue followed to beautifie our mother tongue, as well in the same kind as other artes. This did so notably shew it selfe, that the *Philosophers* of *Greece* durst not a long time appeare to the VWorld, but vnder the maske of Poets. So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, sang their naturall Philosophie in verses: So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocillides* their morrall counsels. So did *Triteus* in warre matters, and *Solon* in matters of policie, or rather they being Poets, did exercise their delightfull veine in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world. For that wise *Solon* was directly a Poet, it is manifest, hauing written in verse the notable Fable of the *Atlantike* Island, which was continued by *Plato*. And truly euen *Plato* vvhosoever well considereth, shall finde that in the bodie of his worke though the inside and strength were Philosophie, the skinne as it were and beautie, depended most of Poetrie. For all stands vpon Dialogues, wherein he faignes many honest Burgesses of *Athens* speake of such matters, that if they had been set on the racke, they would neuer haue confessed them: besides his Poeticall describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacie of a walke, and enterlacing meere Tales, as *Gyges Ring* and others, which who knowes not to be flowers of Poetrie, did neuer walke into *Apollos* Garden. And euen *Historiographers*, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, haue bene glad to borrow both fashion and perchaunce weight of the Poets. So *Herodotus* entituled his Historie by the name of the nine Muses, and both he and all the rest that followed him, either stole or vsurped of Poetrie, their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battels which no man could asirme, or if that bee denied mee, long Orations put in the mouths of great kings and Captaines, which it is certaine, they neuer pronounced. So that truly neither *Philosopher*, nor *Historiographer* could at the first haue entered into the gates of popular iudgments, if they had not take a great desport of Poetrie, which in all Nations at this day, where learning flourisheth not,

is plaine to bee seene : in all which they haue some feeling of Poetrie. In *Turkie* besides their Law-giuing Diuines, they haue no other writers but Poets. In our neighbour countrie *Ireland*, where truly learning goes verie bare, yet are their Poets held in a deuout reuerence. Euen among the most barbarous and simple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet haue they their Poets, who make and sing songs, which they call *Arentos*, both of their Ancestors deeds and praises of their Gods. A sufficient probabilitie, that if euer learning come among them, it must bee by hauing their hard dull wittes softened and sharpened with the sweete delight of Poetrie, for vntill they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge, will little perswade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the ancient *Brittons* as their are good authorities to shew, the long time they had Poets whch they called *Bardes*: so through all the conquests of *Romanes*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normanes*, some of whome did seeke to ruine all memorie of learning from among them, yet doe their Poets euen to this day last: so as it is not more notable in the soone beginning, then in long continuing. But since the Authors of most of our Sciences, were the *Romanes*, and before them the *Greekes*, let vs a little stand vpon their authorities but euen so farre as to see what names they haue giuen vnto this now scorned skill. Among the *Romanes* a Poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a Diuiner, foreseer, or Prophet, as by his conioyned wordes *Vaticinium*, and *Vaticinari* is manifest, so heauenly a title did that excellent people bestow vpon this heart-rauishing knowledge, and so farre were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the changeable hitting vpon any such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Wherevpon grew the word of *Sortes Virgiliane*, when by sudden opening *Virgils* booke, they lighted vpon some verse as it is reported by manie, whereof the Histories of the *Emperours* liues are full. As of *Albinus* the Gouvernour of our Iland, who in his childhood mett with this verse:

*Arma amens capio nec sat rationis in armis.*

And in his age performed it, although it were a very vaine and godlesse superstition, as also it was, to thinke spirits were commanded by such verses, where upon this word *Charmes* deriued of *Carmina*, commeth, so yet serueth it to shew the great reuerence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground since both the Oracles of *Delphos* and *Sybillas* prophecies, were wholly deliuered in verses, for that same exquisite obseruing of number and measure in the wordes, and that high flying libertie of conceit proper to the Poet, did seeme to haue some diuine force in it. And may not I presume a little farther, to shew the reasonablenesse of this word *Vates*, and say that the holy *Dauids* Psalmes are a diuine *Peame*? If I do, I shall not doe it without the testimonie of great learned men both ancient and moderne. But euen the name of Psalmes will speake for me, which being interpreted, is nothing but songs: then that it is fullie written in meeter, as all learned *Hebritians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly and principally, his handling his prophecie, which is meere Poeticall. For what else is the awaking his musicall Instruments, the often and free changing of persons, his notable *Prosopopæias*, when hee maketh you as it were see God comming in his maiestie, his telling of the beasts ioyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heauenly Poesie, wherein almost he sheweth himselfe a passionate louer of that vnspcakable



and euerlasting beautie, to bee seene by the eyes of the minde, onely cleared by faith: But truly now hauing named him, I feare I seeeme to prophane that holie name, applying it to Poetrie, which is among vs throwne downe to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet iudgements will looke a little deeper into it, shall finde the end and working of it such, as being rightly applied, deserueth not to bee scourged out of the Church of GOD. But now let vs see how the Greekes haue named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greekes named him ποιητήν, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages, it commeth of this worde ποιεῖν, which is to make: wherein I know not whether by lucke or wisdom, wee Englishmen haue mett with the Greekes in calling him a Maker! VVhich name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were knowne by marking the scope of other sciences, then by any partiall allegation. There is no Arte deliuered vnto mankind, that hath not the workes of nature for his principall object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become Actors and Players, as it were, of what Nature will haue set forth. So doth the *Astronomer* looke vpon the starres, and by that he seeth, set downe what order Nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician* in their diuerse sorts of quantities. So doth the *Musitian* in times tell you which by Nature agree, which not. The naturall *Philosopher* thereon hath his name, and the morall *Philosopher* standeth vpon the naturall vertues, vices, or passions of man: and follow nature saith hee, therein, and thou shalt not erre. The *Lawyer* saith, what men haue determined. The *Historian*, what men haue done. The *Grammarian*, speaketh onely of the rules of speech, and the *Rhetorician* and *Logitian*; considering what in nature will soonest proue, and perswade thereon, giue artificiall rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The *Physitian* weigheth the nature of mans bodie, and the nature of things helpfull or hurtfull vnto it. And the *Metaphysicke* though it bee in the second and abstract notions, and therefore bee counted supernaturall, yet doth hee indeed build vpon the depth of Nature. Onely the *Poet* disdaining to bee tyed to any such subiection, lifted vpp with the vigour of his owne inuention, doth grow in effect into another nature: in making things either better then Nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, formes such as neuer were in nature: as the *Heros*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymeras*, *Furies*, and such like; so as hee goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the Zodiacke of his owne wit. Nature neuer set forth the earth in so rich Tapistrie as diuerse Poets haue done, neither with so pleasant riuers, fruitfull trees, sweete-smelling flowers, nor whatsoeuer else may make the too much loued earth more louely: her world is brassen, the Poets onely deliuer a golden. But let those things alone, and goe to man for whome as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her vttermost cunning is imployed: and know whether thee haue brought forth so true a louer as *Theagenes*, so constant a friend as *Pylades*, so valiant a man as *Orlando*, so right a Prince as *Xenophons Cyrus*, and so excellent a man euery way, as *Virgils Aeneas*. Neither let this bee iestingly conceiued, because the works of the one be essentiall, the other in imitation or fiction: for euery vnderstanding knoweth the skill of each Artificer standeth in that *Idea*, or foreconceit of the worke, & not in the worke it selfe. And that the *Poet* hath that *Idea*, is manifest, by the deliuering the forth in such excellencie

as hee had imagined them : which deliuering forth , also is not wholie imaginariue , as wee were wont to say by them that builde Castles in the aire : but so farre substantiallie it worketh, not onely to make a *Cyrus*, which had beene but a particular excellencie, as nature might haue done, but to bestow a *Cyrus* vpon the world to make many *Cyrusses*, if they will learne aright, why and how that maker made him. Neither let it bee deemed too sawcie a comparifon, to ballance the highest point of mans witt with the efficacie of nature : but rather giue right honour to the heauenly maker of that maker, who hauing made man to his owne likenesse, set him beyond, and ouer all the workes of that second nature, which in nothing he sheweth so much as in Poetrie, when with the force of a diuine breath, hee bringeth thinges forth surpassing her dooings: with no small arguments to the increadulous of that first accursed fall of *Adam*, since our erreced wit maketh vs know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth vs from reaching vnto it. But these arguments will by few bee vnderstood, and by fewer graunted : thus much I hope will bee giuen mee, that the Greekes with some probabilitie of reason, gaue him the name aboue all names of learning. Now let vs goe to a more ordinarie opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable: and so I hope; though wee gett not so vnmached a praise, as the *Etimologie* of his names will graunt, yet his verie description, which no man will denie, shall not iustly be barred from a principall commendation. *Poesie* therefore, is an Arte of *Imitation*: for so *Aristotle* tearmeth it in the word *μimesis*, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth to speake metaphorically. A speaking *Picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this haue beene three generall kindes, the chiefe both in antiquitie and excellencie, where they that did imitate the vnconceiuable excellencies of God, such were *David* in his Psalmes, *Salomon* in his Song of Songs, in his *Ecclesiastes* and *Prouerbes*. *Moses* and *Deborah* in their Hymnes, and the writer of *Iob*. Which besides other, the learned *Emanuel Tremelius*, and *Fr. Iunius* doe entitle the Poeticall part of the Scripture: against these none will speake that hath the holie Ghost in due holy reuerence. In this kind, though in a full wrong Diuinitie, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his Hymnes and many other both *Greekes* and *Romanes*. And this *Poesie* must be vled by whosoeuer will follow Saint *Pauls* counsaile, in singing Psalmes when they are merie, and I know is vled with the fruit of comfort by some, when in sorrowfull pangs of their death-bringing sinnes, they find the consolation of the neuer leauing goodnesse. The second kinde is of them that deale with matter Philosophicall, either morrall, as *Tirteus*, *Phocilides*, *Cato* : or naturall, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgils Georgikes*; or Astronomicall, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Historicall, as *Lucan*: which who mislike, the fault is in their iudgement, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly vttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the folde of the proposed subiect, and takes not the free course of his owne inuention, whether they properly bee Poets or no, let *Grammarini* dispute; and goe to the third indeed right Poets, of whome chieflie this question ariseth: betwixt whome and these second, is such a kinde of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort of Painters, who counterfait onely such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who hauing no law but wit, bestow that in colours vpon you, which is fittest for the eye to see, as the constant, though lamenting looke of *Lucretia*, when shee punished in her selfe

another's fault : wherein he painteth not *Lucretia*, whome hee neuer saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a vertue. For these three bee they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight : and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath beene or shall bee, but range onely, reyned with learned discretion, into the diuine consideration of what may bee and should be. These bee they that as the first and most noble sort, may iustly bee termed *Fates*: so these are wayted on in the excellentest languages and best vnderstandings, with the fore described name of *Poets*. For these indeede do meere make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to moue men to take that goodnesse in hand, which without delight they would flie as from a stranger; and teach to make them know that goodnesse whereunto they are moued : which being the noblest scope to which euer any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to barke at them. These be subdeuided into sundry more speciall denominations. The most notable bee the *Heroicke*, *Lyricke*, *Tragicke*, *Comicke*, *Satyricke*, *Iambicke*, *Elegiacke*, *Pastorall*, and certaine others: some of these being rearm'd according to the matter they deale with; some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in : for indeede the greatest part of Poets, haue apparelled their Poeticall inuentions, in that numerous kind of writing which is called *Verse*. Indee'd but apparelled Verse, being but an ornament, and no cause to Poetrie, since there haue beene many most excellent Poets that neuer versified, and now swarme manie versifiers that neede neuer answer to the name of Poets. For *Xenophon* who did imitate so excellentlie as to giue vs *Effigiem iusti imperij*, the portraiture of a iust Empire, vnder the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* saith of him, made therein an absolute heroicall Poeme. So did *Heliodorus* in his sugred inuention of that picture of loue in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both these wrote in Prose : which I speake to shew, that it is not ryming and versing that maketh a Poet (no more then a long gowne maketh an Aduocate, who though hee pleaded in armour, should bee an Aduocate and no Souldier : ) but it is that faining notable images of vertues, vices, or what else, with that delightfull teaching which must bee the right describing note to know a Poet by. Although indeede the Senate of Poets haue chosen verse as their fittest rayment : meaning as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to goe beyond them : not speaking table-talk fashion, or like men in a dreame, wordes as they chanceble fall from the mouth, but peasing each syllable of each word by iust proportion, according to the dignity of the subiect. Now therefore it shall not bee amisse, first to weigh this latter sort of Poetrie by his workes, and then by his parts; and if in neither of these Anatomies hee bee condemnable, I hope wee shall receiue a more fauourable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memorie, enabling of iudgement, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, vnder what name so euer it come forth, or to what immediate end soeuer it bee directed, the finall end is, to leade and draw vs to as high a perfection, as our degenerate soules, made worse by their clay lodgings, can bee capable of this according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impressions: for some that thought this felicitie principallie to bee gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to bee so high or heauenly, as acquainted with the starres; gaue themselues to *Astronomie*: others perswading themselues to bee *Demi gods*, if they knew the causes of thinges, became naturall and supernaturall *Philosophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *Musike*: and some the certaintie of demon-



demonstrations to the *Mathematikes* : but all one and other hauing this scope to know, and by knowledge to lift vp the minde from the dungeon of the bodie, to the enioying his owne diuine essence But when by the ballance of the experience it was found that the *Astronomer* looking to the starres might fall in a ditch . that the enquiring *Philosopher* might bee blind in himselfe : and the *Mathematician* might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart. Then loe did Prooofe, the ouer-ruler of opinions make manifest that all these are but seruing sciences ; which as they haue a priuate end in themselues, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistresse knowledge, by the Greekes ἀρχιτεκτονική, which standes as I thinke, in the knowledge of a mans selfe, in the Ethicke and Politicke consideration, with the end of well doing, and not of well knowing onely. Euen as the Saddlers next end is to make a good saddle, but his further end, to serue a nobler facultie, which is horsemanship : so the horsemans to souldierie : and the souldier not onely to haue the skill, but to performe the practise of a souldier. So that the ending ende of all earthly learning, being vertuous action, those skilles that most serue to bring forth that, haue a most iust title to be Princes ouer all the rest: wherein, if we can shewe, the Poet is worthy to haue it before any other competitors, among whome principallie to challenge it, stepp forth the morall *Philosophers*, whome we thinke, I see comming towards mee, with a fullen graurie, as though they could not abide vice by day-light, rudely cloathed, for to witnesse outwardly their contempt of outward things, with bookes, in their hands against glorie, whereto they set their names: sophistically speaking against subtiltie, and angry with any man, in whome they see the foule fault of anger. these men casting larges as they goe of definitions, diuisions, and distinctions, with a scornfull interrogatiue, do soberly aske whether it bee possible to finde any path so readie to leade a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is, and teacheth it not onely by deliuering forth his very being, his causes and effects, but also by making knowne his enemie vice, which must be destroyed: and his cumbersome seruants Passion, which must be mastered: by shewing the generalities that contains it, and by the specialities that are deriued from it. Lastly, by plaine setting downe how it extends it selfe out of the limits of a mans owne little world, to the gouernment of families, and maintaining of publike societies. The *Historian* scarcely giues leasure to the *Moralist* to say so much, but that he loaden with old Moufer eaten Records, authorising himselfe for the most part vpon other Histories, whose greatest authorities are built vpon the notable foundation *Heare-say*, hauing much a do to accord differing writers, and to picke truth out of partiality ; better acquainted with a thousand yeares ago, then with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, then how his owne witte runnes ; curious for Antiquities, and inquisitiue of Nouelties, a wonder to young folkes, and a Tyrant: in table talke ; denyeth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue, and vertuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Testis temporum lux veritatis, vita memorix, magistra vite, nuncia vetustatis*. The *Philosopher*, saith hee, teacheth a disputatiue vertue, but I doe an active. His vertue is excellent in the daunger lesse *Academie* of *Plato* : but mine sheweth forth her honorable face in the batrels of *Marathon*, *Pharsalia*, *Poitiers*, and *Agincourt*. Hee teacheth vertue by certaine abstract considerations : but I onely bid you follow the footing of them that haue gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine witted

*Philosopher*: but I giue the experience of many ages. Lastly, if hee make the song booke, I put the learners hand to the Lute, and if hee bee the guide, I am the light. Then would he alleage you innumerable examples, confirming storie by stories, how much the wisest Senators and Princes haue bene directed by the credit of Historie, as *Brutus*, *Alphonsus of Aragon* (and who not if neede bee.) At length, the long line of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giueth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom shall we find, since the question standeth for the highest forme in the schoole of learning to bee mediator? Trulie as me seemeth, the Poet, and if not a moderator, euen the man that ought to carie the title from them both: and much more from all other seruing sciences. Therefore compare we the *Poet* with the *Historian*, and with the morall *Philosopher*: and if he go beyond them both, no other humane skill can match him. For as for the *Divine*, with all reuerence he is euer to be accepted, not onely for hauing his scope as farre beyond any of these, as Eternitie exceedeth a Moment: but euen for passing each of these in themselves. And for the *Lawyer*, though *Ius* bee the daughter of *Iustice*, the chiefe of vertues; yet because hee seekes to make men good rather *formidine pene*, then *virtutis amore*: or to say righter, doth not endeouour to make men good, but that their euill hurt not others, hauing no care so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be. Therefore as our wickednesse maketh him necessarie, and necessitie maketh him honorable, so is hee not in the deepest truth to stand in ranke with these, who all endeouour to take naughtinesse away, and plant goodnesse euen in the secretest cabinet of our soules: & these foure are all that any way deale in the consideration of mens manners; which being the supream knowledge, they that best breed it, deserue the best commendation. The *Philosopher* therefore, and the *Historian* are they which would win the goale, the one by precept, the other by example: but both not hauing both, doe both halte. For the *Philosopher* setting down with the thorny arguments the bare rule, is so hard of vtterance, and so mistie to bee conceiued, that one that hath no other guide but him, shall wade in him till he be old, before hee shall finde sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so vpon the abstract and generall, that happie is that man who may vnderstand him, and more happy that can applie what he doth vnderstand. On the other side, the *Historian* wanting the precept, is so tied not to what should be, but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the generall reason of things, that his example draweth not necessary consequence, and therefore a lesse fruitfull doctrine. Now doth the peerelesse Poet performe both: for whatsoeuer the *Philosopher* saith should bee done, hee giues a perfect picture of it by some one, by whome he presupposeth it was done, so as hee coupleth the generall notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I say) for he yeeldeth to the powers of the minde an image of that whereof the *Philosopher* bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possesse the sight of the soule so much, as that other doth. For as in outward things to a man that had neuer seene an *Elephant*, or a *Rinoceros*, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bignesse and particular markes, or of a gorgeous pallace an *Architecte*, who declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeate as it were by roat all hee had heard, yet should neuer satisfie his inward conceit, with being witnesse to it selfe of a true liuing knowledge: but the same man, as soone as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in modell, should

should straightwaies grow without need of any description to a iudiciall comprehending of them, so (no doubt) the *Philosopher* with his learned definitions, be it of vertues or vices, matters of publike policie or private gouernement, replenisheth the memorie with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which notwithstanding lye darke before the imaginative and iudging power, if they bee not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of *Poesie*. *Tully* taketh much paines, and manie times not without Poeticall helps to make vs know the force, loue of our country hath in vs. Let vs but heare old *Achilles* speaking in the midst of *Troyes* flames, or see *Ulysses* in the fulnes of all *Calipsoes* delights bewaile his absence from barraine and beggarly *Ithaca*. Anger (the *Stoikes* said) was a short madnesse: let but *Sophocles* bring you *Ajax* on a stage, killing or whipping sheepe and oxen, thinking them the Armie of Greekes, with their chieftaines *Agamemnon*, and *Menelus*: and tell me if you haue not a more familiar in-sight into Anger, then finding in the schoolemen his *Genus* and *Difference*. See whether wildome & temperance in *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*, valure in *Achilles*, friendship in *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, euen to an ignorant man carie not an apparant shining: and contrarily, the remorse of conscience in *Oedipus*; the soone repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the selfe indeuouring crueltie in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the sower sweetnesse of reuenge in *Medea*; and to fall lower, the *Terentian Gnato*, and our *Chaucers* *Pander* so exprest, that wee now vse their names, to signifie their Trades: And finally, all vertues, vices, and passions, so in their owne naturall states, laid to the view, that wee seeme not to heare of them, but clearly to see through them. But euen in the most excellent determination of goodnesse, what *Philosophers* counsell can so readily direct a Prince, as the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, or a vertuous man in all fortunes: as *Aeneas* in *Virgill*, of a whole Commonwealth, as the Way of Sir Thomas Moores *Eutopia*. I say the VVay, because where Sir Thomas Moore erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the Poet: for that VVay of patterning a Commonwealth, was most absolute, though he perchance hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is whether the fained image of Poetrie, or the regular instruction of Philosophie hath the more force in teaching. VVherein if the *Philosophers* haue more rightly shewed themselves *Philosophers*, then the *Poets* haue attained to the high toppe of their profession (as in truth, *Mediocribus esse poetis non Dî, non homines, non concessere columnæ*.) it is (I say againe) not the fault of the Art, but that by fewe men that Arte can be accomplished. Certainly, euen our Sauiour Christ could as well haue giuen the morall common places of vncharitablenesse and humblenesse, as the diuine narration of *Dimes* and *Lazarus*, or of disobedience and mercie, as the heauenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious Father, but that his thorough searching wisdom, knew the estate of *Dimes* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* bosome, would more constantly as it were, inhabit both the memorie & iudgement. Truly for my selfe (mee seemes) I see before mine eyes, the lost childe disdainfull prodigallitie turned to enuy a Swines dinner: which by the learned *Diuines* are thought not historicall acts, but instructing parables. For conclusion, I say the *Philosopher* teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned onely can vnderstand him, that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the Poet is the foode for the tender stomacks, the Poet is indeed, the right popular *Philosopher*. VVherof *Esops* Tales giue good prooffe, whose pretie Allegories stealing vnder the formall Tales of beasts, makes many more beastly then beastes: begin to heare the



ound of vertue frō those dumbe speakers. But now may it be alleaged, that if this magining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the *Historian* needes surpasse, who brings you images of true matters, such as indeed were done, and not such as farrastically or falsly may be suggested to haue bin done. Truly *Aristotle* himself in his discourse of *Poesie*, plainly determineth this questiō, saying, that *Poetrie* is φιλοσοφότεραν & πρᾶξιαιότερον, that is to say, it is more Philosophical, & more the history. His reason is, because *Poesie* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to say, with the vniuersall consideratiō, & the History with καθ' ἑκαστον the particular. Now saith he the vniuersall wayes what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessitie, which the poesie considereth in his imposed nam: & the particular only maketh whether *Alcibiades* did or suffered this or that. Thus far *Aristotle*. Which reason of his, as all his is most full of reason. For indeed if the question were whether it were better to haue a particular act truly or falsly set downe, there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more then whether you had rather haue *Vespasians* Picture right as he was, or at the Painters pleasure nothing resembling. But if the questiō be for your own vse and learning, whether it be better to haue it set down as it should be, or as it was; then certainly is more doctrinable, the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, then the true *Cyrus* in *Iustin* & the fained *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, then the right *Aeneas* in *Dares Phrygius*: as to a Ladie that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a Painter should more benefit her to protrait a most sweete face, writing *Canidia* vpō it, then to paint *Canidia* as she was, who *Horace* sweareth was full ill fauored. If the *Poet* do his part aright, he wil shew you in *Tantalus Atreus*, & such like, nothing that is not to be shūned; in *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Vlisses*, each thing to be followed: where the *Historian* boūd to tel things as things were, cannot be liberall, without he wil be Poeticall of a perfect pattenne, but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himself, shew doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked; & then how will you discerne what to follow, but by your owne discretion, which you had without reading *Q. Curtius*. And whereas a man may say, though in vniuersall consideration of doctrine, the *Poet* preuaileth, yet that the *Historie* in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that hee shall follow. The answer is manifest, that if he stand vpon that was, as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday, therefore it should raine to day, then indeede hath it some advantage to a grosse conceit. But if he know an example only informes a coniectured likelihood, & so go by reason, the *Poet* doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politike, or priuate matters, where the *Historian* in his bare, was, hath many times that which wee call fortune to ouerrule the best wisdom. Many times hee must tell euents, whereof he can yeeld no cause, or if he doe, it must bee poetically. For that a fained example hath as much force to teach, as a true example (for as for to moue, it is cleare, since the fained may be tuned to the highest key of passion: let vs take one exāple wherein an *Historian* & a *Poet* did concur. *Herodotus* & *Iustin* do both testifie, that *Zopirus*, King *Darius* faithfull seruant, seeing his maister long resisted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, fained himselfe in extreame disgrace of his King, for verriying of which, he caused his owne nose & eares to be cut off, & so flying to the *Babylonians* was receiued, & for his knowne valure so farre credited, that he did find meanes to deliuer the ouer to *Darius*. Much like matters doth *Livy* record of *Tarquinius* & his son. *Xenophon* excellently faide such another stratagem, performed by *Abradatus* in *Cyrus* behalfe. Now would I faine know, if occasion be presented vnto you, to serue your Prince by such an honest dissimulatiō, why do you not as wel learne it of *Xenophons* fiction, as of the others veritie: and truly so much the better, as you shall saue your

nose by the bargain. For *Abtradatus* did not counterfet so farre. So then the best of the *Hystoria* is subiect to the *Poet*, for whatsoeuer actiō or factiō, whatsoeuer counsell, pollicie, or warre stratagem the *Hystorian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet* if he list with his imitation make his owne; beautifying it both for further teaching, & more delighting as it please him: hauing all frō *Dante* his heauen to his hell vnder the authoritie of his pen. Which if I bee asked what *Poets* haue done so? as I might wel name some, so yet say I, and say againe, I speak of the Art and not of the Artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of History, in respect of the notable learning is got by marking the successe, as though therein a man should see vertue exalted & vice punished: truly that commendation is peculiar to Poetrie, and farre off from Historie; for indeed Poetrie euer sets vertue so out in her best colours, making fortune her wel-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamoured of her. Well may you see *Vlisses* in a storme and in other hard plights, but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make the shine the more in the neare following prosperitie. And of the contrarie part, if euil men come to the stage, they euer goe out (as the Tragedie writer answered to one that misliked the shew of such persons) so manied, as they little ainmate folkes to follow them. But the Historie being captiued to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror from wel-doing, & an incouragement to vnbridled wickednesse. For see wee not valiant *Milciades* rot in his fetters? The iust *Phocian* and the accomplished *Socrates* put to death like traytors? the cruell *Seuerus* liue prosperously? the excellent *Seuerus* miserably murdered? *Silla* & *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* and *Cicero* flaine then when they would haue thought exile a happinesse? See we not vertuous *Caio* driuen to kill himselfe, and Rebell *Caesar* so aduanced, that his name yet after 1600 yeares lasteth in the highest honor? And marke but euen *Caesars* owne wordes of the forenamed *Silla*, (who in that onely did honestly to put downe his dishonest tyrannie) *Literas nesciuit*: as if want of learning caused him to doe wel. He meant it not by Poetrie which not content with earthly plagues, deuise new punishments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philosophy, which teacheth *Occidentese*, but no doubt by skill in Historie, for that indeed can afford you *Cipselus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionisius*, & I know not how many more of the same kennel, that speed well inough in their abominable iniustice of vsurpatiō. I cōclude therefore that he excelleth historie, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserues to be called & accounted good: which setting forward & mouing to wel-doing, indeed setteth the Lawrel crown vpon the *Poets* as victorious, not onely of the *Hystorian*, but ouer the *Philosopher*, howsoeuer in teaching, it may bee questionable. For suppose it be graunted, that which I suppose with great reason may be denied, that the *Philosopher*, in respect of his methodicall proceeding teach more perfectly then the *Poet*, yet do I think, that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the *Philosopher* in mouing with the *Poet*. And that mouing is of a higher degree then teaching; it may by this appeare, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching. For who will bee taught, if he bee not moued with desire to bee taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth, (I speake still of moral doctrine as that it moueth one to doe that which it doth teach. For as *Aristotle* saith, it is not γνῶσις but πράξις must bee the fruit: and how πράξις can bee without being moued to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The *Philosopher* sheweth you the way, hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousnesse of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall haue when your iourney is ended, as of the manie by-turnings that may diuert you from your way

But

But this is to no man but to him that will reade him ; and read him with attentive studious painfullnesse, which constant desire whosoever hath in him ; hath already past halfe the hardnesse of the way : and therefore is beholding to the *Philosopher* but for the other halfe. Nay truly, learned men haue learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the minde hath a free desire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it selfe, is as good as a *Philosophers* booke, since in Nature we know it is well, to doe well, and what is well, and what is euill, although not in the words of Art which *Philosophers* bestow vpon vs : for out of naturall conceit the *Philosophers* drew it ; but to bee moued to doe that which wee know, or to bee moued with desire to know. *Hoc opus, hic labor est.* Now therein of all Sciences I speake still of humane (and according to the humane conceit) is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For hee doth not onely shew the way ; but giueth soe sweete a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it : Nay, he doth as if your iourney should lye through a faire vineyard, at the very first, giue you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste, you may long to passe further. Hee be- ginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blurre the margent with inter- pretations, and load the memorie with doubtfulnesse: but he commeth to you with words set in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well inchaunting skill of *Musicke*, and with a tale forsooth hee commeth vnto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the Chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the minde from wic- kednesse to vertue; euen as the child is ofte brought to take most wholesome things by hyding them in such other as haue a pleasant taste : which if one should begin to tell them the nature of the *Alloes* or *Rhabarbarrum* they should receiue, would sooner take their phisicke at their eares then at their mouth, so is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graues) glad they will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, and hearing them, must needes heare the right description of wisdom, valure, and iustice ; which if they had bene barely (that is to say Philosophically) set out, they would sweare they bee brought to schoole againe; that imitation whereof *Poetrie* is, hath the most con- ueniencie to nature of all other : in so much that as *Aristotle* saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruell battels, vnnaturall monsters, are made in poeticall imitation, delightfull. Truly I haue knowne men that euen with re- ading *Amadis de Gaule*, which God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect *Poesie*, haue found their heartes moued to the exercise of curtesie, liberalitie, and especially courage. Who readeth *Aeneas* carying old *Anchises* on his backe, that wissheth not it were his fortune to performe so excellent an Act? VVhom doth not those words of *Turnus* moue, (the Tale of *Turnus* hauing planted his image in the imagination) *fugientem hac terra videbit? Vsq̃ue adeo me mori miserum est?* Where the *Philosophers* (as they thinke) scorne to delight, so much they bee content little to moue, sauing wrangling whether *Virtus* bee the chiefe or the onely good; whether the contem- platiue or the actiue life do excell; which *Plato* & *Boetius* wel knew: and therefore made mistrisse *Philosophie* verie often borrow the masking raiment of *Poesie*. For euen those hard harted euill men who thinke vertue a schoole name, & know no o- ther good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore dispise the austere admonitions of the *Philosopher*, & feele not the inward reason they stand vpon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good, fellow *Poet* seemes to promise; and so steale to see the forme of goodnesse, which scene, they cannot but loue (ere themselves bee aware,



aware, as if they tooke a medecine of *Cheries*: Infinite proofes of the strange effects of this poetick inuention might be alleadged: onely two shall serue, which are so often remembred, as I thinke all men know them. The one of *Menemus Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had resolutely deuided themselues from the *Senate*, with apparant shew of vtter ruine, though he were for that time an excellent Orator, came not among them vpon trust either of figuratiue speeches, or cunning insinuations, and much lesse with far fet *Maximes* of *Philosophie*, which especially if they were *Platonike*, they must haue learned *Geometrie* before they could well haue conceiued: but forsooth hee behaueth himselfe like a homely and familiar *Poet*. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought deuoured the fruites of each others labour: they concluded they would let so vnprofitable a spender starue. In the end, to be short, for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale, with punishing the belly they plagued themselues; this applyed by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I neuer read, that only words brought forth: but then so sudden and so good an alteration, for vpon reasonable conditions, a perfect reconcilment ensued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who when the holy *Dauid*, had so farre forsaken God, as to confirme adultery with murder, when he was to do the tendrest office of a friend, in laying his owne shame before his eyes; sent by God to call againe so chosen a seruant, how dooth hee it? but by telling of a man whose beloued lambe was vngratefully taken from his bosome. The application most diuinely true, but the discourse it selfe fained; which made *Dauid* (I speake of the second & instrumentall cause) as in a glasse see his owne filthinesse, as that heauenly Psalm of mercie well testifieth. By these therefore examples and reasons, I thinke it may be manifest, that the *Poet* with that same hand of delight, dooth draw the mind more effectually then any other *Arte* doth. And so a conclusion, not vnfitly ensue, that as vertue is the most excellent resting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so *Poetry* being the most familiar to teach it, & most Princely to moue towards it, in the most excellent worke, is the most excellent workeman. But I am content not onely to deceipher him by his workes (although workes in commendation and dispraise, must euer hold a high authoritie) but more narrowly will examine his parts, so that (as in a man) though altogether may carry a presence full of maiestie & beautie, perchance in some one defectuous peece we may finde blemish: Now in his partes, kindes, or *species*, as you list to terme them, it is to be noted, that some *Poesies* haue coupled together two or three kindes, as the *Tragicall* and *Comical*, whereupon is risen the *Tragicomicall*, some in the manner haue mingled prose and verse, as *Sapphara* and *Boetius*; some haue mingled matters *Heroical* and *Pastoral*, but that commeth all to one in this question, for if seuered they be good, the coniunctio cannot be hurtfull: therefore perchance forgetting some, and leauing some as needlesse to be remembred. It shall not be a misse, in a word to cite the speciall kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right vse of them. Is it then the *Pastorall Poeme* which is misliked? (For perchance where the hedge is lowest they wil soone leap ouer) is the poore pipe disdained, which sometimes out of *Melibeus* mouth, can shewe the miserie of people, vnder hard Lords and rauening souldiers? And againe by *Titerus*, what blessednesse is deriued to them that lye lowest, from the goodnesse of them that sit highest? Sometimes vnder the prettie tales of *Wolues* and *sheepe*, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing, & patience; sometimes shew that

that contentions for trifles, can gett but a trifling victorie, where perchance a man may see that euen *Alexander & Darius*, when they straued who should be Cocke of this worlds dunghill, the benefit they gott, was that the after-liuers may say, *Hac memini & victum frustra contendere Thirsim. Ex illo Coridon, Coridon est tempore nobis.* Or it is the lamenting *Elegiack*, which in a kinde heart would moue rather pittie then blame, who bewaileth with the great Philosopher *Herachus* the weaknesse of mankind, and the wretchednesse of the world: who surely is to be praised either for compassionate accompanying iust causes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weake be the passions of wofulnesse? is it the bitter but wholesome *Iambick*, who rubbes the galled minde, in making shame the Trumpet of villanie, with bold and open crying out against naughtinesse? Or the *Satyrick*, who *Omne vaser vitium ridenti tangit amico*, who sportingly neuer leaueth, till he make a man laugh at follie; and at length ashamed to laugh at himselfe; which hee cannot auoid, without auoiding the follie? who while *Circum praeordia ludit*, giueth vs to feele how many headaches a passionate life bringeth vs to? How when all is done, *Est Plubris animus si nos non deficit equus.* No, perchance it is the *Comick*, whom naughtie Play-makers and stage-keepers, haue iustly made odious. To the arguments of abuse, I will after answer, onely thus much now is to be said, that the *Comedy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornfull sort that may be: so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now as in *Geometrie*, the oblique must be knowne as well as the right, and in *Arithmetick*, the odde as well as the euen, so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthinesse of euill, wanteth a great foile to perceiue the beautie of vertue. This doth the *Comœdie* handle so in our priuate and domesticall matters, as with hearing it, wee get as it were an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a craftie *Dauus*, of a flattering *Gnato*, of a vain-glorious *Thraso*: and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge giuen them by the *Comedient*. And litle reason hath any man to say, that men learne the euill by seeing it so set out, since as I sayd before; there is no man liuing, but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their partes, but wiseth them in *Pistrinum*, although perchance the sack of his owne faults lie so behind his back, that he seeth not himselfe to dance the same measure: whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes then to see his owne actions contemptibly set forth. So that the right vse of *Comœdie*, will I thinke, by no bodie be blamed; and much lesse of the high and excellent *Tragedie*, that openeth the greatest wounds, and sheweth forth the *Pleers* that are couered with *Tissue*, that maketh Kings feare to be Tyrants, and Tyrants manifest their tyrannicall humors, that with stirring the affects of *Admiration & Commiseration*, teacheth the vncertainty of this world, & vpon how weake foundations gilden roofes are builded: that maketh vs know, *Qui sceptra seuus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.* But how much it can inoue, *Plutarch* yeeldeth a notable testimony of the abominable Tyrant *Alexander Pherans*, from whose eyes a *Tragedie* well made and represented, drew abundance of teares, who without all pittie had murdered infinite numbers, & some of his owne blood: so as hee that was not ashamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet would not resist the sweete violence of a *Tragedie*. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was, that he in dispiight of himselfe, withdrew himselfe from hearkening to that which might mollifie his hardened heart. But it is not the *Tragedie* they do mislike-

for

for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthie to be learned. Is it the *Lyricke* that most displeaseth, who with his tuned *Zyre*, and well accorded voice, giueth praise, the reward of vertue, to vertuous acts? who giueth morrall precepts and natural Problemes, who sometime raiseth vp his voice to the height of the heauens, in singing the laudes of the immortall God? Certainly I must confesse mine owne barbarousnesse, I neuer heard the old Song of *Percy & Douglas*, that I found not my heart moued more then with a Trumpets; and yet is it sung but by some blind Crowder, with no rougher voice, then rude stile: which being so euill appparelled in the dust and Cobweb of that vnciuill age, what would it worke, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindare*? In *Hungarie* I haue seene it the manner at all Feastes and other such like meetings, to haue songs of their ancestors valure which that right souldierlike nation, thinke one of the chiefe kindlers of braue courage. The incomparable *Lacedemonians* did not onely carrie that kind of *Musicke* euer with them to the field, but euen at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to bee singers of them: when the lustie men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would doe. And where a man may say, that *Pindare* many times praifeth highly Victories of small moment, rather matters of sport then vertue, as it may be answered, it was the fault of the *Poet* and not of the *Poetrie*; so indeede the chiefe fault was in the time and custome of the *Greekes*, who let those royes at so high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckened a horse-race wonne at *Olympus*, among his three fearefull felicities. But as the vnimitable *Pindare* often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleepe of idlenesse, to embrace honourable enterprises. There rests the *Heroicall*, whose verie name I thinke should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speake euill of that which draweth with him no lesse champions then *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Turnus*, *Tideus*, *Rinaldo*, who doth not only teach and moue to truth, but teacheth and mooueth to the most high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimitie and iustice shine through all mistie freatfulnesse and foggie desires. Who if the saying of *Plato* and *Tully* bee true, that who could see vertue, would be wonderfully rauished with the loue of her beautie. This men set- teth her out to make her more louely in her holliday apparell, to the eye of anie that will daine not to disdaine vntill they vnderstand. But if any thing be alreadie said in the defence of sweete *Poetrie*, all concurrerh to the maintaining the *Heroicall*, which is not onely a kinde, but the best and most accomplished kindes of *Poetrie*. For as the Image of each Action stirreth and instructeth the minde, so the loftie Image of such worthies, most inflamerh the minde with desire to bee worthie: and enformes with counsaile how to be worthie. Onely let *Aeneas* bee worne in the Tablet of your memorie, how he gouerneth himselfe in the ruine of his Countrie, in the preserving his olde Father, and carring away his religious Ceremonies, in obeying Gods Commandements, to leaue *Dido*, though not onely all passionate kindnesse, but euen the humane consideration of vertuous gratfulnesse, would haue craued other of him how in stormes, how in sports, how in warre, how in peace, how a fugitiue, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to Allies, how to enemies, how to his owne. Lastly, how in his inward selfe, and how in his outward gouernment, and I thinke in a minde most preiudiced with a preiudicating humor, Hee will bee found in excellencie fruitfull.



fruitfull. Yea as *Horace* saith, *Melinus, Chrysippo, & Crantore* : but truly, I imagine it falleth out with these Poet-whippers, as with some good women, who often are sicke, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetrie* is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the summe that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, giue any fast handle to their carping dispraise. Since then *Poetrie* is of all humane learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquitie, as from whence other learnings haue taken their beginnings; Since it is so vniuersall, that no learned nation doth dispise it, nor barbarous nation is without it. Since both *Roman* and *Greeke* gaue such deuine names vnto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making, and that in deede that name of making is fit for him, considering, that where all other Arts retaineth themselues within their subiect, and receiue as it were their being from it. The *Poet* onely, onely bringeth his owne stufte, and doth not learne a Conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a Conceit. Since neither his discription, nor end, containing any euill, the thing described cannot bee euill; since his effects bee so good as to teach goodnesse, and dilight the learners of it; since therein (namely in morall doctrine the chiefe of all knowledges) hee doth not onely farre passe the *Historian*, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the *Philosopher*, for mouing, leaueth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (wherein there is no vncleannesse) hath whole parts in it Poeticall, and that euen our Sauiour Christ vouchsafed to vse the flowers of it: since all his kindes are not onely in their vnited formes, but in their seuered dissections fully commendable, I thinke, (and thinke I thinke rightly) the Laurell Crowne appointed for triumphant Captaines, doth worthily of all other learnings, honour the *Poets* triumph. But because we haue eares as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may bee, will seeme to waigh greatly, if nothing bee put in the counterbalance, let vs heare, and as well as we can, ponder what obiections bee made against this Arte, which may be worthie either of yeelding, or answering. First, truly I note, not onely in these *μυσομυνοισι* Poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seeke a praise by dispraising others, that they doe prodigally spend a great many wandering wordes in quips and scoffes, carping and taunting at each thing; which by stirring the spleen, may stay the braine from a through beholding the worthinesse of the subiect. Those kinde of obiections, as they are full of a verie idle easinesse, since there is nothing of so sacred a maiestie, but that an itching tongue may rub it selfe vpon it, so deserue they no other answer, but in stead of laughing at the ieast, to laugh at the iester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an Asse, the comfortablenesse of being in debt, and the iolly commodities of being sicke of the plague. So of the contrarie side if we will turne *Ouids* verse, *Vt lateat virtus proximitate mali*, that good lye hid in nearenesse of the euill. *Agrippa* will be as merry in the shewing the vanitie of Science, as *Erasmus* was in the commending of folly: neither shall any man or matter, escape some touch of these smiling Raylers. But for *Erasmus* and *Agrippa*, they had an other foundation then the superficial part would promise. Marry these other plesaunt fault finders, who will correct the *Verbe* before they vnderstand the *Noune*, and confute others knowledge, before they confirme their owne, I would haue them onely remember, that scoffing commeth not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they get with their meriments, is to bee called good fooles: for so haue our graue fore-

fore fathers euer termed that humerous kinde of iesture. But that which giueth greatest scope to their scorning humour, is ryming and versing. It is alreadie said, (and as I thinke truly said) it is not ryming and versing that maketh *Poesie*: One may be a *Poet* without versing, and a versifier without *Poetrie*. But yet presuppose it were inseperable, as indeed it seemeth *Scalliger* iudgeth truly, it were an inseperable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reason, bee the greatest gift bestowed vpon *Mortalitie*, that cannot be praiselesse, which doth most pollish that blessing of speech; which considereth each worde, not onely as a man may say by his forcible qualitie, but by his best measured quantitie: carying euen in themselfes a *Harmonie*, without perchaunce number, measure, order, proportion, be in our time growne odious. But lay aside the iust praise it hath, by being the onely fit speech for *Musicke*, (*Musicke* I say, the most deuine striker of the senses.) Thus much is vndoubtedly true, that if reading bee foolish without remembering, *Memorie* being the onely treasure of knowledge, those wordes which are fittest for memorie, are likewise most conuenient for knowledge. Now that Verse farre exceedeth Prose, in the knitting vp of the memorie, the reason is manifest, the wordes (besides their delight, which hath a great affinitie to memorie) being so set as one cannot be lost, but the whole worke failes: which accusing it self, calleth the remembrance back to it selfe, & so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides one word so as it were begetting another, as be it in rime or measured verse, by the former a man shall haue a neere gesse to the follower. Lastly, euen they that haue taught the Art of memorie, haue shewed nothing so apt for it, as a cerraine roome deuided into many places, well and thoroughly knowne: Now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, euery word hauing his naturall seat, which seat must needs make the word remembered. But what needes more in a thing so knowne to all men? Who is it that euer was scholler, that doth not carry away some verses of *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth he learned, and euen to his old age serueth him for hourelly lessons; as *Percontatorem fugito nam garrulus idem est, Dum tibi quisq. placet credula turba sumas*. But the fitnessse it hath for memorie, is notably proued by all deliuerie of Artes, wherein for the most part, from *Grammer*, to *Logike*, *Mathematikes*, *Phisike*, and the rest, the Rules chiefly necessarie to bee borne away, are compiled in verses. So that verse being in it selfe sweete and orderly, and being best for memorie, the onely handle of knowledge, it must bee in iest that any man can speake against it. Now then goe we to the most important imputations laid to the poore *Poets*, for ought I can yet learne, they are these. First, that there being manie other more fruitfull knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them, then in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting vs with many pestilent desires, with a *Siren* sweetenesse, drawing the minde to the Serpents taile of sinfull fantasies; and herein especially *Comedies* giue the largest field to eare, as *Chaucer* saith, how both in other nations and in ours, before *Poets* did soften vs, we were full of courage, giuen to martiall exercises, the pillars of manlike libertie, and not lulled a sleepe in shadie idlenesse with *Poets* pastimes. And lastly and chiefly, they crie out with open mouth, as if they had ouer-shot *Robinhood*, that *Plato* banished them out of the Common wealth. Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it. First to the first. That a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeede: but it doth as they say, but *petere principium*. For if it be, as I affirme that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth & moueth to vertue, and that

none can both reach and moue thereto so much as *Poesie*, then is the conclusion manifest; that inke and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose imployed. And certainly though a man should graunt their first assumption, it should follow (me thinke) verie vnwillingly, that good is not good; because better is better. But I still and vtrterly deny, that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge. To the second therefore, that they should be the principall liers, I answer *Paradoxically*, but truly, I thinke exactly what of all writers vnder the Sunne, the *Poet* is the least lyer: and though he would as a *Poet* can scarcely be a lyer. The *Astronomer* with his cousin the *Geometritian*, can hardly escape, when they take vpon them to measure the height of the starres. How often thinke you doe the *Physicians* lie, when they asserre things good for sickneses, which afterwards send *Charon* a great number of soules drown'd in a poyson before they come to his Ferrie? And no lesse of the rest, which take vpon them to asserre. Now for the *Poet*, he in thing assermeth, and therefore neuer lieth: for as I take it, to lie is to asserre that to be true, which is false. So as the other *Artistes*, and especially the *Historian*, asserre many things, can in the clowdie knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from error. But the *Poet* as I said before; neuer asserreth, he neuer maketh any *Circles* about your imagination, to coniuere you to thinke for que, what he writeth: he citeth not authorities of other histories, but euen for his countie, collecteth the sweete *Muses* to aspire vnto him a good inuentione, with not labouring to relye on what is, or is not, but what should, or should not be. And there fore though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true, he lieth not vnlesse wee will say, that *Nathan* lied in his speech before alleaged to *Dauid*, which was a wicked man durst scarce say, to thinke a none so simple, would say, that *Esope* lied in the tales of his beastes: for who shinketh that *Esope* wrote it for actually true, were well worthie to haue his name Chained among the beastes he writeth of. What child is there, that comming to play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great letters vpon an old doore, doth beleue that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can asserre to the childes age, to know that the *Poets* persons and doings, are but pictures, what should be, and not stories what haue bin, they will neuer giue the lie to things not affirmatiuely, but allegorically and figuratiuely written; and therefore as in historie looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falsheod. So in *Poesie* looking but for fiction, they shall vse the narration but as an imaginative groundplace of a profitable inuention. But hereto is applied, that the *Poets* giue names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actuall truth, and for not being true promoueth a falsheod. And doth the *Lawyer* lye then, when vnder the name of *Iohn* of the *Stile*, & *Iohn* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his Case? But that is easily answered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more liuely, and not to build a new Historie. Painting men, they cannot leaue men namelesse: we see we cannot play at Chests, but that we must giue names to our chessemen; and yet makinge of them were a verie partiall Champion of truth, that would say we lyed, for giuing a peece of wood the reuerend title of a Bishop. The *Poet* nameth *Cyrus* and *Aeneas* no other way, then to shew what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates, should do. Their third is, how much it abuseth mens wit, training it to wanton sinfulness, and lustfull loue. For indeede that is the principall if not onely abuse, I can heare alleaged. They say the *Comedies* rather teach then apprehend amorous conceits. They say the *Lirike* is larded with passionate *Sonets*, the *Elegiacke* weepes the want of his mistresse, and that euen to the *Heroicall*, *Cupid* hath ambitiously climed.



climbed. Alas Loue, I would thou couldest as well defend thy selfe, as thou canst offend others: I would those on whome thou doest attend, could either put thee away or yeeld good reason why they keepe thee. But graunt loue of beautie to bee a beaſtlike fault, although it be verie hard, ſince onely man and no beaſt hath that gift to diſcerne beautie, graunt that lovely name of loue to deſerue all hatefull reproches, although euē ſome of my maſters the *Philophers* ſpent a good deale of their Lampoyle in ſetting forth the excellencie of it, graunt I ſay what they will haue graunted, that not onely loue, but luſt, but vanitie, but if they liſt ſcurrilitie, poſſeſſe many leaues of the *Poets* bookes, yet thinke I, when this is graunted, they will finde their ſentence may with good maners put the laſt wordes foremoſt; and not ſay, that *Poetrie* abuſeth mans wit, but that mans wit abuſeth *Poetrie*. For I will not deny, but that mans wit may make *Poeſie*, which ſhould bee *εὐμασιν*, which ſome learned haue defined figuring forth good things to be *παρτασιν*: which doth contrariwiſe infect the fancy with vnworthy obiectes, as the Painter ſhould giue to the eye either ſome excellent preſpectiue, or ſome fine Picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it ſome notable example, as *Abraham* ſacrificing his ſonne *Iſaack*, *Iudith* killing *Holofernus*, *Dauid* fighting with *Goliath*, may leaue thoſe, & pleaſe an ill pleaſed eye with wanton ſhowes of better hidden matters. But what, ſhall the abuſe of a thing, make the right uſe odious? Nay truly, though I yeeld that *Poeſie* may not onely be abuſed, but that being abuſed by the reaſon of his ſweete charming force, it can do more hurt then any other armie of words, yet ſhall it be ſo farre from concluding, that the abuſe ſhould giue reproch to the abuſed, that contrariwiſe, it is a good reaſon, that whatſoeuer being abuſed, doth moſt harme, being rightly vſed ( and vpon the right uſe, each thing receiues his title ) doth moſt good. Do we not ſee ſkill of Phiſicke the beſt rampire to our often affaulted bodies, being abuſed, teach poiſon the moſt violent deſtroyer? Doth not knowledge of Law, whoſe end is, to euen and right all things, being abuſed grow the crooked foſterer of horrible iniuries? Doth not ( to goe in the higheſt ) Gods word abuſed, breede hereſie, and his name abuſed, become blaſphemie? Truly a Needle cannot doe much hurte, and as truly (with leaue of Ladies be it ſpoken) it cannot do much good. With a ſword thou mayeſt kill thy Father, and with a ſword thou mayeſt defend thy Prince and Countrey: ſo that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they ſayd nothing, ſo in this their argument of abuſe, they proue the commendation. They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* began to be in price, our Nation had ſet their heartes delight vpon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to bee written, then writing things fit to be done: VVhat that before time was, I thinke ſcarcely *Sphinx* can tell: ſince no memorie is ſo ancient, that hath not the precedence of *Poetrie*. And certaine it is, that in our plainest homelineſſe, yet neuer was the *Albion* Nation without *Poetrie*. Marry this Argument, though it be leuelled againſt *Poetrie*, yet is it indeed a chain-shot againſt all learning or bookiſhneſſe, as they cōmonly terme it. Off ſuch mind were certaine *Gothes*, of whome it is written, that hauing in the ſpoile of a famous citie, taken a faire Librarie, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murdered a great number of bodies, would haue ſet fire in it. No ſaid another very grauely, take heed what you do, for while they are buſie about thoſe toyes we ſhall with more leiſure conquer their countries. This indeed is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many wordes ſometimes I haue heard ſpent in it: but becauſe this reaſon is generally againſt al learning, as wel as *Poetrie*, or rather

all learning but *Poetrie*, because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest that all gouernement of action is to be gotten by knowledge, & knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I onely with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion, *Iubeo stultum esse libenter*: for as for *Poetrie* it self, it is the freest from this obiection, for *Poetrie* is the Companion of Camps. I dare vndertake, *Orlando Furioso* or honest king *Arthur*, will neuer displease a souldier: but the quiddance of *Ens* and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corcelet. And therefore as I sayd in the beginning, euen *Turkes* and *Tartars*, are delighted with *Poetes*. *Home* a Greeke, flourished, before *Greece* flourished: and if a slight coniecture, a coniecture may be apposed, truly it may seeme, that as by him their learned men tooke almost their first light of knowledge, so their actiue men receiued their first motions of courage. Onely *Alexanders* example may serue, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his foorestoolle, whose Actes speake for him, though *Plutarch* did not indeede the *Phoenix* of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Scholemaster liuing, *Aristotle* behind him, but tooke dead *Homer* with him. Hee put the Philosopher *Callisthenes* to death, for his seeming Philosophicall, indeede mutinous stubburnesse, but the chiefe thing he was euer heard to wish for, was, that *Homer* had bene aliue. Hee well found he receiued more brauerie of mind by the patterne of *Achilles*, then by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore if *Cato* misliked *Fuluius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may bee answered, that if *Cato* misliked it, the Noble *Fuluius* liked it, or else hee had not done it, for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticensis*, whose authoritie I would much more haue reuerenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faultes, but else a man that had neuer sacrificed to the *Graces*. Hee misliked and cried out against all Greeke learning, and yet being fourscore yeares old, began to learne it, belike fearing that *Pluto* vnderstood not Latine. Indeede the *Romane* lawes allowed no person to be carried to the warres, but he that was in the souldiers Role. And therefore though *Cato* misliked his mustered person, he misliked not his worke. And if hee had, *Scipio Nasica* (iudged by common consent the best *Romane*) loued him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no lesse surnames then of *Asia* and *Affricke*, so loued him, that they caused his bodie to be buried in their Sepulture. So as *Cato's* authoritie being but against his person, and that answered with so farre greater then himselfe, is herein of no validitie. But now indeede my burthen is great, that *Plato* his name is layd vpon me, whome I must confesse of all *Philosophers*. I haue euer esteemed molt worthie of reuerence; and with good reason, since of all *Philosophers*, he is the most *Poeticall*: yet if hee will defile the fountaine out of which his flowing streames haue proceeded, let vs boldly examine with what reasons he did it. First truely a man might maliciously obiect that *Plato* being a *Philosopher*, was a naturall enemy of *Poets*. For indeede after the *Philosophers* had picked out of the sweete mysteries of *Poetrie*, the right deseruing true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in methode, and making a Schoole Arte of that which the *Poets* did onely teach by a diuine delightfulnesse, beginning to spurne at their guides, like vngratefull prentises, were not content to sette vp shop for themselues, but sought by all meanes to discredit their maisters, which by the force of delight being barred them, the lesse they could ouerthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeede they found for *Homer*, seuen Cities straue who should haue him for their Cittizen, where many Cities banished *Philosophers*,

as not fit members to liue among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* Verses, many *Athenians* had their liues saued of the *Syracusans*, where the *Athenians* themselues thought many *Philosophers* vnworthie to liue. Certaine Poets, as *Simonides*, and *Pindarus* had so preuailed with *Hiero* the first, that of a Tyrant they made him a iust King: where *Plato* could do so little with *Dionysius*, that he himselve of a *Philosopher*, was made a slaue. But who should do thus, I Confesse should requite the obiections made against *Poets*, with like cauillations against *Philosophers*: as likewise one should do, that should bid one reade *Phadrus* or *Simpofium* in *Plato*, or the discourse of loue in *Plutarch*, and see whether any *Poet* doe authorise abhominable filthinesse as they doe. Againe, a man might aske, out of what Common-wealth *Plato* doth banish them, in sooth, thence where hee himselve alloweth communitie of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonnesse, since little should Poeticall *Sonets* bee hurtfull, when a man might haue what woman he listed. But I honour Philosophicall instructions, and blesse the wittes which brede them: so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to *Poetrie*. Saint *Paule* himselve sets a watch-word vpon *Philosophie*, indeede vpon the abuse. So doth *Plato* vpon the abuse, not vpon *Poetrie*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, filled the world with wrōg opiniōs of the Gods, making light tales of that vnspotted essence; and therefore would not haue the youth depraued with such opinions: herein may much be sayd; let this suffice. The *Poets* did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the *Greekē* stories can well testifie, that the verie religion of that time, stood vpon many, and many fashioned Gods: not taught so by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may reade in *Plutarch*, the discourses of *Isis* and *Osiris*, of the cause why Oracles ceased, of the diuine prouidence, and see whether the *Theologie* of that nation, stood not vpon such dreames, which the *Poets* indeede superstitiously obserued. And truely since they had not the light of *Chrīst*, did much better in it then the *Philosophers*, who shaking off superstition, brought in *Atheisme*. *Plato* therefore, whose authoritie, I had much rather iustlie construe then vniustlie resist, meant not in generall of *Poets*; in those words of which *Julius Scaliger* sayth; *Qua autoritate barbari quidam atque inspidi abuti velint ad Poetas Republica exigendos*. But onely meant to driue out those wrong opinions of the Deitie: whereof now without further law, *Christianitie* hath taken away all the hurtfull beliefe, perchaunce as he thought, nourished by then esteemed *Poets*. And a man need goe no further then to *Plato* himselve to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giueth high, and rightiy, diuine commendation vnto *Poetrie*. So as *Plato* banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giuing due honour to it, shall bee our patron, and not our aduersarie. For indeede, I had much rather, since truely I may doe it, shew their mistaking of *Plato*, vnder whose Lyons skinne they wold make an Asse-like braying against *Poesie*, then go about to ouerthrow his authoritie; whome the wiser a man is, the more iust cause he shall finde to haue his admiration: especially since he attributeth vnto *Poesie* more then my selfe doe; namely, to be a verie inspiring of a diuine force, farre aboue mans wit, as in the forenamed Dialogue is apparant. Of the other side, who would shew the honours haue beene by the best sort of iudgements graunted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselues; *Alexanders*, *Casars*, *Scipios*, all fauourers of *Poets*: *Lalins*, called the Roman *Socrates* himselve a *Poet*; so as part of *Heautontimoroumenon* in *Terence*, was supposed to bee made by him.



And euen the Greeke *Socrates*, whom *Appollo* confirmed to be the onely wise man, is sayd to haue spent part of his old time in putting *Esopes* Fables into Verses. And therefore full euill should it become his Scholler *Plato*, to put such wordes in his maisters mouth against *Poets*. But what needes more? *Aristotle* writes the Arte of *Poesie*, and why, if it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the vse to bee gathered of them, and how, if they should not be read? And who reades *Plutarches* either Historie or Philosophie, shall finde hee trimmeth both their garmentes with gardes of *Poesie*. But I list not to defend *Poesie* with the helpe of his vnderling *Historiographer*. Let it suffice to haue shewed, it is a fit soile for praise to dwell vpon: & what dispraye may be set vpon it, is either easily ouercome, or trāsformed into iust commendation. So that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so iustly confirmed, and the low creeping obiections so soone trodden downe, it not being an Arte of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminatenesse, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing mans wit, but of strengthening mans wit; not banished, but honored by *Plato*; let vs rather plant more Laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heades (which humour of being Laureate, as besides them onely triumphant Capitaines were, is a sufficient authoritie to shew the price they ought to bee held in) then suffer the ill fauoured breath of such wrong speakers once to blow vpon the cleare springs of *Poesie*. But since I haue runne so long a Carreir in this matter, me thinkes before I giue my penne a full stop, it shall bee but a little more lost time, to inquire why England the Mother of excellent mindes should bee growne so hard a stepmother to *Poets*, who certainly in wit ought to passe all others, since all onely proceedes from their wit, being indeed makers of themselues, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime, *Musa mihi causas memora quo numine laeso*. Sweet *Poesie* that hath anciently had Kings, Emperours, Senatours, great Capitaines, such as besides a thousands others, *Dauid*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not onely to fauour *Poets*, but to be *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can present for her Patrons, a *Robert King of Sicill*, the great King *Fraunces of Fraunce*, King *James of Scotland*; such Cardinals as *Bembus*, & *Bibiens*; such famous Preachers & Teachers, as *Beza* and *Melanchthon*; so learned Philosophers, as *Fracastorius*, and *Scaliger*; so great Orators, as *Pontanus*, & *Muretus*; so piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*; so graue Counsellours, as besides many, but before al, that *Hospital of Fraunce*; then whom I think that Realme neuer brought forth a more accōplished iudgmēt, more firmly builded vpon vertue; I say these with nūbers of others, not only to read others *Poesies*, but to *Poetise* for others reading; that *Poesie* thus embraced in al other places, should onely find in our time a hard welcome in England. I thinke the verie earth laments it, & therfore deckes our soyle with fewer Laurels thē it was accustomed. For heretofore *Poets* haue in England also flourished: & which is to be noted, euen in those times whē the Trūpet of *Mars* did sound low dest. And now that an ouer faint quietnesse should seeme to strow the house for *Poets*, they are almost in as good reputatiō, as the *Montebankes* at *Venice*. Truly euen that, as of the one side it giueth great praise to *Poesie*, which like *Venus* (but to better purpose) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, thē enioy the homely quiet of *Vulca*. So serueth it for a peece of a reason, why they are lesse grateful to idle *Englād*, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Vpon this necessarily followeth, that base mē with seruile wits vndertake it, who thinke it enough if they can be rewarded of the Printer: and so as *Epaminondas* is sayd with the honour of his vertue to haue made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contēptible, to become highly respected: so these mē no more but setting

setting their names to it, by their owne disgracefulnesse, disgrace the most gracefull *Poesie*. For now as if all the *Muses* were got with child, to bring forth bastard Poets: without any comission, they do post ouer the banks of *Helicon*, till they make the Readers more wearie then post-horses; while in the meane time, they *Quis meliore luto finxit praeordia Titan*, are better content to suppress the out flowings of their wit, then by publishing them to be accounted Knights of the same order. But I that before euer I durst aspire vnto the dignitie, am admitted into the companie of the *Paper-blurrers*, do find the verie true cause of our wanting estimation, is want of desert, taking vpon vs to be *Poets* in despite of *Pallas*. Now wherein we want desert, were a thank-worthy labour to expresse. But if I knewe I should haue mended my selfe, but as I neuer desired the title, so haue I neglected the means to come by it, onely ouer-mastred by some thoughts, I yeelded an iackie tribute vnto them. Marie they that delight in *Poesie* it telie, should seeke to know what they do: and how they do especially locke themselves in an vnflattering glasse of reason, if they be inclinable vnto it. For *Poesie* must not be drawn by the ears, it must be gently led or rather it must lead, which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirme, it was a diuine and no humane skill, since all other knowledges lie ready foranie that haue strength of wit: A *Poet* no industrie can make, if his owne *Genius* be not caried into it. And therefore is an old prouerb, *Orator fit, Poeta nascitur*. Yet confesse I alwayes, that as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit haue a *Dedalus* to guide him. That *Dedalus* they say both in this and in other, haue three wings to beare it selfe vp into the aire of due commendation: that is, Arte, Imitation and Exercise. But these neither Artificiall Rules, nor imitative patternes, we much comber our selues withall. Exercise indeede wee do, but that verie fore-backwardly; for where wee should exercise to know, wee exercise as hauing knowne: and so is our braine deliuered of much matter, which neuer was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principall parts, Matter to be expresseed by words, and words to expresse the matter: In neither, wee vse Arte or Imitation rightly. Our matter is, *Quodlibet*, indeede though wrongly perfourming *Ouids Verse*:

*Quicquid conabor dicere, Versus erit.*

Neuer marshalling it into any assured ranke, that almost the Readers cannot tell where to find themselves. *Chancer* vndoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Cresid*: of whome truly I know not whether to maruell more, either that he in that myltietime could see so clearly, or that we in this cleare age, go so stumblinglie after him. Yet had he great wants; fit to be forgien, in so reuerent an Antiquitie. I account the Mirtour of Magistrates, meetly furnished of beautifull parts. And in the Barle of *Surreis* *Lirickes*, many things tastling of a noble birth and worthy of a noble mind. The Shepheards Kalender hath much *Poetrie* in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading if I be not deceined. That same framing of his stile to an old rusticke language, I dare not allow: since neither *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* in Latine, nor *Sanazara* in Italian did effect it. Besides these I doe not remember to haue seene but few (to speake boldly) printed that haue Poeticall sinewes in them. For prooffe whereof, let but most of the Verses be put in Prose, and then aske the meaning, and it will be found, that one Verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first, what should be at the last, which becomes a confused masse of wordes, with a tingling sound of rime, barely accompanied with reason. Our Tragedies and Comedies; nor without cause cried out against, obseruing rules

neid

neither of honest ciuilitie, nor skilfull *Poetrie*. Excepting *Gorboduck* (a gaine I say of those that I haue seene) which notwithstanding, as it is full of statelie speeches, and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of *Seneca* his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, & so obtaine the verie end of *Poesie*. Yet in truth, it is verie defectious in the circumstances, which grieues me, because it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faulty both in place & time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the Stage should alway represent but one place; and the vtermost time presupposed in it, should be both by *Aristotles* precept, and common reason, but one day; there is both many dayes and manie places, inartificiallie imagined. But if it bee so in *Gorboduck*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall haue *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other vnder-kingdomes, that the Player when he comes in, must euer begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceiued. Now you shall haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we must beleue the stage to be a garden. By and by we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then we are too blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Vpon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a caue: while in the meane time two armies flie in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receiue it for a pitched field. Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two yong Princes fall in loue, after many trauerfes she is got with child, deliuered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in loue, & is ready to get another child; & all this in 2 houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, euen sence may imagine: & Art hath taught, & all ancient exāples iustified, & at this day the ordinary players in *Italie* wil not erre in. Yet will some bring in an exāple of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of 2 dayes, yet far short of twenty yeares. True it is, & so was it to be played in two dayes, & so fitted to the time it set forth. And though *Plautus* haue in one place done amisse, let vs hit it with him, and not misse with him. But they will say, how then shall we set forth a storie which contains both many places, and many times? And do they not know that a Tragedie is tied to the lawes of *Poesie*, and not of *Historie*: not bound to follow the storie, but hauing libertie either to faine a quite new matter, or to frame the *Historie* to the most tragical conueniencie. Againe, many things may be told, which cannot be shewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speake though I am here, of *Peru*, and in speech digresse from thar, to the discription of *Calecut*: but in action I cānot represent it without *Pacolets* horse. And so was the māner the anciēts took by some *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time or other place. Lastly, if they will represent an *Historie*, they must not (as *Horace* saith) begin *ab ouo*, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By exāple this will be best expressed. I haue a story of young *Polydorus*, deliuered for safeties sake with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polymnestor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Troian* warre time. He after some yeares, hearing of the ouerthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treasure his owne, murthereth the child, the body of the child it taken vp, *Hecuba*, she the same day findeth a sleight to bee reuenged most cruelly of the Tyrant. Where now would one of our Tragedy-writers begin, but with the deliuerie of the child? Then should he faile ouer into *Thrace*, and so spend I know not how many yeares, and trauell numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? euen with the finding of the bodie, the



the rest leauing to be told by the spirit of *Polydorus*. This needs no further to be enlarged, the dullest wit may conceiue it. But besides these grosse aburdities, how all their Playes be neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes, not because the matter so carieth it, but thrust in the Clowne by head & shoulders to play a part in Maiesticall matters, with neither decencie nor discretion: so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness is by their mongrell Tragicomedie obtained. I know *Apuleius* did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the Ancients haue one or two examples of Tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitrio*. But if we marke them well we shall finde, that they neuer or verie daintilie match home pipes and funeralles. So falleth it out, that hauing indeed no right Comedie in that Comicall part of our Tragedie wee haue nothing but scurilitie vnworthie of any chaste eares, or some extreame shewe of doltishnesse, indeed fit to lift vp a lowd laughter and nothing else: where the whole tract of a Comedie should bee full of deligh, as the Tragedie should bee still maintained in a well raised admiration. But our Comedients thinke there is no delight without laughter, which is verie wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight shold be the cause of laughter: but well may one thing breed both together. Nay in themselves, they haue as it were a kind of contrarietie. For delight we scarcely doe, but in things that haue a conueniencie to our selues, or to the generall nature. Laughter almost euen commeth of things most disproportioned to our selues & nature. Delight hath a ioy in it either permanent or present. Laughter hath onely a scornfull tickling. For example, we are rauished with delight to see a faire woman, and yet are farre from being moued to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly wee cannot delight. VVe delight in good chaunces: we laugh at mischances. VVe delight to heare the happinesse of our friends and Countrie, at which hee were worthie to be laughed at that wold laugh: wee shall cōtrarily sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, & go downe the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorie, hee cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained, then delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together: for as in *Alexanders* picture well set out, wee delight without laughter, and in twentie mad Antickes we laugh without delight: So in *Hercules* painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attire, spinning at *Omphales* commandement, it breeds both delight and laughter: for the representing of so strange a power in Loue, procures delight, and the scornfulnes of the action stirreth laughter. But I speake to this purpose, that all the end of the Comical part, be not vpō such scornfull matters as stir laughter only, but mixe with it that delightful teaching, which is the end of *Poesie*. And the great fault euen in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Aristotle*, is, that they stir laughter in sinfull things, which are rather execrable then ridiculous: or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied then scorned. For what is it to make folkes gape at a wretched begger, and a beggerly Clowne: or against law of hospitalitie, to iest at strangers, because they speake not English so well as we do? What do we learne, since it is certain, *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se, Quam quoadridiculos homines facit*. But rather a busie louing Courtier, and a hartlesse threatening *Thrao*; a selfe-wise seeming schoolemaister; a wrie transformed Traueller: these if wee saw walke in stage names, which we play naturallie, therein were delightful laughter,

and

and teaching delightfulness, as in the other the Tragedies of *Buchanan* doe iustly bring forth a diuine admiration. But I haue laished out too many words of this play-matter; I do it, because as they are excellling parts of *Poesie*, so is their none so much vsed in *England*, and none can be more pitifully abused: which like an vnman-nerly daughter, shewing a bad education, causeth her mother *Poesies* honesty to be called in question. Other sort of *Poetrie* almost haue we none, but that *Lyrical* kinde of Songs and Sonets, which Lord if hee gaue vs so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heauenly fruits, both priuate & publike, in singeing the praises of the immortall beauty, the immortall goodnesse of that God, who giueth vs hands to write and wits to conceiue: of which we might well want words, but neuer matter: of which we could turne our eyes to nothing, but we should euer haue new budding occasions. But truly many of such writings as come vnder the banner of vnresistable loue if I were a mistresse, would neuer perswade mee they were in loue: so coldly they apply fiery speeches as men that had rather read louers writings, & so caught vp certaine swelling phraes, which hang together like a man that once told me the wind was at Northwest and by South, because hee would bee sure to name winds enough, then that in truth they feelee those passions, which easily as I thinke, may be bewrayed by the same forciableness or *Energia* (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we misse the right vse of the material point of *Poesie*. Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may tearme it) *Dicſion*, it is euen well worse: so is it the hony-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparelled, or rather disguised in a Curtisan-like painted affectation. One time with so farre-fetcht words that many seeme monsters, but must seeme strangers to any poore Englishman: another time with courting of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the methode of a Dictionarie: another time with figures and flowers, extreemely winter-starued. But I would this fault were onely peculiar to Versifiers, and had not as large possession among Prose-Printers: and which is to be maruailed among many Schollers, and which is to be pittied among some Preachers. Truly I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacitee, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demosthenes*, most worthie to be imitated, did not so much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures & phraes, as by attentue translation, as it were, deuour them whole, & make them wholly theirs. For now they cast suger and spice vpon euery dish that is serued at the table: like those *Indians*, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they will thrust iewels through their nose and lips, because they will bee sure to be fine. *Tully* whē he was to driue out *Catiline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often vseth the figure of repetition, as *Viuſit & vincit, imo in ſenatum venit, imo in ſenatum venit &c.* Indee de inflamed with a well grounded rage, hee would haue his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, & so do that artificially, which we see men in choller do naturally. And we hauing noted the grace of those words hale them in sometimes to a familiar Epistle, when it were too much choller to be chollerlike. How well store of *Similiter Cadences* doth ſouid with the grauitie of the Pulpit, I would but inuoke *Demosthenes* ſoule to tell, who with a rare daintinesse vseth them. Truly they haue made me thinke of the *Sophiſter*, that with too much subtilty would proue two Egges three, & though he might be counted a *Sophiſter*, had none for his labour. So these men bringing in such a kinde of eloquence, well may they obtaine an opinion of a seeming finenesse, but perswade few, which should be the end of their finenesse. Now for similituds in certain printed discourses

I thinke

I think al Herberists, all stories of beasts, foules & fishes are rifled vp, that they may come in multitudes to waite vpon any of our cōceits, which certainly is as absurd a surter to the eares as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to proue any thing to a contrary disputer, but only to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prating, rather ouerſwaying the memorie from the purpose wherto they were applyed, then any whit enforming the iudgement already either ſatisfied, or by ſimilitudes not to be ſatisfied. For my part, I doe not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Crassus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* testiſieth of them) pretended not to know *Arte*, the other not to ſer by it (because with a plaine ſenſibleneſſe they might win credit of popular eares, which credite is the neareſt ſtep to perſwaſion (which perſwaſion is the chiefe marke of *Oratorie*) I do not doubt, I ſay, but that they vſed theſe knacks verie ſparingly, which who doth generally vſe, anie man may ſee, doth daunce to his owne muſicke, and ſo to be noted by the audience, more carefull to ſpeake curiouſly then truly. Vndoubtedly (at leaſt to my opinion vndoubtedly) I haue found in diuerſe ſmall learned courtiers a more ſound ſtile, the in ſome profeſſors of learning, of which I can gueſſe no other cauſe, but that the courtier following that which by practice he findeth fitteſt to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to *Art*, though not by *Arte*: where the other vſing *Art* to ſhew *Arte*, & not hide *Art* (as in theſe caſes he ſhould do) flyeth from nature, and indeed abuſeth *Arte*. But what me thinkes I deſerue to be pounded for ſtraying from *Poetrie* to *Oratorie*: but both haue ſuch an affinity in the wordiſh conſiderations, that I thinke this digreſſion will make my meaning receiue the fuller vnderſtanding: which is not to take vpon me to teach *Poets* how they ſhould do, but onely finding my ſelfe ſicke among the reſt, to ſhew ſome one or two ſpots of the common infection grown among the moſt part of writers; that acknowledging our ſelues ſomewhar awrie, we may bend to the right vſe both of matter and manner. VVhereto our language giueth vs great occaſion, being indeed capable of any excellent exerciſing of it. I know ſome will ſay it is a mingled language: and why not ſo much the better, taking the beſt of both the other? Another will ſay, it wanteth *Grāmer*. Nay truly it hath that praiſe that it wants not *Grāmer*; for *Grammer* it might haue, but it needs it not being ſo eaſie in it ſelfe, and ſo void of thoſe cumbersome difference of *Caeſes*, *Genders*, *Moods* and *ſenſes*, which I thinke was a peece of the tower of *Babylons* curie, that a man ſhould be put to ſchoole to learne his mother tongue. But for the vttering ſweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of ſpeech, that hath it equally with anie other tongue in the world: and is particularly happie in compositions of two or three words together, neare the Greeke, far beyond the Latine, which is one of the greateſt beauties can be in a language. Now of verſifying, there are two ſorts, the one ancient, the other moderne: the ancient marked the quantitie of each ſillable, and according to that framed his verſe: the moderne, obſeruing only number, with ſome regard of the accent; the chiefe lite of it ſtandeth in that like ſounding of the words, which we call *Rime*. VVhether of thoſe be the more excellent, would beare manie ſpeeches. the ancient no doubt more fit for Muſicke, both words and time obſeruing quantitie, & more fit, liuely to expreſſe diuerſe paſſions by the low or loſtie ſound of the wel-weighed ſillable. The latter likewiſe with his rime ſtriketh a certaine muſicke to the eare: & in fine, ſince it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the ſame purpoſe, there being in either ſweetneſſe, & wanting in neither maiesty. Truly the Engliſh before any *Vulgar* lāguage, I know is fit for both ſorts: for, for the anciē,



the *Italian* is so full of vowels, that it must euer be cumbred with *Elisions*. The *Dutch* so of the other side with Consonants, that they cānot yeeld the sweet sliding, fit for a verse. The *French* in his whole language hath not one word that hath his accent in the last sillable sauing two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spanish*, and therefore verie gracelesly may they vse *Dactiles*. The *English* is subiect to none of these defects. Now for Rime, though we do not obserue quātity, yet wee obserue the accent verie precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That *Cesura*, or breathing place in the midst of the verse, neither *Italian* nor *Spanish* haue: the *French* and wee neuer almost faile of. Lastly, euen the verie Rime it selfe the *Italian* cannot put it in the last sillable, by the *French* named the *Masculine* Rime, but still in the next to the last, which the *French* call the *Femāle*; or the next before that, which the *Italian* *Sdrucchiola*: the example of the former, is *Buono, Suono*, of the *Sdrucchiola*, is *Femina, Semina*. The *Frēch* of the other side hath both the *Male*, as *Bon, Son*; & the *Femāle*, as *Plaise, Taise*; but the *Sdrucchiola* hee hath not: where the *English* hath all three, as *Due, True, Father, Rather, Motion, Potion*, with much more which might be said, but that alreedy I find the triflings of this discourse is much too much enlarged. So that since the euer praise-worthy *Poesie* is full of vertue, breeding delightfulness, & voyd of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble, since the cause why it is not esteemed in *England*, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets. Since lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour *Poesie*, & to be honoured by *Poesie*, I coniure you all that haue had the euill lucke to reade this inke-wasting toy of mine, euen in the name of the nine *Muses*, no more to scorne the sacred mysteries of *Poesie*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to foolery; no more to iest at the reuerent title of a Rimer, but to belecue with *Aristotle*, that they were the ancient Treasurers of the Grecians diuinitie, to belecue with *Bembus*; that they were first bringers in of all ciuility: to belecue with *Scalliger*, that no *Philosophers* precepts can sooner make you an honest man, then the reading of *Virgil*; to beleue with *Clauserus*, the Trāslator of *Cornutus*, that it pleased the heauēly deity by *Hesiod* & *Homer*, vnder the vaile of Fables to giue vs all knowledge, *Logick, Rhetorick, Philosophy* natural & moral, & *Quid non?* To belieue with me, that there are many misteries contained in *Poetrie*, which of purpose were written darkly, least by prophane wits it should be abused: to beleue with *Landin*, that they are so beloued of the gods, that whatsoeuer they write, proceeds of a diuine fury. Lastly, to beleue themselves when they tell you they will make you immortall by their verses. Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the Printers shops: thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a Poeticall Preface: thus doing, you shall bee most faire, most rich, most wise, most all: you shall dwell vpon Superlatiues: thus doing, though you be *Liber-tino patre natus*, you shal sodainly grow *Herculeā proles. Si quid mea Carmina possunt*. Thus doing, your soule shall be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchises*. But if (sic of such a But) you be born so neare the dul-making Cataract of *Nilus*, that you cannot hare the Planet-like musike of *Poetrie*, if you haue so earth-creeping a mind, that it cānot lift it self vp to looke to the skie of *Poetry*, or rather by a certain rustical disdain will become such a mome, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry*: the though I wil not wish vnto you the *Asses* eares of *Midas*, nor to be drinē by a *Poets* verses as *Bubonax* was to hang himself, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in *Irelād*, yet thus much curse I must sēd you in the behalfe of all *Poets*, that while you liue, you liue in Ioue, and euer get fauour, for lacking skill of a Sonet, and when you dy, your memorie die from the earth for want of an Epitaph.

ASTRO-



# Astrophel and Stella, vvritten

BY THE NOBLE KNIGHT SIR  
PHILIP SIDNEY.

1

**L**Oving in truth, and faine in verse my love to show,  
That she (deare she) might take some pleasure of my paine :  
Pleasure might cau'e her read, reading might make her know,  
Knowledge might pittie winne, and pittie grace obtaine,  
I fough: fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,  
Studying inuentions fine, her wits to entertaine :  
Cst turning others leanes, to see if thece wou'd flow (brain,  
Some fresh and fruitfull showers vpon my sunne-burn'd  
But words came halting forth, wanting Inuentions stay,  
Inuention Natures child, fled st: p-dame Studies blowes,  
And others seete still seem'd but strangers in my way.  
Thus great with child to speak, and helplesse in my throws,  
Biting my trewand pen, beating my selfe for spite,  
Foole, said my Muse to mee, looke in thy heart and write.

2

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot  
*Loue* gaue the wound, which while I breath will bleed:  
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,  
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.  
I saw and liked, I liked but loued not,  
I loued, but straight did not what *Loue* decreed:  
At length to *Loues* decrees, I forc'd, agreed,  
Yet with repining at so partiall lot.  
Now euen that footstep of lost libertie  
Is gone, and now like ilaue-borne *Musconite*,  
I c. It is praise to suffer Tyra mie;  
And now employ the remnant of my wit,  
To make me selfe beleeue, that a'l is well,  
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

Xx 2

3

Let daintie wits crye on the Sisters nine,  
 That brauely mask, their fancies may be told:  
 Or *Pindares* Apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,  
 Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold.  
 Or else let them in statelier glorie shine,  
 Ennobling new found Tropes with problemes old:  
 Or with strange similes enrich each line,  
 Of herbes or beasts, which *Inde* or *Africke* hold.  
 For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know:  
 Phrases & Problems from my reach do grow, (trits.  
 And strange things cost too deare for my poore spi-  
 How then? euen thus: in *Stellas* face I reed,  
 What Loue and Beautie be, then all my deed  
 But Copying is, what in her natures writes.

4

*Vertue* alas, now let me take some rest,  
 Thou settst a bate betwixt my wil and wit,  
 If vaine loue haue my simple soule opprest:  
 Leau what thou likest not, deale not thou with it.  
 Thy scepter vse in some old *Catoes* brest;  
 Churches or schooles are for thy seate more fit:  
 I do confesse, pardon a fault confest:  
 My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.  
 But if that needes thou wilt vsurping be,  
 The little reason that is left in mee,  
 And still th' effect of thy perswasions proue:  
 I sweare, my heart such one shall show to thee,  
 That shrines in flesh so true a Deitie,  
 That *Vertue*, thou thy selfe shalt be in loue.

5

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serue  
 The inward light: and that the heauenly part  
 Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerue.  
 Rebels to nature strue for their owne smart.  
 It is most true, what we call *Cupids* dart,  
 An image is which for our selues we carue;  
 And, fooles, adore in temple of our heart, (statue.  
 Till that good God make Church & Church-man  
 True, that true Beautie *Vertue* is indeed,  
 Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,  
 Which elements with mortall mixture breed:  
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,  
 And should in soule vp to our countrey moue:  
 True, and yet true that I must *Stella* loue.

Some



6

Some Louers speake when they their Muses entertaine,  
 Of hopes begot by feare, of wot not what desires:  
 Of force of heau'nly beames, infusing hellish paine:  
 Of liuing deaths, deare wounds, faire stormes & freeling fires  
 Some one his song in *Ioue*, and *Ioues* strange tales attires,  
 Bordred with buls & swans, powdred with golden raine:  
 Another humbler wit to shepheards pipe retires,  
 Yet hiding royall bloud full oft in rurall vaine.  
 To some a sweetest plaint, a sweetest stile affords,  
 While teares poure out his inke, & sighs breathe out of words:  
 His paper pale dispaire, and paine his pen doth moue.  
 I can speake what I feele, and feele as much as they,  
 But thinke that all the Map of my state I display,  
 VVhen trembling voice brings forth that I do *Stella* loue:

7

VVhen Nature made her chiefe worke, *Stellas* eyes,  
 In colour blacke why wrapt she beames to bright?  
 VVould she in beames be blacke, like painter wise,  
 Frame daintiest lustre, mixt of shades and light?  
 Or did she elie that sober hue deuise,  
 In obiect best to knit and strength our sight,  
 Least if no vaile these braue gleames did disguise,  
 They sun-like should more dazle then delight?  
 Or would she her miraculous power show,  
 That whereas blacke seemes Beauties contrarie,  
 She euen in blacke doth make all beautie flow?  
 Both so and thus, the minding *Loue* should be  
 Placed euer there, gaue him his mourning weed,  
 To honor all their deaths, who for her bleed:

8

*Loue* borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,  
 Forc'd by a tedious prooffe, that Turkish hardned hart,  
 Is no fit marke to pierce with his fine pointed dart:  
 And pleas'd with our soft peace, staid here his flying race.  
 But finding these North clymes do coldly him embrace,  
 Not vsde to frozen clips, he straued to find some part,  
 VVhere with most ease & warmth he might employ his art:  
 At length he perch'd himselfe in *Stellas* ioyfull face,  
 VVho's faire skin, beamy eyes like mourning sun on snow,  
 Decei'd the quaking boy, who thought from so pure light,  
 Effects of liuely heate, must needs in nature grow.  
 But she most faire, most cold, made him thence take his flight  
 To my close heart, where while some fire brands he did lay,  
 He burnt vnwares his wings, and cannot fly away.

Xx 3

Queene

9

Queene *Virtues* court, which some call *Stellas* face,  
 Prepar'd by Natures choicest furniture,  
 Hath his front built of Alabaster pure;  
 Gold is the couering of that stately place.

The door by which sometimes comes forth her Grace,  
 Red Porphir is, which locke of pearle makes sure:  
 Whose porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)  
 Marble mixt red and white do enterlace.

The windowes now through which this heau'nly guest  
 Looks over the world, and can finde nothing such,  
 Which dare claime from those lights the name of best;  
 Oft touch they are that without touch doth touch,  
 Which *Cupid's* selfe from Beauties mind did draw:  
 Oft touch they are, and poore I am their straw.

10

Reason in faith thou art well seru'd, that still  
 Wouldst brabbling be with fence and loue in me:  
 I rather wish thee clime the *Muses* hill,  
 Or reach the fruite of Natures choicest tree,  
 Or seeke heau'n's course, or heau'n's inside to see:  
 Why shouldst thou toyle our thornie soile to till?  
 Leau' sense, and those which senses objects be:  
 Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leau' loue to wil.  
 But thou wouldst needs fight both with loue and fence,  
 With sword of wit, giuing wounds of dispraise,  
 Till downe right blowes did foyle thy cunning fences  
 For soone as they strake thee with *Stellas* rayes,  
 Reason thou kneel'dst, and offeredst straight to proue  
 By reason good, good reason her to loue.

11

In truth; O Loue, with what a boyish kind  
 Thou doest proceed in thy most serious wayes:  
 That when the heau'n to thee his best displayes,  
 Yet of that best thou leau'st the best behind.  
 For like a child that some faire booke doth find,  
 With guiled leaues or colourd Volume playes,  
 Or at the most on some fine picture stayes,  
 But neuer heeds the fruit of writers mind:  
 So when thou saw'st in Natures cabinet  
*Stella*, thou straight lookst babies in her eyes,  
 In her cheekes pit thou didst thy pitfould set:  
 And in her breast bopeepe or couching lies,  
 Playing and shining in each outward part:  
 But, foole, seekst not to get into her hart.

*Cupid*

12

*Cupid*, because thou shin'st in *Stella's* eyes,  
 That frowne her lockes, thy daunces none scape free,  
 That those lips sweld, so full of thee they bee,  
 That her sweet breath makes oft thy flames to rise,  
 That in her breast thy pap well sugred lies,  
 That her Grace gracious makes thy wrongs that she  
 What words so ere she speake, perswades for thee,  
 That her cleare voyce lifts thy fame to the skies.  
 Thou countest *Stella* thine, like those whose powers  
 Hauing got vp a breach by fighting well,  
 Crie, Victorie, this faire day all is ours.  
 O no, her heart is such a Cittadell,  
 So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdain,  
 That to win it, is all the skill and paine.

13

*Phæbus* was Iudge betweene *Ioue*, *Mars*, and *Loue*,  
 Of those three gods, whose armes the fairest were:  
*Ioues* golden shield did Eagle fables beare,  
 Whose talents held young *Ganimes* about:  
 But in Vert field *Mars* bare a golden speare,  
 Which through a bleeding hart his point did shoue:  
 Each had his creast, *Mars* earied *Venus* gloue,  
*Ioue* on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.  
*Cupid* then smiles, for on his creast there lies  
*Stella's* faire haire, her face he makes his shield,  
 Where roses queuls are borne in siluer field.  
*Phæbus* drew wide the curtaines of the skies,  
 To blaze these last, and sware deuoutly then,  
 The first, thus matcht, were scanty Gentlemen.

14

Alas haue I not paine enough my friend,  
 Vpon whose breast a fiercer Gripe doth tire,  
 Then did on him who first stale downe the fire,  
 While *Loue* on me doth all his quiers spend,  
 But with your Rubard words ye must contend,  
 To grieue me worse, in saying that Desire  
 Doth plunge my well form'd soule euē in the mire  
 Of sinfull thoughts, which do in ruine end?  
 If that be sinne which doth the maners frame,  
 Well staid with truth in word & faith of deed,  
 Readie of wit and fearing nought but shame:  
 If that be sinne which in fixt hearts doth breed  
 A loathing of all loose vnchastitie,  
 Then *Loue* is sinne, and let me sinfull be.

Xx4

You



15

You that do search for euery purling spring,  
Which from the ribs of old *Parnassus* flowes,  
And euerie floure not sweet perhaps, which growes  
Neare thereabouts, into our Poetrie ring.

You that do Dictionaries methode bring  
Into your rimes, running in rasling rowes:  
You that poore *Petrarch's* long deceased woes,  
With new-borne sighes and denisend witt to sing.

You take wrong waies those far-fet helpes be such,  
As do bewray a want of inward tuch:  
And sure at length stolne goods do come to light.

But if (both for your loue and skill) your name  
You seeke to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,  
*Stella* behold, and then begin to indite.

16

In nature apt to like when I did see  
Beauties, which were of manie Carrers fine,  
My boyling sprites did thither soone incline,  
And, Loue, I thought that I was full of thee.

But finding not those restless flames in me,  
Which others said did make their soules to pine:  
I thought those babes of some pinnes hurt did whine,  
By my soule iudging what Loues paine might bee.

But while I thus with this Lyon plaid,  
Mine eyes (shall I say curst or blest) beheld  
*Stella*; now she is nam'd, need more be said?

In her sight I a lesson new haue speld,  
I now haue learn'd Loue right, and learn'd euen so,  
As who by being poisond doth poison know.

17

His mother deare *Cupid* offended late,  
Because that *Mars* growne slacker in her loue,  
With pricking shot he did not thoroughly moue,  
To keepe the pace of their first louing state.

The boy refusde for feare of *Marses* hate,  
Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did prone:  
But she in chafe him from her lap did shoue,  
Brake bow, brake shafts, while *Cupid* weeping fate.

Till that his grandame *Nature* pittying it,  
Of *Stella's* browes made him two better bowes,  
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.

O how forioy he leapes, O how he crows,  
And straight therewith like wags new got to play,  
Fals to shrewd turnes, and I was in his way.

With

18

With what sharpe checks I in my selfe am shent,  
 When into Reasons audite I do goe:  
 And by iust counts my selfe a bancrout know  
 Of all those goods, which heau'n to me haue lent:

Vnable quite to pay euen natures rent,  
 Which vnto it by birthright I do ow:  
 And which is worse, no good excuse can show,  
 But that my wealth I haue most idly spent.

My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth to  
 My wit doth strue those passions to defend,  
 Which for reward spoile it with vaine annoies.

I see my course to loose my selfe doth bend:  
 I see and yet no greater sorrow take,  
 Then that I loose no more for *Stellas* sake.

19

On *Cupids* bow how are my heart-strings bent,  
 That see my wracke, and yet embrace the same?  
 When most I glorie, then I feele most shame:  
 I willing run, yet while I run, repent.

My best wits still their owne disgrace inuent:  
 My very inke turnes straight to *Stellas* name;  
 And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,  
 Avise themselves that they are vainely spent.

For though she passe all things, yet what is all  
 That vnto me, who fare like him that both  
 Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?

O let me prop my minde yet in his growth,  
 And not in nature, for best fruits vnfit:  
 Scholler, saith *Lowe*, bend hitherward your wit.

20

Fly, fly, my friends, I haue my deaths wound; fly,  
 See there that boy, that murdering boy I say,  
 Who like a theefe, hid in darke bush doth lye,  
 Till bloudie bullet get him wrongfull pray.

So Tyran he no fitter place could spy,  
 Nor so faire leuell in so secret stay,  
 As that sweete blacke which vailes the heauenly eye:  
 There himselfe with his shot he close doth lay.

Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did;  
 And staid pleas'd with the prospect of the place;  
 While that blacke hue from me the bad guest hid:

But straight I saw motions of lightning grace;  
 And then descried the glistering of his dart:  
 But ere I could fly thence; it pierced my heart.

Your

## 21

Your words my friēd (right healthfull caustiks) blame  
 My young mind marde, whō *Lowe* doth windlas so,  
 That mine owne writings like bad seruants show  
 Ny wits, quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame:  
 That *Plato* I read for nought, but if he rame  
 Such coltish yeares, that to my birth I owe  
 Nobler desires, least else that friendly foe,  
 Great expectation, were a traine of shame.  
 For since mad March great promise made of me,  
 If thou the May of my yeeres much decline,  
 What can be hoped my haruest time will be?  
 Sure you say well, your wisdomes golden mine,  
 Dig deepe with learnings spade, now tell me this,  
 Hath this world ought so faire as *Stella* is?

## 22

In highest way of heau'n the sunne did ride,  
 Progressing then from faire twinnes golden place:  
 Haping no scarfe of cloud's before his face,  
 But shining forth of heare in his chiefe pride;  
 When some faire Ladies by hard promise tyed,  
 On horsebacke met him in his furious race,  
 Yet each prepar'd with fannes wel-shading grace,  
 From that foes wounds their tender skinnes to hide.  
*Stella* alone with face vnarmed marcht,  
 Either to do like him with open shone:  
 Or carelesse of the weath' because her owne:  
 Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,  
 Her daintiest bare went free; the cause was this,  
 The Sunne which others burnd, did her but kisse.

## 23

The curious wits seeing dull pensiuenesse  
 Bewray it selfe in my long settled eyes,  
 Whence those same fumes of melancholly rise,  
 With idle paines, and musing ayme, do guesse.  
 Some that know how my spring I did addresse,  
 Deeme that my Muse some fruite of knowledge  
 Others, because the Prince my service tries, (plies:  
 Thinke that I thinke state errours to redresse.  
 But harder Iudges iudge ambitions rage,  
 Scourge of it selfe, still climbing slipprie p'ace,  
 Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.  
 O fooles, or ouer-wise, alas the race  
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,  
 But only *Stellas* eyes and *Stellas* heart.

Rich



24

Rich fooles there be, whose base and filthy hart  
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:  
And damning their owne selues to *Tantals* smart,  
Wealth breeding wāt, more blist more wretched

(grow.

Yet to those fooles heau'n such wit doth impart,  
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,  
And knowing *Loue*, and louing lay apart,  
As sacred things, far from all daungers show.

But that rich foole who by blind Fortunes lot,  
The richest gemme of *Loue* and life enioyes,  
And can with foule abuse such beauries blot;

Let him deprived of sweet but vnfelt ioyes,  
(Exil'd for aye from those high treasures, which  
He knowes not) grow in only follie rich.

25

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise,  
By *Phæbus* doome, with sugred sentence sayes,  
That Vertue if it once met with our eyes,  
Strange flames of *Loue* it in our soules would raise.

But for that man with paine this truth descrites,  
Whiles he each thing in senses ballance wayes,  
And so nor will, nor can behold those skies,  
Which inward sunne to *Heroicke* mind displaies.

Vertue of late with vertuous care to stir  
*Loue* of her selfe, tooke *Stellas* shape, that she  
To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.

It is most true, for since I her did see,  
Vertues great beautie in that face I proue,  
And find th' effect, for I do burne in loue.

26

'Though dustie wits dare scorne Astrologie,  
And fooles can think those Lampes of purest light,  
VVhose numbers weighs greatnesse eternitie,  
Promising wonders, wonder do inuite:

To haue for no cause birthright in the skie,  
But for to spangle the blacke weeds of night:  
Or for some brawle, which in that chamber hie,  
They should still daunce to please a gazers sight.

For me, I do nature vnidle know,  
And know great causes, great effects procure:  
And know those Bodies high raigne on the low.

And if these rules did faile, prooffe makes me sure,  
VVho oft fore-iudge my after-following race,  
By only those two starres in *Stellas* face.

27

Because I oft in darke abstracted guise,  
 Seeme most alone in greatest companie:  
 VVith dearth of words, or answers quite awrie,  
 To them that would make speech o' speech arise.  
 They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,  
 That poison foule of bubling pride doth lie:  
 So in my swelling breast that only I  
 Fawne on my selfe, and others do despise:  
 Yet pride I thinke doth not my soule possesse,  
 Which looks too oft in his vnflattering glasse:  
 But one worse fault *Ambition* I confesse,  
 That makes me oft my best friends ouerpasse,  
 Vnseene, vnheard, while thought to highest place  
 Bends all his power, euen vnto *Stellas* grace.

28

You that with allegories curious frame,  
 Of others children changlings vse to make,  
 With me those paines for Gods sake do not take  
 I list not dig so deepe for brazen fame.  
 When I say, *Stella*, I do meane the same  
 Princesse of Beautie, for whose only sake,  
 The raines of *Loue* I loue though neuer slacke,  
 And ioy therein, though Nations count it shame.  
 I beg no subiect to vse eloquence,  
 Nor in hid wayes do guide Philosophie:  
 Looke at my hands for no such quintessence;  
 But know that I in pure simplicitie,  
 Breathe out the flames which burne within my hart,  
*Loue* only reading vnto me this art.

29

Like some weake Lords, neighbord by mighty kings,  
 To keepe themselves and their chiefe cities free,  
 Doe easily yeeld, that all their coasts may be  
 Ready to store their campos of needfull things:  
 So *Stellas* hart finding what power *Loue* brings,  
 To keepe it selfe in life and libertie,  
 Doth willing graunt, that in the frontiers hee  
 Vse all to helpe his other conquerings:  
 And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes  
 Serue him with shor, her lips his heralds arre:  
 Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre:  
 Her flesh his food, her skin his armour braue,  
 And I, but for because my prospect lies  
 Vpon that coast, am giu'n vp for a slaue.

Whether

30

Whether the Turkish new-moone minded be  
To fill his hornes this yeare on Christian coast:  
How *Poles* right king meanes without leaue of host,  
To warme with ill-made fire cold *Muscovy*.

If French can yet three parts in one agree,  
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast,  
How *Holland* hearts, now so good townes be lost,  
Trust in the shade of pleasant *Orange* tree.

How *Wlster* likes of that same golden bit,  
Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame,  
If in the *Scotch* Court be no weltring yet.

These questions busie wits to me do frame;  
I cumbred with good maners, answer do,  
But know not how, for still I thinke of you.

31

VVith how sad steps, O Moone, thou climb'st the  
How silently, and with how wanne a face (skies,  
VVhat may it be, that euen in heau'nly place  
That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?

Sure if that long with *Loue* acquainted eyes  
Can iudge of *Loue*, thou feelst a louers case;  
I reade it in thy lookes, thy languisht grace  
To me that feeles the like, thy state descries.

Then eu'n of fellowship, O Moone, tell me  
Is constant *Loue* deem'd there but want of wit?  
Are Beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they aboue loue to be lou'd, and yet  
Those Louers scorne whom that *loue* doth possesse?  
Do they call *Virtue* there, yngratefulnessse.

32

*Morpheus* the liuely sonne of deadly sleepe,  
Witnesse of life to them that liuing dye:  
A Prophet oft, and oft an historie,  
A Poet eke, as humours fly or creepe,

Since thou in me so sure a power dost keepe,  
That neuer I with close vp sense do lye,  
But by thy worke (my *Stella*) I descrie,  
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe.

Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,  
VVhence hast thou luorie, Rubies, pearle and gold,  
To shew her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?

Foole answers he, no *Indes* such treasure hold,  
But from thy heart, while my fire charmeth thee,  
Sweet *Stella*, image I do steale to me.

Y y



33

I might, vnhappy word, O me, I might,  
 And then would not: or could not see my blisse:  
 Till now wrapt in a most infernall night,  
 I find how heau'nly day wretch I did misse.  
 Hart rent thy selfe, thou doest thy selfe but right,  
 No louely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his:  
 No force, no fraud, robd thee of thy delight,  
 Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is:  
 But to my selfe, my selfe did giue the blow,  
 While too much wit (forsooth) so troubled me,  
 That I respects for both our sakes must show:  
 And yet could not by rising Morne foresee  
 How faire a day was neare, O punisht eyes,  
 That I had been more foolish or more wise.

34

Come let me write, and to what end? to ease  
 A burthened hart, how can words ease, which are  
 The glasses of the daily vexing care?  
 Oft cruell fights well pictured forth do please.  
 Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?  
 Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare:  
 But will not wise men thinke thy words fond ware?  
 Then be they close, and so none shall displease.  
 What idler thing, then speake and not be hard?  
 What harder thing then smart, and not to speake?  
 Peace foolish wit, with wit my wit is mard.  
 Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake  
 My harmes on Inks poore losse, perhaps some find  
*Stellas* great powres, that so confuse my mind.

35

What may words say, or what may words not say,  
 VVhere truth it selfe must speake like flatterie?  
 Within what bounds can one his liking stay,  
 VVhere nature doth with infinite agree?  
 VVhat *Nestors* counsell can my flames alay,  
 Since Reason selfe doth blow the cole in me?  
 And ah what hope, that hope should once see day,  
 Where *Cupid* is sworne page to Chastity?  
 Honour is honour'd, that thou doest possesse  
 Him as thy slaue, and now long needy Fame  
 Doth euen grow rich, naming my *Stellas* name.  
 VVit learns in thee perfection to expresse,  
 Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raise:  
 It is a praise to praise, when thou art praise.

*Stella*

36

*Stella*, whence doth this new assault arise,  
 A conquered golden ransackt heart to winne?  
 Whereto long since through my long battred eyes,  
 Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.  
 And there long since, *Loue* thy Lieutenant lies,  
 My forces razde, thy banners raifd within:  
 Of conquest, do not these effects suffice,  
 But wilt now warre vpon thine owne begin:  
 With so sweete voice, and by sweete Nature so  
 In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall,  
 In all sweet stratagems, sweete Art can show,  
 That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall,  
 Long since forc'd by thy beames, but stone nor tree  
 By Sences priuiledge, can scape from thee.

37

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,  
 My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:  
 Listen then Lordings with good care to me,  
 For of my life I must a riddle tell.  
 Toward *Aurores* Court a Nymph doth dwell,  
 Rich in all beauties which mans eye can see:  
 Beauties so farr from reach of words, that we  
 Abuse her praise, saying she doth excell:  
 Rich in the treasure of deseru'd renowne,  
 Rich in the riches of a royall hart,  
 Rich in those gifts which giue th' eternall crowne;  
 Who though most rich in these and euery part,  
 Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,  
 Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is.

38

This night while sleepe begins with heauy wings  
 To hatch mine eyes, and that vnbitte thought  
 Doth fall to stray, & my chiefe powres are brought  
 To leaue the scepter of all subiect things.  
 The first that straight my fancies error brings  
 Vnto my mind, is *Stellas* image wrought  
 By *Loues* owne selfe, but with so curious drought,  
 That she, me thinks, not onely shines but sings.  
 I start, looke, hearke, but what; inclosde vp fence  
 Vvas held, in opened sense it flies away,  
 Leauing me nought but wailing eloquence:  
 I seeing better sights in sights decay,  
 Cald it anew, and wooed sleepe againe:  
 But him her host that vnkind guest had slaine.

Y y 2

Come

39

Come sleepe O sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,  
 The baiting place of wit, the balme of woe,  
 The poore mans wealth, the prisoners release,  
 Th' indifferent Iudge betweene the high and low;  
 With shield of prooffe shield me from out the preate  
 Of those fierce darts dispaire at me doth throw:  
 O make in me those ciuill warres to cease;  
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,  
 A chamber deafe to noife, and blind to light:  
 A rosie garland, and a wearie hed:

And if these things, as being thine by right,  
 Moue not thy heauy grace, thou shalt in me  
 Lyuelier then else-where *Stellas* image see.

40

As good to write as for to lie and grone,  
 O *Stella* deare, how much thy power hath wrought,  
 That hast my mind, none of the balest brought  
 My still kept course, while other sleepe to mone.

Alas if from the height of Vertues throne,  
 Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought  
 Vpon a wretch, that long thy grace hath sought;  
 Weigh then how I by thee am ouerthrowne:

And then, thinke thus, although thy beaurie be  
 Made manifest by such a victorie,  
 Yet noble Conquerours do wreckes auoid.

Since then thou hast so farre subdued me,  
 That in my heart I offer still to thee,  
 O do not let thy Temple be destroyd.

41

Hauing this day my horse, my hand, my launce  
 Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,  
 Both by the iudgement of the English eyes,  
 And of some sent from that sweet enemye *FRANCE*.

Horsemen my skill in horfemanship aduance:  
 Towne-folkes my strength, a daintier iudge applies  
 His praise to sleight, which from good vse doth rise:  
 Some luckie wits impute it but to chaunce:

Others because of both sides I do take  
 My bloud from them who did excell in this,  
 Thinke nature me a man of armes did make.

How farre they shot awrie? the true cause is,  
*Stella* lookt on; and from her beau'nly face  
 Sent forth the beames, which made so faire my race.

O eyes



42

O eyes, which do the Spheares of beaurie moue,  
 Whose beames be whose ioyes all vertues be,  
 Who while they make *Loue* conquer, conquer *Loue*,  
 The schooles where *Venus* hath learn'd Chastitie.

O eyes, where humble lookes most glorious proue,  
 Only lou'd Tyrants, iust in cruelty,  
 Do not, O do not from poore me remoue,  
 Keepe still my Zenith, euer shine on me.

For though I neuer see them, but straight wayes  
 My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites;  
 Yet still on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes:

And if from Maiestie of sacred lights,  
 Oppressing mortall sense, my death proceed,  
 Wrackes Triumphs be, which *Loue* (high set) doth  
 (breed.

43

Faire eyes, sweete lips, deare heart, that foolish I  
 Could hope by *Cupids* helpe on you to pray;  
 Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,  
 As his maine force, choise sport, and easefull stay.

For when he will see who dare him gaine say,  
 Then with those eyes he lookes, lo by and by  
 Each soule doth at *Loues* feete his weapon lay,  
 Glad if for her he giue them leave to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is, (loue,  
 Where blushing red, that *Loues* selfe them doth  
 Withe either lip he doth the other kisse:

But when he will for quiet sake remoue  
 From all the world, her heart is then his rome,  
 Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

44

My words I know do well set forth my mind,  
 My mind bemones his sense of inward smart;  
 Such smart may pitie claime of any harr,  
 Her heart, sweete heart, is of no Tygres kind:

And yet she heares, and yet no pitie I find;  
 But now I crie, lesse grace she doth impart,  
 Alas what cause is there so ouerthwart,  
 That Noblenesse it selfe makes thus vnkind?

I much do guesse, yet find no truth saue this,  
 That when the breath of my complaints doth tuch  
 Those daintie dores vnto the Court of blisse,

The heau'nly nature of that place is such,  
 That once come there, the fobs of mine annoyes  
 Are metamorphosd straight to tunes of ioyes.

Yy3

Stella

45

*Stella* oft sees the verie face of wo  
 Painted in my beclouded stormie face:  
 But cannot skill to pitie my disgrace,  
 Not though thereof the cause her selfe she know:  
 Yet hearing late a fable, which did shew  
 Of Louers neuer knowne, a grienous case,  
 Pitie thereof gate in her breast such place,  
 That from that sea deriu'd teares spring did flow.  
 Alas if Fancy drawne by imag'd things, (breed  
 Though false, yet if free scope more grace doth  
 Then seruants wracke, where new doubts honor  
 The thinke my deare, that you in me do reed (brings  
 Of Louers ruine some sad Tragedie:  
 I am not I, pitie the tale of me.

46

I curst thee oft, I pitie now thy case,  
 Blind-hitting boy, since she that thee and me,  
 Rules with a becke, so tyrannizeth thee,  
 That thou must want or food, or dwelling place.  
 For she protestt to bannish thee her face,  
 Her face? O *Loue*, a Rogue thou then shouldst be!  
 If *Loue* learne not alone to loue and see,  
 Without desire to feed of further grace.  
 Alas poore wag, that now a scholler art  
 To such a schoole-mistresse, whose lessons new  
 Thou needs must misse, & so thou needs must smart.  
 Yet Deare let me his pardon get of you,  
 So long (though he from booke my che to desire)  
 Till without fewell you can make hot fire,

47

What haue I thus betrayed my libertie? (engrane  
 Can those black beames such burning markes  
 In thy free side: or am I borne a slaue,  
 Whose necke becomes such yoke of tyranny?  
 Or want I sense to feele my miserie?  
 Or sprite, disdaine of such disdaine to haue?  
 VWho for long faith, tho dayly helpe I craue,  
 May get no almes but scorne of beggerie.  
 Vertue awake, Beautie but beautie is,  
 I may, I must, I can, I will, I do  
 Leauē following that, which it is gaine to misse.  
 Let her do soft, but here shee comes, go to,  
 Vnkind, I loue you not: O me, that eye  
 Doth make my hart giue to my tongue the lie.

Soules

48

Soules ioy, bend not those morning starres from mee,  
 Where vertue is made strong by Beauties might,  
 Where *Loue* is chastnesse, Paine doth learn delight,  
 And humblenesse growes on with Maiestie.

What euer may ensue, O let me be  
 Copartner of the riches of that sight:  
 Let not mine eyes be hel-driu'n from that light:  
 O looke, O shine, O let me die and see.

For though I oft my selfe of them bemone,  
 That through my heart their beamic darts be gone:  
 Whose curelesse wounds euen now most freshly  
 Yet since my death-wound is alreadie got, (bleed:  
 Deare Killer, spare not thy sweet cruell shot:  
 A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

49

I on my horse, and *Loue* on me doth trie  
 Our horsemanships, while by strange worke I proue  
 A horsman to my horse, a horse to *Loue*;  
 And now mans wrongs in me poore beast descric.

The raine wherewith my Rider doth me tie,  
 Are humbled thoughts, which bit of reuerence moue,  
 Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt bosse aboue  
 Of Hope which makes it seeme faire to the eye,

The Wand is Will, thou Fancy Saddle art,  
 Girt fast by memorie, and while I spurte  
 My horse, he spurres with sharpe desire my hart:

He sits me fast, how euer I do sturre:  
 And now hath made me to his hand so right,  
 That in the Manage my selfe takes delight.

50

*Stella*, the fulnesse of my thoughts of thee  
 Cannot be staid within my panting breast,  
 But they do swell and struggle forth of me,  
 Till that in words thy figure be exprest.

And yet assoone as they so formed be,  
 According to my Lord *Loues* owne behest:  
 With sad eyes I their weake proportion see,  
 To portrait that which in this world is best.

So that I cannot chuse but write my mind;  
 And cannot chuse but put out what I write,  
 While these poore babes their death in birth do find:  
 And now my pen these lines hath dashed quite,  
 But that they stopt his fury from the same,  
 Because their forefront bare sweet *Stellas* name.

Yy 4

Par-



51

Pardon mine cares, both I and they do pray,  
 So may your tongue still fluently proceed,  
 To them that do such entertainment need,  
 So may you still haue somewhat new to say.  
 On silly me do not the burthen lay,  
 Of all the graue conceits your braine doth breed;  
 But find some *Hercules* to beare, in steed  
 Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wisedomes heau'nly sway.  
 For me while you discourse of courtly tides,  
 Of cunning fishers in most troubled streames,  
 Of straying wayes, when valiant errour guides:  
 Meane while my heart confers with *Stellas* beames,  
 And is euen irkt that so sweet Comedie,  
 By such vnfuted speech should hindred be.

52

A strife is growne betweene *Vertue* and *Loue*,  
 While each pretends that *Stella* must be his:  
 Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith *Loue* do this,  
 Since they do weare his badge, most firmly proue.  
 But *Vertue* thus that litle doth disproue,  
 That *Stella* (O deare name) that *Stella* is  
 That vertuous soule, sure heire of heau'nly blisse:  
 Not this faire out-side, which your harts doth moue  
 And therefore, though her beaurie and her grace  
 Be *Loues* indeed, in *Stellas* selfe he may  
 By no pretence claime any manner place.  
 Well *Loue*, since this demurre our sute doth stay,  
 Let *Vertue* haue that *Stellas* selfe; yet thus,  
 That *Vertue* but that bodie graunt to vs.

53

In Martiall sports I had by cunning tride,  
 And yet to breake more staues did me addresse:  
 While with the peoples shouts I must confesse,  
 Youth, lucke and praise, euen filld my veines with  
 VVhen *Cupid* hauing me his slaue descride, (pride  
 In *Marses* liuerie, prauncing in the presse:  
 What now sir foole, said he, I would no lesse,  
 Looke here, I say, I look'd and *Stella* spide:  
 VVho hard by made a window send forth light,  
 My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,  
 One hand forgot to rule, th'other to fight.  
 Nor trumpets sound I heard, nor friendly cries;  
 My Foe came on, and beat the aire for me,  
 Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

Because

54

Because I breathe not loue to euerie one,  
 Nor do not vse set colours for to weare,  
 Nor nourish speciall lockes of vowed haire,  
 Nor giue each speech a full point of a grone.

The courtly Nymphs, acquainted with the mone  
 Of them, who in their lips *Loues* standerd beare;  
 Where he say they of me, now dare I sweare,  
 He cannot loue: no, no; let him alone.

And thinke so still, so *Stella* know my mind,  
 Professe in deed I do not *Cupids* art;  
 But you faire maides, at length this true shall find,  
 That his right badge is but worne in the hart:  
 Dumbe Swānes, not charping Pies do Louers proue,  
 They loue indeed, who quake to say they loue.

55

Muses I oft inuoked your holy ayde,  
 With choicest flowers my speech to engarland so;  
 That it despitde in true but naked shew,  
 Might winne some grace in your sweet grace arraid.

And oft whole troupes of saddest words I staid,  
 Striuing abroad a toraging to go;  
 Vntill by your inspiring I might know,  
 How there blacke banner might be best displaid.

But now I meane no more your helpe to trie,  
 For other sugring of my speech to proue,  
 But on her name incessantly to crie:

For let me but name her whom I do loue,  
 So sweet sounds straight mine eare & hart do hit,  
 That I well find no eloquence like it.

56

Fy schoole of Patience, Fy, your lesson is  
 Far far too long to learne it without booke:  
 What a whole weeke without one peece of looke,  
 And thinke I should not your large precepts misse?

When I might reade those letters faire of blisse,  
 Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke  
 Somewhat thy lead'n countels, which I tooke,  
 As of a friend that meant not much amisse:

But now that I alas do want her sight,  
 VVhat, dost thou thinke that I can euer take  
 In thy cold stufte a flegmarike delight?

No Patience, if thou wilt my good, then make  
 Her come, and heare with patience my desire,  
 And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

VV<sup>o</sup>,

57

Wo, hauing made with many fights his owne  
 Each sence of mine, each gift, each power of mind,  
 Growne now his slaues, he foist them out to find  
 The thorowest words, fit for woes selfe to grone,  
 Hoping that when they might find *Stella* alone,  
 Before she could prepare to be, vnkind,  
 Her soule arm'd but with such a dainty rind,  
 Should soone be pierc'd with sharpnes of the mone.  
 She heard my plaints, and did not only heare,  
 But them (so sweete is she) most sweetely sing,  
 With that faire breast making woes darknes cleare:  
 A pretty case I hoped her to bring  
 To feele my griefes, and she with face and voice,  
 So sweets my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

58

Doubt there hath bin when with his golden chaine,  
 The Oratour so farre mens harts doth bind,  
 That no pace else their guided steps can find,  
 But as he them more short or slacke doth raine.  
 Whether with words this soueraignty he gaine;  
 Cloth'd with fine tropes, with strongest reason lin'd,  
 Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his minde  
 Prints his owne liuely forme in rudest braine:  
 Now iudge by this, in piercing phrases late,  
 The anatomy of all my woes I wrate,  
*Stella*s sweete breath the same to me did reed.  
 O voice, O face, maugre my speeches might,  
 Which wooed wo, most rauishing delight,  
 Euen those sad words, euen in sad me did breed.

59

Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?  
 If he do loue, I burne, I burne in loue:  
 If he waite well, I neuer thence would moue:  
 If he be faire, yet but a dog can be.  
 Little he is, so little worth is he;  
 He barks, my songs thine owne voyce oft doth  
 Bid'n perhaps he fetcheth thee a gloue, (proue;  
 But I vnbid, fetch euen my soule to thee.  
 Yet while I languish him that bolome clips,  
 That lap doth lap, nay lets in spite of spite,  
 This sowre-breath'd mate talt of those sugred lips.  
 Alas, if you graunt only such delight  
 To witlesse things, then *Loue*, I hope (since wit  
 Becomes a clog) will soone ease me of it.

VVhen



60

VWhen my good Angell guides me to the place,  
 VWhere all my good I do in *Stella* see,  
 That heau'n of ioyes throwes only downe on me  
 Thundring disdaines and lightnings of disgrace :

But when the ruggedst step of Fortunes race  
 Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she  
 VVith words, wherein the Muses treasures be,  
 Shewes loue and pittie to my absent case.

Now I wit-beaten long by hardest Fate,  
 So dull am, that I cannot looke into  
 The ground of this fierce *Loue* and louely hate:

Then some good body tell me how I do,  
 VVhole presence, absence, absence presence is ;  
 Bliss in my curse, and cursed in my blisse.

61

Oft with true sighes, oft with vncalled teares,  
 Now with slow words, now with dumbe eloquence  
 I *Stellas* eyes assayd, inuade her eares;  
 But this at last is her sweet breath'd defence :

That who indeed infelt affection beares,  
 So captiues to his Saint both foule and fence;  
 That wholly hers, all selfnesse he forbears,  
 Then his desires he learns his lines course thence.

Now since her chaste mind hates this loue in me,  
 With chastened mind, I straight must shew that she  
 Shall quickly me from what she hates remoue.

O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,  
 Driu'n else to graunt by Angels sophistrie,  
 That I loue not, without I leaue to loue:

62

Late tyr'd with woe, euen ready for to pine  
 VVith rage of *Loue*, I cald my Loue vnkind;  
 She in whose eyes *Loue* though vnfelt doth shine,  
 Sweet said that I true loue in her should find,  
 I ioyed, but straight thus watred was my wine,  
 That loue she did, but loued a loue not blind,  
 VVhich would not let me, whom she loued, decline  
 From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind :

And therefore by her Loues authority,  
 VVild me these tempests of vaine loue to flie,  
 And anchor fast my selfe on *Virtues* shore.

Alas, if this the only mettrall be  
 Of *Loue*, new-coind to helpe my beggery,  
 Deare, loue me not, that ye may loue me more.

O Grammer rules, O now your vertues shew,  
 So child: en still reade you with awfull eyes  
 As my young Doue may in your precepts wise  
 Her grant to me, by her owne vertue know.  
 For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,  
 I crau'd the thing which euer she denies:  
 She lightning *Lone*, displaying *Venus* skies,  
 Least once should not be heard, twise said, No, No.  
 Sing then my Mule, now *Io Pean* sing.  
 Heau'ns enuy not at my high triumphing:  
 But Grammers force vvith sweet successe confirme:  
 For Grammer sayes (O this deare *Stella* nay,)  
 For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay,)  
 That in one speech two Negatiues affirme,

## First song.

*Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,  
 Which now my breast orecharg'd to Musicks lendeth:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Only in you my song begins and endeth.*

*Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure,  
 Who keeps the key of Natures chiefe st treasure:  
 To you to you all song of praise is due,  
 Only for you the heau'n forgate all measure.*

*Who hath the lips, where wit in fairenesse raigneth,  
 VVho womankind at once both decks and staineth:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Onely by you Cupid his crowne maintaineth.*

*VVho hath the feet, whose step of sweetnesse planteth,  
 VVho else for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth:  
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due,  
 Onely to you her scepter Venus granteth.*

*Who hath the breast; whose milke doth passions nourish,  
 VVhose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish,  
 To you, to you all song of praise is due,  
 Onely through you the tree of life doth flourish.*

*VVho hath the hand which without stroke subdueth,  
 Who long dead beautie with increase reneweth:  
 To you to you all song of praise is due,  
 Onely at you all enue hopelesse rueth.*

Who

*Who hath the haire which loofest fastest tieth,  
Who makes a man liue then glad when he dyeth:  
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only of you the flatterer neuer lyeth.*

*Who hath the voice, which soule from senses sunders,  
Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders  
To you, to you all song of praise is due:  
Only with you not miracles are wonders.*

*Doubt you to whom my muse these notes intendeth,  
Which now my breast orecharg'd to musicke lendeth:  
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:  
Only in you my song begins and endeth.*

## 64

No more, my deare, no more these counsels try,  
O giue my passions leaue to run their race:  
Let fortune lay on me her worst disgrace,  
Let folke orechargd with braine against me crye.  
Let clouds be dimine my face, breake in mine eye,  
Let me no steps of loft labour trace:  
Let all the earth with scorne recount my case,  
But do not will me from my *Loue* to flye.  
I do not enuie *Aristotles* wit,  
Nor do aspire to *Cesars* bleeding fame;  
Nor ought do care, though some about me sit:  
Nor hope, nor with another course to frame,  
But that which once may winne thy cruell hart  
Thou art my *VV*it, and thou my vertue art.

## 65

*Loue* by sure prooffe I may call thee vnkind,  
That giu'st no better eare to my iust cries:  
Thou whom to me such my good turns shold bind,  
As I may well recount, but none can prize:  
For when nak'd boy thou couldst no harbour find  
In this old world, growne now so too too wise:  
I lodg'd thee in my hart, and being blind  
By Nature borne, I gaue to thee my eyes.  
Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,  
If so great seruices may scorn'd be:  
Yet let this thought thy Tygrish courage passe:  
That I perhaps am somewhat kinne to thee;  
Since in thine arms, if learnd fame truth hath spread,  
Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow head.



66

And do I see some cause a hope to feede,  
 Or doth the tedious burd'n of long woe  
 In weakened minds, quicke apprehending breed,  
 Of euery image, which may comfort show?  
 I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deed,  
 Fortunes wheelles still with me in one sort flow,  
 My wealth no more, and no wit lesse my need,  
 Desire still on the stilts of feare doth goe.  
 And yet amid all feares as hope there is,  
 Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,  
*Stellas* eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,  
 Looking on me, while I lookt other way:  
 But when mine eyes back to their heau'n did moue,  
 They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue.

67

Hope, art thou true, or doest thou flatter me?  
 Doth *Stella* now begin with piteous eye,  
 The ruines of her conquest to espy:  
 Will she take him, before all wracked be?  
 Her eyes speech is translated thus by thee:  
 But faillst thou not in phrase so heau'nly hie?  
 Looke on againe, the faire text better trie:  
 What blushing notes doest thou in margine see?  
 What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne?  
 Hast thou found such and such like arguments?  
 Or art thou else to comfort me forsworne?  
 Well, how so thou interpret the contents,  
 I am resolu'd thy errour to maintaine,  
 Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

68

*Stella* the opely Planet of my light,  
 Light of my life, and life of my desire,  
 Chiefe good, whereto my hope doth only aspire,  
 World of my wealth, and heau'n of my delight.  
 Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,  
 With voice more fit to wed *Amphions* lyre,  
 Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,  
 Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?  
 And all in vaine, for while thy breath most sweet,  
 With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,  
 Thy reasons firmly set on *Vertues* feet,  
 Labour to kill in me this killing care:  
 O thinke I then, what paradise of ioy  
 It is, so faire a Vertue to enjoy.

O

69

O'ioy, too high for my low stile to show:  
 O blisse, fit for a nobler stare then me:  
 Enuy, put out thine eyes, least thou do see  
 What Oceans of delight in me do flow.  
 My friend, that oft saw through all maskes my woe,  
 Come, come, and let me poure my selfe on thee;  
 Gone is the winter of my misery,  
 My spring appeares, O see what here doth grow.  
 For *Stella* hath his words where faith do h shine,  
 Of her high heart giu'n me the monarchie;  
 I, I, ô I may say, that she is mine.  
 And though she giue this but conditionally  
 This Realme of blisse, while vertuous course I take,  
 No Kings be crown'd, but they some couenants make,

70

My Muse may well grudge at my heauenly ioy,  
 It still I force her in sad rimes to creepe:  
 She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes to enioy  
 Nectar of Mirth, since I *Loues* cup do keepe.  
 Sonets be not bound premise to annoy:  
 Trebles sing high, as well as bales deepe:  
 Griefe but *Loues* winter liuery is, the Boy  
 Hath checkes to smile, as well as eyes to weepe.  
 Comethen my Muse, shew thou height of delight  
 In well raise notes, my pen the best it may  
 Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.  
 Cease eager Muse, peace pen, for my sake stay,  
 I giue you here my hand for truth of this,  
 Wise silence is best musicke vnto blisse.

71

Who will in fairest booke of Nature know,  
 How Vertue may best lodg'd in beautie be,  
 Let him but learne of *Loue* to reade in thee  
*Stella*, those faire lines, which true goodnesse show.  
 There shall he find all vices ouerthrow,  
 Not by rude force, but sweetest soueraignitie  
 Of reason, from whose light those night-birds flye;  
 That inward sunne in thine eyes shineth so.  
 And not content to be perfections heire  
 Thy selfe, doest striue all minds that way to moue:  
 Who marke in thee what is in thee most faire.  
 So while thy beauty drawes the heart to loue,  
 As fast thy Vertue bends that loue to good:  
 But ah, Desire still cryes, giue me some food.

Zz 2

Desire, though thou my old companion art,  
 And oft so clings to my pure Loue, that I  
 One from the other scarcely can descric,  
 While each doth blow the fier of my hart;  
 Now from thy fellowship I needs must part,  
*Venus* is taught with *Dians* wings to flie:  
 I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;  
*Vertues* gold now must head my *Cupids* dart.  
 Service and Honor, wonder with delight,  
 Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,  
 Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite.  
 These things are left me by my only Deare;  
 But thou Desire, because thou wouldst haue all,  
 Now banisht are, but yet alas how shall:

## Second song

*Haue I taught my bea' nly iewell,*  
*Teaching sleepe most faire to be?*  
*Now will I teach her that she,*  
*When she wakes is too cruell.*  
*Since sweet sleepe her eyes hath charmed,*  
*The two only darts of Loue:*  
*Now wil I with that boy proue*  
*Some play, while he is disarmed.*  
*Her tongue waking still refuseth,*  
*Giuing frankly niggard No:*  
*Now will I attempt to know,*  
*What No her tongue sleeping vseth.*  
*She the hand which waking gardeth,*  
*Sleeping, grants a free resort:*  
*Now wil I invade the fort;*  
*Cowards Loue with losse rewardeth.*  
*But O foole, thinke of the danger,*  
*Of her iust and high disdaine:*  
*Now will I alas refraine,*  
*Loue feares nothing else but anger.*  
*Yet those lips so sweetly smelling,*  
*Doinuite a stealing kisse:*  
*Now will I but venture this,*  
*Who will read must first learne spelling.*  
*Oh sweet kisse, but ah she is waking,*  
*Lowring beauty chastens me:*  
*Now will I away hence flee:*  
*Foole, more foole, for no more taking.*

Loue



73

*Loue* still a boy, and oft a wanton is,  
 School'd onely by his mothers tender eye:  
 What wonder then if he his lesson misse,  
 When for so soft a rod deare play he trie?  
 And yet my *Starre*, because a sugred kisse  
 In sport I suckt, while she asleepe did lie,  
 Doth lowe, nay, chide; nay, threat for only this:  
 Sweet, it was saucie *Loue*, not humble I.  
 But no scuse serues, she makes her wrath appeare  
 In Beauties throne, (see now who dares come neare  
 Those scarlet iudges, theating bloudy paine?)  
 O heau'nly foole, thy most kisse-worthie face,  
 Anger inueltts with such a louely grace,  
 That Anger selfe I needs must kisse againe.

74

I neuer dranke of *Aganippe* well,  
 Nor euer did in shade of *Tempe* sit:  
 And Muses scorne with vulgar braines to dwell,  
 Poore Layman I, for sacred rites vnfit.  
 Some do I heare of Poets furie tell,  
 But (God wo.) wot not what they meane by it:  
 and this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,  
 I am no pick-purse of anothers wit.  
 How falles it then, that with so smooth an ease  
 My thoughts I speake, and what I speake doth flow  
 In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?  
 Guesse we the cause, what is it thus? fie no:  
 Or so? much lesse: how then? sure thus it is:  
 My lips are sweet, inspit'd with *Stellas* kisse.

75

Of all the kings that euer here did raigne,  
*Edward* named fourth, as first in praise I name  
 Not for his faire outside, nor well lined braine;  
 Although lesse gifts impe feathers oft on Fame  
 Nor that he could young-wife, wife-valiant frame  
 His Sires reuenge, ioyn'd with a kingdomes gaine:  
 And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* so tame,  
 That ballance weigh'd what sword did late obtaine.  
 Nor that he made the Flouredeluce so fraid,  
 Though strongly hedg'd of bloudy Lyons pawes,  
 That wittie *Lewis* to him a tribute paid.  
 Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause,  
 But only for this worthy knight durst proue  
 To loose his Crowne, rather then faile his *Loue*.

Z z 3

She

76

She comes, and straight therewith her shining twins do moue,  
 Their rayes to me, who in her tedious absence lay  
 Benighted in cold wo, but now appeares my day,  
 The onely light of ioy, the onely warmth of *Loue*.

She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue  
 Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play  
 With such a rose inorne, whose beames most freshly gay  
 Scorch not, but onely do darke chilling sprites remoue.

But lo, while I do speake, it groweth noone with me,  
 Her flamie glistring lights increase with time and place;  
 My heart cries ah, it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:  
 No wind, no shade can coole, what helpe then in my case,  
 But with short breath, long lookes, staid feet & walking hed,  
 Pray that my sunne go downe with meeker beames to bed.

77

Those lookes, whose beames be ioy, whose motion is delight,  
 That face, whose lecture shewes what perfect beautie is:  
 That presence, which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light:  
 That grace, which *Venus* weepes that she her selfe doth misse:  
 That hand, which without touch holds more the *Atlas* might,  
 Those lips, which makes deaths pay a meane price for a kisse:  
 That skin, whose passe-praise hue scorns this pore terme of white:  
 Those words, which do sublime the quintessence of blisse:  
 That voice, which makes the soule plant himselfe in the cares:  
 That conuersation sweet, where such high comforts be,  
 As constred in true speech, the name of heau'n it beares,  
 Makes me in my best thoughts and quietest iudgement see,  
 That in no more but these I might be fully blest:  
 Yet ah, my Mayd'n Muse doth blush to tell the best.

78

O how the pleasant aires of true loue be  
 Infected by those vapours, which arise  
 From out that noysome gulf, which gaping lies  
 Betweene the iawes of hellish Iealousie.

A monster, others harme, selfe-miseric,  
 Beauties plague, Vertues scourge, succour of lies:  
 Who his owne ioy to his owne hurt applies,  
 And onely cherish doth with iniurie.

Who since he hath, by Natures speciall grace,  
 So piercing pawes, as spoile when they embrace,  
 So nimble feet as stirre still, though on thornes:

So manie eyes ay seeking their owne woe,  
 So ample eares as neuer good newes know:  
 Is it not euill that such a Deuill wants hornes?

Sweet

79

Sweet kisse, thy sweets I faine would sweetly endite,  
 Which euen of sweetnesse sweetest sweetner art:  
 Pleasingst contort, where each sense holds a part,  
 Which coupling Doves guides *Venus* chariot right.  
 Best charge, and brauest retrait in *Cupids* fight,  
 A double key, which opens to the heart,  
 Most rich, when most his riches is impart:  
 Neast of young ioyes, schoolmaster of delight,  
 Teaching the meane at once to take and giue  
 The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and  
 The pretie death, while each in other liue. (heale,  
 Poore hopes first wealth, of stage of promist weale,  
 Breakefast of *Loue*, but lo, lo, where she is,  
 Cease we to praise, now pray we for a kisse.

80

Sweet swelling lip, well maist thou swell in pride,  
 Since best wits thinke it wit thee to admire;  
 Natures praise, Vertues stall, *Cupids* cold fire,  
 Whence words, not words, but heau'nly graces slide.  
 The new *Pernassus*, where the Muses bide,  
 Sweetner of musicke, wisedomes beautifier:  
 Breather of life, and fastner of desire,  
 Where Beauties blush in Honours graine is dide.  
 Thus much my heart compeld my mouth to say,  
 But now spite of my heart my mouth will stay,  
 Loathing all lies, doubting this Fatterie is:  
 And no spurre can his resty race renew,  
 Without how farre this praise is short of you,  
 Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweete

81

(kisse.

O kisse, which doest those ruddie gemmes impart,  
 Or gemmes, or fruits of new-found *Paradise*,  
 Breathing all blisse and sweetning to the hart,  
 Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise.  
 O kisse, which soules, euen soules together ties  
 By linkes of *Loue*, and only Natures art:  
 How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,  
 Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part.  
 But she forbids, with blushing words, she sayes,  
 She builds her fame on higher seated praise:  
 but my heart burnes, I cannot silent be.  
 Then since (deare life) you faine wold haue me peace,  
 And I mad with delight, want wit to cease,  
 Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

Z z 4

Nymph



82

Nymph of the garden; where all beauties be:  
 Beauties which do in excellencie passe:  
 His who till death lookt in a watter glasse,  
 Or hers whome naked the *Troian* boy did see.  
 Sweet garden Nymph, which keeps the Cherrie tree:  
 Whose fruit doth farre th' *Esperian* tast surpass:  
 Most sweet-faire, most faire-sweet, do not alas,  
 From comming neare those Cherries banish me:  
 For though full of desire, emptie of wit,  
 Admitted late by your best-graced grace,  
 I caught at one of them a hungrie bit;  
 Pardon that fault, once more graunt me the place,  
 And I do sweare euen by the same delight,  
 I will but kisse, I neuer more will bite,

83

Good brother *Philsp*, I haue borne you long,  
 I was content you should in fauour creepe,  
 While craftily you seem'd your cut to keepe,  
 As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong.  
 I bare (with Enuie) yet I bare your song,  
 When in her necke you did *Loue* ditties peepe;  
 Nay, more foole I, oft suffered you to sleepe  
 In Lillies nest, where *Loues* selte lies along.  
 What doth high place ambitious thoughts augment:  
 Is sawcinesse reward of curtesie?  
 Cannot such grace your silly selfe content,  
 But you must needs with those lips billing be:  
 And through those lips drink Nectar from that toong;  
 Leauethat fir *Phip*, least of your necke be wroong.

## Third song.

If *Orpheus* voyce had force to breathe such musickes loue  
 Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue:  
 If stones good measure daunc'd, the *Theban* walles to build,  
 To cadence of the tunes, which *Amphyons* lyre did yeeld,  
 More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth:  
 O stones, O trees, learne hearing, *Stella* singeth.

If *Loue* might sweet'n so a boy of shepheard brood,  
 To make a *Lizard* dull to taste *Loues* daintie food:  
 If *Eagle* fierce could so in *Grecian* *Maya* delight,  
 As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night:  
 Earth gane that *Loue*, heauen I trow *Loue* refinesh:  
 O beasts, O birds looke, *Loue*, so, *Stella* shinesh.

Thi

*The birds, beasts, stones and trees feele this, and feeling Loue:  
 And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to prone,  
 Nor beasts, nor birds do come vnto this blessed gaze,  
 Know, that smal loue is quicke, and great loue doth amaze:  
 They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,  
 O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmed!*

84

High way since you my chiefe *Pernassus* be,  
 And that my Muse to some eares not vnswet,  
 Tempers her words to trampling horses feet,  
 More oft then to a chamber melody.  
 Now blessed you, beare onward blessed me  
 To her, where I my heart safelest shall meet,  
 My muse and I must you of dutie greet  
 With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.  
 Be you still faire, honourd by publike heed,  
 By no encroachment wrongd, nor time forgot:  
 Nor blam'd for blood, nor sham'd for sinful deed  
 And that you know, I enuy you no lot  
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,  
 Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feet may kisse.

85

I see the house, my heart thy selfe containe,  
 Beware full sailes drown not thy tottering barge:  
 Least ioy by Nature apt spirits to enlarge,  
 Thee to thy wracke beyond the limits straine.  
 Nor do like Lords, whose weake confused braine,  
 Not pointing to fit folkes each vndercharge,  
 While euery office themselues will discharge,  
 With doing all, leaue nothing done but paine.  
 But giue apt seruants their due place, let eyes  
 See Beauties to all summe summ'd in her face:  
 Let eares heare speech, which wit to wonder ties,  
 Let breath suck vp those sweets, let arms embrace  
 The globe of weale, lips *Loues* indentures make:  
 Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

## Fourth song.

*Onely ioy, now here you are,  
 Fit to heare and ease my care:  
 Let my whispering voice obtaine,  
 Sweete reward for sharpest paine:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me:  
 No, no, no, my Deare, let be.*

Night hath closd all in her cloke,  
 Twinkling starres Lowe-thoughts provoke:  
 Danger hence good care doth keepe,  
 Iealousie it selfe dooth sleepe:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Better place no wit can find,  
 Cupids yoke to loose or bind:  
 These sweet flowers on fine bed too,  
 Vs in their best language woo:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me,  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

This small light the Moone bestowes,  
 Serues thy beames but to disclose,  
 So to raise my hap more hie,  
 Feare not else, none can vs spie:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

That you heard was but a Mouse,  
 Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house:  
 Yet a sleep, me thinkes they say,  
 Yong folkes, take time while you may:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard time threats, if we misse  
 This large offer of our blisse:  
 Long stay ere he grant the same.  
 Sweet then, while each thing doth frame:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Your faire mother is a bed,  
 Candles out, and curtaines spread:  
 She thinks you do letters write:  
 Write, but let me first endite:  
 Take me to thee, and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Sweet alas, why strine you thus?  
 Concord better fitteth vs:  
 Leane to Mats the force of hands,  
 Your power in your beautie stands:  
 Take thee to me, and me to thee.  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.



*Wo' to me, and do you sweare  
 Me to hate, but I forbear,  
 Cursed be my destines all,  
 That brought me so high to fall:  
 Soone with my death I will please  
 No, no, no, no, my Deare let be. (thoe.*

## 86

*Alas, whence came this change of lookes? if I  
 Haue chang'd, let mine owne conscience be  
 A still felt plague, to selfe condemning me:  
 Let wo gripe on my heart, shame loade mine eye.  
 But if all faith, like spotlesse Ermine ly  
 Safe in my soule, which only doth to thee  
 (As his sole obiect of felicitie)  
 With wings of Love in aire of wonder fly.  
 O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slaue:  
 In iustice paines come not till faults do call,  
 Or if I needs (sweet Iudge) must torments haue,  
 Use something else to chaste'n me withall,  
 Then those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,  
 No doome should make once heau'n become his  
 (hell.*

## Fift song.

*While fauour fed my hope, delight with hope is brought,  
 Thought waited on delight; and speech did follow thought:  
 Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory:  
 I thought all words were lost, that were not spent of thee:  
 I thought each place was dark but where thy lights would be,  
 And all eares worse then deafe, that heard not out thy story.*

*I said, thou wert most faire, and so indeed thou art:  
 I said, thou art most sweet, sweet poison to my heart:  
 I said, my soule was thine (O that I then had lied)  
 I said, thine eyes were starres, thy breasts the milk'n way,  
 Thy fingers Cupids shafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:  
 And al I said so wel, as no man it denied,*

*But now that hope is lost, unkindnesse kills delight,  
 Yet thought and speech doline, though metamorphos'd quite.  
 For rage now rules the raines, which guided were by pleasure.  
 I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise,  
 That speech fals now to blame, which did thy honor raise,  
 The same key op'n can, which can looke up a treasure.*

Thou then whom partial heaucns conspir'd in one to frame,  
 The prooue of beauties worth, th' enheretrix of fame;  
 The mansion seat of blisse, and iust excuse of Lovers;  
 See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew most high:  
 Shee what clouds of reproch shall darke thy honours sky,  
 Whose owne fault casts him downe, hardly high seat recouers,

And O my Muse, though oft you luld her in your lap,  
 And then a heav'nly child gaue her Ambrosian pap:  
 And to that braine of hers your hidnest gifts infused,  
 Since she disdain'd me, doth you in me disdaine:  
 Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer paine:  
 Princes in subiects wrongd, must deem themselues abused.

Your Client poore my selfe, shal Stella handle so?  
 Reuenge, reuenge, my Muse. Defiance trumpet blow:  
 Threat'n what may be done, yet do more then you threat'n.  
 Ah, my sute granted is, I feele my breast doth swell;  
 Now child, a lesſon new you shall begin to spell:  
 Sweet babes must babies haue, but shrewd gyrls must be beat'n.

Think now no more to heare of warme fine odour'd snow,  
 Nor blushing Lillies, nor pearles rubby-hidden row,  
 Nor of that golden sea, whose waues in curles are broken:  
 But of thy soule, so fraught with such vngatefulnesse,  
 As where thou soone mightst helpe, most faith doſt most oppresse  
 Vngateful who is cald, the worst of euils is spok'n.

Yet worse then worst, I say thou art a theefe, a theefe?  
 Now God forbid. A theefe, and of worst theeues the cheefe:  
 Theeues steale for need, & steale but goods which paine recouer  
 But thou rich in al ioies, doest rob my ioies from me,  
 Which cannot be restor'd a by time nor industrie:  
 Offoes the spoile is euil, far worse of constant louers.

Yet gentle English theeues dorob, but wil not slay;  
 Thou English murdering theefe, wilt haue harts for thy pray:  
 The name of murderer now on thy faire forehead sitteth:  
 And euen while I do speake, my death wounds bleeding be:  
 Which (I protest) porceed from only Cruell thee,  
 Who may and wil not saue, murder in truth committeth,

But murder priuate fault seemes but a toy to thee,  
 I lay then to thy charge vniustest tyrannie,  
 If Rule by force without all claime a Tyrant showeth,  
 For thou doſt load my heart, who am not borne thy slaue,  
 And which is worse, makes me most guiltlesse torments haue,  
 A rightfull Prince by vnright deeds a Tyrant groweth.

*Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrans make folke bow:  
 Offoule rebellion then I do appeach thee now;  
 Rebelle by natures law, Rebelle by law of reason,  
 Thou sweetest subiect wert borne in the realme of Lowe,  
 And yet against the Prince thy force dost daily proue:  
 No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of treason.*

*But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouthes purchase fame:  
 I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,  
 Both Rebelle to the Sunne, and vagrant from the mother;  
 For wearing Venus badge, in euery part of thee,  
 Vnto Dianæ traine thou run away didst fly:  
 Who faileth one, is false; though trustie to another.*

*What is not this enough: nay far worse commeth here;  
 A witch I say thou art though thou so faire appeares;  
 For protest, my sight neuer thy face enioieth,  
 But I in me am chang'd, I am a liue and dead:  
 My feet are turn'd to roots, my hart becommeth lead,  
 No witchcraft is so euil, as which mans mind destroyeth.*

*Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse then they,  
 A las, that I am forst such euil of thee to say,  
 I say thou art a Deuill though clothd in Angel; shining;  
 For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the heau'n for thee,  
 And thy words of refuse, do powre euen hell on me:  
 Who tempt, & tempted plague, are Devils in true defining.*

*You then vngateful thiefe, you murdering Tyran you,  
 You Rebelle run away, to Lord and Lady vntrue,  
 You witch, you Diuill (alas) you stil of me beloued,  
 You see what I can say; mend yet your forward mind,  
 And such, skil in my muse you reconcil'd shal find,  
 That at these cruel words your praises shal be proued.*

Sixt song.

*O you that heare this voice,  
 O you that see this face,  
 Say whether of the choice  
 Deserues the former place:  
 Feare not to iudge this bate,  
 For it is void of hate.*



*This side doth beauty take,  
For that doth Musike speake,  
Fit oratours to make  
The strongest iudgments weake :  
The barre to plead their right,  
Is only true delight.*

*Thus doth the voice and face,  
These gentle Lawyers wage,  
Like louing brothers case,  
For Fathers heritage :  
That each while each contends,  
It selfe to other lends.*

*For beauty be autifies,  
With heauenly hew and grace,  
The heauenly harmonies;  
And in this faultlesse face,  
The perfect beauties be  
A perfect harmony.*

*Musicke more loftly swels  
In speeches nobly placed,  
Beauty as farre excels,  
In action aptly graced :  
A friend each party drawes,  
To countenance his cause :*

*Loue more affected seemes  
To beauties louely light,  
And wonder more esteemes  
Of Musicke wondrous might :  
But both to both so bent,  
As both in both are spent.*

*Musicke doth witnesse call,  
The eare, his truth to trie :  
Beauty brings to the hall,  
Eye-iudgment of the eye,  
Both in their obiects such,  
As no exceptions tutch.*

*The common sense, which might  
Be Arbiter of this,  
To be forsooth upright,  
To both sides partiaall is :  
He layes on this side chiefe praise,  
Chiefe praise on that he layes.*

*The*

*Then reason Princeſſe hy,  
 yVhoſe throne is in the mind,  
 which Muſicke can in ſkie  
 And his den beauties find,  
 Say whether thou wilt crowne,  
 VVith limitleſſe renowne.*

## Seuenth ſong.

*Whoſe ſenſes in ſo enill conſort, their ſtepdams Nature laies,  
 That rauſhing delight in them moſt ſweet tunes do not raiſe;  
 Or if they do delight therein, yet are ſo cloſe with wit,  
 As with ſententions lips to ſet a litle vaine on it:  
 O let them heare theſe ſacred tunes, & learne in wonders ſchooles,  
 To be in things paſt bounds of wit fooles, if they be not fooles.*

*Who haue ſo leaden eyes, as not to ſee ſweet beauties ſhow,  
 Or ſeeking, haue ſo wadden wits, as not that worth to know;  
 Or knowing, haue ſo muddy minds, as not to be in lone;  
 Or louing, haue ſo frothy thoughts, as eaſly thence to moue:  
 O let them ſee theſe beaunenly beames, and in faire letters reed  
 A leſſon fit, both ſight and ſkill, lone and firme lone to breed.*

*Heare then, but then with wonder heare; ſee but adorning ſee;  
 No mortall gifts, no earthly fruiſs, now here deſcended be:  
 See, do you ſee this face? a face? nay image of the ſkies,  
 Of which the two life-gining lgts are figured in her eyes:  
 Heare you this ſoule-inuading voice, and count it but a voice?  
 The very eſſence of their tunes, when Angels do reioice.*

## Eight ſong.

*In a grove moſt rich of ſhade,  
 VVhere birds wanton muſicke made  
 May then yong his pide weeds ſhowing,  
 New perfumed with flower: freſh growing,*

*Aſtrophel with Stella ſweet,  
 Dia for mutuall comfort meet,  
 Both within themſelues oppreſſed,  
 But each in the other bleſſed.*

*Him great harmes had taught much care,  
 Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,  
 But her ſight his cares did baniſh,  
 In her ſight her yoke did vaniſh.*

*VVept they had alas the while,  
 But now teares themſelues did ſmile,  
 while their eyes by lone directed,  
 Enterchangeable reflected.*

*Sigh they did, but now betwixt  
Sighs of woes were glad sighs mixt,  
With armes crost, yet testifying  
Restlesse rest, and lining dying.*

*Their eares hungry of each word,  
Which thee deere tongue would afford,  
But their tongues restrained from walking,  
Till their harts had enaet talking.*

*But when their tongues could not speake,  
Loue it selfe did silence breake,  
Loue did set his lips asunder,  
Thus to speake in loue and wonder:*

*Stella soueraigne of my ioy,  
Faire triumpher of annoy,  
Stella starre of beauenly fier,  
Stella loe a star of desier.*

*Stella in whose shining eyes,  
Are the lights of Cupids skies,  
Whose beams where they once are darted,  
Loue therewith is freight imparted.*

*Stella, whose voice when it speakes,  
Senses all asunder breakes;  
Stella, whose voice when it singeth,  
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.*

*Stella in whose body is  
Writ each character of blisse;  
Whose face all beauty passeth,  
Saue thy mind which yet surpasseth.*

*Graunt, O grant, but speech alas,  
Failes me, fearing one to passe,  
Graunt, O me, what am I saying?  
But no fault there is in praying.*

*Graunt, O deere, on knee: I pray,  
(Knees on ground he then did stay)  
That not I, but since I loue you,  
Time and place for me may moue you.*

*Neuer season was more fit,  
Neuer roe me more apt for it;  
Smiling ayre allowes my reason,  
These birds sing; now vse the season.*

*This*



*This small wind which so sweet is,  
See how it the leaues doth kisse,  
Ech tree in his best attyring,  
Sense of loue to loue inspiring.*

*Loue makes earth the water drinke,  
Loue to earth makes water sinke;  
And if dumbe things be so wistie,  
Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?*

*There his hand in their speech, faine  
Would haue made tongues language plaine;  
But her hands his hands repelling;  
Gane repulse all grace excelling.*

*Then she spake; her speech was such,  
As not eare, but hart did twitch:  
While such wise she loue denyed,  
As yet loue she signified.*

*Astrophel sayd she, my loue  
Cease in these effects to proue:  
Now be still, yet still beleue me,  
Thy griefe more then death would griefe me.*

*If that any thought in me,  
Can last comfort but of thee.  
Let me fed with hellish anguish,  
Ioylesse, hopelesse, endlesse languish.*

*If those eyes you praised be  
Halfe so deere as you to me,  
Let me home returne, stark blind  
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.*

*If to secret of my heart,  
I do any wish impart,  
Where thou art not formost placed,  
Be both wish and I defaced.*

*If more may be said, I say,  
All my blisse in thee I lay;  
If thou loue, my loue content thee,  
For all loue, alfaith is meant thee.*

*Trust me while I thee deny,  
In my selfe the smart I try,  
Tyran honour doth thus vse thee,  
Stellas selfe might not refuse thee.*

Therefore, Deere, this no more moue,  
 Least though I leaue not thy loue,  
 Which too deep in me is framed,  
 I should blush when thou art named.

Therewith all way she went,  
 Leaning him to passion rent,  
 With what she had done and spoken,  
 That therewith my song is broken.

Ninth song.

Go my flocke, go get you hence,  
 Seeke a better place of feeding,  
 Where you may haue some defence  
 Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,  
 And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom al wo  
 Can abide to keep no measure,  
 Merry flocke, such one forgoe,  
 Vnto whom mirth is displeasure,  
 Only rich in mischieses treasure.

Yet alas before you go,  
 Heare your wofull Maisters story,  
 Which to stones I else would show;  
 Sorrow only then hath glory:  
 When tis excellently sory.

Stella fiercest shepherdesse,  
 Fiercest but yet fairest euer;  
 Stella whom O heauens do bleesse,  
 Tho against me she perseuer;  
 Tho i blisse inherit neuer.

Stella hath refused me,  
 Stella who more loue hath proued,  
 In this caitife heart to be,  
 Then can in good eares be moued  
 Toward Lamkins best beloued.

Sella hath refused me,  
 Astrophel that so well serued,  
 In this pleasant spring must see  
 While in pride flowers be preserued,  
 Himselfe only winter-strued

VVhy alas doth she then sweare,  
 That she loueth me so dearely,  
 Seeing me so long to beare  
 Coles of loue that burne so clearely;  
 And yet leaue me helpleffe meerehy?

*Is that loue: forsooth I trow,  
If I saw my good dog grieued,  
And a helpe for him did know,  
My loue should not be beliened.  
But he were by me reliened.*

*No, she hates me, well away,  
Faining loue, somewhat to please me:  
For she knowes, if she display  
All her hate, death soon would seaze me,  
And of hideous torments ease me.*

*Then adieu, deere stocke adieu:  
But alas, if in your straying  
Heauenly Stella meete with you,  
Tell in her piteous blaying,  
Her poore slaues vniust decaying.*

## 87

*When I was forst from Stella euer deere,  
Stella food of my thoughts, hart of my hart,  
Stella whose eyes make all my temsteps cleere,  
By iron lawes of duty to depart:*

*Alas I found, that she with me did smart,  
I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare;  
I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,  
And her sad words my saddest sence did heare.*

*For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so,  
I sighd her sighes, and wailed for her woe,  
Yet sinam in ioy, such loue in her was seene.*

*Thus while the effect most bitter was to me,  
And nothing then the cause more sweet could be,  
I had been vext, if vext I had not beene.*

## 88

*Our traytor absence, darest thou counsell me,  
From my deare Captainnesse to run away?  
Because in braue array here marcheth she,  
That to winne me, oft shewes a present pay?*

*Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee;  
When Sun is hid, can startes such beames display?  
Cannot heau'ns food once felt, keep stomakes free  
From base desire on earthly cates to pray.*

*Tush absence while thy mistes eclipse that light,  
My Orphan sence flies to the inward sight,  
Where memory sets foot with the beames of loue,*



That where before hart loued and eyes did see,  
 In hart doth sight and loue now coupled be;  
 Vnited powers make each the stronger proue.

## 89

Now that of absence the most irksome night,  
 With darkeſt ſhade doth ouercome my day;  
 Since *Stella*'s eyes wont to giue me my day,  
 Leauing my Hemisphere, leaue me in night,  
 Each day ſeems long, and longs for long-ftaid night;  
 The night as tedious, wooes th' approach of day.  
 Tired with the duſty toiles of buſie day,  
 Languiſht with horrors of the ſilent night;  
 Suffering the euils both of the day and night,  
 While no night is more darke then is my day,  
 Nor no day hath leſſe quiet then my night:  
 With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day,  
 That liuing thus in blackeſt winter night,  
 I feele the flames of hotteſt ſommer day.

## 90

*Stella* thinke not that I by verſe ſeeke fame,  
 Who ſeeke, who hope, who loue, who liue but thee;  
 Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine hiſtory:  
 If thou praiſe not, all other praiſe is ſhame.  
 Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame  
 A neſt for my yong praiſe in Lawrell tree:  
 In truth I ſweare, I wiſh not there ſhould be  
 Graued in mine Epitaph a Poets name:  
 Ne if I would, I could iuſt title make,  
 That any laud to me thereof ſhould grow,  
 Without my plumes from others wings I take.  
 For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,  
 Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,  
 And loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

## 91

*Stella*, now while by humors cruell might,  
 I am from you, light of my life miſ-led,  
 And that faire you my Sunne, thus ouerſpred,  
 With abſence Vaile, I liue in Sorowes night.  
 If this darke place yet ſhew like candle light,  
 Some beauties peece as amber coloured hed,  
 Milk hands, roſe cheeks, or lips more ſweet, more red,  
 Or ſeeing gets blacke, but in blackneſſe bright.

They

They please I do confesse, they please mine eyes,  
But why? because of you they models be,  
Models such be wood-globes of glistering skies.

Deere therefore be not iealous ouer me,  
If you heare that they see me my hart to moue,  
Not them, O no, but you in them I loue.

92

Be your words made (good Sir) of indian ware,  
That you allow me them by so small rate?  
Or do you cutted Spartanes imitate,  
Or do you meane my tender cares to spare?

That to my questions you so totall are,  
When I demand of *Phenix Stellas* state,  
You say forsooth, you left her well of late,  
O God, thinke you that satisfies my care?

I would know whether she sit or walke,  
How cloth'd, how waited on, sighd she or smild,  
Whereof, with whom, how often did she talke,

With what pastime, times iourney she beguilde,  
If her lip, daignd to sweeten my poore name,  
Say all, and all, we said, still say the same.

## Tenth song.

O deare life, when shall it be,  
That mine eyes thine eyes may see?  
And in them thy mind discover,  
Whether absence haue had force  
Thy remembrance do disuorce,  
From the image of the louer?

Or if I me selfe find not,  
After parting ought forgot,  
Nor debar'd from beauties treasure  
Let no tongue aspire to tell,  
In what high ioyes I shall dwell,  
Only thought aymes at the pleasure,

Thought therefore I will send thee,  
To take up the place for me;  
Long I wil not after tary.  
There vnseen thou maist be bold,  
Those faire wonders to behold,  
Whish in them my hopes do cary.

*Thought see thou no place forbear,  
Enter brauely enery where,  
Seaze on all to her belonging;  
But if thou wouldst garded be,  
Fearing her beames, take with thee  
Strength of liking, rage of longing.*

*Thinke of that most gratefull time,  
When my leaping heart will clime,  
In my lips to haue his bidding,  
There those roses for to kisse,  
Which do breath a supred blisse,  
Opening subies, pearles deuinding.*

*Thinke of my most Princely power,  
When I blessed shall denower,  
VVith my greedy licorous senses,  
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, loue  
While she doth against me prone  
Her strong daris but weak defences.*

*Thinke, thinke of those dalyings,  
VVhen with Donelike murmuring,  
With glad moning passed anyish,  
We change eyes, and hart for hart,  
Each to other do depart.  
Ioying till ioy make vs languish.*

*O my thought my thoughts surcease,  
Thy delights my woes increase,  
My life melts with too much think-  
Think no more but dy in me, (ing;  
Till thou shalt reuiued be,  
At her lips my Nectar drinking.*

93

*O fate O fault, O curse child of my blisse, (how?  
What sobs can giue words grace my griefeto  
What inke is blacke inough to paint my wo?  
Through me, wretch me, euen Stella vexed is.*

*Yet truth (if Caitifs breath may call thee) this  
Witnesse with me, that my foule stumbling so,  
From carefulnesse did in no manner grow,  
But wit confus'd with too much care did misse.*

*And do I then my selfe this vaine scuse giue?  
I haue (liue I and know this) harmed thee.  
Tho worlds quite me, shall I my selfe forgine?  
Onely*



Only with paines my paines thus eased be,  
That all my hurts in my harts racke I reede;  
I cry thy sighs; my deere, thy teares I bleede.

## 94

Griefe find thy words for thou hast made my braine  
So darke with misty vapors, which arise  
From out thy heauy mould, that in bent eyes  
Can scarce discerne the shape of mine owne paine.  
Do thou then (for thou canst) do thou complaine,  
For my poore soule, which now that sicknesse tryes,  
Which euen to sence, sence of it selfe denies,  
Though harbengers of death lodge there his traine.  
Or if thy loue of plaint yet mine forbears,  
As of a caitife worthy so to dye,  
Yet waile thy selfe, and waile with causefull teares,  
That though in wretchednesse thy life doth lye,  
Yet growst more wretched then thy nature beares,  
By being placed in such a wretch as I.

## 95

Yet sighes, deere sighs, indeed true friends you are,  
That do not leaue your left friend at the wurst,  
But as you with my breast I oft haue nurst,  
So gratefull now you waite vpon my care.  
Faint coward ioy no longer tarrie dare,  
Seeing hope yeeld when this wo strake him furst:  
Delight protests he is not for the accurst,  
Though oft him selfe my mate in arme he sware.  
Nay sorrow comes with such maine rage, that he  
Kills his owne children, teares finding that they  
By loue were made apt to consort with me.  
Onely true sighs, you do not go away,  
Thanke may you haue for such a thankfull part,  
Thanke worthiest yet when you shall breake my hart.

## 96

Thought with good cause thou likest so well the night,  
Since kin or chance giues both one liuerie,  
Both sadly blacke both blackly darkened be,  
Night bard from Sun, thou from thy one Sun light;  
Silence in both displaies his sullen might,  
low heauinesse in both holds on degree,  
That full of doubts, thou of perplexitys  
Thy teares expresse nights natue moisture right.

In both amazefull solitarinesse:  
 In night of sprites the gaffly powers to stir,  
 In thee or sprites or spirited gafflinesse:  
 But but (alas) nights side the ods hath fur,  
 For that at length yet doth inuie some rest,  
 Thou though still tired, yet still doost it detest.

## 97

*Dian* that faine would cheare her friend the Night,  
 Shewes her oft at the full her fairest face,  
 Bringing with her those starry Nimps, whose chace  
 From heauenly standing hits each mortall wight.  
 But ah poore Night in loue with *Phæbus* light,  
 And endlesse despairing of his grace,  
 Her selfe (to shew no other ioy hath place)  
 Silent and sad in mourning weedes doth dight:  
 Euen so (alas) a Lady *Dians* peere,  
 With choise delights and rarest company,  
 Would faine driue clouds from out my heauy cheere  
 But wo is me, though ioy it selfe were she,  
 She could not shew my blind braine waies of ioy,  
 VVhile I despair my Sunnes sight to enioy,

## 98

Ah bed, the field where ioies peace some do see.  
 The field where all my thoughts to warre be traid,  
 How is thy grace by my strange fortune staid!  
 How thy lee shores by my sighes stormed be!  
 With sweet soft shades thou oft inuitest me  
 To steale some rest, but wretch I am constraind,  
 (Spurd with loues spur, though gold & shortly rained  
 VVith cares hard hand) to turne and tosse in thee;  
 VVhile the blacke horrors of the silent night,  
 Paint woes blacke face so liuely to my sight,  
 That tedious leasure makes each winckled line:  
 But when *Aurora* leades out *Phæbus* daunce,  
 Mine eyes then only winke, for spite perchance,  
 That worms should haue their Sun, and I want mine.

## 99

VVhen farre spent night perswades each mortall eye,  
 to whom not art nor nature granteth light,  
 To lay his then marke wanting shafts of sight,  
 Clos'd with their quiuers in sleeps armory;  
 VVith

VWith windowes ope then most my minde doth lye,  
Viewing the shape of darkenesse and delight;  
Takes in that sad hue, which with th'inward night,  
Of his mazde powers keepes perfit harmony:

But when birds charme, and that sweet aire, which is  
Mornes messenger, with rose enameld skies  
Cals each wight to salute the floure of blisse;

In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,  
Forst by their Lord who is asham'd to find  
Such light in sence, with such a darkned mind.

100

O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,  
Making those Lillies and those Roses grow, (show,  
Which ay most faire, now more then most faire  
VWhile gracefull pittie beauty beautifies.

O honied sighs, which from that breast do rise,  
VWhose pants do make vnspilling creame to flow,  
V Ving'd with whose breath so pleasing *Zephires*  
As can refresh the hell where my soule fries. (blow

O plants conseru'd in such a furdged phraile,  
That eloquence it selfe enuiues your praise,  
VWhile sobd out words a perfect Musicke giue.

Such teares, sighs, plaints, no sorrow is but ioy:  
Or if such heauenly signes must proue annoy;  
All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow liue.

101

*Stella* is sicke, and in that sicke bed lies  
Sweetnesse, which breathes and pants as oft as she:  
And grace sicke too, such fine conclusions tries,  
That sicknesse brags it selfe best graced to be.

Beauty is sicke, but sicke in so faire guise,  
That in that palenesse beauties white we see,  
And ioy which is inseperate from those eyes:  
*Stella* now learnes (strange case) to weepe in thee.

Loue moues thy paine, and like a faithfull page  
As thy looks sturre, comes vp and downe to make  
All folkes prest at thy will thy paine to assuage,

Nature with care sweates for her darlings sake,  
Knowing worldspasse, ere she enough can find  
Of such heauen stuffe, to cloath so heauenly a mind

B bb



102

Where be those Roses gone, which sweetned so our eyes?  
 Where those red cheeks, which oft with faire encrease did frame  
 The height of honor in the kindly badge of shame?  
 Who hath the crimson weeds stolne from my morning skies?  
 How doth the colour vade of those vermilion dies,  
 Which Nature selfe did make and selfe engraind the same?  
 I would know by what right this palenesse ouercame  
 That hue, whose force my hart still vnto thraldome ties?  
*Gallens* adoptiue sonnes, who by a beaten way  
 Their iudgements hackney on the fault on sicknesse lay,  
 But feeling prooffe makes me (say they) mistake it farre:  
 It is but loue which makes his paper perfit white,  
 To write therein more fresh the storie of delight,  
 While beauties reddest inke *Venus* for him doth sturre.

103

O happie Tems, that did my *Stella* beare,  
 I say my selfe with many a smiling line  
 Vpon thy cheerefull face, ioyes liuery weare:  
 While those faire planets on thy streames did shine.  
 The bore for ioy could not daunce forbeare,  
 While wanton winds with beauties so diuine  
 Rauisht, staid not, till in her golden haire  
 They did themselues (O sweetest prison) twine.  
 And faine those *Æols* youth there would their stay  
 Haue made, but forst by Nature stile to flie,  
 First did with puffing kisse those lockes display:  
 She so discheueld, blusht; from window I  
 With sight thereof cride out; O faire disgrace,  
 Let honor selfe to thee graunt highest place.

104

Enuious wits what hath bene mine offence,  
 That with such poysonous care my looks you marke,  
 That each word, nay sight of mine you harke,  
 As grudging me my sorowes eloquence?  
 Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,  
 Thence, so farre thence, that scarcely any sparke  
 Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,  
 Where rigours exile lockes vp all my sense?  
 But if I by a happy window passe,  
 If I but stars vpon mine armour beare,  
 Sicke, thirsty, glad (though but of empty glasse:)  
 Your morall notes straight my hid meaning teare,  
 From out my ribs, and puffing proues that I  
 Do *Stella* loue, fooles who doth it deny?

Eleuenth

## Eleuenth song.

*Who is it that this darke night,  
Vnderneath my window plaineth?  
It is one who from thy sight.  
Being (ah) exild, disdaineth  
Euery other vulgar light.*

*Why alas, and are you he?  
Be not yet those fancies changed?  
Deere when you find change in me,  
Though from me you be estranged,  
Let my chaunge to ruine be.*

*Well in absence this will dy,  
Leaue to see, and leaue to wonder:  
Absence sure will helpe, if I  
Can learne, how my selfe to sunder  
From what in my heart doth ly.*

*But time wil these thoughts remove:  
Time doth worke what no man knoweth  
Time doth as the subiect proue,  
With time still the affection groweth  
In the faithfull Turtle done.*

*What if you new beauties see,  
Will not they stir new affection?  
I will thinke thy pictures be,  
(Image like of Saints perfection)  
Poorely counterfeiting thee.*

*But your reasons purest light,  
Bids you leaue such minds to nourish?  
Deere, do reason no such spite,  
Neuer doth thy beauty flourish  
More, then in my reasons sight.*

*But the wrongs loue beares, wil make  
Loue at length leaue vnder taking;  
No the more fooles it do shake,  
In a ground of so firme making,  
Deeper still they driue the stake.*

*Peace, I thinke that some giue care:  
Come no more, least I get anger.  
Blisse, I will my blisse forbear,  
Fearing (sweete) you to endanger,  
But my soule shal harbour thee.*

Wel, be gone; be gone I say,  
 Lest that Argus eyes perceine you,  
 O vniust fortunes sway,  
 Which can make me thus to leaue you,  
 And from lewts to run away.

105

Vnhappy sight, and hath she vanish by  
 So neere, in so good time so free a place?  
 Dead glasse doost thou thy object to imbrace,  
 As what my hart still sees thou canst not spie?

If sweare by her I loue and lacke, that I  
 Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race  
 Onely vnto th echeau'n of *Stella's* face,  
 Counting but dust what in the wall did lye.

But cease mine eyes, your teares do witnesse well.  
 That you guiltlesse thereof, your Nectar mist:  
 Curst be the page from whence the bad torch fell,

Curst be the night which did your strife resist,  
 Curst be the Cochman which did driue so fast,  
 With no worle curse then absence makes me tast.

106

O absent prefence *Stella* is not here;  
 False flattering hope, that with so faire a face,  
 Bare me in hand, that in this Orphane place,  
*Stella*, I say my *Stella*, should appeare.

What saist thou now, where is that dainty cheere;  
 Thou toldst mine eyes should help their famist case?  
 But thou art gone now that selfe felt disgrace,  
 Doth make me most to wish thy comfort neere.

But heere I do store of faire Ladies meete,  
 VWho may with charme of conuersation sweete,  
 Make in my heauy mould new thoughts to grow:

Sure they preuaile as much with me, as he  
 That bad his friend but then new maim'd, to be  
 Mery with him, and not thinke of his woe.

107

*Stella* since thou so right a Princesse art  
 Of all the powers which life bestowes on me,  
 That ere by them ought vndertaken be,  
 They first resort vnto that soueraigne part;

Sweete



Sweet for a while giue respite to my heart,  
 Which pants as though it still should leape to thee:  
 And on my thoughts giue thy Lieftenancy  
 To this great cause, which needs both vse and art.

And as a Queene, who from her presence sends  
 Whom the imployes, dismisse from thee my wit,  
 Till it hath wrought what thy owne will attends.

On seruants shame of Maisters blame doth sit  
 O let not fooles in me thy workes reprove,  
 And scorning say, see what it is to loue.

108

When sorrow (vsing mine owne fiers might)  
 Melts downe his lead into my boyling brest,  
 Through that darke fornace to my hart opprest,  
 There shines a ioy from thee my only light;

But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,  
 And my young soule flutters to thee his nest,  
 Most rude dispaire my dayly vnbidden guest.  
 Clips streight my wings, straight wraps me in his  
 (night,

And makes me then bow downe my head, and say,  
 Ah what doth *Phæbus* gold that wretch auaille,  
 Whom iron doores do keepe from vse of day?

So strangely (alas) thy works in me preuaile,  
 That in my woes for thee thou art my ioy,  
 And in my ioyes for thee my only annoy.

The end of *Astrophell* and *Stella*.

Bbb3

# Her most Excellent Maiestie WALKING IN WANDSTEED GARDEN, AS SHE PASSED DOWNE INTO THE GROVE, THERE CAME SVDDENLY AMONG THE TRaine,

one apparelled like an honest mans wife of the countrey, where crying out

*for iustice; and desiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to speake a*

*good word for her, she was brought to the presence of her*

*Maiestie to whom vpon her knees she offered*

*a supplication, and vsed this*

*speech.*

*The Suster*



Oft faire Lady, for as for other your titles of state statelier persons shall give you, and thus much mine owne eyes are witness of, take here the complaint of me poore wretch, as deeply plunged in miserie, as I wish to you the highest point of happiness.

One onely daughter I haue, in whom I had placed all the hops of my good hap, so well had she with her good parts recompenced my paine of bearing of her, and care of bringing her vp: but now alas that she is come to the time I should reape my full comfort of her, so is shee troubled with that notable matter, which wee in countrey call matrimony, as I cannot chuse but feare the losse of her wits, at least of her honesty. Other women thinke they may bee vnhappily combred with one maister husband, my poore daughter is oppressed with two, both louing her, both equally liked of her, both striving to deserue her. But now lastly (as this ielousie for sooth is a vile matter) each haue brought their pertakers with them, and are at this present, (without your presence redresse it) in some bloudy controuersie now sweete Lady helpe, your owne way guides you to the place where they incomberd her: I dare stay here no longer, for our men say in the countrey, the sight of you is infectious.

And with that she went away a good pace, leauing the supplication with her Maiestie, which very formerly contained this.

*Supplication.*

*Most gracious Soueraigne,*

*To one whose state is raised ouer all,  
Whose face doth oft the brauest sort enchant,  
Whose mind is such as wisest minds appall,  
Who in one selfe these diuers gifts can plant;  
How dare I wretch seeke there my woes to rest,  
Where eares be burnt, eyes dazzled, hearts oppress?*

*Your state is great, your greatnesse is our shield,  
Your face hurts soft, but still it doth delight,  
Your mind is wise, your wisdom makes you mild,  
Such planted gifts enrich euen beggers sight:  
So dare I wretch, my bashfull feare subdune,  
And feede mine eares, mine eyes, my hart in you.*

*Herewith*

Herewith the woman-suiter being gone, there was heard in the woods a confused noise & forth-with there came out six shepheards with as many fosters hailing and pulling, to whether side they should draw the Ladie of May, who seemed to encline neither to the one or other side. Among them was maister *Rombus* a schoolemaster of a village thereby, who being fully perswaded of his owne learned wisedome, came thither, with his authoritie to part their fray; where for aunswer he received many vnlearned blowes. But the Queene comming to the place where she was scene of them, though they knew not her estate, yet something there was which made them startle aside and gaze vpon her: till old father *Lalus* stepped forth (one of the substantiallest shepheards) and making a legge or two, said these few words.

May it please your benignity to giue a little superfluous intelligence to that which with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth shall deliuer vnto you. So it is right worshipfull audience, that a certaine she creature, which we shepheards call a woman, of a miniscall countenance, but by my white Lambe not three quarters so beautilous as your selfe, hath disauiled the braine pan of two of our featioust yong men. And wil you wor how? by my mother *Kits* soule, with a certain franiscall maladie they call Loue, when I was a yong man they called it flat folly. But here is a substantiall schoole-master can better disnounce the whole foundation of the matter, although in tooth for all his loquence our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkeship; Come on, Come on maister schoole-maister, be not so bashlesse, we say, that the fairest are euer the gentlest: all the whole case, for you can much better vent the points of it then I.

*Lalus the old shepherd.*

*Then came forward Maister Rombus, and with many speciall graces made this learned oration.*

Now the thunder-thumping *Ioue* transfund his dotes into your excellent formosity, which haue with your resplendent beames thus segregated the enmitie of these rurall animals. I am *Potentissima Domina*, a schoole maister, that is to say, a Pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplining of the iuuentall frie wherein (to my laud I say it) I vse such geometrical proportion, as neither wanted mantleade nor correction, for so it is described.

*Parcare Subiectos & debellare superbos.*

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me fro the contaminating hands of these plebeians: for comming, *solummodo* to haue parted their sanguinolent fray, they yeelded me no more reuerence, then if I had bin some *Pecorius Asinus*. I, euen I, that am, who am I? *Dixi verbus sapientisatum est*. But what sayd that Trojan *Aeneas*, when he sojourned in the surging fulkes of the sandiferous seas, *Hac olim memonasse iuuebit*. Well well *ad propositos reuertebo*, the puritie of the veritie is, that a certaine *Pulchra puella perfecta* elected and constituted by the integrated determination of all this topographicaill region, as the soueraine Lady of this Dame Maias month, hath bene *quodammodo* hunted, as you would say, pursued by two, a brace, a couple, a cast of yong men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had *inquam* deliuered his dire-dolorous dart.

*But here the May Lady interrupted his speech saying to him:*

Away away you tedious foole, your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princely sight, much lesse your foolish tongue to trouble her wile cares.

*May Lady*



Rombus

*At which Maister Rombus in a great chafe cried out:*

*O Tempori, O Moribus!* in profession a childe, in dignitie a woman, in years a Lady, *in ætate* a maid, should thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the superscription of a foole, *O Tempori, O Moribus!*

*But here againe the May Ladie saying to him,*

May Ladie.

Leaue off good Latine foole, and let me satisfie the long desire I haue had to feede mine eyes with the only sight this age hath graunted to the world.

*The poore scholemaster went his way backe, and the Ladie kneeling  
downe said in this manner*

May Ladie

Do not thinke (sweete and gallant Lady) that I do abase my selfe thus much vnto you because of your gay apparell, for what is so braue as the naturall beautie of the flowers, nor because a certaine Gentleman hereby seekes to do you all the honour he can in his house; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and these be our owne groues, nor yet because of your great estate, since no estate can be cōpared to be the Lady of the whole moneth of May as I am. So that since both this place and this time are my seruants, you may be sure I wold look for reuerence at your hands, if I did not see something in your face which makes me yeeld to you; the troth is, you excell me in that wherein I desire most to excell and that makes me giue this homage vnto you, as to the beautifullest Lady these woods haue euer receiued. But now as old father *Lalus* directed me, I wil tel you my fortune, that you may be iudge of my mishaps and others worthines. Indeed so it is, that I am a faire wench or else I am deceiued, and therefore by the consent of all our neighbours haue bene chosen for the absolute Lady of this mery moneth, with mee haue bene (alas I am ashamed to tell it) two yong men, the one a forrester named *Therion*, the other *Espilus* a shepheard very long euen in loue forsooth, I like them both, and loue neither, *Espilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the liuelier: *Therion* doth me many pleasures, as stealing me venison out of these Forrests, and manie other such like prettie and pretier seruices, but with all he growes to such rages, that sometimes he strikes me, sometimes he railes at me. This shepheard *Espilus* of a mild disposition, as his fortune hath not beene to do me great seruice, so hath he neuer done me any wrong, but feeding his sheepe, sitting vnder some sweet bush, sometimes they say he recordes my name in dolefull verses. Now the question I am to aske you faire Lady, is, whether the many deserts and many faults of *Therion*, or the very small deserts and no faults of *Espilus* be to be preferred. But before you giue your iudgment (most excellent Lady) you shall heare what each of them can say for them selues in their rurall songs.

*Thereupon Therion chalenged Espilus to sing with him,  
speaking these six verses;*

Therion

*Come Espilus, come now declare thy skill,  
Shew how thou canst deserue so braue desire,  
Warne well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will,  
For water cold did neuer promise fire:  
Great sure is she, on whom our hopes doe liue,  
Greater is she who must the iudgement giue.*

But

But *Espilus* as if hee had beene inspired with the Muses, began forthwith to sing, whereto his fellow shepheards set in with their recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes, and so of *Therions* side did the foresters, with the cornets they wore about their neckes like hunting hornes in baudrikes.

*Espilus.*

*Tune up my voice, a higher note I yeeld,  
To high concepts the song must needs be high,  
More high then stars, more firme then flintie field  
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue or dye:  
Sweet soule, to whom I vowed am a slaue,  
Let not wild woods so great a treasure haue.*

*Therion.*

*The highest note comes off from basest mind,  
As shallow brooks do yeeld the greatest sound,  
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to find;  
Thy stars be fall'n plowed in thy flinty ground:  
Sweet soule let not a wretch that serueth sheep  
Among his flocke so sweet a treasure keepe.*

*Espilus*

*Two thousand sheep I haue as white as milke,  
Though not so white as is thy louely face,  
The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silke,  
All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace,  
But still take heed least thou thy selfe submit  
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.*

*Therion.*

*Two thousand Deere in wildest woods I haue,  
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:  
He is not poore who can his freedome saue,  
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:  
But take this Beast, if beasts you feare to misse,  
For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.*

*Espilus kneeling to the Queene.*

*Iudge you to whom al beauties force is lent.*

*Therion*

*Iudge you of Loue, to whom al loue is bent.*

But as they waited for the iudgment her Maiestie should giue of their deserts, the shepheards and foresters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellowes had sung better, and so whether the estate of shepheards or foresters were the more worshipfull. The speakers were *Dorcas* an olde shepheard, and *Rixus* a young foster, betweene whom the schoole-maister *Romulus* came in as moderator.

*Dorcas the shepheard.*

Now all the blessings of mine old grandam (illy *Espilus*) light vpon thy shoulders for this honicombe singing of thine; now of mine honestie all the bels in the town could

could not haue sung better, if the proud heart of the harlottrielly not downe to thee now, the sheepes nor catch her, to teach her that a faire woman hath not her faire. nesse to let it grow rustish.

*Rixus the foster.*

O *Midas* why art thou not alieue now to lend thine eares to this dridle, by the precious bones of a hunts-man, he knowes not the bleaying of a calfe from the song of a nightingale, but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wise as she is faire, *Therion* thou shalt haue the prize, and thou old *Dorcas* with young maister *Espilus* shall remaine tame fooles, as you be.

*Dorcas.* And with cap and knee be it spoken, is it your pleasure neighbour *Rixus* to be a wild foole?

*Rixus.* Rather then a sleepish dolt.

*Dorcas.* It is much refreshing to my bowels, you haue made your choise, for my share I will bestow your leauings vpon one of your fellowes.

*Rixus.* And art thou not ashamed old foole, to liken *Espilus* a shepheard to *Therion* of the noble vocation of hunts-men, in the presence of such a one as euen with her eye onely can giue the cruell punishment?

*Dorcas.* Hold thy peace, I will neither meddle with her, nor her eyes, they sayne in our towne they are dangerous both, neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Espilus*, since one is a theeuish proller, and the other is as quiet as a lambe that new came from sucking.

*Rombus the schoole-maister.*

*Hec Ehem hei, Inspidum, Inscitium vulgorum & populorum.* Why you brute Nebulons haue you had my *Corpusculum* so long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edefie an argument? Attend and throw your eares to mee, for I am grauitated with child, till I haue endostrinated your plumbeous cerebrofities. First you must diuisionate your point, *quasi* you should cut a cheefe into two particles, for thus must I vniforme my speech to your obtuse conceptions; for *Prius diuidendum oratio antequam definiendum exemplum gratia*, either *Therion* must conquer this Dame *Maia* Nimphe, or *Espilus* must ouerthrow her, and that *secundum* their dignitie, which must also be subdiuisionated into three equall *species*, either according to the penetrancie of their singing, or the melioritie of their functions, or lastly the superancy of their merits *De singing satis*. *Nunc* are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their estate first, and then whether hath more infernally, I meane deeply deserued.

*Dorcas.* O poore *Dorcas*, poore *Dorcas*, that I was not set in my young dayes to schoole, that I might haue purchased the vnderstanding of master *Rombus* misterious speeches. But yet thus much I conceiue of them, that I must euen giue vp what my conscience doth find in the behalfe of shepheards. O sweet hony milken Lommes, and is there any so flintie a heart, that can find about him to speak against them, that haue the charge of such good foules as you be, among whom there is no enuy, and all obedience, where it is lawfull for a man to be good if he list, and hath no outward cause to withdraw him fro it, where the eye may be bufied in considering the works of nature. and the heart quietly reioyced in the honest vsing them. If temptation as *Clarks* say, be the most excellent, which is so fit a life for Templers as this is, neither subiect to violent oppression, nor seruile flatterie, how many Courtiers thinke you I haue heard vnder our field in bushes make their wofull complaints, some of the greatnesse of their Mistresse estate, which dazled their eyes and yet burned their harts  
some



some of the extremitie of her beauty mixed with extreame crueltie, some of her too much wit, which made all their louing labours folly. O how often haue I heard one name found in many mouthes, making our vales witnessles of their dolefull agonies! So that with long lost labour finding their thoughts bare no other wooll but dispaire of young Courtiers they grew old shepherds. Well sweet Lams I will ende with you as I began, hee that can open his mouth against such innocent foules, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox, let the tast of him be worse then musty cheefe, the sound of him more dredfull then the howling of a wolfe, his sight more odible then a toade in ones parreage.

*Rixus.* Your life indeede hath some goodnesse.

*Rombus the schoole-maister.*

O *tace, tace*, or the fat will be igniued, first let me dilucidate the very intrinsicall maribone of the matter. He doth vse a certaine rhetoricall inuasion into the point, as if indeed he had conference with his Lams, but the troth is, he doth equitate you in the meane time master *Rixus*, for thus he saith, that sheepe are good, *ergo* the shepheard is good, An *Enthimeme a loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumbe are *Contingentes*, againe he saith, who liueth well is likewise good, but shepherds liue well *Ergo* they are good; a *Sillogisme* in *Darius* king of *Persia* a *Coniugatis*, as you would say, a man coupled to his wife, two bodies but one soule: but do you but acquiesce to my exhortation, and you shall extinguish him. Tell him his maior is a knaue, his minor is a foole, and his conclusion both, *Et ecce homo blaucatus quasi liliu*.

*Rixus.* I was saying the shepherds life had some goodnesse in it, because it borrowed of the countrie quietnesse something like ours, but that is not all, for ours besides that quiet part, doth both strengthen the bodie, and raise vp the mind with this gallant sort of actiuitie. O sweet contentation to see the long life of the huttleffe trees, to see how in straight growing vp, though neuer so high, they hinder not their fellowes, they only enuiously trouble, which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours where the very growing things are enlamples of goodnesse? wee haue no hopes, but we may quickly go about them, & going about them, we soone obtaine them; not like those that haue long followed one (in troth) most excellent chace, do now at length perceiue she could neuer be taken: but that if she stayed at any time neare the pursuers, it was neuer meant to tary with them, but onely to take breath to flie further from them. He therefore that doubts that our life doth not far excell all others, let him also doubt that the well deseruing and painfull *Therion* is not to be preferred before the idle *Espilus*, which euen as much to say, as that the Roes are not swifter then sheepe, nor the Stags more goodly then Gores.

*Rombus.* Bene bene, nunc de questione prepositus, that is as much to say, as well well, now of the proposed question, that was, whether the many great seruices and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few smal seruices and no faults of *Espilus*, be to be preferred, incepted or accepted the former.

*The May Lady.*

No no, your ordinarie braines shall not deale in that matter, I haue already submitted it to one, whose sweet spirit hath passed thorough greater difficulties, neither will I that your blockheads lie in her way.

Therefore O Ladie whorthie to see the accomplishment of your desires, since all your desires be most worthy of you, vouchsafe to care such happiness, & me that particular fauor as that you will iudge whether or howe to be more worthy of me, or whether I be worthy of them: and thus I will lay. In iudging mee, you iudge more then me in it.

This

This being said, it pleased her Maiesty to iudge that *Esphilus* did the better deserue her: but what words, what reasons she vsed for it, this paper, which carrieth so base names; is not worthy to containe. Sufficeth it, that vpon the iudgment giuen, the shepheards and foresters made a full consort of their corners and recorders, and then did *Esphilus* sing this song, tending to the greatnesse of his owne ioy, and yet to the comfort of the other side, since they were ouerthrowne by a most worthie aduerlarie. The song contained two short tales, and thus it was.

*Siluanus long in loue, and long in vaine,  
At length obtaine the point of his desire,  
When being askt, now that he did obtaine  
His wished weale, what more he could require:  
Nothing sayd he, for most I ioy in this,  
That Goddesse mine, my blessed being sees.*

*When wanton Pan decein'd with Lions skin,  
Came to the bed where wound for kisse he got,  
To wo and shame the wretch did enter in,  
Till this he tooke for comfort of his lot,  
Poore Pan (he sayd) although thou beaten be,  
It is no shame, since Hercules was he.*

*Thus ioyfully in chosen tunes reioice,  
That such a one is witnesse of my hart,  
Whose clearest eyes I blisse, and sweetest voice,  
That see my good, and iudgeth my desert:  
Thus wofully I in wo this salue do find,  
My foule mishap came yet from fairest mind.*

The musicke fully ended, the May Lady tooke her leaue in this sort.

Lady your selfe, for other titles do rather diminish then adde vnto you. I and my little company must now leaue you, I should doo you wrong to beleech you to take our follies well, since your bountie is such, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wish you good night, praying to God according to the title I possesse, that as hitherto it hath excellently done, so hence forward the flourishing of May, may long remaine in you and with you.

2. AP 56

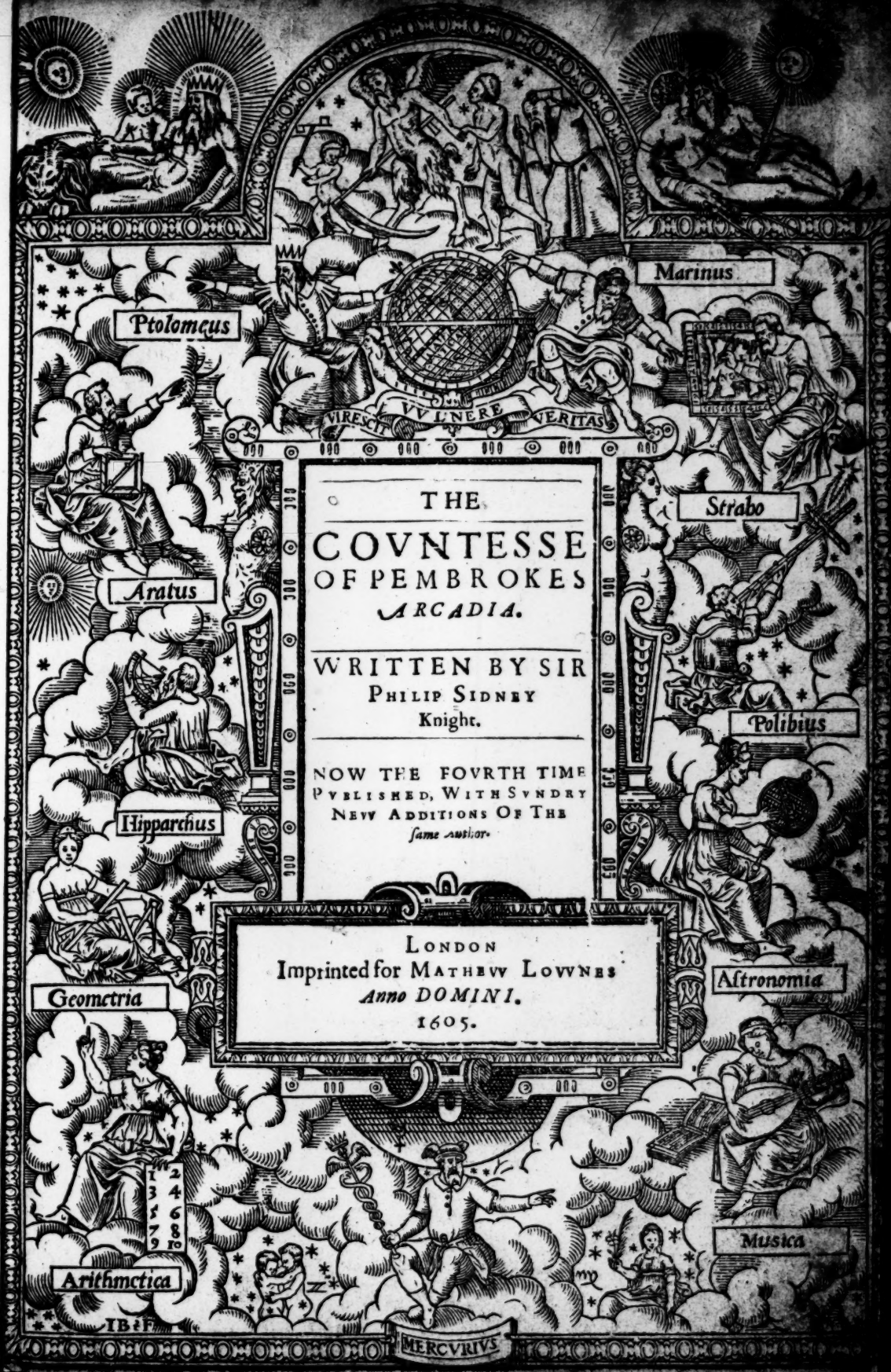
FINIS.





22-543a





THE  
COUNTESSSE  
OF PEMBROKES  
ARCADIA.

WRITTEN BY SIR  
PHILIP SIDNEY  
Knight.

NOW THE FOURTH TIME  
PUBLISHED, WITH SUNDRY  
NEW ADDITIONS OF THE  
*same Author.*

LONDON  
Imprinted for MATHEW LOWNES  
Anno DOMINI.  
1605.

ound of vertue frō those dumbe speakers. But now may it be alleaged, that if this  
 magining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the *Historian* neede  
 surpasse, who brings you images of true matters, such as indeed were done, and not  
 such as fantastically or falsly may be suggested to haue bin done. Truly *Aristotle* him  
 self in his discourse of *Poesie*, plainly determineth this questiō, saying, that *Poesie* is  
 φιλοσοφότερον & πρακτικότερον, that is to say, it is more Philosophical, & more the histo  
 ry. His reason is, because *Poesie* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to say, with the vniuersall  
 consideratiō, & the *History* with καθήκον the particular. Now saith he the vniuer  
 sall wayes what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessitie, which the  
 poesie considereth in his imposed names; & the particular only maketh whether *Al  
 cibiades* did or suffered this or that. Thus far *Aristotle*. Which reason of his, as all his  
 is most full of reason. For indeed if the question were whether it were better to haue  
 a particular act truly or falsly set downe, there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no  
 more then whether you had rather haue *Vespasian's* Picture right as he was, or at the  
 Painters pleasure nothing resembling. But if the questiō be for your own vie and lear  
 ning, whether it be better to haue it set down as it should be, or as it was; then cer  
 tainly is more doctrinable, the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, then the true *Cyrus* in *Iustin*  
 & the fained *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, then the right *Aeneas* in *Dares Phrygius*: as to a Ladie  
 that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a Painter should more be  
 nefit her to protrait a most sweete face, writing *Camidia* vpo it, then to paint *Camidia*  
 as she was, who *Horace* sweareth was full ill fauored. If the *Poet* do his part aright, he  
 wil shew you in *Tantalus*, *Atrius*, & such like, nothing that is not to be shūed, in *Ve  
 nus*, *Aeneas*, *Uisses*, each thing to be followed where the *Historian* bound to tel things  
 as things were, cannot be liberall, without he wil be Poeticall of a perfect patternē,  
 but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himself, shew doings, some to be liked, some to be mis  
 liked; & then how will you discern what to follow, but by your owne discreation;  
 which you had without reading *L. Curtius*. And whereas a man may say, though in  
 vniuersall consideration of doctrine, the *Poet* preuaileth, yet that the *Historie* in  
 his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that hee shall follow.  
 The answer is manifest, that if he stand vpon that was, as if he should argue, because  
 it rained yesterday, therefore it should raine to day, then indeede hath it some ad  
 uantage to a grosse conceit. But if he know an example only informes a coniectu  
 red likelihood, & so go by reason, the *Poet* doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame  
 his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politike, or priuate  
 matters, where the *Historian* in his bare, was, hath many times that which wee call  
 fortune to ouerrule the best wisdomē. Many times hee must tell euents, whereof  
 we can yeeld no cause, or if he doe, it must bee poetically. For that a fained example  
 hath as much force to teach, as a true example (for as for to moue, it is cleare, since  
 the fained may be tuned to the highest key of passion: let vs take one exāple wherein  
 an *Historian* & a *Poet* did concur. *Herodotus* & *Iustin* do both testifie, that *Zopirus*,  
 King *Darius* faithfull seruant, seeing his maister long resisted by the rebellious *Babi  
 lonians*, fained himselfe in extreame disgrace of his King, for verrifying of which, he  
 caused his owne nose & eares to be cut off, & so flying to the *Babylonians* was recei  
 ued, & for his knowne valure so farre credited, that he did find meanes to deliuer the  
 ouer to *Darius*. Much like matters doth *Livy* record of *Tarquinius* & his son. *Xeno  
 phon* excellently faide such another stratagem, performed by *Abradatus* in *Cyrus*  
 behalfe. Now would I faine know, if occasion be presented vnto you, to serue your  
 Prince by such an honest dissimulatiō, why do you not as wel learne it of *Xenophons*  
 fiction, as of the others veritie: and truly so much the better, as you shall saue your



nose by the bargain. For *Abradatus* did not counterfet so farre. So then the best of the *Historiā* is subiect to the *Poet*, for whatsoeuer actiō or factiō, whatsoeuer counsell, pollicie, or warre stratagem the *Historian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet* if he list with his imitation make his owne; beautifying it both for further teaching, & more delighting as it please him: hauing all fit *Dante* his heauen to his hell vnder the authoritie of his pen. Which if I bee asked what *Poets* haue done so? as I might wel name some, so yet say I, and say againe, I speak of the Art and not of the Artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of History, in respect of the notable learning is got by marking the successe, as though therein a man should see vertue exalted & vice punished: truly that commendation is peculiar to Poetrie, and farre off from Historie; for indeed Poetrie ener sets vertue so out in her best colours, making fortune her wel-waiting handmaid, that one must needes be enamoured of her. Well may you see *Ulysses* in a storme and in other hard plights, but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make the shine the more in the neare following prosperitie. And of the contrarie part, if euil men come to the stage, they euer goe out (as the Tragedie writer answered to one that misliked the shew of such persons) so maniced, as they little ainmate folkes to follow them. But the Historie being captiued to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror from wel-doing, & an encouragement to vnbridled wickednesse. For see wee not valiant *Milciades* rot in his fetters? The iust *Phocian* and the accomplished *Socrates* put to death like traytors? the cruell *Seuerus* liue prosperously? the excellent *Seuerus* miserably murdered? *Silla* & *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* and *Cicero* slaine then when they would haue thought exile a happinesse? See we not vertuous *Cato* driuen to kill himselfe, and Rebell *Caesar* so aduanced, that his name yet after 1600 yeares lasteth in the highest honor? And marke but euen *Caesar*'s owne wordes of the forenamed *Silla*, (who in that onely did honestly to put downe his dishonest tyrannie) *Literas nesciuit*: as if want of learning caused him to doe wel. He meant it not by Poetrie which not content with earthly plagues, deuise new punishments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philosophy, which teacheth *Occidentes esse*, but no doubt by skill in Historie, for that indeed can afford you *Cipselus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionisius*, & I know not how many more of the same kennel, that speed well enough in their abominable iniustice of vlturpaciō. I cōclude therefore that he excelleth historie, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserues to be called & accounted good: which setting forward & mouing to wel-doing, indeed setteth the Lawrel crown vpon the *Poets* as victorious, not onely of the *Historian*, but ouer the *Philosopher*, howsoeuer in teaching, it may bee questionable. For suppose it be graunted, that which I suppose with great reason may be denied, that the *Philosopher*, in respect of his methodicall proceeding teach more perfectly then the *Poet*, yet do I think, that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the *Philosopher* in mouing with the *Poet*. And that mouing is of a higher degree then teaching: it may by this appeare, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching. For who will bee taught, if he bee not moued with desire to bee taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth, (I speake still of moral doctrine as that it moueth one to doe that which it doth teach. For as *Aristotle* saith, it is not γνῶσις but πράξις must bee the fruit: and how πράξις can bee without being moued to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The *Philosopher* sheweth you the way; hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousnesse of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall haue when your iourney is ended, as of the manie by-turnings that may diuert you from your way

But

But this is to no man but to him that will reade him, and read him with attentive studious painfulnesse, which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already past halfe the hardnesse of the way: and therefore is beholding to the *Philosopher* but for the other halfe. Nay truly, learned men haue learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the minde hath a free desire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it selfe, is as good as a *Philosophers* booke, since in Nature we know it is well, to doe well, and what is well, and what is euill, although not in the words of Art which *Philosophers* bestow vpon vs: for out of naturall conceit the *Philosophers* drew it; but to bee moued to doe that which wee know, or to bee moued with desire to know. *Hoc opus, hic labor est.* Now therein of all Sciences I speake still of humane (and according to the humane conceit) is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For hee doth not onely shew the way, but giueth soe sweete a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: Nay, he doth as if your iourney should lye through a faire vineyard, at the very first, giue you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste, you may long to passe further. Hee be- ginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blurre the margent with inter- pretations, and load the memorie with doubtfulnesse: but he commeth to you with words set in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well inchaunting skill of *Musick*, and with a tale forsooth hee commeth vnto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the Chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the minde from wic- kednesse to vertue; euen as the child is oft brought to take most wholesome things by hyding them in such other as haue a pleasant taste: which if one should begin to tell them the nature of the *Alloes* or *Rhabarbarum* they should receiue, would sooner take their phisicke at their eares then at their mouth, so is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graues) glad they will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, and hearing them, must needes heare the right description of wisdom, valure, and iustice; which if they had bene barely (that is to say Philosophically) set out, they would sweare they bee brought to schoole againe; that imitation whereof *Poetrie* is, hath the most con- ueniencie to nature of all other: in so much that as *Aristotle* saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruell battels, vnnaturall monsters, are made in poeticall imitation, delightfull. Truly I haue knowne men that euen with rea- ding *Amadis de Gaule*, which God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect *Poesie*, haue found their heartes moued to the exercise of curtesie, liberalitie, and especially courage. Who readeth *Aeneas* carying old *Anchises* on his backe, that wisheth not were his fortune to performe so excellent an Act: VVhom doth not those words of *Turnus* moue, (the Tale of *Turnus* hauing planted his image in the imagination) *fugientem hac terra videbit? Vsq̃ue adeone mori miserum est?* Where the *Philosophers* (as they thinke) scorne to delight, so much they bee content little to moue, sauing wrangling whether *Virtus* bee the chiefe or the onely good; whether the contem- platiue or the actiue life do excell; which *Plato* & *Boetius* wel knew: and therefore made mistrisse *Philosophie* verie often borrow the masking raiment of *Poesie*. For euen those hard harted euill men who thinke vertue a schoole name, & know no o- ther good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore dispise the austere admonitions of the *Philosopher*, & feele not the inward reason they stand vpon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good, fellow *Poet* seemes to promise; and so steale to see the forme of goodnesse, which scene, they cannot but loue (ere themselves bee aware,

aware, as if they tooke a medecine of Cheries. Infinite proofes of the strange effects of this poetically inuention might be alleadged: onely two shall serue, which are so often remembred, as I thinke all men know them. The one of *Menemus Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had resolutely deuied themselves from the *Senate*, with apparant shew of viter ruine, though he were for that time an excellent Orator, came not among them vpon trust either of figuratiue speeches, or cunning insinuations; and much lesse with far fet *Maximes* of *Philosophie*, which especially if they were *Platonike*, they must haue learned *Geometrie* before they could well haue conceiued: but forsooth hee behaueth himselfe like a homely and familiar *Poet*. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought deuoured the fruites of each others labour: they concluded they would let so vnprofitable a spender starue. In the end, to be short, for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale, with punishing the belly they plagued themselves; this applyed by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I neuer read, that only words brought forth: but then so sudden and so good an alteration, for vpon reasonable conditions, a perfect reconcilment ensued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet; who when the holy *Dauid* had so farre forsaken God, as to confirme adultery with murther, when he was to do the tendrest office of a friend, in laying his owne shame before his eyes; sent by God to call againe so chosen a seruant, how dooth hee it? but by telling of a man whose beloued lambe was vngratefully taken from his bosome. The application most diuinely true, but the discourse it selfe fained; which made *Dauid* (I speake of the second & instrumentall cause) as in a glasse see his owne filthinesse, as that heauenly Psalme of mercie well testifieth. By these therefore examples and reasons, I thinke it may be manifest, that the *Poet* with that same hand of delight, dooth draw the mind more effectually then any other *Arte* doth. And so a conclusion, not vnjustly ensue, that as vertue is the most excellent resting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so *Poetry* being the most familiar to reach it, & most Princely to moue towards it, in the most excellent worke, is the most excellent workeman. But I am content not onely to deceipher him by his workes (although workes in commendation and dispraise, must euer hold a high authoritie) but more narrowly will examine his parts, so that (as in a man) though altogether may carry a preface full of maiestie & beautie, perchance in some one defectuous peece we may finde blemish: Now in his partes, kindes, or species, as you list to terme them, it is to be noted, that some *Poesies* haue coupled together two or three kindes, as the *Tragicall* and *Comical*, whereupon is risen the *Tragicomicall*, some in the manner haue mingled prose and verse, as *Seneca* and *Boetius*; some haue mingled matters *Heroical* and *Pastoral*, but that commeth all to one in this question, for if seuered they be good, the coniunctio cannot be hurtfull: therefore perchance forgetting some, and leauing some as needlesse to be remembred. It shall not be a misse, in a word to cite the speciall kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right vse of them. Is it then the *Pastorall Poeme* which is misliked? (For perchance where the hedge is lowest they wil soonest leap ouer) is the poore pipe disdained, which sometimes out of *Malibeu*s mouth, can shewe the miserie of people, vnder hard Lords and rauening souldiers? And againe by *Titerus*, what blessednesse is deriued to them that lye lowest, from the goodnesse of them that sit highest? Sometimes vnder the prettie tales of *Volues* and *sheepe*, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing, & patience; sometimes shew that



that contentions for trifles, can gett but a trifling victorie, where perchance a man may see that euen *Alexander & Darius*, when they straued who should be Cocke of this worlds dunghill, the benefit they gott, was that the after-liuers may say, *Hæc memini & victum frustra contendere Thirsim. Ex illo Coridon, Coridon est tempore nobis.* Or it is the lamenting *Elegiack*, which in a kinde heart would moue rather pittie then blame, who bewaileth with the great Philosopher *Heraclitus* the weaknesse of mankind, and the wretchednesse of the world: who surely is to be praised either for compassionate accompanying iust causes of lamentations; or for rightly painting out how weake be the passions of wofulnesse? is it the bitter but wholesome *Iambick*, who rubbes the galled minde, in making shame the Trumpet of villanie, with bold and open crying out against naughtinesse? Or the *Satyrick*, who *Omne vaser vitium ridenti tangit amico*, who sportingly neuer leaueth, till he make a man laugh at follie; and at length ashamed to laugh at himselfe; which hee cannot auoid, without auoiding the follie? who while *Circum præcordia ludit*, giueth vs to feele how many headaches a passionate life bringeth vs to? How when all is done, *Est Plubris animus si nos non deficit aquas.* No, perchance it is the *Comick*, whom naughtie Play-makers and stage-keepers, haue iustly made odious. To the arguments of abuse, I will after answer, onely thus much now is to be said, that the *Comædy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornfull sort that may be: so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now as in *Geometrie*, the oblique must be knowne as well as the right, and in *Arithmetick*, the odde as well as the euen, so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthinesse of euill, wanteth a great foile to perceiue the beautie of vertue. This doth the *Comœdie* handle so in our priuate and domestickall matters, as with hearing it, wee get as it were an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a craftie *Darius*, of a flattering *Gnato*, of a vain-glorious *Thraso*: and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge giuen them by the *Comedient*. And little reason hath any man to say, that men learne the euill by seeing it so set out, since as I sayd before; there is no man liuing, but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their partes, but wiseth them in *Pistrinum*, although perchance the sack of his owne faults lie so behind his back, that he seeth not himselfe to dance the same measure: whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes then to see his owne actions contemptibly set forth. So that the right vse of *Comædie*, will I thinke, by no bodie be blamed; and much lesse of the high and excellent *Tragedie*, that openeth the greatest wounds, and sheweth forth the *Pleers* that are couered with *Tissue*, that maketh Kings feare to be Tyrants, and Tyrants manifest their tyrannicall humors, that with stirring the affects of *Admiration & Commiseration*, teacheth the vncertainty of this world, & vpon how weake foundations guilden roofes are builded: that maketh vs know, *Qui sceptrum saeuus duro impetio regit, Timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit.* But how much it can moue, *Plutarch* yeeldeth a notable testimony of the abominable Tyrant *Alexander Pherans*, from whose eyes a *Tragedie* well made and represented, drew abundance of teares, who without all pittie had murdered infinite numbers, & some of his owne blood: so as hee that was not ashamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet would not resist the sweete violence of a *Tragedie*. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was, that he in dispiight of himselfe, withdrew himselfe from hearkening to that which might mollifie his hardened heart. But it is not the *Tragedie* they do mislike.

for

for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoeuer is most worthie to be learned. Is it the *Lyricke* that most displeaseth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, and well accorded voice, giueth praise, the reward of vertue, to vertuous acts: who giueth morrall precepts and natural Problemes, who sometime raiseth vp his voice to the height of the heauens, in singing the laudes of the immortall God? Certainly I must confesse mine owne barbarousnesse, I neuer heard the old Song of *Percy & Douglas*, that I found not my heart moued more then with a Trumpet, and yet is it sung but by some blind Crowder, with no rougher voice, then rude stile: which being so euill apparelled in the dust and Cobweb of that vnciuill age, what would it worke, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindare*? In *Hungarie* I haue seene it the manner at all Feastes and other such like meetings, to haue songs of their ancestors valure which that right souldierlike nation, thinke one of the chiefeft kindlers of braue courage. The incomparable *Lacedemonians* did not onely carrie that kind of *Musicke* euer with them to the field, but euén at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to bee singers of them: when the lustie men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would doe. And where a man may say, that *Pindare* many times praiseth highly Victories of small moment, rather matters of sport then vertue, as it may be answered, it was the fault of the *Poet* and not of the *Poetrie*; so indeede the chiefe fault was in the time and custome of the *Greekes*, who let those royes at so high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckened a horse-race wonne at *Olympus*, among his three fearefull felicities. But as the vnunitable *Pindare* often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleepe of idlenesse, to embrace honourable enterprises. There rests the *Heroicall*, whose verie name I thinke should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speake euill of that which draweth with him no lesse champions then *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Turnus*, *Tideus*, *Rinaldo*, who doth not only teach and moue to truth, but teacheth and mooueth to the most high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimitie and iustice shine through all mistie fearefulnesse and foggie desires. Who if the saying of *Plato* and *Tully* bee true, that who could see vertue, would be wonderfully rauished with the loue of her beautie. This men setteth her out to make her more louely in her holliday apparell, to the eye of anie that will daine not to disdaine vntill they vnderstand. But if any thing be already said in the defence of sweete *Poetrie*, all concurreth to the maintaining the *Heroicall*, which is not onely a kinde, but the best and most accomplished kindes of *Poetrie*. For as the Image of each Action stirreth and instructeth the minde, so the lostie Image of such worthies, most inflameth the minde with desire to bee worthie: and enformes with counsaile how to be worthie. Onely let *Aeneas* bee wome in the Tablet of your memorie, how he gouerneth himselfe in the ruine of his Countrey, in the preseruing his olde Father, and carting away his religious Ceremonies, in obeying Gods Commandements, to leaue *Dido*, though not onely all passionate kindnesse, but euén the humane consideration of vertuous gratifullnesse; would haue craued other of him how in stormes, how in sports, how in warre, how in peace, how a fugitiue, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to straungers, how to Allies, how to enemies, how to his owne. Lastly, how in his inward selfe, and how in his outward gouernment, and I thinke in a minde most preiudiced with a preiudicating humor, Hee will bee found in excellencie

fruitfull. Yea as *Horace* saith, *Melius, Chrisippe, & Crantore* : but truly, I imagine it falleth out with these Poet-whippers, as with some good women, who often are sicke, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetrie* is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the summe that containes him, nor the particularities descending from him, giue any fast handle to their carping dispraise. Since then *Poetrie* is of all humane learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquitie, as from whence other learnings haue taken their beginnings; Since it is so vniuersall, that no learned nation doth dispise it, nor barbarous nation is without it. Since both *Roman* and *Greeke* gaue such deuine names vnto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making, and that in deede that name of making is fit for him, considering, that where all other Arts retaine themselves within their subiect, and receiue as it were their being from it. The Poet onely, onely bringeth his owne stuffe, and doth not learne a Conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a Conceit. Since neither his discription, nor end, containing any euill, the thing described cannot bee euill; since his effects bee so good as to teach goodnesse, and dilight the learners of it; since therein (namely in morall doctrine the chiefe of all knowledges) hee doth not onely farre passe the *Historian*, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the *Philosopher*, for mouing, leaueth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (wherein there is no vncleannesse) hath whole parts in it Poeticall, and that euen our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to vse the flowers of it: since all his kindes are not onely in their vnited formes, but in their seuered diffections fully commendable, I thinke, (and thinke I thinke rightly) the Laurell Crowne appointed for triumphant Captaines, doth worthily of all other learnings, honour the Poets triumph. But because we haue eares as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may bee, will seeme to waigh greatly, if nothing bee put in the counterbalance, let vs heare, and as well as we can, ponder what obiections bee made against this Arte, which may be worthie either of yeelding, or answering. First, truly I note, not onely in these *ῥαυτοποιοὶ* Poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seeke a praise by dispraising others, that they doe prodigally spend a great many wandering wordes in quips and scoffes, carping and taunting at each thing; which by stirring the spleen, may stay the braine from a through beholding the worthinesse of the subiect. Those kinde of obiections, as they are full of a verie idle easinesse, since there is nothing of so sacred a maiestie, but that an itching tongue may rub it selfe vpon it, so deserue they no other answer, but in stead of laughing at the ieast, to laugh at the ieaster. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an Ass, the comfortablenesse of being in debt, and the iolly commodities of being sicke of the plague. So of the contrarie side if we will turne *Ouids* verse, *Vt lateat virtus proximitate mali*, that good lye hid in nearenesse of the euill. *Agrippa* will be as merry in the shewing the vanitie of Science, as *Erasmus* was in the commending of folly: neither shall any man or matter, escape some touch of these smiling Raylers. But for *Erasmus* and *Agrippa*, they had an other foundation then the superficiall part would promise. Marry these other pleasaunt fault finders, who will correct the *Verbe* before they vnderstand the *Notion*, and confute others knowledge, before they confirme their owne, I would haue them onely remember, that scoffing commeth not of wisedome; so as the best title in true English they get with their meriments, is to bee called good fooles: for so haue our graue fore-



fore fathers euer termed that humerous kinde of iecture. But that which giueth greatest scope to their scorning humour, is ryming and versing. It is alreadie said, (and as I thinke truly said) it is not ryming and versing that maketh *Poesie*: One may be a *Poet* without versing, and a versifier without *Poetrie*. But yet presuppose it were inseperable, as indeed it seemeth *Scalliger* iudgeth truly, it were an inseperable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reason, bee the greatest gift bestowed vpon *Mortalitie*, that cannot be praiselesse, which doth most pollish that blessing of speech; which considereth each worde, not onely as a man may say by his forcible qualitie, but by his best measured quantitie: carying euen in themselves a *Harmonie*, without perchaunce number, measure, order, proportion, be in our time growne odious. But lay aside the iust praise it hath, by being the onely fit speech for *Musicke*, (*Musicke* I say, the most deuine striker of the senses.) Thus much is vndoubtedly true, that if reading bee foolish without remembring, *Memorie* being the onely treasure of knowledge, those wordes which are fittest for memorie, are likewise most conuenient for knowledge. Now that Verse farre exceedeth Prose, in the knitting vp of the memorie, the reason is manifest, the wordes (besides their delight, which hath a great affinitie to memorie) being so set as one cannot be lost, but the whole worke failes: which accusing it self, calleth the remembrance back to it selfe, & so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides one word so as it were begetting another, as be it in rime or measured verse, by the former a man shall haue a neere gesse to the follower. Lastly, euen they that haue taught the Art of memorie, haue shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certaine roome deuided into many places, well and thoroughly knowne: Now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, euery word hauing his naturall seat, which seat must needes make the word remembred. But what needes more in a thing so knowne to all men? Who is it that euer was scholler, that doth not carry away some verses of *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth he learned, and euen to his old age serueth him for hourelly lessons; as *Percontatorem fugito nam garrulus idem est, Dum tibi quisq; placet credula turba sumas*. But the fittest it hath for memorie, is notably proued by all deliuerie of Artes, wherein for the most part, from *Grammer*, to *Logike*, *Mathematikes*, *Phisike*, and the rest, the Rules chiefly necessarie to be borne away, are compiled in verses. So that verse being in it selfe sweete and orderly, and being best for memorie, the onely handle of knowledge, it must bee in iest that any man can speake against it. Now then goe we to the most important imputations laid to the poore *Poets*, for ought I can yet learne, they are these. First, that there being manie other more fruitfull knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them, then in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting vs with many pestilent desires, with a *Siren* sweetenesse, drawing the minde to the Serpents taile of sinfull fantasies; and herein especially *Comedies* giue the largest field to eare, as *Chancer* saith, how both in other nations and in ours, before *Poets* did soften vs, we were full of courage, giuen to martiall exercises, the pillars of manlike libertie, and not lulled a sleepe in shadie idlenesse with *Poets* pastimes. And lastly and chiefly, they crie out with open mouth, as if they had ouer-shot *Robinhood*, that *Plato* banished them out of the Common wealth: Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it. First to the first. That a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeede: but it doth as they say, but *petere principium*. For if it be, as I affirme that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth & moueth to vertue, and that

none can both reach and moue thereto so much as *Poesie*, then is the conclusion manifest; that inke and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose imployed. And certainly though a man should graunt their first assumption, it should follow (me thinke) verie vnwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and vterly deny, that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitfull knowledge. To the second therefore, that they should be the principall lyers, I answer *Paradoxically*, but truely, I thinke truely: that of all writers vnder the Sunne, the *Poet* is the least lyer: and though he would as a *Poet* can scarcely be a lyer. The *Astronomer* with his cousin the *Geometrician*, can hardly escape, when they take vpon them to measure the height of the starres. How often thinke you doe the *Physicians* lie, when they auerre things good for sicknesse, which afterwards send *Charon* a great number of soules drownd in a potion before they come to his Ferrie? And no lesse of the rest, which take vpon them to affirme. Now for the *Poet*, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore neuer lieth: for as I take it, to lie, is to affirme that to bee true, which is false. So as the other *Artistes*, and especially the *Historian*, affirming many things, can in the clowdie knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from manie lies. But the *Poet* as I said before, neuer affirmeth, the *Poet* neuer maketh any Circles about your imagination, to coniure you to beleue for true, what he writeth: he citeth not authorities of other histories, but euen for his entrie, calleth the sweete *Muses* to inspire vnto him a good inuention. In troth not labouring to tel you what is, or is not, but what should, or should not be. And therefore though he recount things not true, yet because hee telleth them not for true, he lieth not vnlesse wee will say, that *Nathan* lied in his speech before alleaged to *Dauid*, which as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I none so simple, would say, that *Esop* lied in the tales of his beasts: for who thinketh that *Esop* wrote it for actually true, were well worthie to haue his name Chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there, that comming to play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great letters vpon an old doore, doth beleue that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arriue to the childes age, to know that the *Poets* persons and doings, are but pictures, what should be, and not stories what haue bin, they will neuer giue the lie to things not affirmatiuely, but allegorically and figuratiuely written; and therefore as in historie looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falshood: So in *Poesie*, looking but for fiction, they shall vse the narration but as an imaginative groundplate of a profitable inuention. But hereto is applied, that the *Poets* giue names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actuall truth, and so not being true, prooueth a falshood. And doth the *Lan yer* lye then, when vnder the names of *Iohn* of the *Stile*, & *Iohn* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his Case? But that is easily answered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more liuely, and not to build anie Historie. Painting men, they cannot leaue men namelesse: we see we cannot play at Chests, but that we must giue names to our chessmen; and yet methinkes hee were a verie partiall Champion of truth, that would say we lyed, for giuing a peece of wood the reuerend title of a Bishop. The *Poet* nameth *Cyrus* and *Aeneas*, no other way, then to shew what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates, should do. Their third is, how much it abuseth mens wit, training it to wanton sinfulnessse, and lustfull loue. For indeede that is the principall if not onely abuse, I can heare alleaged. They say the *Comedies* rather teach then apprehend amorous conceits. They say the *Lirike* is larded with passionate *Sonets*, the *Elegiacke* weepes the want of his mistresse, and that euen to the *Heroicall*, *Cupid* hath ambitiously climed,

climed. Alas Loue, I would thou couldest as well defend thy selfe, as thou canst offend others: I would those on whome thou doest attend, could either put thee away or yeeld good reason why they keepe thee. But graunt loue of beaurie to bee a beastlie fault, although it be verie hard, since onely man and no beast hath that gift to discern beautie, graunt that lovely name of loue to deserue all hatefull reproches, although euē some of my masters the *Philosophers* spent a good deale of their Lampoyle in letting forth the excellencie of it, graunt I say what they will haue graunted, that not onely loue, but lust, but vanitie, but if they list scurrilitie, possesse many leaues of the *Poets* bookes, yet thinke I, when this is graunted, they will finde their sentence may with good maners put the last wordes foremost; and not say, that *Poetrie* abuseth mans wit, but that mans wit abuseth *Poetrie*. For I will not deny, but that mans wit may make *Poesie*, which should bee *επιστήμη*, which some learned haue defined figuring forth good things to be *ποιησις*: which doth contrariwise infect the fancie with vnworthy obiectes, as the Painter should giue to the eye either some excellent prespectiue, or some fine Picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his sonne *Isaack*, *Iudith* killing *Holofernus*, *David* fighting with *Goliath*, may leaue those, & please an ill pleased eye with wanton shewes of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing, make the right vse odious? Nay truly, though I yeeld that *Poesie* may not onely be abused, but that being abused by the reason of his sweete charming force, it can do more hurt then any other armie of words, yet shall it be so farre from concluding, that the abuse should giue reproch to the abused, that contrariwise, it is a good reason, that whatsoever being abused, doth most harme, being rightly vsed ( and vpon the right vse, each thing receiues his title ) doth most good. Do we not see skill of Physicke the best rampire to our often assaured bodies, being abused, teach poyson the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of Law, whose end is, to euen and right all things, being abused grow the crooked fosterer of horrible iniuries? Doth not ( to goe in the highest ) Gods word abused, breede heresie, and his name abused, become blasphemie? Truly a Needle cannot doe much hurte, and as truly (with leaue of Ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. With a sword thou mayest kill thy Father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy Prince and Countrey: so that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they sayd nothing, so in this their argument of abuse, they proue the commendation. They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* began to be in price, our Nation had set their heartes delight vpon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to bee written, then writing things fit to be done: VVhat that before time was, I thinke scarcely *Sphinx* can tell: since no memorie is so ancient, that hath not the precedence of *Poetrie*. And certaine it is, that in our plainest homelinessse, yet neuer was the *Albion* Nation without *Poetrie*. Marry this Argument, though it be leuelled against *Poetrie*, yet is it indeed a chain-shot against all learning or bookishnesse, as they comonly terme it. Of such mind were certaine *Gothes*, of whome it is written, that hauing in the spoile of a famous citie, taken a faire Librarie, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruites of their wits, who had murdered a great number of bodies, would haue set fire in it. No said another very grauely, take heed what you do, for while they are busie about those toyes, we shall with more leisure conquer their countries. This indeed is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many wordes sometimes I haue heard spent in it; but because this reason is generally against al learning, as well as *Poetrie*, or rather



all learning but *Poetrie*, because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest that all gouernement of action is to be gotten by knowledge, & knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I onely with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion, *Lubeo stultum esse libenter*: for as for *Poetrie* it self, it is the freest from this obiection, for *Poetrie* is the Companion of Camps. I dare vndertake, *Orlando Furioso* or honest king *Arthur*, will neuer displease a souldier: but the quidditie of *Ens* and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corcelet. And therefore as I sayd in the beginning, euen *Turkes* and *Tartars*, are delighted with *Poetes*. *Homer* a *Greeke*, flourished, before *Greece* flourished: and if a slight coniecture, a coniecture may be apposed, truly it may seeme, that as by him their learned men tooke almost their first light of knowledge, so their actiue men receiued their first motions of courage. Onely *Alexanders* example may serue, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his footestoole, whose Actes speake for him, though *Plutarch* did not indeede the *Phoenix* of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Scholemaister liuing, *Aristotle* behind him, but tooke dead *Homer* with him. Hee put the Philosopher *Callisthenes* to death, for his seeming Philosophicall, indeede mutinous stubburnesse, but the chiefe thing he was euer heard to wish for, was, that *Homer* had bene aliue. Hee well found he receiued more brauerie of mind by the patterne of *Achilles*, then by hearing the difinition of fortitude. And therefore if *Cato* misliked *Fuluius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may bee answered, that if *Cato* misliked it, the Noble *Fuluius* liked it, or else hee had not done it, for it was not the excellent *Cato Vticensis*, whose authoritie I would much more haue reuerenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faultes, but else a man that had neuer sacrificed to the *Graces*. Hee misliked and cried out against all *Greeke* learning, and yet being fourscore yeares old, began to learne it, belike fearing that *Plato* vnderstood not Latine. Indeed the *Romane* lawes allowed no person to be carried to the warres, but he that was in the souldiers Role. And therefore though *Cato* misliked his mustered person, he misliked not his worke. And if hee had, *Scipio Nasica* (iudged by common consent the best *Romane*) loued him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vernies no lesse surnames then of *Asia* and *Affricke*, so loued him, that they caused his bodie to be buried in their Sepulture. So as *Catoes* authoritie being but against his person, and that answered with so farre greater then himselfe, is herein of no validitie. But now indeede my burthen is great, that *Plato* his name is layd vpon me, whome I must confesse of all *Philosophers*, I haue euer esteemed most worthie of reuerence; and with good reason, since of all *Philosophers*, he is the most *Poeticall*: yet if hee will defile the fountaine out of which his flowing streames haue proceeded, let vs boldly examine with what reasons he did it. First truely a man might maliciously obiect that *Plato* being a *Philosopher*, was a naturall enemie of *Poets*. For indeede after the *Philosophers* had picked out of the sweete mysteries of *Poetrie*, the right deseruing true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in methode, and making a Schoole Arte of that which the *Poets* did onely teach by a diuine delightfulnesse, beginning to spurne at their guides, like vngratefull prentises, were not content to sette vp shop for themselues, but sought by all meanes to discredit their maisters, which by the force of delight being barred them, the lesse they could ouerthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeede they found for *Homer*, seuen Cities straue who should haue him for their Cittizen, where many Cities banished *Philosophers*,

as not fit members to liue among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* Verses; many *Athenians* had their liues saued of the *Syracusans*, where the *Athenians* themselves thought many *Philosophers* vnworthie to liue. Certaine Poets, as *Simonides*, and *Pindarus* had so preuailed with *Hiero* the first, that of a Tyrant they made him a iust King: where *Plato* could do so little with *Dionisius*, that he himselfe of a *Philosopher*, was made a slaue. But who should do thus, I Conesse should requite the obiections made against *Poets*, with like cauillations against *Philosophers*: as likewise one should do, that should bid one reade *Phadrus* or *Simpofium* in *Plato*, or the discourse of loue in *Plutarch*, and see whether any *Poet* doe authorise abhominable filthinesse as they doe. Againe, a man might aske, out of what Common-wealth *Plato* doth banish them, in sooth, thence where hee himselfe alloweth communitie of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonnesse, since little should Poeticall Sonets bee hurtfull, when a man might haue what woman he listeth. But I honour Philosophicall instructions, and blesse the wittes which brede them: so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to *Poetrie*. *Saint Paule* himselfe sets a watch-word vpon *Philosophie*, indeede vpon the abuse. So doth *Plato* vpon the abuse, not vpon *Poetrie*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, filled the world with wrōg opiniōs of the Gods, making light tales of that vnspotted essence; and therefore would not haue the youth depraued with such opinions: herein may much be sayd; let this suffice. The *Poets* did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the *Greeke* stories can well testifie, that the verie religion of that time, stood vpon many, and many fashioned Gods: not taught so by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may reade in *Plutarch*, the discourses of *I-fis* and *Osiris*, of the cause why Oracles ceased, of the diuine prouidence, and see whether the *Theologie* of that nation, stood not vpon such dreames, which the *Poets* indeede superstitiously obserued. And truely since they had not the light of *Christ*, did much better in it then the *Philosophers*, who shaking off superstition, brought in *Atheisme*. *Plato* therefore, whose authoritie, I had much rather iustlie construe then vniustlie resist, meant not in generall of *Poets*; in those words of which *Iulius Scaliger* sayth; *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque inspidi abuti velint ad Poetas Republica exigendos*. But onely meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deitie: whereof now without further lawe, *Christianitie* hath taken away all the hurtfull beliefe, perchance as he thought, nourished by then esteemed *Poets*. And a man need goe no further then to *Plato* himselfe to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giueth high, and rightly, diuine commendation vnto *Poetrie*. So as *Plato* banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giuing due honour to it, shall bee our patron, and not our aduersarie. For indeede, I had much rather, since truely I may doe it, shew their mistaking of *Plato*, vnder whose Lyons skinneth they wold make an Ass-like braying against *Poesie*, then go about to ouerthrow his authoritie; whome the wiser a man is, the more iust cause he shall finde to haue his admiration: especially since he attributeth vnto *Poesie* more then my selfe doe; namely, to be a verie inspiring of a diuine force, farre aboue mans wit, as in the forenamed Dialogue is apparant. Of the other side, who would shew the honours haue beene by the best sort of iudgements graunted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves; *Alexanders*, *Cesars*, *Scipios*, all fauourers of *Poets*: *Lelius*, called the Roman *Socrates* himselfe a *Poet*; so as part of *Heautontimoroumenon* in *Terence*, was supposed to bee made by him,

And euen the Greeke *Socrates*, whom *Appollo* confirmed to be the onely wise man, is sayd to haue spent part of his old time in putting *Esopes* Fables into Verses. And therefore full euill should it become his Scholler *Plato*, to put such wordes in his maisters mouth against *Poets*. But what needes more? *Aristotle* writes the Arte of *Poesie*, and why, if it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the vse to bee gathered of them, and how, if they should not be read? And who reades *Plutarches* either Historie or *Philosophie*, shall finde hee trimmeth both their garments with gardes of *Poesie*. But I list not to defend *Poesie* with the helpe of his vnderling *Historiographer*. Let it suffice to haue shewed, it is a fit soile for praise to dwell vpon: & what disprayle may be set vpon it, is either easily ouercome, or trāsformed into iust commendation. So that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so iustly confirmed, and the low creeping obiections so soone trodden downe, it not being an Arte of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminate nesse, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing mans wit, but of strengthening mans wit; not banished, but honored by *Plato*; let vs rather plant more Laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heades (which humour of being Laureate, as besides them onely triumphant Captaines were, is a sufficient authoritie to shew the price they ought to bee held in) then suffer the ill fauoured breath of such wrong speakers once to blow vpon the cleare springs of *Poesie*. But since I haue runne so long a Carreir in this matter, me thinkes before I giue my penne a full stop, it shall bee but a little more lost time, to inquire why England the Mother of excellent mindes should bee growne so hard a stepmother to *Poets*, who certainly in wit ought to passe all others, since all onely proceedes from their wit; being indeed makers of themselues, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime, *Musa mihi causas memora quo numine laeso*. Sweet *Poesie* that hath anciently had Kings, Emperours, Senatours, great Captaines, such as besides a thousands others, *David*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not onely to fauour *Poets*, but to be *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can present for her Patrons, a *Robert* King of *Sicill*, the great King *Fraunces* of *Fraunce*, King *James* of *Scotland*, such Cardinals as *Bembus*, & *Bibienna*; such famous Preachers & Teachers, as *Beza* and *Melanchthon*; so learned *Philosophers*, as *Fracastorius*, and *Scaliger*; so great Orators, as *Pontanus*, & *Muretus*; so piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*; so graue Counsellours, as besides many, but before al, that *Hospital* of *Fraunce*; then whom I think that Realme neuer brought forth a more accōplished iudgmēt, more firmly builded vpon vertue; I say these with nūbers of others, not only to read others *Poesies*, but to *Poetise* for others reading; that *Poesie* thus embraced in al other places, should onely find in our time a hard welcome in England. I thinke the verie earth laments it, & therefore deckes our soyle with fewer Laurels thē it was accustomed. For heretofore *Poets* haue in England also flourished: & which is to be noted, euen in those times whē the Trūpet of *Mars* did sound lowdest. And now that an ouer faint quietnesse should seeme to strow the house for *Poets*, they are almost in as good reputation, as the *Montebankes* at *Venice*. Truly euen that, as of the one side it giueth great praise to *Poesie*, which like *Venus* (but to better purpose) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, thē enioy the homely quiet of *Vulcā*. So serueth it for a peece of a reason, why they are lesse grateful to idle *Englād*, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Vpon this necessarily followeth, that base mē with seruile wits vnderake it, who thinke it enough if they can be rewarded of the Printer: and so as *Epaminondas* is sayd with the honour of his vertue to haue made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contēptible, to become highly respected: so these mē no more but setting



setting their names to it, by their owne disgracefulnesse, disgrace the most gracefull *Poesie*. For now as if all the *Muses* were got with child, to bring forth bastard Poets: without any comission, they do post ouer the banks of *Helicon*, till they make the Readers more wearie then post-horles; while in the meane time, they *Quis meliore luto finxit praeordia Titan*, are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit, then by publishing them to be accounted Knights of the same order. But I that before euer I durst aspire vnto the dignitie, am admitted into the company of the *Paper-blurbers*, do find the verie true cause of our wanting estimation, is want of desert, taking vpon vs to be Poets in despite of *Pallas*. Now wherein we want desert, were a thank-worthy labour to expresse. But if I knewe I should haue mended my selfe, but as I neuer desired the title, so haue I neglected the meanes to come by it, onely ouer-mastred by some thoughts, I yeilded an inckie tribute vnto them. Marie they that delight in *Poesie* it selfe, should seeke to know what they do: and how they do especially looke theselues in an vnflattering glasse of reason, if they be inclinable vnto it. For *Poesie* must not be drawn by the ears, it must be gently led or rather it must lead, which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirme, it was a diuine and no humane skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for anie that haue strength of wit: A Poet no industrie can make, if his owne *Genius* be not caried into it. And therefore is an old prouerb, *Orator fit, Poeta nascitur*. Yet confesse I alwayes, that as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit haue a *Dedalus* to guide him. That *Dedalus* they say both in this and in other, haue three wings to beare it selfe vp into the aire of due commendation: that is, Arte, Imitation and Exercise. But these neither Artificiall Rules, nor imitative patternes, we much comber our selues withall. Exercise indeede wee do, but that verie fore-backwardly; for where wee should exercise to know, wee exercise as hauing knowne: and so is our braine deliuered of much matter, which neuer was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principall parts, Matter to be expressed by words, and words to expresse the matter: In neither, wee vse Arte or Imitation rightly. Our matter is, *Quodlibet*, indeede though wrongly perfourming *Ouids* Verse:

*Quicquid conabor dicere, Versus erit.*

Neuer marshalling it into any assured ranke, that almost the Readers cannot tell where to find themselves. *Chaucer* vndoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Cresid*: of whome truly I know not whether to maruell more, either that he in that mystie time could see so clearely, or that we in this cleare age, go so stumblinglie after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiuen, in so reuerent an Antiquitie. I account the Mirrour of Magistrates, meeterly furnished of beautifull parts. And in the Earle of *Surreis* *Lirickes*, many things tastig of a noble birth and worthy of a noble mind. The Shepheards Kalender hath much *Poetrie* in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading if I be not deceiued. That same framing of his stile to an old rusticke language, I dare not allow: since neither *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* in Latine, nor *Sanazara* in Italian did effect it. Besides these I doe not remember to haue seene but few (to speake boldly) printed that haue Poeticall sinewes in them. For prooffe whereof, let but most of the Verses be put in Prose, and then aske the meaning, and it will be found, that one Verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first, what should be at the last, which becomes a confused masse of wordes, with a tingling sound of rime, barely accompanied with reason. Our Tragedies and Comedies, not without cause cried out against, obseruing rules

nei-

neither of honest ciuilitie, nor skilfull *Poetrie*. Excepting *Gorboduck* (a gaine I say of those that I haue seene) which notwithstanding, as it is full of statelie speeches, and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of *Seneca* his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, & so obtaine the verie end of *Poesie*. Yet in truth, it is verie defectious in the circumstances, which grieues me, because it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faulty both in place & time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the Stage should alway represent but one place; and the vitermost time presupposed in it, should be both by *Aristotles* precept, and common reason, but one day; there is both many dayes and manie places, inartificiallie imagined. But if it bee so in *Gorboduck*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall haue *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other vnder-kingdomes, that the Player when he comes in, must euer begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceiued. Now you shall haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we must beleue the stage to be a garden. By and by we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then we are too blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Vpon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a caue: while in the meane time two armies flie in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receiue it for a pitched field. Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two yong Princes fall in loue, after many trauerfes she is got with child, deliuered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in loue, & is ready to get another child; & all this in 2 houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, euen sence may imagine: & Art hath taught, & all ancient exāples iustified, & at this day the ordinary players in *Italie* wil not erre in. Yet will some bring in an exāple of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of 2 dayes, yet far short of twenty yeares. True it is, & so was it to be played in two dayes, & so fitted to the time it set forth. And though *Plautus* haue in one place done amisse; let vs hit it with him, and not misse with him. But they will say, how then shall we set forth a storie which containes both many places, and many times? And do they not know that a Tragedie is tied to the lawes of *Poesie*, and not of *Historie*: not bound to follow the storie, but hauing libertie either to faine a quite new matter, or to frame the *Historie* to the most tragical conueniencie. Againe, many things may be told, which cannot be shewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speake though I am here, of *Peru*, and in speech digresse from that, to the discription of *Calecut*: but in action I canot represent it without *Pacolets* horse. And so was the māner the anciēts took by some *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time or other place. Lastly, if they will represent an *Historie*, they must not (as *Horace* saith) begin *ab ovo*, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By exāple this will be best expressed. I haue a story of young *Polydorus*, deliuered for safeties sake with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polymnestor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Troian* warre time. He after some yeares, hearing of the ouerthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treasure his owne, murthereth the child, the body of the child it taken vp, *Hecuba*, she the same day findeth a sleight to bee reuenged most cruelly of the Tyrant. Where now would one of our Tragedy-writers begin, but with the deliuerie of the child? Then should he saile ouer into *Thrace*, and so spend I know not how many yeares, and trauell numbers of places. But where doth *Enripides*? euen with the finding of the bodie,

the

the rest leauing to be told by the spirit of *Polydorus*. This needs no further to be enlarged, the dullest wit may conceiue it. But besides these grosse absurdities, how all their Playes be neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes, not because the matter so carieth it, but thrust in the Clowne by head & shoulders to play a part in Maiesticall matters, with neither decencie nor discretion: so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness is by their mongrell Tragicomedie obtained. I know *Apuleius* did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the Ancients haue one or two examples of Tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitruo*. But if we marke them well we shall finde, that they neuer or verie daintilie match home pipes and funeralles. So falleth it out, that hauing indeed no right Comodie in that Comicall part of our Tragedie wee haue nothing but scurilitie vnworthie of any chaste eares, or some extreame shewe of doltishnesse, indeed fit to lift vp a lowd laughter and nothing else: where the whole tract of a Comedie should bee full of deligh, as the Tragedie should bee still maintained in a well railed admiration. But our Comedients thinke there is no delight without laughter, which is verie wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight shold be the cause of laughter: but well may one thing breed both together. Nay in themselves, they haue as it were a kind of contrarietie. For delight we scarcely doe, but in things that haue a conueniencie to our selues, or to the generall nature. Laughter almost euer commeth of things most disproportioned to our selues & nature. Delight hath a ioy in it either permanent or present. Laughter hath onely a scornfull tickling. For example, we are rauished with delight to see a faire woman, and yet are farre from being moued to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly wee cannot delight. VVe delight in good chaunces: we laugh at mischances. VVe delight to heare the happinesse of our friends and Countrie, at which hee were worthie to be laughed at that wold laugh: wee shall cōtrarily sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, & go downe the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorie, hee cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained, then delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together: for as in *Alexanders* picture well set out, wee delight without laughter, and in twentie mad Antickes we laugh without delight: So in *Hercules* painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attire, spinning at *Omphales* commandement, it breeds both delight and laughter: for the representing of so strange a power in Loue, procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter. But I speake to this purpose, that all the end of the Comical part, be not vpō such scornfull matters as stir laughter only, but mixe with it that delightful teaching, which is the end of *Poesie*. And the great fault euen in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Aristotle*, is, that they stir laughter in sinfull things, which are rather execrable then ridiculous: or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied then scorned. For what is it to make folkes gape at a wretched begger, and a beggerly Clowne: or against law of hospitalitie, to iest at strangers, because they speake not English so well as we do? What do we learne, since it is certain, *Nil habet infelix paupertus durius in se. Quam quod ridiculos homines facit*. But rather a busie louing Courtier, and a hartlesse threatening *Thraso*, a selfe-wise seeming schoolemaister, a wrie transformed Traueller: these if wee saw walke in stage names, which we play naturallie, therein were delightfull laughter, and



and teaching delightfulnesse, as in the other the Tragedies of *Buchanan* doe iustly bring forth a diuine admiration. But I haue lauished out too many words of this play-matter; I do it, because as they are excellling parts of *Poesie*, so is their none so much vsed in *England*, and none can be more pitifully abused: which like an vnmanerly daughter, shewing a bad education, causeth her mother *Poesies* honesty to be called in question. Other sort of *Poetrie* almost haue we none, but that *Lyrical* kinde of Songs and Sonets, which Lord if hee gaue vs so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private & publike, in singing the praises of the immortall beauty, the immortall goodnesse of that God, who giueth vs hands to write and wits to conceiue: of which we might well want words, but neuer matter: of which we could turne our eyes to nothing, but we should euer haue new budding occasions. But truly many of such writings as come vnder the banner of vnresistable loue if I were a mistresse, would neuer perswade mee they were in loue: so coldly they apply fiery speeches as men that had rather read louers writings, & so caught vp certaine swelling phraes, which hang together like a man that once told me the wind was at Northwest and by South, because hee would bee sure to name winds enough, then that in truth they feele those passions, which easily as I thinke, may be bewrayed by the same forciblenesse or *Energia* (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we misse the right vse of the material point of *Poesie*. Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may tearme it) *Diction*, it is euen well worse: so is it the hony-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparelled, or rather disguised in a Curtisan-like painted affectation. One time with so farre-fetcht words that many seeme monsters, but must seeme strangers to any poore Englishman: another time with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the methode of a Dictionarie: another time with figures and flowers, extreame ly winter-starued. But I would this fault were onely peculiar to Versifiers, and had not as large possession among Prose-Printers: and which is to be maruailed among many Schollers, and which is to be pitied among some Preachers. Truly I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacitie, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demosthenes*, most worthie to be imitated, did not so much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures & phraes, as by attentiuie translation, as it were, deuour them whole, & make them wholly theirs. For now they cast suger and spice vpon euery dish that is serued at the table: like those *Indians*, not content to weate eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they will thrust iewels through their nose and lips, because they will bee sure to be fine. *Tully* whē he was to driue our *Catiline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often vseth the figure of repetition, as *Viuat & vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit &c.* Indee de inflamed with a well grounded rage, hee would haue his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, & so do that artificially, which we see men in choller do naturally. And we hauing noted the grace of those words hale them in sometimes to a familiar Epistle, when it were too much choller to be chollerike. How well store of *Similiter Cadenses* doth sound with the grauitie of the Pulpit, I would but inuoke *Demosthenes* soule to tell, who with a rare daintinesse vseth them. Truly they haue made me thinke of the *Sophister*, that with too much subtilty would proue two Egges three, & though he might be counted a *Sophister*, had none for his labour. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtaine an opinion of a seeming finenesse, but perswade few, which should be the end of their finenesse. Now for similituds in certain printed discourses

I thinke

I think al Herberists, all stories of beasts, foules & fishes are rised vp, that they may come in multitudes to waite vpon any of our cōceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfet to the eares as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to proue any thing to a contrary disputer, but only to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the rest is a most tedious pratling, rather ouerswaying the memorie from the purpose wherto they were applyed, then any whit enforming the iudgement already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied. For my part, I doe not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Craffus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* testifieth of them) pretended not to know *Arte*, the other not to set by it (because with a plaine sensibleness they might win credit of popular eares, which credite is the nearest step to perswasion (which perswasion is the chiefe marke of Oratorie) I do not doubt, I say, but that they vsed these knacks verie sparingly, which who doth generally vse, anie man may see, doth daunce to his owne musicke, and so to be noted by the audience, more carefull to speake curiously then truly. Vndoubtedly (at least to my opinion vndoubtedly) I haue found in diuerse small learned courtiers a more sound stile, then in some professors of learning, of which I can guesse no other cause, but that the courtier following that which by practise he findeth fittest to nature, therin (though he know it not) doth according to *Art*, though not by *Arte*: where the other vsing *Art* to shew *Arte*, & not hide *Art* (as in these cases he should do) flyeth from nature, and indeed abuseth *Arte*. But what me thinkes I deserue to be pounded for straying from *Poetrie* to *Oratorie*: but both haue such an affinity in the wordish considerations, that I thinke this digression will make my meaning receiue the fuller vnderstanding: which is not to take vpon me to teach *Poets* how they should do, but onely finding my selfe sicke among the rest, to shew some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that acknowledging our selues somewhat awrie, we may bend to the right vse both of matter and manner. VVhereto our language giueth vs great occasion, being indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth *Grāmer*. Nay truly it hath that praise that it wants not *Grāmer*; for *Grammer* it might haue, but it needs it not being so easie in it selfe, and so voide of those cumbersome difference of *Cases*, *Genders*, *Moods* and *Tenses*, which I thinke was a peece of the tower of *Babylons* curse, that a man shold be put to schoole to learne his mother tongue. But for the vtering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with anie other tongue in the world: and is particularly happie in compositions of two or three words together, neare the Greeke, far beyond the Latine, which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language. Now of versifying, there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other moderne: the ancient marked the quantitie of each sillable; and according to that framed his verse: the moderne, observing only number, with some regard of the accent; the chiefe life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call *Rime*. VVhether of those be the more excellent, would beare manie speeches, the ancient no boubt more fit for Musicke, both words and time observing quantitie, & more fit, liuely to expresse diuerse passions by the low or loftie sound of the well-weighed sillable. The latter likewise with his rime striketh a certaine musicke to the eare: & in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either sweetness, & wanting in neither maiesty. Truly the English before any *Vulgare* language, I know is fit for both sorts: for, for the anciē,

the *Italian* is so full of vowels, that it must euer be cumbred with *Elisions*. The *Dutch* so of the other side with Consonants, that they canot yeeld the sweet sliding, fit for a verse. The *French* in his whole language hath not one word that hath his accent in the last sillable sauing two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spanish*, and therefore verie gracelesly may they vse *Dactyles*. The *English* is subiect to none of these defects. Now for Rime; though we do not obserue quatity; yet wee obserue the accent verie precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That *Cesura*, or breathing place in the midst of the verse, neither *Italian* nor *Spanish* haue: the *French* and wee neuer almost faile of. Lastly, euen the verie Rime it selfe the *Italian* cannot put it in the last sillable, by the *French* named the *Masculine* Rime, but still in the next to the last, which the *French* call the *Female*; or the next before that, which the *Italian* *Sdrucchiola*: the example of the former, is *Buono, Suono*, of the *Sdrucchiola*, is *Femina, Semina*. The *French* of the other side hath both the *Male*, as *Bon, Son*; & the *Female*, as *Plaise, Taïse*; but the *Sdrucchiola* hee hath not: where the *English* hath all three, as *Due, True, Father, Rather, Motion, Potion*, with much more which might be said, but that alreedy I find the triflings of this discourse is much too much enlarged. So that since the euer praise-worthy *Poesie* is full of vertue, breeding delightfulnesse, & voyd of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble, since the cause why it is not esteemed in *England*, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets. Since lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour *Poesie*, & to be honoured by *Poesie*, I coniure you all that haue had the euill lucke to read this inke-wasting toy of mine, euen in the name of the nine *Muses*; no more to scorne the sacred mysteries of *Poesie*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to foolery; no more to iest at the reuerent title of a Rimer, but to beleue with *Aristotle*, that they were the antient Treasurers of the Grecians diuinitie, to beleue with *Bembus*; that they were first bringers in of all ciuility: to beleue with *Scalliger*, that no *Philosophers* precepts can sooner make you an honest man, then the reading of *Virgil*, to beleue with *Clauferus*, the Trāslator of *Cornutus*, that it pleased the heauely deity by *Hesiod* & *Homer*, vnder the vaile of Fables to giue vs all knowledge, *Logick, Rhetorick, Philosophy* natural & moral, & *Quid non*? To beleue with me, that there are many misteries contained in *Poetrie*, which of purpose were written darkly, least by prophane wits it should be abused: to beleue with *Landin*, that they are so beloued of the gods, that whatsoeuer they write, proceeds of a diuine fury. Lastly, to beleue themselves when they tell you they will make you immortall by their verses. Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the Printers shops: thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a Poeticall Preface: thus doing, you shall bee most faire, most rich, most wise, most all: you shall dwell vpon Superlatiues: thus doing, though you be *Liber-tino patre natus*, you shall to daynly grow *Herculee proles*. *Siquid mea Carmina possunt*. Thus doing, your soule shall be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchises*. But if (sic of such a But) you be born so neare the dul-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot hare the Planet-like musike of *Poetrie*, if you haue so earth-ereeping a mind, that it canot lift it self vp to looke to the skie of *Poetry*, or rather by a certain rustical disdain will become such a mome, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry*: the though I wil not with vnto you the Asses cares of *Midas*, nor to be driue by a *Poets* verses as *Bubonax* was to hang himself, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*, yet thus much curse I must tēd you in the behalfe of all *Poets*, that while you liue, you liue in loue, and euer get fauour, for lacking skill of a Sonet, and when you dy, your memorie die from the earth for want of an Epitaph.

ASTRO-





# Astrophel and Stella, vyritten

BY THE NOBLE KNIGHT SIR  
PHILIP SIDNEY.

L Oving in truth, and faine in verse my love to show,  
That she (deare she) might take some pleasure of my paine :  
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,  
Knowledge might pittie winne, and pittie grace obtaine,  
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,  
Studying inuentions fine, her wits to entertaine :  
Oft turning others leaues, to see if thece would flow (braim)  
Some fresh and fruitfull showers vpon my sunne-burn'd  
But words came halting forth, wanting Inuentions stay,  
Inuention Natures child, fled step-dame Studies blowes,  
And others seete still seem'd but strangers in my way.  
Thus great with child to speak, and helplesse in my throws,  
Biting my trewand pen, beating my selfe for spite,  
Foole, said my Mule to mee, looke in thy heart and write.

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot  
*Loue* gaue the wound, which while I breath will bleed:  
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,  
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.

I saw and liked, I liked but loued nor,  
I loued, but straight did not what *Loue* decreed:  
At length to *Loues* decrees, I forc'd, agreed,  
Yet with repining at so partiall lott.

Now euen that footstep of lost libertie  
Is gone, and now like slaue-borne *Musconite*,  
I call it praise to suffer Tyannie;

And now enploy the remnant of my wit,  
To make me selfe beleue, that all is well,  
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

X x 2

3

Let daintie wits crye on the Sisters nine,  
 That brauely mask, their fancies may be told:  
 Or *Pindares* Apes, flaunt they in phraſes fine,  
 Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold:  
 Or elſe let them in ſtatelier glorie ſhine,  
 Ennobling new found Tropes with problemes old:  
 Or with ſtrange ſimiles enrich each line,  
 Of herbes or beaſts, which *Iude* or *Aſſike* hold.  
 For me in ſooth, no Muſe but one I know:  
 Phraſes & Problems from my reach do grow, (rits.  
 And ſtrange things coſt too deare for my poore ſpi-  
 How then? euen thus: in *Stellas* face I reed,  
 What Loue and Beautie be, then all my deed  
 But Copying is, what in her natures writes.

4

*Vertue* alas, now let me take ſome reſt,  
 Thou ſett'ſt a bate betwixt my wil and wit,  
 If vaine loue haue my ſimple ſoule oppreſt:  
 Leaue what thou likeſt not, deale not thou with it.  
 Thy ſcepter uſe in ſome old *Catois* breſt;  
 Churches or ſchools are for thy ſeate more fit:  
 I do confeſſe, pardon a fault confeſt:  
 My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.  
 But if that needes thou wilt vſurping be,  
 The little reaſon that is left in mee,  
 And ſtill th'effect of thy perſwaſions proue:  
 I ſweare, my heart ſuch one ſhall ſhow to thee,  
 That ſhrines in fleſh ſo true a Deitie,  
 That *Vertue*, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt be in loue.

5

It is moſt true, that eyes are form'd to ſerue  
 The inward light: and that the heauenly part  
 Ought to be king, from whole rules who do ſwerue,  
 Rebels to nature ſtrive for their owne ſmart.  
 It is moſt true, what we call *Cupids* dart,  
 An image is which for our ſelues we carue;  
 And, fooles, adore in temple of our heart, (ſtarue.  
 Till that good Cod make Church & Church-man  
 True, that true Beautie *Vertue* is indeed,  
 Whereof this beauty can be but a ſhade,  
 Which elements with mortall mixture breed:  
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,  
 And ſhould in ſoule vp to our countrey moue:  
 True, and yet true that I muſt *Stella* loue.

Some

6

Some Louers speake when they their Muses entertaine,  
 Of hopes begot by feare, of wor not what desires:  
 Of force of heau'nly beames, infusing hellish paine:  
 Of liuing deaths, deare wounds, faire stormes & freeing fires  
 Some one his song in *Ioue*, and *Ioues* strange tales attires,  
 Bordred with buls & swans, powdred with golden raine:  
 Another humbler wit to shepheards pipe retires,  
 Yet hiding royall blood full oft in rurall vaine.  
 To some a sweetest plaint, a sweetest stile affords,  
 While teares poure out his inke, & sighs breathe out of words:  
 His paper pale dispaire, and paine his pen doth moue.  
 I can speake what I feele, and feele as much as they,  
 But thinke that all the Map of my state I display,  
 VVhen trembling voice brings forth that I do *Stella* loue:

7

VVhen Nature made her chiefe worke, *Stellas* eyes,  
 In colour blacke why wrapt she beames so bright?  
 VVould she in beemie blacke, like painter wife,  
 Frame daintiest lustre, mixt of shades and light?  
 Or did she else that sober hue deuise,  
 In obiekt best to knit and strength our sight,  
 Least if no vaile these braue gleames did disguise,  
 They sun-like should more dazle then delight?  
 Or would she her miraculous power show,  
 That whereas blacke seemes Beauties contrarie,  
 She euen in blacke doth make all beautie flow?  
 Both so and thus, the minding *Loue* should be  
 Placed euer there, gaue him his mourning weed,  
 To honor all their deaths, who for her bleed.

8

*Loue* borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place;  
 Forc'd by a tedious prooffe, that *Turkish* hardned hatt,  
 Is no fit marke to pierce with his fine pointed dart:  
 And pleas'd with our soft peace, staid here his flying race.  
 But finding these North clymes do coldly him embrace,  
 Nor vsde to frozen clips, he straued to find some part,  
 VVhere with most ease & warmth he might employ his art:  
 At length he perch'd himselfe in *Stellas* ioyfull face,  
 VVhole faire skin, beamy eyes like mourning sun on snow,  
 Deceiu'd the quaking boy: who thought from so pure light,  
 Effects of liuely heate, must needs in nature grow.  
 But the most faire, most cold, made him thence take his flight  
 To my close heart, where while some firebrands he did lay,  
 He burnt vnwares his wings, and cannot fly away.

Xx 3

Queene



9

Queene *Fertues* court, which some call *Stellas* face,  
 Prepar'd by Natures choicest furniture,  
 Hath his front built of Alabaster pure;  
 Gold is the couering of that stately place.

The door by which sometimes comes forth her Grace,  
 Red Porphir is, which locke of pearle makes sure:  
 Whose porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)  
 Marble mixt red and white do enterlace.

The windowes now through which this heau'nly guest  
 Looks ouer the world, and can finde nothing such,  
 Which dare claime from those lights the name of best.  
 Oftouch they are that without touch doth touch,  
 Which *Cupids* selfe from Beauties mind did draw:  
 Of touch they are, and poore I am their straw.

10

Reason in faith thou art well seru'd, that still  
 Wouldst bragging be with fence and loue in me:  
 I rather with thee clime the Muses hill,  
 Or reach the fruite of Natures choicest tree,  
 Or seeke heau'ns course, or heau'ns inside to see:  
 Why shouldst thou toyle our thornie soile to till?  
 Leaue sense, and those which senses obiects be:  
 Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leaue loue to wil:  
 But thou wouldst needs fight both with loue and fence,  
 With sword of wit, giuing wounds of dispraise,  
 Till downe-right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence:  
 For soone as they strake thee with *Stellas* rayes,  
 Reason thou kneel'dst, and offeredst straight to proue  
 By reason good, good reason her to loue.

11

In truth; O Loue, with what a boyish kind  
 Thou doest proceed in thy most serious wayes:  
 That when the heau'n to thee his best displayes,  
 Yet of that best thou leau'st the best behind.  
 For like a child that some faire booke doth find,  
 With guilded leaues or colourd Volume playes,  
 Or at the most on some fine picture staves,  
 But neuer heeds the fruit of writers mind:  
 So when thou saw'st in Natures cabinet  
*Stella*, thou straight lookst babies in her eyes;  
 In her cheekes pit thou didst thy pitfould set:  
 And in her breast bopeepe or couching lies,  
 Playing and shining in each outward part:  
 But, foole, seekst not to get into her hart.

*Cupid*

12

*Cupid*, because thou shin'st in *Stellas* eyes,  
 That frō her lockes, thy daunces none scaps free,  
 That those lips sweld, so full of thee they bee,  
 That her sweet breath makes oft thy flames to rise,  
 That in her breast thy pap well sugred lies,  
 That her Grace gracious makes thy wrōgs that she  
 What words so ere she speake, perswades for thee,  
 That her cleare voyce lifts thy fame to the skies.  
 Thou countest *Stella* thine, like those whose powers  
 Hauing got vp a breach by fighting well,  
 Crie, Victorie, this faire day all is ours.  
 O no, her heart is such a Cittadell,  
 So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdaine,  
 That to win it, is all the skill and paine.

13

*Phabus* was Iudge betweene *Ioue*, *Mars*, and *Loue*,  
 Of those three gods, whose armes the fairest were:  
*Ioues* golden shield did Eagle fables beare,  
 Whose talents held young *Ganimes* about:  
 But in Vert field *Mars* bare a golden speare,  
 Which through a bleeding hart his point did shoue:  
 Each had his creast, *Mars* caried *Venus* gloue,  
*Ioue* on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.  
*Cupid* then smiles, for on his creast there lies  
*Stellas* faire haire, her face he makes his shield,  
 Where roses gueuls are borne in siluer field.  
*Phabus* drew wide the curtaines of the skies,  
 To blaze these last, and sware deuourly then,  
 The first, thus matcht, were scanty Gentlemen.

14

Alas haue I not paine enough my friend,  
 Vpon whose breast a fiercer Gripe doth tire,  
 Then did on him who first stale downe the fire,  
 While *Loue* on me doth all his quiuer spend,  
 But with your Rubard words ye must contend,  
 To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire  
 Doth plunge my well form'd soule euē in the mire  
 Of sinfull thoughts, which do in ruine end?  
 If that be sinne which doth the maners frame,  
 Well staid with truth in word & faith of deed,  
 Readie of wit and fearing nought but shame:  
 If that be sinne which in fixt hearts doth breed  
 A loathing of all loose vnchastitie,  
 Then *Loue* is sinne, and let me sinfull be,

Xx4

You

15

You that do search for euery purling spring,  
Which from the ribs of old *Parnassus* flowes,  
And euerie floure not sweet perhaps, which growes  
Neare there abouts, into our Poetic ring.

You that do *Dictionaryes* methode bring  
Into your rimes, running in ratling rowes:  
You that poore *Petrarches* long deceased woes,  
With new-borne sighes and denifend wit to sing.

You take wrong waies those far-fet helpes be such,  
As do bewray a want of inward tuch:  
And sure at length stolne goods do come to light.

But if (both for your loue and skill) your name  
You seeke to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,  
*Stella* behold, and then begin to indite.

16

In nature apt to like when I did see  
Beauties, which were of manie Carrets fine,  
My boyling sprites did thither soone incline;  
And, Loue, I thought that I was full of thee:  
But finding not those restlesse flames in me,  
Which others said did make their soules to pine:  
I thought those babes of some pinnes hurt did whine,  
By my soule iudging what Loues paine might bee.

But while I thus with this Lyon plaid,  
Mine eyes (shall I say curst or blest) beheld  
*Stella*; now she is nam'd, need more be said?  
In her sight I a lesson new haue speld,  
I now haue learn'd Loue right, and learn'd euen so,  
As who by being poisond doth poison know.

17

His mother deare *Cupid* offended late,  
Because that *Mars* growne slacke in her loue,  
With pricking shot he did not thoroughly moue,  
To keepe the pace of their first louing state.

The boy refusde for feare of *Marses* hate,  
Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did proue:  
But she in chafe him from her lap did shoue,  
Brake bow, brake shafts, while *Cupid* weeping fate.

Till that his grandame *Nature* pittying it,  
Of *Stellas* browes made him two better bowes,  
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.

O how for ioy he leapes, O how he crows,  
And straight therewith like wags new got to play,  
Fals to shrewd turnes, and I was in his way.

With



18

With what sharpe checks I in my selfe am shent,  
 When into Reasons audite I do goe:  
 And by iust counts my selfe a bancrout know  
 Of all those goods, which heau'n to me haue lent:  
 Vnable quite to pay euen natures rent,  
 Which vnto it by birthright I do ow:  
 And which is worse, no good excuse can show,  
 But that my wealth I haue most idly spent.  
 My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth to  
 My wit doth striue those passions to defend,  
 Which for reward spoile it with vaine annoies.  
 I see my course to loose my selfe doth bend:  
 I see and yet no greater sorrow take,  
 Then that I loose no more for *Stellas* sake.

19

On *Cupids* bow how are my heart-strings bent,  
 That see my wracke, and yet embrace the same:  
 When most I glorie, then I feele most shame:  
 I willing run, yet while I run, repent.  
 My best wits still their owne disgrace inuent:  
 My very inke turnes straight to *Stellas* name;  
 And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,  
 Auise themselues that they are vainely spent.  
 For though she passe all things, yet what is all  
 That vnto me, who fare like him that both  
 Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall:  
 O let me prop my minde yet in his growth,  
 And not in nature, for best fruits vnfit:  
 Scholler, saith *Lowe*, bend hitherward your wit.

20

Fly, fly, my friends, I haue my deaths wound; fly,  
 See there that boy, that murthering boy I say,  
 Who like a theefe, hid in darke bush doth lye,  
 Till bloudie bullet get him wrongfull pray.  
 So Tyran he no fitter place could spy,  
 Nor so faire leuell in so secret stay,  
 As that sweete blacke which vailes the heavenly eye:  
 There himselfe with his shot he close doth lay.  
 Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did;  
 And staid pleasd with the prospect of the place;  
 While that blacke hue from me the bad guest hid:  
 But straight I saw motions of lightning grace;  
 And then descried the glistering of his dart:  
 But ere I could fly thence; it pierced my heart.

Your